













THE  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY  
*AND AFTER*

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*A MONTHLY REVIEW*

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

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No. CCXCIX—JANUARY 1902

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*OUR NAVAL POSITION IN EASTERN  
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A QUARTER of a century ago I raised my voice against the folly of allowing our attention to be distracted from our true needs and national interests on the coasts of India and in the seas of the East by those costly Afghan campaigns which were intended to counteract the visionary schemes of Russia in Central Asia. Those schemes still loom big in the public eye and fill too large a place in our minds to the exclusion of important questions that call urgently for solution. I am tempted once more, as one whose race must be nearly run, to make a fresh effort to direct the attention of my countrymen to the matters on which their power, security, and prosperity really depend, and to entreat them not to permit their thoughts to be drawn from questions of vital importance to shadowy undertakings



on the part of supposed enemies that may never reach the stage of actuality, and that, even if they should, would be more effectually repelled by doing the work that lies ready to our hand than by adopting showy and costly lines of policy. Let us leave Russia and her projects in the interior of Asia alone in the absolute conviction that the sea furnishes the true and only base of our power, and that so long as we are secure thereon and hold Kurrachi, Bombay, and Calcutta Russia could never maintain herself in India. We have only to make this naval power and readiness for all contingencies evident, and we shall have supplied Russia with the strongest reason to keep in her own sphere, and the strongest deterrent to keep out of ours.

The time seems to have arrived when the nation should take careful stock of its naval position in the East—I mean in the seas of India and China and in the South Pacific. There are serious defects in that position, disquieting to the observer in times of peace, and on which may turn in time of war the balance of failure and success. Our interests have grown enormously in those seas, our means of defending them have not progressed in the same ratio, and foreign Powers have developed their commerce and acquired naval bases where not so very long ago their flags were unknown. The possession of India by the British race, which some critics have gone so far in their unchecked zeal for national detraction as to call a burden, has now become a vital question to Australia, and will no doubt soon become one also to British South Africa. But the means of retaining India in our possession have in some essential points made no progress, while, both the magnitude of the interests involved and the covetousness of those who would naturally like to wrest it from our hands have increased.

‘From and by the ocean England won the sovereignty of India, and by the same agency she must maintain it,’ I wrote over eighteen years ago in a memorandum which was adopted by Lord Hartington’s Defence Committee as the basis of its recommendations. Twenty-three years back I addressed the Viceroy of India in a Minute on Madras Harbour as follows: ‘If we are ever to yield the dominion of India to any European foe, it is by sea that the foe will come, and it is to the protection of our Indian coasts that we shall have to devote our most earnest attention. Absolute security for our coast commerce is essential to our prestige and security in this country, and to put off to the day when war with an European nation is imminent the means necessary to obtain this security is a course too obviously fraught with danger to need further comment.’ Fraught with danger as it is, it is precisely what has been done, or rather left undone.

‘As matters at present stand,’ I wrote in a second Minute on Indian Harbours in 1879, ‘we can really consider ourselves as possessing only comparatively few advantages over a maritime foe in the

Indian seas. Not a single port do we own in India the defence of which will stand any criticism. We know that Russia is ever active in the matters of both coast defences and of increase to her navy in the North Pacific. The sympathy of Germany with Russia—active or passive—in many of the most important political events of the last few years is to my mind unquestionable. Year by year we see an increase of Germans flocking eastwards, and an increasing interest taken by Germany, hitherto apathetic on the subject, as regards the Suez Canal. The press of Europe utters no uncertain sound as to the strong probability of a fusion in the near future of the kingdom of Holland with the German Empire—a fusion which must result in the transfer to the German Empire of the whole of the important possessions constituting Netherlands India.

Some of these previsions have been realised, none have lost their force. Netherlands India, with its fine harbours in Sumatra and elsewhere, has not yet acquired any offensive power. But Russia has improved her base at Vladivostock and created a new one at Port Arthur. France has secured a new *place d'armes* in the Tongking delta. Germany has done likewise at Kiaochow. Japan has risen on the eastern horizon as a naval Power with dockyards, fortified arsenals, and a fleet that has actually achieved considerable success under the conditions of modern warfare. All the factors of the problem have been changed, and some new ones have been introduced, whereas our position has made proportionally far less improvement. The significance of this lack of prescience and neglect of organisation would be brought home to us in any great naval struggle with two or three allied Powers, for which we should always be prepared. More especially would this be the case in the event of the closure of the Suez Canal, which would be the first objective of our foes.

I doubt very much if the British public has the least conception of the defects of India regarded as a naval base. Is it aware, for instance, that its seaboard of 2,000 miles from Bombay to Calcutta is unprovided with a single port where goods may be delivered direct from a ship's side on to a wharf? Does it know that when heavy guns were sent in a moment of panic to Madras they could not be landed, and had then to be taken back to Bombay, so that they might be sent by train? Are these things quite consistent with our character as the first seafaring and mercantile nation in the world? It may be said, perhaps, that the absence of harbours on the Indian coasts is the defect of nature for which no one can be blamed. But my proposals for constructing a harbour of refuge at Madras in 1879 are on record, and the whole scheme could have been executed for a comparatively modest sum. Two and a half millions would have sufficed for this work, and when I mention that half a million was lost during the famine of 1876-7 by theft, damage, and waste, owing to there being no harbour at Madras, this sum will not seem ex-

cessive. Harbours of refuge are absolutely essential to the safety of the rapidly increasing commerce of India. I specified six places within that coast-line of 2,000 miles where they should be created, and up to this time not one of them exists. It is still perfectly true that for protection against a chance enemy's cruiser there is no port, whatever on the Malabar coast, and the whole of that of Coromandel is as badly provided. Bombay is now in a position of adequate defence, but sixteen years ago its Governor wrote begging me not to delay in sending out the guns, because at that moment a single enemy's cruiser could have entered the port without resistance. The temporary works which I caused to be erected during the Russian scare in 1878 at Bombay, and the three other principal ports of India and Burma, did not receive their armament till 1886.

If this neglect to furnish coaling stations and harbours of refuge at places where their provision would have entailed expenditure was reprehensible, how much greater was the blame where nature had herself been bountiful and supplied exactly what we wanted; and yet our authorities not merely declined to utilise but even spurned the gift! Such an instance was that of Trincomalee, which the Royal Commission, presided over by Lord Carnarvon, 'proposed to abandon altogether as a naval and military station and to dismantle and raze the existing fortifications.' Yet Trincomalee is not only a grand natural, safe, and commodious harbour, but it is the only rendezvous and base for our fleets or ships in those seas under the vicissitudes of victory or defeat. So long as the Dutch held Trincomalee they were supreme in the Eastern seas; when subsequently it fell into our hands, and France had no secure base nearer than the Mauritius, our supremacy followed thereupon. Had Lally's advice been adopted and Trincomalee permanently occupied by France, the history of British India, and possibly of France herself, would have been different. My old friend and colleague, Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, member of the Commission, protested against this abandonment in a minority report, and I had the satisfaction of seeing my arguments prevail over those of the Royal Commission. Trincomalee was not abandoned, and the sum of 45,000*l.* was assigned to the construction of one or two batteries and the due provision of heavy guns.

I may introduce here what I wrote in 1883 about providing adequate defence for Trincomalee. 'Having already stated the extreme importance that I attach to the retention of Trincomalee as a station for refitting and coaling H.M.'s ships, and as a base and rendezvous for our fleet, it appears desirable that I should very briefly indicate the nature of the defences which in my opinion are necessary to deny the harbour to an enemy's warships and to secure the naval establishment and anchorage from anything but distant bombardment. The entrance to this magnificent harbour is so

narrow, the naval establishment so well protected by the natural features of the country, and so useful a nucleus of works of defence is already provided, that, fortunately, a comparatively small expenditure only is requisite to attain the above-mentioned objects. . . . Under all the circumstances of the case it would, I think, be a sufficient measure of defence if the emplacements which were hastily and temporarily constructed in 1878-9 were carefully revised and adapted for the reception of 9-inch or 10-inch M.L. guns. The cost of these measures would be about 25,000*l.* for the works and 20,000*l.* for the armament.' •

Naval authorities had not then grasped the importance of coaling stations. On their safety the power of the Navy depends, and to protect them is a cheap mode of adding to the naval strength of the Empire. Their provision in sufficient numbers and at well-chosen spots on the great ocean routes to India, Australia, and China is the first essential need for the maintenance of our naval position in the East. There is no necessity to establish too many coaling stations; indeed to do so would be to introduce an element of weakness into our position by offering the enemy more objective points of attack than it would suit our arrangements to adequately defend. I would specify the following as meeting all possible requirements of the present and the immediate future:—Aden, Bombay, Trincomalee, False Point, Port Blair, Singapore, Thursday Island, Hong Kong, and Port Hamilton.

A second line of coaling stations between the Cape and India on the one side and Australia on the other will ultimately become necessary, but probably the Seychelles in one direction and the Cocos in the other will suffice for all our requirements, especially after South Africa has been provided with several harbours of refuge.

Of these, Aden, Bombay, Trincomalee, Singapore, and Hong Kong are either completely or nearly equipped to meet all requirements as coaling stations and naval harbours. False Point for the Hoogli could easily be converted into a harbour of refuge by clearing out the river mud from the Mahanadi. A coal depôt at Port Blair in the Andamans would be very useful, as supplementing Trincomalee, and as providing a set-off against any possible Dutch-German development in Achin. Thursday Island in Torres Strait has been looked after by Australia, and will become more and more the first care of her naval directors. Port Hamilton, once ours, and which gave England practically the command of the seas of China and Japan, has now unfortunately been lost to us. I may be pardoned for quoting what I wrote on this matter in 1883, more especially because I then cited the opinion of Admiral Ryder in 1875, which will probably be new to the general reader.

'The suggested acquisition by this country of the islets enclosing the excellent harbour of Port Hamilton is one to which I attach the

utmost value and would most strongly urge that negotiations should be at once entered upon with a view to its fulfilment. The Royal Commissioners have so fully entered into the reasons which have influenced them in making this suggestion, moreover the information contained in the evidence and appendices attached to their report is so complete and so convincing, that it is perhaps unnecessary for me, concurring with them so entirely as I do, to more fully discuss the subject; but a confidential despatch written in 1875 by the Naval Commander in Chief of the China Station is so apposite, so concise, and so forcible that I cannot refrain from quoting a short extract therefrom:

‘I can hardly over-estimate the great importance of our having some possession in these seas which we can call our own. A dockyard, so called, at Shanghai; stores at Yokohama, on foreign ground, are little or no use in war. In war with China, or Japan, or Russia, or any other nation, it would be of the last importance to us to have some *point d'appui*, where would be our coal dépôt, our stores, our hospital, our docks. It should be sufficiently far south not to be frozen up in winter; it should be within easy reach of China, Japan, Russia. It should be easy of access, easy of defence, have a secure harbour. All these qualifications are united in Port Hamilton.’

When we withdrew from Port Hamilton it was on the assurance given to the Chinese Government that Russia would never occupy any part of Corea. We must only hope that, if Russia should ever break that promise, there will be no hesitation on our side in reoccupying Port Hamilton and retaining it. We may feel sure that, if we neglect to do this, Russia will promptly seize it herself, and with very little expenditure, well applied, will turn it into a fortress which our whole China fleet could not attack with any chance of success. This would mean that Russia would dominate the Sea of Japan, and threaten to ruin our commerce north of Hong Kong without any risk to herself. Whoever owns Port Hamilton will possess a weapon of offence. If it should ever become necessary for H.M.’s ships to visit the Russian ports of the North Pacific, Port Hamilton, as a naval base, would be invaluable.

The essential point aimed at being the protection of the coal supply for our ocean cruisers. it follows that a system of submarine mining forms the cheapest and simplest mode of providing for the defence of our coaling stations. This defence for all secondary coaling stations need not be too elaborate, because it must always be borne in mind that there will be limitations to the scale of the attack. The enemy must be acting at a distance more or less great from his own base. Considerations for his own safety will, therefore, compel him to think not merely of his own coal supply, but of the ammunition left per gun, lest he himself might be caught by our cruisers short of ammunition. It is safe, therefore, to assume that attacks on our secondary coaling stations would never be pressed home.

they are equipped sufficiently to beat off a first attack, and to make a good show of defence, that will be enough to meet all ordinary perils. What we have to recollect above all things is that, for the defence of even our secondary coaling stations, there must be in good time the provision or the creation, if need be, of the personnel without which armaments and submarine mines are alike useless. In short, when we talk so glibly of guns, mines, and forts, we must not forget that they are all useless without the trained men to work and defend them. It is here that colonial support, not limited to men of our own colour and race, but including all possessing the rights of British citizenship, might be expected, invoked, and organised. Where the coaling station is used exclusively for providing coal and supplies to our ships, there the charge and responsibility should be entirely Imperial. But when the coaling station is attached to a colony that would itself be the immediate object and reward for temporary, if not permanent, occupation by an enemy, there the charge and responsibility should largely, if not wholly, devolve on the colony itself. The case of Trincomalee comes under the former category, that of Thursday Island under the latter, while Singapore may be cited as an instance where the Imperial and colonial interests are about equal. However these stations may be protected, and from whatever source, Imperial or colonial or joint, the necessary funds may come, we have to recollect before everything that coal—ubiquitous coal—is as the breath of life to our naval power and activity.

In this connection I cannot refrain from saying a word on what I regard as the essential and true foundation of our naval supremacy. This is not the mere possession of an iron-clad fleet, but the pre-eminence of the shipping trade of the British Empire. The former is but the result and expression of the latter. If the shipping trade once passed into the hands of another or other Powers, it would never return, and from that moment would date the decadence of our Empire and its ultimate resolution into a second or third rate Power. For that reason I would never fetter, or discourage by declarations that their defence in time of war was dubious or impossible, the perfect freedom of private companies in establishing those depôts for coal that are essential to the ships of our mercantile marine. There may, perhaps there must, be some losses, but any inconvenience therefrom would be infinitesimally small as compared with that which would follow from the arbitrary prohibition of such depôts as that at Diego Garcia, in the Indian Ocean. The public should not lose sight of the fact that our maritime power is as clearly menaced by the acquisition of ocean steamers and of the command of ocean trade and passenger routes obtained by Germans, Americans, and other foreigners as it is by the political projects of French and Russian statesmen. Our attention should not be so absorbed in the latter movements as to ignore what may form a far graver peril

through the development of plans for wresting from us the commercial activity that was the true agency of our gaining the mastery of the seas.

The reader must not suppose that any arrangements or additions that might be classed under the head of essential or even necessary measures for the provision of naval bases of all kinds would now entail vast expenditure, although of course everybody knows that, if a commission of experts were called together, it would draw up a scheme entailing a very formidable bill. Royal commissions generally may be described as soaring above considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence, but a safeguard is provided through their recommendations never being adopted in their entirety. Thus, for instance, the Indian Defence Committee of 1877-9 proposed to spend 1,877,000*l.* on Indian fortifications, which was cut down to 450,000*l.* Lord Carnarvon's Commission proposed to spend 1,396,527*l.* on eleven first-class coaling stations, and to increase their garrison by nearly 10,000 men. My memorandum reduced the expenditure to 846,870*l.*, and saved altogether the locking up of 10,000 men out of our small army in useless, expensive, and enfeebling garrison duties at places where a very slight increase of the artillery force sufficed to meet all requirements.

What is wanted to enable our fleet to deal with its heavy task is the concentration and not the dispersion of our naval strength. I take some credit to myself for having had much to do with the partial abolition of the old single-ship system of naval strategy and substituting action by squadrons. There must be no frittering away of energy, effort, and execution. One heavy blow in the naval wars of the future will produce larger results than a number of puny blows at scattered points. The question of organising the fleets that are to achieve these successes in waters where vital commercial and carrying interests have to be preserved cannot be put off until the day of peril and action has arrived. Nor is it sufficient to have admirable plans on paper if the machinery to put them in practice is not ready and in good working order. Our fleets on the vast ocean and in remote seas must be within reasonably short distance of their coaling and refitting depôts, otherwise they will become useless. Our posts of vantage whence we can overlook and control the trade routes must be well selected and adequately supplied. We have practically in our own hands the means of keeping our fleet of cruisers in a state of constant readiness to deal with the hostile cruisers that might attempt to prey upon our commerce. The advantages of position are entirely on our side, they can only be lost by wilful neglect to organise in good season, and by perverse adherence to a course of drifting. No permanent results will be attained unless there is complete confidence between the authorities and the country. The Intelligence Department should keep itself in touch with the public

through the Press, and render periodically an account of its operations. In other words, the country should not be treated with distrust, because the success of all organisation depends on its instructed co-operation.

In the last fifteen years the conditions of naval warfare and the relative strength of the navies of the Great Powers have materially changed. Formerly we had only to think of the French Navy as a possibly formidable rival. Now the navies of Germany, Italy, and Russia have to be taken into serious calculation, while Japan and the United States are also aiming at the development of their naval power. The problem has consequently become very complicated as well as one of grave national importance. There are already great doubts whether the old two-Power theory as the standard for our strength is quite sound or safe. It may at least be said that no opportunity of supplementing our fleet or of relieving it of some of its minor duties should be left unutilised. In this direction the creation of an Australian marine promises to prove the first and most valuable auxiliary.

In providing for our own necessities we should be careful to define exactly what they are, and not to overstep them. No other Power can justly complain of our measures for defending the commerce which is our life, but while providing for the protection of our possessions and the security of the ocean routes to them, we have everything to gain and nothing to lose by leaving the same rights to other Powers in their spheres. We require a line of coaling stations to and from the mother-country, to India, Australia, and China, by both the Suez Canal and Cape routes. As Australia is and South Africa will become a base of British power in southern seas, we must realise that the aspirations of their races will turn northwards, and that India and the Malay Peninsula will be for them possessions of vital importance. The growing competition in the Far East cannot be an object of indifference in Australia, where public opinion is extremely sensitive as to the position of affairs in the South Pacific, and apt to resent any weakness on the part of the Imperial Government in treating questions that may arise in that ocean. Nor if we look carefully at the facts connected with the home trade with China can we feel convinced that the possession of Hong Kong as our sole naval base and coaling station in the China Seas meets all our needs, present and prospective. It is, of course, true that we have acquired a lease of Wei-hai-Wei, but all our proceedings at that place raise a suspicion that we have not yet made up our minds to remain there permanently. Several plans for converting it into an Eastern Malta have been drawn up, considered, and duly pigeon-holed. It may be that Government has wisely recoiled from sanctioning the outlay that would be required to bring it up to the position of a great fortress, more especially as it would then need a



very large garrison. The question of the Wei-hai-Wei defences on a large scale may be considered shelved. The opinion cannot be resisted that what we want in this quarter is a small, compact, and invulnerable coaling station, such as Port Hamilton might easily, and at small expense, be made.

It is not necessary for me, I hope, to repudiate all ideas of Jingoism, but there is a true and reasonable Imperialism which, while firmly upholding our own rights and indeed necessities, does not encroach upon those of other countries. I would leave to them as complete a right of attaining security and promoting expansion in their spheres as is claimed in our own. Our pretensions should be preservative of our interests without being destructive of theirs. If our naval bases were made perfect, it should not matter where they had any. But we must in future recollect that a consideration of purely home interests and requirements will no longer suffice for the adequate discharge of our Imperial duties. In what I have said I have written as much from the Australian as the English standpoint. We must remember—can we ever forget?—the warm devotion, the patriotism, and it may even be the masterful self-confidence of those growing communities under the Southern Cross that have sent contingent after contingent to our aid in the day of stress and adversity. It will never do to chill with the despondent counsels of age the enthusiasm, the energy, and the sentiment of attachment that led those youthful nations to throw themselves into the fierce current of Imperial struggle and responsibility when our need was great. They have their destinies, and they will accomplish them on a wider scene than the world now wists of. It is more than forty years since I foreshadowed in the Melbourne Assembly a Monroe doctrine for Australasia. What was then a dream may almost be called a reality to-day. The English race has found in those distant lands a home where it will multiply under favourable climatic conditions, and where while it retains the vigour of our northern regions, its powers of imagination, enterprise, and genius may be quickened by southern suns. The Imperialism that will assert its influence from these new bases in the Antipodes will be of that true, responsible, and beneficial character, that opens its arms to all comers who recognise and appreciate the justice and freedom upon which our rule has long reposed, and which alone make it worthy to endure.

ANDREW CLARKE

(Lieut.-General).

## *THE GOOD OLD CAUSE*

POLITICS, my practical friends tell me, have almost as little to do with philosophy as with morality. The reign of philosophers is apparently as far from realisation now as it was in the days of Plato. Until they have come to some agreement among themselves they have no claim to authority, and were they agreed, they might find it difficult to persuade the ordinary man to listen to them. Meanwhile, anyone who appeals to general theories as a guide in actual affairs is set aside—to use the civil phrase of contempt—as ‘*academical*.’ It should, therefore, as I gladly admit, be left to active politicians to give a diagnosis of the troubles which beset framers of party platforms—to explain, for example, that disorganisation of the Liberal party which even their antagonists profess to regret. Yet I observe that Liberal orators constantly appeal to certain eternal principles which, it seems, are or ought to be embodied in the party creed. An eternal principle should surely have some sort of philosophical ground, and should lead to consistent results. If one Liberal leader defends the policy condemned by another, while both appeal to the same first principles, there must be an error somewhere. It may result from a different estimate of matters of fact; and with that I have nothing to do. But it may also imply some ambiguity in the first principles themselves. Though we may get on without any philosophical theory, it is awkward to have a self-contradictory theory. I have had occasion to pay some attention to the doctrines held by the ‘*philosophical Radicals*,’ who in their day regarded themselves as the authorised expounders of the very quintessence of Liberalism; and I venture to think that a brief consideration of the singular change which has come over the spirit of their creed may not be irrelevant even to the questions of to-day. The difference between the old and the modern Liberalism seems in certain directions to imply, not an evolution, but a reversal of the old theories; and the modern Radical is often anxious above all things to free himself from any suspicion of holding the doctrines once taken to be legitimate corollaries from the old Radical faith. The contrast is painful to many who recall the ideals of their youth.

When two-thirds of the last century had elapsed, the good old cause was triumphant. Mill had expounded its philosophy; Cobden

had secured the definitive victory of its economic theories; Gladstone was coming into power to carry out the mandates of the new democracy. Enthusiastic young Liberals—among whom I took a humble place—had a pleasant opinion of themselves. They represented intelligence and progress, against Tory stupidity and stagnation. They were united upon a distinct and unambiguous platform. Moreover, they held that they were working upon a consistent logical method. They were handing on the torch of liberty. English history was a record of the steady advance of their ideas. From the Great Charter to the Reform Bill of 1867 the popular party had always been in the right; and Gladstone was but the latest of a long line of champions to be traced back to Simon de Montfort and Stephen Langton. If candour compelled the admission that there might be some kind of use even in Tories—for a drag may be necessary as well as a moving force to the political machinery—that only meant that even true doctrines must be gradually applied. Liberalism was the light slowly dispersing the mists of antiquated error. Macaulay's delightful complacency over Whig triumphs was right as far as it went, though the Whig had now to develop into the thoroughgoing Radical. The measures advocated by the Liberals were adopted, and the triumph of their policy led to the disappointment of their anticipations. Reform, in the old days, was supposed to imply peace and retrenchment. It is needless to ask how far it has promoted either. That is only one example of a general truth. Not only have facts refused to fulfil prophecy—a not unprecedented circumstance—but many of the principles which were invoked so confidently are treated with contempt and, if not explicitly denied, made as malleable as the Thirty-Nine Articles.

The tide which was flowing so strongly seems to have suddenly begun to ebb. This curious breach of continuity suggests a problem. We are constantly told that the old Radicalism, with its theories of *laissez-faire*, individualism, and so forth, is hopelessly extinct. We are assured in the same breath that the Liberalism of to-day represents the genuine old creed. How can you renounce the teaching of those who passed for prophets, and yet adhere to the orthodox creed? In what sense are the principles of modern Liberals really continuous with the political doctrines of their ancestors? What, in the first place, was meant by Liberalism? Liberalism meant belief in liberty; and liberty the wresting of political power from despots. Freedom had been broadening down from precedent to precedent in this highly favoured land; as the people had been gradually admitted to a greater influence upon legislation and policy, and kings, nobles, and finally the middle classes had ceased in succession to hold the exclusive right to govern. In that sense the growth of liberty was the same as the growth of democracy. The Liberal aim—surely a sound one—was to secure the thorough responsibility of

rulers. Tyranny sprang from class rule; the use of the supreme authority in the interest of any man or set of men other than the whole body of the nation. Class-made laws will be unfair; and converting the argument, it followed that self-made laws could not be unfair. This suggests a familiar difficulty discussed by J. S. Mill in the book upon liberty which was welcomed by many readers as the political gospel of the time. The transference of power to the democracy, as he remarked, does not necessarily mean the increase of liberty. It only provides a security against the one kind of tyranny which the Radicals had attacked. But it was no security against the 'tyranny of the majority,' and to him that seemed to be the most pressing of modern dangers. Men, he could not but admit, are generally stupid and conservative. They resent new ideas as an injury. The nine stupid men may agree to tie the hands of the one clever man, though the desire of the clever man to get out of the old ruts may be the most vital condition of improvement. To discourage experiment is to stifle science, whether physical or social, and stupidity means hatred of experiment. The ignorant man may not only suppress the intelligent, but may prefer slavery. He dislikes the responsibility of freedom, and prefers to be over-regulated. His stupidity again leads him to exaggerate the power of legislation and to assume that the intention of a law determines its consequences: that vice may be suppressed by Act of Parliament and the rate of wages arbitrarily fixed by magistrates. It was precisely against fallacies of that kind that Mill and his friends had been most vigorously struggling; and he had every reason to be aware of their plausibility with the masses. Although, therefore, the party continued to advocate the extension of the suffrage, the philosophic leaders were awake to a danger. They might in the name of liberty be giving power to the class who really cared nothing for liberty. Hostile critics of democracy have told us that such misgivings were justified by the event, though they did not affect the policy. The result, such critics will say, has been that the most fanatical individualists helped to bring about a system which tends to hamper individual liberty. Hobbes told the reformers of his day that what they really demanded was not liberty, but 'dominion'—power to make laws, not freedom from law. Mill, if he could have foreseen the present day, might have said that this was exactly the case with modern democrats. Power has been transferred to them, but they have abused it as much as their predecessors, though with different aims.

I am not, however, about to discuss the ancient problem of the merits of democracy. It may, I think, be admitted that Mill was quite justified in asserting one doctrine. He saw, that is, that a moral as well as a political change was needed if the new order were really to promote liberty. Respect for the rights of the individual must be developed along with the power of the masses. Men must be taught

not even to desire conformity to a fixed standard of conduct, but rather to approve all manner of new 'experiments in living.' His principle obviously applies far beyond the sphere of politics. Godwin—once the prophet of the extreme Liberals—had pushed it to an extreme. Whatever hampers a man from acting at any moment upon his judgment is, as he urged, a limitation of liberty. Marriage should be abolished because it supposes a bond which cannot be broken when it has become disagreeable to both parties. But all association is more or less bad, for it implies submission to some fixed rule. When Shelley proposed to form a society for political agitation Godwin was scandalised. The 'pervading principle' of his book, *Political Justice*, was opposed, he said, to associations even for the purpose of promoting human happiness. As soon as you belong to any corporate body whatever, you are sacrificing some of your right to independent action. Godwin, that is, held that liberty meant social atomism and political nihilism. The Liberals, of course, regarded this as a *reductio ad absurdum*. They admitted the necessity of law, though they held that its sphere should be restricted; and they fully approved of association, though they held that it should be as far as possible voluntary. But Godwin's doctrine suggests a difficulty to which Mill and his disciples scarcely attended. They had, as was natural, looked almost exclusively at the political side of the question. By liberty they meant simply the absence of State interference. Godwin was surely right in holding that this is only one part of the problem. The facility with which all manner of associations can be formed is one of the most conspicuous facts in the development of modern society. Organisation is an essential condition of efficiency; and the power of developing new organs, religious, industrial, and social, as well as political, has been enormously increased. 'More corporations,' somebody has said, 'were created by the legislature of Illinois in its last session than existed in the whole civilised world at the commencement of the nineteenth century.' Adam Smith delighted his contemporaries by showing how the process of pinmaking was facilitated by the division of labour. That is an instance in miniature of the modern changes which have transformed, not only pinmaking, but the whole industrial order; brought remote branches of manufacture into close relations; and made men of various occupations, countries, and races mutually dependent in countless ways. Now it is clear that every new organisation restricts in some degree the liberty of its members. As the social structure becomes more complex, each individual has to find a place in some part of an elaborate system, and to submit to the rules of conduct implied by his membership. One obvious result is that the legal relations enforceable by the State are only a part of the multitudinous relations by which we are bound to our fellows; and that a criterion of liberty derived simply from the political

order is necessarily an inadequate criterion of the amount of liberty which exists in point of fact.

The problem may therefore be put: Does liberty imply liberty to associate? If so, it may imply the growth of the powers most hostile to liberty. Liberty, as we all now admit, implies religious toleration. Every man has a right—a right, indeed, which we cannot suppress—to think as he pleases; he has also a right to say what he thinks and to try to persuade others to think the same. Then he may form an association to propagate his opinions—even though others think his opinions destructive to society or an embodiment of gross superstition and mental slavery. A church is formed and may grow up to such power that its members will obey its laws rather than the laws of the State, and that the State instead of interfering may fall under the influence of the church. The sound Erastian holds, plausibly at least, that a State church is more favourable to liberty than a ‘free church.’ The priest who is supported is also fettered, and if his hands are untied will more easily establish a spiritual despotism. The old Radical who had advocated disestablishment and disendowment came to see some force in this view. As Charles Buller, the hope of the party, once protested: ‘Destroy the Church of England! You would destroy our only barrier against true religion!’ The individual is free when he can join what church he pleases; but the church which is free from the State may gain power in its corporate capacity which more than compensates for the loss of the legislative power.

Another instance, however, is more to the point at present. One of the triumphs which belonged most exclusively to the old Radicals was the abolition of the law of conspiracy. They regarded the measure as a natural corollary of their creed. It was, they held, unjust to forbid workmen to associate. If a dozen men think that they can raise their wages by joining in their demands, would it not be the height of tyranny to forbid them? It was especially unjust when the liberty refused to the workmen was enjoyed by the masters. The men must be allowed to form trades unions in order to meet the ‘tacit conspiracy’ of employers. But then, as the economists argued, the liberty conceded to both sides would be used by neither. The combination in each case was needed solely to meet the combination opposed to it. When the old law had been abolished, wages would be regulated by the free play of supply and demand. Everyone would buy and sell labour as suited his own interest; and the result would be the ‘natural’ or ideal order of the political economists. The result, it need hardly be said, was precisely the opposite. Trades unionism gained fresh vigour, and collective bargaining was opposed to individual competition. The application of the principle of liberty produced, as the orthodox economist thought, a new tyranny. He was occupied during the next generation in denouncing the

Frankenstein whom he had helped to create. The acceptance of his scheme had falsified his anticipations. Trades unions, he complained, pursued an impracticable end by mischievous means. They could not raise the rate of wages, but they could establish little monopolies, hinder the introduction of new machinery, hamper the development of industry, terrorise the energetic workman and prevent him from obtaining any advantage by superior efficiency. I do not ask whether the economist was right; political economy, I am told, has been abolished by Act of Parliament, and its prophets scarcely speak with their old confidence, though they are, I fancy, inclined to admit that there was something in the old argument. I only ask what is the application of the principle of liberty? To forbid association would, if practicable, be tyrannical; to permit it is to permit the growth of bodies which, if their ends be good, have certainly pursued them by tyrannical methods, and of which, at any rate, it is the very essence that they limit individual liberty by social though not by legal pressure.

The same difficulty appeared in other forms. The old Radical looked askance at the early factory legislation. It seemed to imply interference with individual liberty. He admitted, however, that the liberty with which it interfered in its early stages was the liberty of parents or parishes to make slaves of children. Law might certainly be invoked, even upon his own principles, to prevent the cruelties practised upon the helpless and infants. As the system developed, the question arose as to the right generalisation of the principle. Are not women, or even many adult men, in need of similar protection? The modern industrial system had grown up, as Socialists declared, by a blind struggle of individual interests. It had come, somehow or other, to include a degraded 'proletariat,' demoralised by poverty, and as little able as the child to develop those virtues of self-help which the economists expected to be generated by the simple method of leaving things alone. Degeneration will be the result instead of 'evolution,' and the inorganic multitude become the prey of 'sweaters' and selfish capitalists. It will be virtually, though not legally, enslaved; and laws in restraint of the practices of exploitation will be on the whole favourable to 'liberty.' Undoubtedly the result is an enormous multiplication of superintendence and interference with individual interests; but the total outcome will be a state of things in which the labourer is freer and better able to turn his energies to account. What, again, is the true application of the criterion of liberty which could thus be invoked on both sides? It does not follow, I think, even if the Socialist contention be admitted, that the old economist was simply wrong. On the contrary, he was preaching a truth of vital importance, and never of greater importance than to-day. He asserted the principle of individual responsibility; he held that every man should

have sufficient motives for doing his work thoroughly and honestly, and that his position in life should be dependent upon his efficiency. To give a man a right to support whether he is energetic or idle, steady or dissolute, is to injure the most vital conditions of social welfare. If the statements be true which are made about the action of trades-unions to-day, the 'limitation of output,' and the levelling down of workmen's energy, the doctrine requires to be emphasised rather than slurred. The economist's fault was that he laid down the rule of *laissez-faire* as an absolute and all-sufficient truth. The doctrine, so stated, led to results which were shocking, and even at bottom inconsistent with his own principles. Too often, however, the result is that he has deserted his doctrine, even where it was true, to accept the contradictory error. The Liberal is tempted to carry on a flirtation with the Socialist; and having admitted that State supervision may sometimes be needed even in the interests of 'liberty,' is led to believe that no supervision can be in excess. I do not venture to pronounce any opinion about old-age pensions. Perhaps some such system may be desirable. But certainly, when I read the arguments by which they are supported, it often seems to me that the modern Liberal is trying hard to believe that a change of name will alter facts, and entitle him to disregard all the arguments which exposed the demoralising influence of the old system of outdoor relief. The true inference is, I take it, that the real effect of regulation by law can only be estimated when we take into account the whole social order, and that neither of the formulae between which we oscillate—the rule to minimise and to maximise legal interference—can be in itself sufficient.

This suggests a further point. The old Liberal was jealous of any extension of the administrative machinery. Yet, in some sense, such an extension has been a necessary result of the growing complexity of the social structure and the reciprocal interdependence of its various parts. As we are squeezed more closely together, we have to keep step and adopt common modes of conduct. So long as each man can attain his ends by independent action we may leave each to try his own experiment, and hope that the most effective will be generally adopted. But this does not apply when common action becomes necessary. In the time of Alfred each inhabitant of Middlesex might be left to supply himself with water by his own method. Modern Londoners must of necessity combine, and combination implies monopoly; and it becomes a mere question of practical convenience whether the function should be handed over to a company or to a municipal body. Such natural 'monopolies' grow up in every direction, and the change may be compared to the change which takes place in the individual organism when processes which once required conscious deliberation and experiment become automatic and involuntary. Only a fanatical purist can object to the logic of



facts in such cases ; and the loss of liberty may be more than compensated by the increase of general efficiency. To accept routine in simple matters is to be set free for other occupations. The same truth applies, more or less wherever organisation is required. Nothing, for example, is more opposed to liberty, taken absolutely, than a system of national education. By what right, it has been asked, do you force a bachelor to pay for the schooling of his neighbour's needless contribution to the population ? Or, why should not schools, like shops for food or clothes, be left to thrive or decay by free competition ? In point of fact, the Radical overlooked such objections, and a system of national education was one of the first results of his victory. Competition, he would urge, was inadequate in this case, because parents were not qualified to judge of the quality of the commodity. There is, however, the further objection that individual competition did not even tend to supply one most important condition of success. It led to a number of conflicting schools, each overlapping the province of others, and each inefficient in its own sphere. Central supervision and co-ordination of the various bodies is seen more and more clearly to be essential to the efficiency of the separate bodies. Undoubtedly there is, as the Liberal maintained, such a thing as an excess of red tape and rigid uniformity. A system requires flexibility as well as unity, and every organised body requires, like an army, a judicious distribution of responsibility, not a reduction of the subordinate to be a mere tool of his superior. But that was just the consideration which is omitted when liberty is taken to mean simple absence of State interference.

This illustrates a further difficulty of the old Radical creed. His jealousy of Government authority led him to insist upon the constant subordination of every inferior body to the Parliament which represented the people. For several generations, for example, it was a favourite Whig dogma that a standing army was dangerous to the liberties of the nation. He could not do without one in fact, but he could make believe that it did not exist as of right. It could at any rate be disbanded at any moment by the simple process of not passing the annual Mutiny Act. That is still true, as it is true that Parliament might substitute bows and arrows for rifles or that we might refuse supplies to upset a Government. Only the 'right' has become a fiction which fails to correspond to facts. Although, however, the army had to be kept up, we could, by ignoring it, prevent it from being efficiently organised. It would seem that we have not yet got quite clear of some of the consequences of our systematic hypocrisy. The same method was applied to the other administrative bodies which have so rapidly developed. The desire to ignore as much as possible what we were doing has not prevented their growth, but has made the growth unsystematic and elastic, and has at the same time made the supervision illusory. They must be allowed to grow, but they could be

kept strictly in hand. Parliament would not make them independent, but has become impotent in practice because it is omnipotent in theory. It has to waste days over replies and draw away millions in minutes. Its jealousy indefinitely accumulates its duties, and therefore paralyses its power. The cumbrous machinery grows automatically, and acquires a vast momentum. Each ministry has to accept the task bequeathed to it by its predecessors, and Parliament becomes a machinery for registering foregone conclusions. The net result is that efficiency is sacrificed to an illusory show of supervision; and the principle of liberty again leads to results the reverse of those which were anticipated.

The same confusion is conspicuous in the most pressing question of the day. Are 'Liberal' and 'Imperialist' contradictory predicates which cannot really be forced together, even by printing one in small type; or do they represent a natural sequence of ideas? The ambiguity of the words employed may well suggest despair of any application of philosophy to politics. How can we reason logically when 'imperial' is used indifferently to the ties which connected ancient Britain to Rome and those which connect modern Britain to the English colonies, or, again, to India? What would George the Third have thought of an Empire which not only takes away the right of taxation from the central power, but abolishes that right of 'regulating commerce' which was held even by Chatham to be essential? The old Radicals might fairly claim in one sense to have created what we now call the British Empire. They were at least the most thoroughgoing advocates of that concession of constitutional government to the colonies which, as Conservatives and Liberals agree, was an essential step towards the modern state of things. It is true, no doubt, that politicians fifty years ago very generally expected that separation would follow. Canada would go the way of Massachusetts; and they only hoped that the disruption would take place by friendly agreement instead of being achieved by war. To most observers of that day the alternative seemed to be between such an Empire as would have satisfied George the Third and a complete dissolution of the Imperial bond. Could they have foreseen the modern system—an 'Empire' which supposes that each body has the fullest possible autonomy within a wide sphere and the whole is held together by mutual goodwill and a sense of common interest—I suppose that Cobden himself would have approved the consummation and might even have claimed it as an illustration of his own principles. That he and others did not foresee it, proves that they were not inspired prophets. Nobody foresaw the annihilation of space and time, the close approximation of all quarters of the planet, and the consequent possibility of a 'solidarity' then impracticable. If Australia had remained at a distance of three months from England, the centrifugal forces of the system would have been too much for the

centripetal. Even a modern Conservative would reject a system which would have been necessary to keep up an Empire in the only sense intelligible to our forefathers. We are not entitled to blame Cobden for inability to foresee the gigantic changes which have taken place in the last half-century. Nobody foresaw or could have foreseen them. But the miscalculation, natural or inevitable, suggests a moral. We ought to be able to prophesy after the event. When things happen which we did not foresee, we should not infer—though it is very tempting to infer—that they were miraculous. The modern Liberal who denounces ‘militarism,’ and describes it as a ‘recrudescence’ of barbarism, seems to regard it as something monstrous and anomalous—a spasmodic intrusion of Satanic power, or a pouring out of one of the apocalyptic vials. Now that it has happened, we ought to admit that it happened naturally; that we could have foretold it had we rightly interpreted the symptoms, though interpretation might have been beyond ordinary intelligence. We are told sometimes that the mistake of the Cobdenites was that they regarded mankind as a set of ‘money-making units;’ that they attributed too much influence to the purely commercial instincts. I cannot myself see that the growth of Imperialism implies any error in that respect. It is pretty closely connected with fears for British trade, and we are still Adam Smith’s ‘shopkeeping nation,’ surveying mankind every morning from China to Peru, and trembling at every event from Wei-hah-wei to Uganda which threatens our commercial position. The material interests of mankind always have been, I take it, and always will be, a dominant factor in determining the course of history. It might equally well be said that Cobden rather took too exalted a view of the influence of common-sense, and even held that international relations would be more or less affected by the ethical doctrines of Christianity. But, whatever the right description, the miscalculation is now plain enough. Nations have been brought into close contact before they were sufficiently civilised to trust each other. If the ultimate result of approximation may be a development of mutual confidence, the immediate effect of sudden confrontation has been an outburst of jealousy and hostility. Cobden hoped that nations would see that protection was injurious to the protected. The same argument shows it to be injurious to those against whom it is directed. So long as we are not all free traders, even free traders may have to fight to keep the open door because others fight to keep it shut. The growth of an empire, again, even in the loosest sense of the word, does not imply the possibility of securing cohesion without coercion. If the interests which grow up on the side of union are opposed to others which make for separation, a difficulty arises. Does true Liberalism imply that the minority should accept the decision of the majority? Then it may be right for Englishmen, as it was for Americans, to

suppress secession by force of arms ; and, if the Empire be a unit, to suppress it even though the separatists are the majority in one of the constituent communities. If this be denied, the connection becomes a mere rope of sand capable of being broken at any moment, and the Empire simply a system of alliances which may be dissolved as soon as it is disapproved by any of the parties concerned. The most obvious opinion, at least, is that the old Liberals would have pronounced in favour of dissolubility, and are correctly represented by pro-Boers and Home Rulers.

It is true, indeed, that some Radicals anticipated a permanent connection with the colonies. That, as Mrs. Fawcett has reminded us, was true of Sir W. Molesworth. The question, however, for me is whether he could have held that view consistently with the other principles to which he adhered ; and especially whether he could have held that the union, if it ceased to be thoroughly spontaneous, could be rightfully enforced by coercion. Could a philosophical Radical be an Imperialist in the stricter sense of the words ? It certainly seems to me that he is in a difficulty which shows itself in all recent discussions. When the modern Radical denounces 'Jingoism' I can heartily sympathise. He is attacking an evil principle, and insisting upon dangers to which no thinking man can be blind. If Imperialism means extension of the Empire at all hazards, the construction of a body whose interests are antagonistic to the interests of all other nations, it is no doubt both hateful and immoral. But the difficulty is that the Liberal either takes a view which fairly exposes him to the charge of 'Little Englandism' or implies a cowardly abnegation of national duties ; or, while still appealing to his principles, accepts in every particular case the policy which is based upon the opposite theory. The Jingo profits because his opponent either shocks the legitimate patriotic instincts or covers an abandonment of his creed by hypocritical professions of transparent inconsistency. What is required, again, is not that the old creed should be forcibly combined with politics of the antagonistic creed, but that a more comprehensive theory should embody the undeniable truth contained in the old dogma. I cannot see that modern Liberals have yet achieved that result. Their theories would justify an empire if the name be appended to a friendly league, resulting from a 'union of hearts' ; but it is hard to see how they could justify an empire held together by a sovereign power. The old creed requires to be profoundly modified before the new doctrine can be really incorporated without violence. And, in this as in other cases, the difficulty seems to be that the old doctrine failed to make allowance for the growth of complex political and social ties which takes place independently of the constitutional theory.

If I am right, the old Liberal was justified in claiming that he inherited doctrines which had been developed in the historical struggles

for 'liberty.' He was right, too, in holding that they contained vitally important truths. They had been serviceable in suppressing the gross abuses which had grown up under the old system. They had supplied him with arguments against Sidmouth and Eldon, against rotten boroughs and sinecures and class legislation and religious intolerance. They had enabled him to expose the fallacies involved in protection and in all manner of antiquated and suicidal methods of State superintendence. They were an embodiment of principles of undeniable importance, especially the principle that rulers should be responsible to the nation, and that every individual should be responsible for the efficient discharge of his duties. These truths, however, were embodied in the form suggested by contemporary events; and when the Radicals claimed to be also 'philosophical,' what they really did was to try to find a theoretical justification for popular watchwords, and consequently to convert one-sided and temporary theories into absolute and eternal truths. They supposed that they had definitely triumphed when the democratic demands had been accepted and we had fairly shot the Falls of Niagara. They then had to discover that our new rulers had a great many demands which were by no means sufficiently summed up by the old formulæ about 'liberty,' and in the next place, it was to become evident that in point of fact those formulæ did not meet the real necessities of the case. As the social structure has become rapidly more complex, and the mechanical changes have led to the formation of new social relations, the simple political theory fails to meet the problems which are everywhere arising. To go on fighting with the old war-cry is like continuing to use the old weapons in warfare. It is to suppose that the evils of to-day can be met by arguments which were sufficient to expose the wrongs from which our grandfathers suffered. The old Liberal creed belonged to the system under which political theory in general was thought to be deducible from some assumption of absolute right. If students of political science have not yet reached any agreement among themselves or even laid the base of a satisfactory constructive theory, they are at least ready to admit that any such method must be imperfect. The science, if ever put together, must be based upon a scientific observation of the modes of development of the whole social structure, in which the political side is only one, though an essential part. It is to be feared that active politicians will be slow in accepting that conclusion. The agitator naturally desires a simple and absolute formula. As Birdofredum Sawin observed, when he desired to be called 'Old Timbertoes,'

That's wut the people likes,  
Sutthin' combinin' morral truths with phrases such as strikes.

It may not be clear that 'old Timbertoes' satisfied the condition; but it applies to such a formula as 'one man one vote,' which has an

appearance of appealing at once to morality and to logic. Yet a philosopher must admit that it is simply a mode of begging the question. We are sometimes invited to regret the insensibility of Englishmen to 'ideas.' The regret may be softened by the reflection that in politics an idea means a device for saving thought. It enables you to act upon a little formula without taking the trouble to ask whether it be or be not relevant to the particular case. Whether a political cry masks itself as a truth of reason, or admits itself to be simply the expression of an immediate want, it is equally the utterance of the popular instinct, which may be right at the moment, but which only coincides by accident with a simple philosophical system. For obvious reasons, it is probable enough that such formulæ will long be accepted. While that is the case politicians will generally assume half-truths as ultimate, and we shall worry on, as of old, by a succession of blunders, exchanging the errors of Conservatism for the errors of Radicalism. It is, however, to be wished that even practical politicians would sometimes consider the logical merits of their creed, and endeavour to find formulæ which may be at once popular and more in accordance with a rational system. But, there, I must be content to hand over the problem to better qualified persons.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

## THE EDUCATION PROBLEM

THIS irrepressible topic bids fair again to arouse much discussion, and to challenge the attention of Parliament during the coming session.

To any one who cares earnestly about the future of English education, and who watches with interest the attempts now being made to organise and amend the machinery employed in it, the first thing necessary will seem to be to keep steadily in view the main purposes which a national system of education ought to fulfil. Among these purposes the most prominent are improved methods of instruction; higher qualifications of teachers; security for thoroughness in the work of imparting knowledge; a juster sense of the relative claims of those disciplinary studies which bear on industry and on the getting of a living, and of those which tend to form the character of the learner and enable him to live nobly and to think wisely; full opportunity for the recognition and encouragement of merit in the case of scholars of all ranks in life; such a method of public administration as may recognise the best forces the nation possesses—imperial, municipal, religious, and philanthropic—and co-ordinate them in the great task of social progress; and, above all, loftier national ideals, and stronger convictions on the part of the public respecting the value of intellectual power as a national asset, and as the chief factor in the future honour and prosperity of the race.

Of these *desiderata* the chief are to be supplied, if at all, by other ways than by legislation, mainly indeed by the gradual growth of a still more enlightened and watchful public opinion than that which prevails at present. It is, after all, only to a small extent that any change in codes or Acts of Parliament can bring about the results which are most to be desired.

Yet it is with administrative reforms such as may affect the distribution of public funds and the constitution of local authorities that the minds of our statesmen are now for the moment principally concerned. These are the matters which loom large and are apt to be seen out of their true proportions in the imagination of political and religious parties, and which therefore attract the chief attention of the general public. It is permissible, therefore, for one who is

detached from party to consider the whole problem from a non-official point of view, and to point out some of the bearings of proposed legislative changes on the larger and more permanent interests of national education.

Foremost among the questions now engaging public attention is that which concerns the constitution of the local authority to be charged with the interests of secondary and technical instruction, and to co-operate with the central Board of Education. The Royal Commission of 1894 recommended the establishment, in each county and county borough, of new authorities specially concerned with this particular class of interests and with the supervision of endowed schools. But subsequent experience and investigation have led to a considerable change of opinion on this point. The difficulty of determining the dividing line between secondary and elementary instruction has not been removed, but only accentuated, by the recent judicial decision in the Cockerton case, and it is becoming daily clearer to nearly all parties engaged in the controversy that *one* educational authority having cognisance both of primary and secondary instruction ought to be created for each district. In no other way can we hope to avoid friction and difficulty. By no other means can we secure that all the resources for primary and secondary instruction in a given district shall be duly economised and regarded as constituent elements in a coherent system, each of the parts of which shall work in harmony with all the rest. The central Board of Education itself is seeking to correlate all its varied functions and functionaries, and to assert its control over all the departments of public instruction. In each of the American States and cities the local education authority has the supervision of elementary and high schools alike. And in our own country it is manifest that if two bodies concerned with the education of a city or a county worked independently and made separate representations to the central government, the delimitation of their several duties would produce much controversy, and the educational interests of the scholars would suffer. In fact, no satisfactory administration of either department could be devised if it were isolated from the other or were committed to the charge of persons who did not know much about the needs and the working of higher and lower schools alike.

It seems essential that a body entrusted with such weighty and varied responsibilities should possess the public confidence. Unless it is to a very large extent directly elected by the people it could not secure this, and certainly could not be properly entrusted with the duty of levying a rate. It should include persons possessing experience, expert knowledge of the general educational interests of the country, and intimate acquaintance with local resources and needs.

Whence are the materials for such an efficient local authority to



be sought? Obviously, to a large extent, from one or both of the two bodies already charged, though in very different degrees, with educational concerns—the School Boards and the County Councils. Both are the product of popular election. Both are composed of persons of about the same rank in life, who are personally induced to become candidates by an interest in public work and by a desire to render public service. The nature of the duties determines largely the qualifications of the candidates, those for the School Board caring about elementary education mainly, while those who desire election on County Councils concern themselves about the general administration of local business, of which at present technical education forms only a small part. It is a grave mistake to assume that either body is more likely than the other to keep party and political considerations out of the elections. Already Conservatives and Liberals are expected by the leaders of their political organisations to vote respectively as ‘Moderates’ or ‘Progressives’ on School Boards and County Councils alike. Moreover, we may safely calculate that religious partisanship will never be wholly absent in any authority which is concerned with popular education.

Each of the two bodies has its partisans who declare its competence to supervise the whole field of educational work. But, in fact, neither body as at present constituted is qualified by knowledge and experience to undertake so large a task. So far as the intentions of the Government can be gathered from the speeches of Ministers and from the terms of the abortive Bill of 1901, and even from the single-clause Bill which received the assent of Parliament in the last session, the plan most in favour at the moment is to recognise the present Councils of counties and county boroughs as the supreme authority, to empower them at once to restrict or to permit the further action of the School Boards in the prosecution of any plans for the instruction of scholars beyond the age of fourteen, and ultimately to take over and absorb the work of the present Boards and to supersede them altogether. It may well be doubted whether the need for so drastic and far-reaching a revolution in our educational system has yet been proved, or whether the public has yet fully considered the consequences which such a change would involve.

The desire to simplify local administration by reducing the number of separate authorities is perfectly legitimate; but whether a given department of public work should be entrusted to a special and independent body elected *ad hoc*, or left to be dealt with as a subordinate department or committee of a larger body elected for general purposes, depends much on the nature and importance of the special work which has to be done. For example, Boards of Guardians of the Poor are constituted for a special purpose, are charged with very definite duties, and responsible in the performance of those duties only to their constituents and to the Local Government Board. Nothing

would be gained and much would be lost if the local administration of the Poor Law were taken out of the hands of the Guardians and placed in those of the County Council (acting through a committee). The magnitude and the special character of the work forbid the trial of any such experiment. It would discourage the concentration of all the power and experience of bodies chosen for the express purpose, on the expenditure of the Poor Rate, would place on the County Council a new and burdensome responsibility which that body is incompetent to fulfil, and would certainly prove most detrimental to the public interest. Now, public education, in like manner, is a national concern of sufficient importance and dignity to justify the creation of local authorities charged with its interests alone, and directly responsible only to the ratepayers and to the central Board of Education. To place such a local authority under the control of another body already charged with multifarious duties would greatly restrict its influence, and its powers of usefulness. It would produce serious complications when the Education Committee made recommendations with which the superior body declined to comply; if, for example, that committee desired to extend its work, or to try some new educational experiment, and the Council refused to sanction the necessary rate. And it would create in the public mind an impression that education was no longer a matter of imperial and supreme concern, but one of inferior or merely local importance, like the drainage, water, tramways, or gas.

It may be concluded, therefore, that there are grave practical objections to either of the two courses, (a) the erection of a new authority conversant only with secondary and technical education, and working side by side with other authorities concerned only with elementary schools; or (b) the transfer of the whole local conduct of educational affairs, primary as well as secondary, to the existing County Councils acting through subordinate committees. We have not far to look for a better solution of the problem than is provided by either plan. In Scotland School Boards are universal. Their duties extend to burgh and secondary as well as to primary schools. They act under the rules and the authority of the Scotch Education Department, and have been from time to time entrusted with increased duties in connection with secondary instruction. They are not subject to restrictions in regard to the extent of their curriculum, but are free to meet the demand for any advanced education which may be required by the people and approved by the Department. That Department has the supervision of higher and lower schools alike, inspects and makes official reports on both.

If we in England follow the precedent established so successfully in that one portion of the United Kingdom in which the general estimate of the value of education is highest, we should take the existing School Boards rather than the County Councils as the

basis of our future local organisation, enlarge them with some new elements, increase in the rural districts the area of their administration, clothe them with new functions, and cause them, either in counties or county boroughs, to have cognisance of the whole field of educational work, subject only to the authority of the central government and to their own constituents.

The expediency of such a course will become more apparent when we consider the special conditions which now legally affect School Boards, and which distinguish those bodies from County Councils. For example, the cumulative vote gives an opportunity for the due representation of important minorities, such as would otherwise be excluded altogether from a share in educational administration. The Roman Catholics are enabled, under the present law, to secure in many places, and especially in towns in which there is a considerable Catholic population, the election of eminent members of their own church on the School Boards. These members have in many places thrown themselves heartily into the task of school organisation, and their presence on the Boards has not only secured the confidence of the members of their own communion but has broadened their own views of the general interests of the community, and has helped to make the Board more efficient. The same may be said of many of the clergy and other ministers of religion, scarcely any of whom would be likely to be chosen as County Councillors, or would seek to undertake the larger duties pertaining to that office. In both urban and rural districts those of the clergy who have consented to accept the legal conditions on which School Boards exist have brought to the service qualities and attainments, moral influence and personal sympathy, with which the community could not dispense without serious loss, and yet which could not be available if the County Council superseded the School Boards. Of no less importance is the fact that under existing conditions each School Board district is free to avail itself of the help of educated women. It is the universal experience that the lady members of the Boards have rendered priceless services in the general management of the schools as well as in sympathetic and practical attention to the school-mistresses and to the girls' and infants' departments. It is also to be considered that while the numbers of boys and of girls in the primary schools are nearly equal, the proportion of women and girls employed in teaching steadily increases. The annual report of the Board for 1900 shows that in England and Wales the total number of teachers in the schools under inspection was 29,678 men and 84,308 women; and also that the number of girl pupil teachers, which in 1869 was 7,273, is now 23,779; while the number of boy pupil teachers, which was 5,569 in the former year, remained almost stationary, being 5,614 in 1900. 'Taking all classes of teachers—certificated and assistant, additional and pupil teachers—we find that whereas in 1869 the

women and girls were not 53 per cent. of the total, they now number over 75 per cent.'<sup>1</sup> It becomes obvious from these figures that the presence of women on the local educational authorities of the future is indispensable. But it should be observed that their position has not been that of committees chosen by the favour or co-optation of superior authorities or limited to the care of girls' and infant schools, but that of persons accredited with full powers by the rate-payers, and qualified to vote on terms of perfect equality with men on all the subjects which come legitimately before the whole Board. Since women cannot sit as members of County Councils, this advantage could not be preserved if the proposed change were made, and one of our best safeguards for the improved and appropriate teaching of girls would disappear.

It is often said that School Board elections have the effect of bringing into prominence 'faddists' and specialists rather than persons who take an impartial view of the interests of education as a whole. Experience has not shown this fear to be well founded, or at all events better justified in relation to School Boards than to other public bodies. The fact is that 'faddist' is a convenient word by which we are wont to designate any one who is more in earnest or who has stronger convictions than ourselves. Yet there should always be room on our local educational authorities for a few persons known to their own neighbours to have given special attention to the subject of education, and to feel some enthusiasm about its improvement. There need be no fear that we shall ever be troubled with too many of them, or that their counsels will not always be held in check by the prosaic and business-like influence of the average citizen. On the whole it may be concluded that whether we consider the claims of women or those of the ministers of religion, or of persons attracted to this particular form of service by their exceptional interest in public questions, these ingredients in the composition of the local educational authorities of the future are more likely to be supplied in due proportion by popular election *ad hoc* than by any system of delegation from a larger body. No doubt the co-operation of the County Councils with such elected bodies would be of great value, especially when it is considered that in many counties the experiments tried by the technical committees have resulted in the revival of many local industries, and in the adaptation of plans to the improvement of scientific and secondary instruction. But the experience which has thus been gained within the limited area defined by the Excise Act and the Technical Education Act does not of itself suffice to justify the ultimate predominance of the County Councils over the whole field of primary and secondary education. If we had, as in Scotland, a School Board in every district as the principal educational authority, and if such Board were enlarged

<sup>1</sup> *Report of Board of Education, 1900-1901*, p. 30.

and strengthened by the addition of certain members nominated by County Councils, the problem of unification would be solved much more simply than by so doubtful an expedient as the complete transfer of the powers of our present educational authorities to a non-educational body already overworked. In a former article in this Review (February 1901) it was urged that 'the ideal School Board of the future with a wider area and larger responsibilities should, though not concerning itself with non-local institutions, such as Eton and Harrow, be so constituted as to represent the best attainable experience and the fullest knowledge of the educational wants of each district.' The efforts of statesmen and of the public are now needed in the attainment of this ideal.

Meanwhile it is desirable to take into consideration a few simple statistical facts respecting the gradual growth and present position of the School Boards of England and Wales. In the year of the Education Act (1870) the only schools of which the Education Department had any cognisance were voluntary schools, and the number of scholars returned as in attendance was 1,152,389. During the thirty succeeding years the number of scholars in these schools rose steadily though not rapidly, and in 1900 to 2,486,597, the annual number having been practically stationary during the last eight years. In the course of the same period the returns show that from 1872, when the number in attendance in Board schools was 8,726, there has been a large increase in each successive year, and that in 1900 it amounted to 2,201,849. The total number of voluntary or now Board schools in England and Wales is 14,354, of which 11,772 are connected with the National Society or with the Church of England, 1,045 are Roman Catholic, 458 Wesleyan, and 1,079 are British and undenominational, while 5,728 are Board schools. The general inference from these figures is that in Board schools alone has there been considerable growth, somewhat more than in proportion to the growth of population, but that the voluntary schools still provide a full half of the accommodation needed for the children of school age.

Other inferences respecting the meaning of these figures as an index of the preferences of the parents should be deduced with great caution. Over a large part of the country, and in rural districts generally, the schools are small; there is often only one school within the reach of the children's homes, and that is almost always a Church school. There is no room for the exercise of choice. If we take the statistics of administrative counties alone, excluding London and the county boroughs, the children in voluntary schools number 1,718,675, and those in Board schools 1,031,559. But if we take London and the county boroughs alone, with a total population of 11,851,435, the figures are reversed; for there the voluntary schools show an attendance of 767,922, and the

Board schools 1,169,490. It would appear from these figures that in towns in which for the most part there is a choice open to parents the Board schools are more in favour, since the returns show a smaller proportion of vacant places in these than in the 'voluntary' schools. This conclusion may be still further verified by reference to several of the largest towns:—

In Leeds last year's returns show an attendance of 48,118 in 61 Board schools, 16,331 in 38 Church of England schools, and 4,953 in 10 Roman Catholic schools.

In Liverpool, in which there is an exceptionally large Roman Catholic population, there are 62 Church of England schools with 40,708 school places, 35 Roman Catholic schools with 31,296, 6 Wesleyan schools with 4,095, 4 'British' with 2,223 school places, and 48 Board schools with accommodation for 44,644 scholars.

In Sheffield the average attendance in National or Church of England schools last year was 14,564, in Wesleyan schools 2,143, in Roman Catholic schools 2,868, and in the Board schools 37,908.

In Manchester the Board schools show an average attendance of 39,938, the Church of England schools of 27,592, the Roman Catholic schools of 13,131, British and undenominational schools 3,395, and Wesleyan 2,455.

In Birmingham the average attendance in the Board schools is 51,133, and in all the non-Board schools put together it is 24,272.

There is no exact uniformity in the shape in which the several Boards furnish their annual statistics; but it is reported that in all these and most other districts in which Board schools exist all the more recent and the prospective accommodation has been, or will be, provided by the Boards.

The particulars respecting London are equally striking. In 1870, when the Education Act came into operation, 173,406 scholars were registered in voluntary schools in the whole metropolitan area. The number rose a little in subsequent years, and reached the highest point in 1876. The accommodation in these schools is now estimated at 221,121, but the average attendance (173,937) was curiously the same in 1900 as in 1871. Meanwhile the provision made by the School Board for London has grown rapidly, and now amounts to 552,869, in 487 separate establishments, each in three departments (boys, girls, and infants, 1,408 departments in all), with an average attendance of 446,866. Out of a total of 620,803 in attendance at all the public elementary schools of the metropolis, nearly three-fourths are being instructed in the schools of the London School Board.

It is a legitimate inference from these facts that the spirit of statesmanlike compromise which inspired Mr. Forster and secured the adhesion of Parliament in 1870 still survives, and that the co-operation of the State with religious bodies still furnishes the key to much of the educational policy of the nation. Though the propor-

tion of children instructed under the care of School Boards increases every year, the vitality of schools with a definite religious character is well sustained. The fact that after thirty years Boards have not superseded voluntary effort, and that statesmen of both parties have, when in charge of the Education Office, given full credit and assistance to voluntary schools, shows at least the political expediency of dealing generously with the churches which are willing to give money and personal service in order that they may take a share in the business of popular education. Voluntary subscriptions both from Church of England and Roman Catholic managers show little signs of diminution, although they can hardly be expected to keep pace with the growth of the population. The Board of Education, in the Report for 1900, express satisfaction that they are able to record that 'in many Associations the amount of voluntary contributions is higher than it was before the passing of the Act.' In Church of England schools alone the subscriptions rose from 603,241*l.* in the year 1899 to 624,156*l.* in 1900.

It is no less in deference to the opinions of a large body of the supporters of the present Government than in harmony with the genius and traditions of the English people and with the spirit of compromise which has in the main controlled the educational policy of the State from the first, that the voluntary schools should continue to be regarded as an integral part of our provision for national education, and should receive still more liberal aid and recognition from the State. The supporters of those schools are justified in asking for this. It has been proposed that they should, when certified as thoroughly efficient, become entitled to receive assistance from the local rates as well as from the Imperial grant, on two conditions: (1) that the subsidy thus provided should not exceed the amount of the voluntary subscriptions contributed by the managers, and (2) that the ratepayers should be entitled to nominate a number of persons, not exceeding one-third, as members of the local committee of management to each school so aided. This arrangement would have the effect of giving substantial relief to voluntary subscribers and enabling them to keep their schools up to a high standard. And it would bring the denominational schools into closer touch with the general wants of the district, would increase the public confidence in their management, and would help to make the schools more 'National' in character as well as in name. Few more serious mistakes have ever been made by some of those in high places who have assumed that the ratepayer was the natural enemy of the Church, that he should be kept at arm's length by her friends, and that any association with him would be fatal to her interests. If this assumption were true it would be a very humiliating admission to make on the part of a national Church. Happily however it is not true. The British ratepayer might become a very helpful ally.

He is after all a person of average fairness and common sense; and except in a very few cases, in which a denominational school is conducted in an intolerant and aggressive spirit, he is almost sure, if the opportunity be afforded him, to nominate, as his representatives on the managing body of a really good school, persons belonging to the same communion as the other managers. There is every reason to hope also that if an arrangement for such representation were offered it would be cordially accepted by the best friends of Church, Catholic, and Wesleyan schools.

As to the proposal occasionally put forth in Episcopal charges, Roman and Anglican alike, as well as in Church newspapers, that all schools, whether denominational or not, should be sustained wholly by public funds on the same conditions as apply to the schools of a Board, while the management of voluntary schools remains in the present hands, it is sufficient to state it to show that it is utterly indefensible. The conditions are not and cannot be the same. If voluntary subscribers ask to be relieved by rate-payers of the duty of maintaining the schools, they must also expect to be relieved of the responsibility of managing them. Payment and control must go together. That a small body of local managers, for the most part self-appointed, should, on the sole ground that their predecessors left to their care a building which was once designated a Church school and which is perhaps nearly worn out and unsuited to modern requirements, be enabled to use for all future time public funds for the furtherance of the interests of their own denomination, although they neither contribute anything to the school revenue nor represent contributors, is a proposal which is, to say the least, astonishing, and which would not be listened to by any Government in Europe. The present Archbishop of Canterbury has wisely reminded his clergy more than once that the continuance of voluntary subscriptions is the necessary condition of the maintenance of denominational schools. It is, in fact, the only guarantee for the reality of a demand for such schools, and the only justification of their existence.

But while it is both wise and expedient to utilise and encourage voluntary effort, and to give all really efficient denominational schools increased public grants on certain conditions, a retrospect of the past shows us plainly that such schools are becoming and are likely to become less and less relatively important, and that it is after all on the School Boards that the future destiny of English primary education mainly rests. Even as at present constituted, it is to them the nation owes all the best educational enterprise of the last few years, the best school buildings and equipment, the most rational and effective experiments in the direction of good organisation and better teaching. In particular it is wholly to their initiative that we owe the higher Board schools, and the continuation and evening schools, which are so popular in our great industrial centres,



and which have done so much to invigorate the life and to increase the power and resources of the people. And it is rather to measures which will improve the constitution of the Boards and invest them with new powers and responsibilities, than to a revolution that would destroy them, that the best friends of education look for the adaptation of our machinery to the changing circumstances and the intellectual and social advancement of the nation in the coming century.

Yet it cannot be denied that for the moment a reaction has set in; the public are urged to look to County Councils as rivals which, in the whirligig of time, may have a chance of coming uppermost and trying their hands at a fresh effort to do the work hitherto done by the Boards. There are two classes of persons who may be safely relied on to welcome and to support any measure which promises to discredit and to weaken the School Boards and to place their work under new checks and restrictions: (1) there are those who hate the progress of education altogether, who believe that it has gone too far, and that any further advance in the intellectual ambition of the 'lower classes' will imperil the social order, and ought therefore to be resisted; and (2) there are those who wish to make our educational system more denominational than it is, and who see in any possible repeal of the Act of 1870 a chance for introducing the clergy and creeds and catechisms into the common schools. It is not to be assumed that the statesmen now engaged in determining the educational policy of the future belong to either of these classes. Yet they can hardly be unaware that both classes are to be found among their own supporters and are able to command votes. They are therefore under a strong temptation to secure these votes if possible. But the truth is that either party would prove in the end to be a most dangerous ally to any Ministry which desired to secure the honour of placing our educational system upon an efficient, an equitable, and an enduring basis.

As to the former of these two parties, its real reasons are only half-avowed. But it comprehends a large number of country gentlemen and others who sincerely think that popular education does more harm than good, and that the discussion of it is a public nuisance. They are probably gratified to learn that, partly in consequence of the recent judicial decision there has been in the whole country a diminution during 1901 of upwards of twenty thousand in the number of evening scholars. If this result has been brought about even by the incomplete legislation of last year and its promised *sequelæ*, what may not be hoped from further measures such as may bring the educational enthusiasm of the Boards under new restraints?

As to the second of these classes, their aim, to do them justice, is not to discourage education, but to bring it under ecclesiastical control. Their dislike is not so much to School Boards as to Board

schools. They know that Clause 14 of the Education Act of 1870 distinctly enacts that 'in every school provided by a Board no religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school'; and they think that if the popular school ceases to be technically 'under the control and management of such Board,' and is to exist for the future under the name and authority of some other public body, this clause, generally known as the Cowper-Temple Clause, will no longer apply, and the way will be open to the substitution for it of some such new form of Conscience Clause as was contained in Section 5 of the Bill which the Government withdrew in the session of 1901. Under that clause it would be possible, if the local authority desired it, to provide separate denominational teaching in the common schools. The hope for such a change has been distinctly avowed in diocesan conferences and in the Church newspapers—not in the general interests of improved education; but solely in the interests of the Established Church. 'For it is remarkable that no other religious body asks for leave to send its own ministers into the Board schools to give special theological teaching to the children of its own communion. Roman Catholics and Wesleyan Methodists—the only other religious bodies separately recognised by the Education Department during many years—are well content to restrict their denominational influence to their own schools; Evangelical Nonconformists seek to give such distinctive teaching as they deem necessary to the children of their own flocks on Sunday, and do not ask the State to relieve them of their duty in the public day-school. The School Boards themselves, with all their accumulated experience of the wishes of parents, and of the working of the Cowper-Temple Clause, do not ask for its repeal, and have expressed no desire to accept the services of the representatives of different creeds in the religious instruction of the children. The expression of such a desire comes solely from a few of the clergy and the friends of Church schools, who, conscious that the influence of the denominational system is surely though slowly waning, seek to gain a footing in the schools which are supported wholly out of public funds, and to introduce into these schools for the first time the teaching of the several sections of the Christian Church.

The plea usually put forth in favour of such a course has at first sight a very plausible and generous appearance. It is that every child ought to be brought up in the faith of his parents, and that every parent should have a right to demand in the public day-school instruction in the tenets of his own creed. It is needless to say that no such right is recognised in any higher school or intermediate school in England, or in the system of public elementary education in any nation in the world. Exceptions to this broad statement are more apparent than real. In Germany there is a classification of the population as

Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. In France the decrees of the first Napoleon in 1802 recognised the same three classes, and made special provision for their separate instruction. In Ireland 75 per cent. of the population are registered as Catholics, and the children of the two Protestant churches—the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian—are for the most part taught in separate denominational schools. In Scotland, although the churches are separately organised, the population is practically unanimous in its theological beliefs, and the Shorter Catechism and the Bible form the staple of the religious instruction of the whole country. In all these places a denominational or quasi-denominational classification is possible, because there are very distinct and well-understood divisions among the people in regard to religious persuasion.

But in England no such classification is possible. We could not, for example, divide our population into Catholic and Protestant, because the varieties of non-Catholic profession are too numerous. An increasing proportion of the clergy of the Established Church disavow the name of Protestant altogether; and many of them, especially the younger curates, would, if admitted to the Board schools as the accredited representatives of the Church, proceed to give instruction in regard to confession and sacramental efficacy which the mass of the laity do not understand, and which they would earnestly repudiate if they did. If to-morrow the parents of the half-million scholars who now attend the schools of the London School Board were asked to state what was their religious profession, and what sort of catechism or other religious formulary they would prefer, it would probably happen that more than one-half of such parents would refuse to reply altogether, and that from the other half replies would be received so various and conflicting that any measures for meeting their wishes would prove to be hopelessly confused and impracticable. The one civilised community in the world which is nearest akin to us in its character, in the variety of the forms which its religious life assumes, and in its aspirations and its moral ideals, is to be found in the United States of America. In that country the State schools are absolutely secular, the co-operation of the churches is neither asked nor desired, and the entire religious teaching is left to the efforts of those churches. It cannot be said that Americans are a less religious people than ourselves; but by their Sunday services and Sunday schools the various religious bodies hold their flocks together, and feel all the more strongly their own obligation to their children, because the responsibility is left with them and is not shared with any secular authorities. We in England have not adopted the system of the American States. In its stead we have accepted two general principles: (1) that in all efficient schools partially supported by religious bodies those bodies shall be aided, and shall be at liberty to give denominational

instruction provided it is limited to certain hours of the day, and (2) that in schools wholly maintained by public funds—*e.g.* Imperial grants and local rates—scriptural and moral instruction may be given; but the distinctive formularies of any particular denomination shall not be taught. This compromise has been found to be better suited than either a purely denominational or a purely secular system to the character and needs of our own countrymen, who, however divided in speculative opinion, are in the main a Christian people, with a great respect for the English Bible and a real desire that their children should be trained in Christian principles and conduct.

The proposal now so often brought forward, that this compromise shall cease to exist, and that arrangements shall be made for the admission of the clergy of different denominations into the common schools, is open to many weighty objections, which have often been stated before, but which may yet need to be recapitulated. It would necessitate an inquisition into the beliefs and religious professions both of parents and of teachers. It would depose the present head teachers from their proper position, and would weaken their authority by placing in their stead the ministers of religion, who would as a rule be far less skilled in the art of teaching. It would give to those ministers an opportunity for emphasising the importance of those tenets of their respective churches which distinguish them from others, that being precisely the kind of teaching least likely to be intelligible or useful to young children. It would impose upon the governing body of the schools the very difficult task of determining the claims of rival ministers to represent their several communities and churches. And the proposal is open to the crowning objection that it is not asked for by the persons who have the greatest right to be consulted. For there is not the smallest evidence that the parents of the scholars wish for such a change. That change is advocated solely by those who desire to make the schools instrumental in strengthening and enlarging the influence of the Established Church.

The Cowper-Temple Clause is our chief safeguard for the continuance of religious teaching in the common schools. Its meaning is often misunderstood and still more often misrepresented. From some pulpits it is denounced as a godless arrangement which makes all religious teaching impossible in a Board school. It is sometimes described as a device for propagating a new-fangled religion, and an 'undenominational' creed. There is in fact no such creed. But there is on the part of many earnest Christian people, churchmen as well as non-churchmen, who set a high value on their own distinctive forms of faith and worship, a belief that in the *elementary* religious instruction of the young controversial theology is inappropriate, and that the formation of opinions on the disputable points which separate the churches may fitly be postponed to a later

age, or left to be dealt with by other agencies than the public school. Accordingly during thirty years we have seen several generations of English school children made familiar with the Bible story, with the language of prophets and apostles, with psalms and parables, and with the ennobling poetry and literature of the Old and New Testaments. It is only the existence of the Cowper-Temple Clause which has made this possible in the schools of the people. Were it repealed, either in direct terms or indirectly by the substitution of some other authority for the School Board, sectarian difficulties and rivalries would be sure to arise, and the nation would be driven, as France has been, to dispense with the co-operation of the religious bodies altogether, and to take refuge in a purely secular system. Whatever change may be in prospect for reconstituting local authorities, it may be hoped that this peril may be averted, and that the principle of Clause fourteen in the Act of 1870 will in some way be preserved.

The present preoccupation of the English people in the business of the South African War, and their very reasonable reluctance to weaken or embarrass the responsible Government at such a time, are unfavourable conditions for a calm and wise readjustment of the whole of our education system. For the war, let us hope, is only a transient episode in the history of England, whereas the interests of national education are permanent. *Inter arma silent leges.* It would be a lamentable result of present political exigencies if in the future it should be found that the principles of Mr. Forster's Act had in 1902 been too hastily abandoned, that a new hindrance had been placed in the way of true educational progress, and that we had introduced into our municipal and popular schools religious divisions from which those schools had for many years been happily free.

J. G. FITCH.

## MRS. GALLUP'S CYPHER STORY

A REPLY TO MR. MALLOCK

[Before the ensuing articles were offered to this Review Mr. Mallock had written a letter to Mrs. Gallup and requested her to assist him in bringing her alleged discovery to a decisive test. He has asked her to take Macbeth's epistle to Lady Macbeth, which is printed in italics in the first folio (Macbeth, Act i. Scene 5), and to write down under each letter of the epistle the letter *a*. or *b*.--- which she holds to be its cypher equivalent, thus clearly distinguishing from each other the two founts of italic type which she believes to have been employed.

The whole passage would then be photographically enlarged from the first folio, and published in this Review on such a scale as to make clear to ordinary eyesight the minutest differences between the alleged two founts, on which differences her theory wholly rests.—EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century and After*.]

### I

Have we eaten of the insano root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

LORD BACON in the *De Augmentis* explains and illustrates a cypher which he calls the 'bilateral cypher,' which he claims as his own, and which, with other cyphers mentioned by him, he declares might prove of great utility. He does not say that he has ever used it. The nature of the cypher is so simple and mechanical that, given *two founts of type clearly distinguishable, and two only*, any printed matter may be interpreted to mean any other matter desired to be concealed, if the types are used according to Bacon's rules. The interpretation is laborious, but a child could manage it. This cryptogram Bacon calls *omnia per omnia*.

Now Mrs. Gallup, in her book entitled *Francis Bacon's Biliteral Cypher*, makes use of this key, and by means thereof claims to extract from passages in Shakespeare, Spenser, Burton, Ben Jonson, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, &c., the secret history of Bacon written by himself and concealed in the works of other authors. He further is made (in the story) to declare implicitly that the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which common mortals have supposed was the production of Robert Burton, and our heritage of plays and poems usually ascribed to William Shakespeare, as well as other writings, were really his own. To such assertions as these, Mr. Mallock, in the December number of this Review, appears to have given a certain

cautious credence. And, indeed, he himself extracts from a passage in the *De Augmentis* the following couplet :

The star of Shakespeare pales ; but brighter far  
Burns, through the dusk he leaves, an ampler star. \*

Now so long as Mrs. Gallup's discoveries were virtually restricted to the obscure notoriety of the Baconian Society, it did not seem a matter of sufficient literary or historical interest to drag the controversy into the light of day. But when such a man as Mr. Mallock takes up the cudgels in such a Review as *The Nineteenth Century and After*, it seems time for those who care for the fame and honour of Shakespeare, and no less of Bacon, to defend the citadel of common sense against such guerilla warfare.

Mr. Mallock says that if the cypher which Mrs. Gallup claims to interpret does not exist, it must follow that she is guilty of an 'elaborate literary forgery.' That, however, does not seem quite evident. The wish is often father to the thought. Fascination, fanaticism, the strong desire to see what (as a matter of fact) might exist, and what, if it did exist, would work out one's expectations, will account for much. Such self-delusion as this is very common. It would be just as improper to say (what no one would for a moment imagine) that either the couplet Mr. Mallock says he has unearthed is there, as he says it is, or that he is perpetrating a solemn joke and does not really believe what he says. Errors of imagination are not to be confounded with a lack of *bona fides*. As for Mrs. Gallup, I see it asserted in the October number (p. 175) of *Baconiana*, the organ of the Baconian Society, that that lady declares that the difference of type is not discoverable except with the aid of 'inspiration,'<sup>1</sup> which is rather like throwing up the sponge. As for myself, I have not given as much time and attention to decyphering the cryptogram as Mr. Mallock has, though I have spent many hours of patient labour with the magnifying-glass. I was more often wrong than right in the interpretation which I ought to have arrived at ; and I came to the conclusion that old printing is very careless and was carried out with a great variety of very indifferent founts of type.<sup>2</sup> With me it was *quidvis per omnia*. Of course I am not here referring to Bacon's own illustrations of his cypher, which, with the founts he uses, are clear enough, but to the passages which are transcribed in Mrs. Gallup's book for the purpose of exemplifying her theory.

<sup>1</sup> 'Mrs. Gallup, when challenged, failed to point out the cypher, an easy matter if it really existed ; and now avows that without extraordinary faculties and a kind of "inspiration," none, save herself, need expect to perceive it.' It should be understood that the President and Council of the Baconian Society enter a formal caveat that nothing in Mrs. Gallup's interpretation can be said to have been satisfactorily proved.

<sup>2</sup> For example, in the first folio there are certainly three, and I believe four, capital M's, formed thus :— *MMMM* . The roughness of paper and other causes familiar to printers would cause small variable differences.

Mr. Mallock is so interested in his new toy that he puts aside all questions of the overwhelming difficulties which assail us on the very threshold. They are, however, worth consideration.

We are to believe that Elizabeth was privately married to Leicester in the Tower of London when they were both confined there, and that they had lawful issue (tremble, O Edward the Seventh!) Francis Bacon and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. Thus the Earl conspired against his mother and elder brother; the Queen condemned her son to the block, and employed his elder brother to draw up the indictment against him; the fiery Essex never proclaimed his kinship, but went silently to execution; Bacon never contested his rights against the usurper, James the First. We have to believe that the first Earl and Countess of Essex<sup>3</sup> and Sir Nicholas and Lady Anne Bacon consented to have the children affiliated to them, with due succession as to lawful issue. And all this has escaped the minute researches of all our historians! Not, perhaps, surprising, so long as the statements are still unsupported by any extant documents.

We are further to believe that Bacon wrote the works usually ascribed to seven other writers, in seven wonderfully various styles, and permitted himself to be 'ghost' to seven men inferior to himself.

And to what end? How could such a conspiracy have been worked out between eight or nine authors, the type founders and setters, the printers of early editions? Has any such monstrous literary conspiracy ever been heard of before? To this add the Court conspiracy, known, not only to men and women of repute, as the Essex and Bacon families, Sir Amyas Paulet, and Dr. Rowley, but to Court ladies who blurted out the secret to Bacon. And we are to suppose that this double conspiracy was not discovered, nor even guessed at, for nearly three hundred years after Bacon's death!

To what end? we repeat. We could understand Bacon locking up his secret in his own breast and trusting it should never be revealed. We could also understand that he might (as others have done) write out a full and exact statement of the facts, with names of all concerned as principals and accessories, with all the dates and circumstantial evidence, duly signed and witnessed by all whom he could get to testify to the truth of the story. The parcel of sealed documents might then be bequeathed to trustworthy executors, with injunctions that the parcel was not to be opened till a safe period after his death.

But suppose a man should say: 'I have a secret story of my life, which if discovered would lose me my head. I have set it forth in certain printed books by means of a cypher so simple that a child

<sup>3</sup> The widowed Countess married Robert Dudley later, who (we are to understand) was already married to the Queen!



properly instructed could interpret it. I now give the key to that cypher. Of course, if my story is discovered while I am still alive, my life is not worth a pin's purchase. If it should never be discovered, all my painful labour will have been in vain—should we not call such a man a lunatic? And yet we are asked to believe that this act of lunacy was perpetrated by the wisest of mankind!

And now that we have refreshed our minds with this congeries of inherent improbabilities, let us turn to the cypher story and see whether its own internal evidence does not disprove it.

#### HISTORY

In the story we read of the execution of Davison, on whom the obloquy was cast of having handed on the warrant for beheading Mary of Scotland, signed by Elizabeth, but, as she averred, not to be made use of without notification of her further pleasure. But Davison, though he was condemned for this offence, was not condemned to lose his head, but to be fined and imprisoned in the Tower. He was afterwards released from imprisonment and, as a matter of fact, died in the year 1608 with his head soundly fixed on his shoulders. Now it is certain that Bacon must have been aware of this. So much for a fatal lapse in history.<sup>4</sup>

#### LANGUAGE

(1) It was the English custom to use *his* in connection with inanimate objects where we now use *its*. This custom died out about 1670. *Its* (or, earlier, *it's*) began to creep into literature about the end of the sixteenth century, though doubtless it was used colloquially at an earlier date. The word *its* (*it's*) does not occur at all in any works of Shakespeare published during his lifetime. 'It,' however, occurs fifteen times in the sense of *its*.<sup>5</sup> Thus: 'It had it head bit off by it young,' *King Lear*, I. iv. 236 (A.D. 1605). In the folio of 1623 *it's* occurs nine times and *its* once.<sup>6</sup> In all other cases we find *his* where we should now use *its*. In other writers of the time, from 1598, when it has first been detected, *its* (or *it's*) can be found very sparingly, e.g. Florio twice, Montaigne five times, Sylvester (*Du Bartas*), Shelton (*Don Quixote*), Lyly. In the Bible of 1611 *it* (i.e. *its*) occurs once: 'That which groweth of it own accord' (Lev. xxv. 5). This is altered into *its* in the Authorised

<sup>4</sup> 'The life of the secretarie was forfeit to the deed, . . . but who shall say that the blow fell on the guilty head; for truth to say, Davison was onely a poor feeble instrument in their handds, . . . therefore blame doth fall on thosq men . . . who led him to his death.' From *The Biliteral Cypher*.

<sup>5</sup> It in this sense lasted from 1420 to 1622. Still in use in modern dialects.

<sup>6</sup> One of these instances is in *King Henry the Sixth*, pt. 2, III. ii. 393, and may not be Shakespeare's word. Another (*H. VIII.*), 'Made former wonders *it's*,' is not quite to the point. Here *it's* is used absolutely, and means *its own* or *his own*.

Version. Otherwise his is *always* used, or of *it, thereof, &c.* Thus, in Tyndale's Bible (1526), 'Thou hearest his sound,' altered in the Great Bible (1539) into, 'Thou hearest the sound thereof.' Milton never uses *its*. Some fifty years ago Henry Morley discovered an unpublished poem which he asserted to be Milton's, written in the year 1647, in his own handwriting and signed by him. But by the consensus of critics this poem has been adjudged unauthentic, chiefly because in the eighth line occurs the word *its*:

He sported ere the day  
Budded forth its tender ray.

Now turn we to Bacon in the early editions of his published works. I have looked through more than a hundred pages, and cannot discover a single use of *its*. I ought to add that I can only find a very sparing use of *his*<sup>7</sup> where we should now employ *its*. Bacon seemed to prefer *thereof*, and more frequently *the*, where we might have expected the possessive pronoun. . .

But in the secret history of Mrs. Gallup I can only find *his* used once when referring to an inanimate object, and in that case the object may have been personified: 'From the rising of the sun to his rising upon the following morning' (p. 353). Whereas from the examination of a few pages taken at random I find *its* as follows: Three times each in pp. 27, 41; twice in p. 159; once each in pp. 38, 42, 56, 210, 254. Now compare this with early appearances of *its*. In Shakespeare, in the folio edition of 1623 published after his death—*before, no instances!*—ten times; in the Authorised Version of the Bible once; in Milton not at all; in the published works of Bacon not at all; in all other writers *massed together* up to (say) 1620, very sparingly. What is the inference? That the 'Bacon' of Mrs. Gallup is a very modern 'Bacon,' doubtless a 'Bacon' of the nineteenth century.

(2) From the date 1000, or earlier, we find many instances of *his* used instead of *s* in the possessive case, and similarly, for the sake of uniformity, of *her* and *their*. Thus of *her*: 'Curio haunted Lucilla her company' (Lyly, *Euphues*, 1647). And in the Authorised Version of the Bible, in the 'Argument' to Genesis xvii. will be found the words, 'Sarai her name.' For *his* we may quote the well-known instance, 'Jesus Christ His sake' (this doubtless to avoid Chri-st's s-ake.) But at no time was *his* used instead of *s* continuously, and it is almost always found (i) after proper names,

<sup>7</sup> Examples: *Sylva Sylvarum*, 1651, edition of W. Rawley. 'He found the body to keep his dominion,' p. 163; 'You shall see [the angel of gold] out of his place,' p. 163; 'Aire, not satisfied with his own former consistence,' p. 169. (Note here the word *satisfied*. Mrs. Gallup makes Bacon use the word *satiating*, p. 42: 'The report fully satiating everyone.') So in Essay 58, last paragraph, *his* eight times. It should be remembered that modern editions of Bacon alter *his*, in such cases, into *its*.

(ii) specially, for the sake of euphony, after proper names ending with *s*; e.g. 'Job's patience, Moses his meekness, Abraham's faith' (R. Franck, 1568); 'Julia, the Emperor Augustus his daughter' (Gloss. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579). Similarly *her* and *their* are generally used after proper names. But in Bacon, after a diligent collation of a great many pages, I find the general use of the *s* without an apostrophe for the possessive case both for singular and plural, and no use of *his*, *her*, or *their* in this sense.\* When a noun ends with an *s* sound, Bacon joins the two words without a connecting *s*. Thus: 'Venus minion,' 'St. Ambrose learning,' and the curious form 'Achille's fortune,' which may be a printer's error, as the apostrophe here is in the wrong place. All these come from the 1640 edition of the *Advancement of Learning*, Books 1, 2. In Bacon's *Resuscitatio*, 1657, I find 'Christes wife,' and the phrase, 'after Sir W. Jones speech;' but this may be the interpolation of the editor.

And now for the 'Bacon' of Mrs. Gallup. Turning casually over the leaves of her story I find 'Solomon, his temple,' p. 24; 'England, her inheritance,' p. 27; 'man, his right,' p. 23 and p. 42; 'my dear lord, his misdeeds,' p. 43; 'the roial sovereigne, his eies,' p. 59; 'Cornelia, her example;' 'the sturdy yeomen, their support;' 'a mother, her hopes;' 'woman, her spirit;' and, curiously enough, where we might have expected an Elizabethan to have employed *his*, 'Achilles' mind,' p. 302. We see then, as the result of this inquiry, that Mrs. Gallup's 'Bacon' frequently uses *his*, *her*, and *their*, where Bacon in his published works seldom used them. What is the inference? First, that Mrs. Gallup's 'Bacon' is unfamiliar with the customary language of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, using *his* &c. in cases where the writers of his time would employ the final *s*; and, secondly, differs from our Bacon as we know him in his works.

(3) It was the custom (and is still I believe in some parts) in the Midlands to finish the verb with *s* after plural nouns, as if it were the third person singular. This custom Shakespeare brought with him from Stratford, so that there are several instances in each of the plays. I have only had time to collate two plays, and herewith give all the instances I have found in them (Globe edition).

- |                            |             |   |
|----------------------------|-------------|---|
| <i>Measure for Measure</i> | I. iii. 10. | Where youth and cost, and witless<br>bravery keeps.   |
|                            | II. ii. 88. | There's many have committed it.                       |
|                            | IV. v. 12.  | There's other of our friends.                         |
| <i>Cymbeline</i>           | I. i. 68.   | Here comes the gentleman,<br>The Queen, and princess. |

\* Mrs. Pott has discovered 'Didymus his Freedman' in the *Tacitus*, and Mrs. Gallup adduces six other instances. But they are not common.

- Cymbeline* I. vi. 8.                   blest be those,  
                                   How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
                                   Which seasons comfort. . .
- I. vi. 117.           'tis your graces,  
                                   That . . .  
                                   Charms this report out.
- II. iii. 34.   His steeds to water at those springs,  
                                   On chaliced flowers that lies.
- II. iv. 57.   My hand and ring is yours.
- III. iii. 99.   Heaven and my conscience knows.
- III. iv. 113.   There's livers out of Britain.
- III. vi. 23.   Plenty and peace breeds cowards.
- IV. ii. 24.   But clay and clay differs in dignity. . .
- IV. ii. 283.   Here's a few flowers.
- IV. ii. 371.   There is no more such masters.
- V. ii. 2.   The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
                                   Takes off my manhood.\*

But Bacon in his published works and Mrs. Gallup in her cypher story do not recognise, so far as I can see, this Shakespearian characteristic.

(4) Mrs. Gallup's 'Bacon' is repeatedly quoting from his own published works and from the plays of Shakespeare.

Here are some examples :

'Hold up a glass,' p. 35.

'At times a divinity seemeth truly to carve rudely hew'd ends into beauty,' p. 213. Elsewhere, 'A Ruler doth wisely shape our ends, rough hew them how we will.'

'Jealousy in soule of honour.'

'Although he be gone to that undiscover'd cou'try from whose borne no traveller returns.' Elsewhere, 'She is now gone to that,' &c. &c.

'Not onlie jesting Pilate, but the world ask, What is Truth?' Elsewhere, 'Asking with Pilate,' &c. p. 132.

'To paint the lily, to give the rose perfume.'

What is the inference to be drawn from this hauling in, neck and crop, of well-known passages? To my mind it is that Mrs. Gallup is led to find in her story phrases familiar to her and allied to her subject-matter.

(5) There are, I think, words used in the cypher story in quite a wrong sense. I will give instances :

'Gems rare and *costive*.' Murray gives no example of *costive* meaning *costly*.

'I am *innocuous* of any ill to Elizabeth.' Neither Murray nor Webster gives any example of 'innocuous of,' *i.e.* 'innocent of,' though *intocuous* may mean *innocent*. Shakespeare does not use the word.

\* There are five more instances in the first folio, transformed to modern usage in the 'Globe.' Dr. Abbott in his *Shakespearian Grammar* has nearly eighty instances from Shakespeare.

'Surcease' is a good enough word, but 'surcease of sorrow' is used by Poe, an American author; and the use of the phrase by Mrs. Gallup's 'Bacon' makes one wonder whether he had ever read *The Raven*.

'Cognomen,' p. 29. No instance given in Murray earlier than 1809.

'Desiderata,' p. 161. No instance given of 'desideratum' by Murray earlier than 1652.

'Hand and glove,' p. 359. Earliest instance in Murray, 1680.

'Cognizante,' adj. Earliest example in Murray, 1820. Murray says, 'Apparently of modern introduction; not in dictionaries of the eighteenth century; not in Todd's *Johnson* of 1818, nor in *Webster*, 1828.' (*Cognisance* is quite early, both as a law term and in literary use.)

#### ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES

Every five letters in italics in the works which contain the secret writing form one letter of the hidden story. Now on page 166 of Mrs. Gallup's book I find 59 letters extracted from the copy of verse of the first folio subscribed with the letters 'I.M.,' 99 from 'Actors' Names,' 172 from 'Catalogue of Plays,' and 209 from the 'Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*.' These would require respectively not less than 295, 495, 860, and 1,045 italic letters in the folio. But on examination of the first folio, the perfect copy at the British Museum, I find the number of letters as follows:—

	I.M.	Actors' Names.	Cat. of Plays.	Prolog. to <i>T. and C.</i>
Total number of letters . . . . .	302	496	850	1,069
Roman type . . . . .	32	154	99	83
Italic type . . . . .	270	342	751	986
Requirements of cypher . . . . .	295	495	860	1,045

This demands explanation. I do not say it cannot be given, but on the face of it there is something wrong. If Mrs. Gallup has made use of the Roman type, the number of letters in three of the above cases would be sufficient for the purpose. But this would contravene Mrs. Gallup's system, and confusion would be worse confounded.

So much for internal evidence. But, lastly, leaving out all thorny questions of style, on which men will never cease to differ, let us consider other characteristics of the two writers which sharply discriminate them.

#### GEOGRAPHY

If Bacon had written the plays, would he, a man of learning and travel, have placed a port in Bohemia, or made the passage from

Bologna to Milan by sea? The Baconians will perhaps say that Bacon made these errors of set purpose so as to identify himself more closely with the ignorant playwright. But this is not very convincing: And what did he imagine men would think of an ignorant playwright who could show so intimate a knowledge of history that he could delineate a character by a hint, and could develop such splendid imagery and such masterly analysis as we get in 'All the world's a stage,' 'To be, or not to be,' 'Friends, Romans, countrymen'?

#### PROPER NAMES

Shakespeare, partly from ignorance, partly from carelessness, very frequently mispronounces proper names, or pronounces them in different ways according to the metre. Thus, Stephano, Corioli, Messala (?) are pronounced in two different ways; Hecate (Hecat), Andronicus, Aliena, Posthūmus &c. are pronounced wrongly. But would Bacon ever have permitted himself such an outrage?

In the poetry of Mrs. Gallup's 'Bacon' we seem to have Ajāces (twice), p. 254. and Abýdus, p. 263, but I am not sure of the scansion. On p. 166 we have Illiad. I should not suppose Bacon would have allowed himself the wrong spelling of a Greek word.

#### BACON'S POETRY

We all know the charm of Shakespeare's poetry—the wood notes wild, the witchery of the unexpected phrase, the delicate fragrance as of summer rose-leaves. Even where the sense of the graceful catches is not a prevailing element, the music of the syllables falls gratefully on the ear. 'Come unto these yellow sands' will illustrate my contention. And if such slight and playful strains as these are so beautiful, what shall we say of the greater triumphs—the wonderful charm of *Venus and Adonis*, never surpassed by Milton himself, the glorious nobility of the plays?

But Bacon also was a poet! This is a 'fact not generally known' to the unreading public, for his strains are not quite 'household words.' Let us take as a sample of them a few lines from his translation of the 104th Psalm:

O Lord, Thy Providence succieth all;  
Thy goodness, not restrained, by general  
Over Thy creatures; the whole earth doth flow  
With Thy great largess pour'd forth here below.  
Nor is it earth alone exalts Thy name,  
• But seas and streams likewise do spread the same.  
The rolling seas unto the lot doth fall  
Of beasts innumerable, great and small;  
There do the stately ships plow up the floods,  
The greater navies look like walking woods.

The fishes there far voyages do make,  
 To divers shores their journey they do take.  
 There hast Thou set the great leviathan,  
 That makes the seas to seeth like boiling pan.

To get doggerel corresponding to this, we must search the pages of Skelton or of Butler in *Hudibras*, who of *malice prepense* encouraged a rugged and ragged muse. Here is found a concentration of every fault and vice that is irritating even to an uncritical ear. If verse means lame prose cut up into lame bits and made to rhyme lamely, then the above is verse, but in no conceivable sense can it be denominated poetry.

And Bacon wrote Shakespeare!

'Oh, but,' say the Baconians, 'Milton is just as bad in his translation of the Psalms, and everyone acknowledges him to be one of the greatest poets.' But is he 'just as bad'? I more than doubt it. I challenge proof. Grant that his Psalms are not generally excellent, they do not drop into the abyss of the specimen quoted above. And it must also be remembered, first, that of the nineteen Psalms rendered into English by Milton, two were the production of his fifteenth year; and, next, that nine of the Psalms were an attempt to translate the Hebrew with the greatest literal accuracy possible. Milton's prefatory words are: 'Nine of the Psalms done with Metre, wherein all but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original.' Side notes accompany the translation giving the Hebrew equivalents. Milton was writing with his hands tied and his imagination restricted in very narrow compass. On the other hand, Bacon's Psalms were the 'exercise' of his hours of sickness, and Spedding has a higher opinion of them than would be accepted, I think, by most critics.

'Oh, but,' say the Baconians again, 'every poet has his dull times, and Bacon has at least produced one beautiful poem.' And then they quote the really fine poem beginning with, 'The world's a bubble.' But was this Bacon's? Many editions of Bacon do not contain it; and though it is to be found in Spedding's great edition, he inserts it with a caution, and the authorities he gives are not wholly satisfactory. Thomas Farnaby, three years after Bacon's death, 1629, prints the poem as the translation of a Greek epigram, and prefaces it with the words: 'Huc elegantem V.C.L. Domini Verulamii *παρρησίαν* adjicere adlubuit.' A copy of the lines was also found among Sir Henry Wotton's papers subscribed Francis Lord Bacon, but Spedding does not say that the handwriting was that of Wotton. Bacon's secretary and editor, Dr. Rowley, does not mention the lines.

My task is finished. It is a bundle of arguments founded on

definite facts. One thing, however, would destroy the whole structure of facts and inferences. Let Mrs. Gallup take a few pages of the first folio of Shakespeare (the selection may be left to her); let her get together a few men who know something about books, and add to them a printer or two, familiar with types, new and old; then, if between them they extract a consecutive narrative founded on the biliteral cryptogram of Bacon, there is no more to be said.

II. CANDLER.



## MRS. GALLUP'S CYPHER STORY

## II

## BACON—SHAKESPEARE—POPE

I AM sorry that my letter in *The Times* of the 19th of December seems to have offended some 'Baconians.' I say 'some' because I happen to know that many of the most prominent members of that body have not accepted Mrs. Gallup's assertions, although they carefully tested her claims. I am not a Baconian, but I have a perfectly open mind on the matter. I have no objection at all to being convinced that Sir Francis Bacon wrote the splendid dramas attributed to Shakespeare; it is so much easier to suppose from our unquestionable knowledge of his life and genius that he *might* have written them than to accept from the unquestioned little that we know of Shakespeare and his life that *he could* have done so.

It is unnecessary to refer at length to the extraordinary similarity in the knowledge of law, science, art, politics, history, literature, and every other branch of human understanding exhibited by Shakespeare and Bacon; what we want to know is why Bacon did not say that he was Shakespeare. Give us *proof* that he himself claimed to be the author of the immortal dramas, and I for one should be more **willing** to accept the circumstantial evidence on which the Baconians rely.

Mrs. Gallup, in her work entitled *The Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon*, vouches for 'the absolute veracity of the work here presented'; this is from page 4 of her preface dated Detroit, March 1, 1899. In this book she says Bacon claims in his cypher to have written the Shakespeare plays and many other works supposed to be by other writers.

I had not seen this work until Mr. W. H. Mallock gave it such prominence by his article, entitled 'A New Light on the Bacon-Shakespeare Cypher,' in the December number of this Review.

I then asked Messrs. Gay & Bird, the English publishers, to send me a copy of it, and they kindly did so with an intimation that they hoped I would not hesitate to say what I thought of it. It is a volume of over 400 pages and contains more than a hundred thousand

words. I studied the first two hundred pages pretty carefully, and I admit that, in spite of many apparently incredible statements, I was as much impressed by it as was Mr. Mallock. He says he 'leaves the reader to escape from its conclusions if he can.' I tested the *samples* of the method of translating given by Mrs. Gallup, which she calls 'example of method of extracting the Bi-literal cypher from the italic letters in two forms' from the *Epistle Dedicatory* of Spenser's *Complaints*, edition of 1591. That example, as set out by her, *appears* to answer to the rules for deciphering the 'cypher' which Bacon describes in his *Advancement of Learning*, 1605 edition. But *why*, I ask, has this example of her method been *omitted* from the edition of her work recently published? It seems to me that it is like Shakespeare's *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

Among other extraordinary statements made by Mrs. Gallup is the, as it appeared to me, incredible one that Bacon claimed to have written the drama entitled *Sejannus* by Ben Jonson. But on referring to Jonson's works I found that he himself says that 'a second pen had good share' in it in its *original* form, although he also says that in revising it for publication he omitted the part done by 'another hand.' It appears that as originally performed the play was very unfavourably received, so the inference is that he attributed its failure to the poor quality of the work omitted, though he gives a reason more flattering to his friend.

Here then was circumstantial evidence from Ben Jonson himself, that he was not the sole author of the play of *Sejannus*, and one could only assume that Mrs. Gallup had some ground for her deliberate assertion that Bacon said he wrote it, or that she had deliberately adopted Jonson's statement as evidence to support her story. In the same way her statement that Bacon says Queen Elizabeth had children has colour lent to it by the unquestionable historical 'rumours' current about it, referred to by Camden and other contemporary writers.

In noticing Mrs. Gallup's work in the *Publishers' Circular* of 14th December I said: 'If it is all a forgery it is extraordinary, and if it is true then nothing like it in all the world's history has ever been known, and so far as can be judged by the evidence given there is no ground for suspecting a literary forgery or hoax of any kind.'

This will prove, I hope, that I was very willing to believe Mrs. Gallup in spite of the—well, I may say, in spite of myself. One minute I thought 'It is impossible,' the next 'How are you to get out of it?'

I then passed on to the statement that Bacon had made a translation of Homer's *Iliad* (which Mrs. Gallup vouches for having deciphered from the 1628 edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*), of which he, according to Mrs. Gallup, says:

Much of the 'material' of th' *Iliad* may be found here, as well as Homer, his second wondrous storie, telling of Odysseus, his worthie adventures. Th' first nam'd is of greater worth, beautie, and interesse, alone, in my estimation, then all my other work together, for it is th' crowning triumph of Homer's pen; and he outstrips all the others in th' race, as though his wits had beene Atalanta's heeles. Next we see Virgill, and close behind them, striving to attaine unto th' hights which they mounted, do I presse on to th' lofty goale. In th' plays lately publisht, I have approcht my modell closelie, and yet it doth ever seem beyond my attainment. Here are the diverse books and sundry examples of th' lines, in our Bi-literall Cypher.

Mrs. Gallup says she 'is not a Greek scholar and would be incapable of creating these extended arguments, which differ widely in phrasing from any translation extant, and are written in a free and flowing style which will be recognised as Baconian.'

I have already, in the *Times* of December 19, given one specimen of 'Bacon's' translation of Homer which, while it differs widely from Homer, is practically identical with the translation extant and hitherto attributed to Pope. To me it is absolutely conclusive.

Mr. A. P. Sinnett, writing to the *Times*, says, 'As for the curious flaw Mr. Marston has detected in the *Iliad* translation, we can afford to wait for Mrs. Gallup's explanation.' I hope Mrs. Gallup will also be able to explain the other 'curious flaws' which I will presently give.

As Mr. Sinnett says, 'The question is simply this: Has she built up the whole of this long story out of her own head as a conscious literary fraud, or "errors and omissions excepted," is it to be accepted as genuine? There is no halting place between these two views.'

That is exactly the position: if the translation from Homer is not the independent genuine work of Bacon, as disclosed by the translation of his 'cypher,' then it and the 'whole long story' is a conscious literary fraud, and Bacon will be cleared of having accused those he claims to be his own parents of abominable crimes. If Mrs. Gallup's story is true, then Bacon says of Queen Elizabeth that 'Her whole spirit was but one infernell region . . . the blood of her youngest borne [Essex] was upon her royall hand.' He infers that his father killed Amy Robsart and intended to kill his third 'wife,' only he died himself before he could carry out his intention.

In reading the 'Bacon' *Iliad* I was struck by the line 'Equall in arms and in command'; it seemed to be familiar, although I had not read Pope's translation of the *Iliad* for many years. I then compared the two, and I had not compared half the 'Bacon' version with Pope's before I was absolutely convinced that, although it was very cleverly done, Bacon must have copied Pope—unless, and I give Mr. Sinnett the suggestion for all it is worth, there is another text of Homer known only to Bacon and Pope. To say that Pope had discovered Bacon's cypher and cribbed his translation is another alternative. To prove either hypothesis is not my affair.

## BACON'S INTRODUCTION AND POPE'S INTRODUCTION.

It is not a little curious, however, to say the least of it, to find the following passages not of translation from Homer but in praise of his genius in the Introductory notes in both 'Bacon' and Pope.

## BACON

'In a play is imitated action of heroes, in the *Illiads* is th' real, the living scene. You see a battaile and hear th' cries o' th' Trojans, and see the Greekes sweepe on in noyselesse grandeur like devouring flames.'

## POPE

'What he writes' is of the most animated nature imaginable, everything moves, everything lives, and is put in action. If a council be called or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of the verses resembles that of the army he describes. They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.'

'Bacon' only gives a few lines by way of introduction, and yet what he does say we find also in Pope's introduction, not absolutely *verbatim*, of course, but, as will be seen from the extracts I have just given, both point out that *so life-like and real is Homer's description, that if it is a battle, the reader both sees and hears it, becomes in turn hearer and spectator*. And then, more extraordinary still, both 'Bacon' and Pope quote the splendid line in which the advance of the army sweeping onwards is likened to an all-devouring fire, as a proof of the accuracy of their description of the Homeric style.

Pope, on the same page, compares Homer with Virgil, and so does 'Bacon.'

'Bacon' says Virgil lacks Homer's spirit and 'fire of an immortal youth.'

Pope says, 'In Homer, and in him only, this fire burns everywhere clearly and everywhere irresistibly.'

When, after finding these striking similarities in what should be the original thoughts of the translators in their Introductions, we find that though they are supposed to be separated by nearly a century their translations exhibit identical peculiarities, what can we suppose?

How could 'Bacon' in translating four lines leave out just the words left out by Pope? How could he in a still more marvellous manner put in the same words that Pope puts in, which are *not in the original passage*.

According to Mrs. Gallup, 'Bacon' says that his translation of Books I. to IV. of Homer's *Iliad* was written as a 'supream effort of memory,' and Mrs. Gallup says she found it all hidden in cypher

in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1628 edition, published two years after Bacon's death.

The following parallel passages, with that already given, will show what an extraordinary effort it was:

Homer's *Iliad*, II. lines 734 to 737:

Οἳ δ' ἔχον Ὀρμένιον, οἳ τε κρήνην Ὑπέρειαν,  
 735 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἀστέριον, Τιτάνιοι τε λευκὰ κάρηνα·  
 τῶν ἦρχ' Εὐρύπυλος, Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·  
 τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.

Literal translation by C. W. Bateman, LL.B.:

734. 'Next, those who held Ormenion, and the spring Hyperia; and those who possessed Asterion, and the white peaks of Titanos; these did Eurypylus, Euæmon's glorious son, command. With him followed forty black ships.'

Pope's verse translation:

'The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands  
 In forty barks Eurypylus commands,  
 Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,  
 And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.'

Mrs. Gallup's 'Bacon' prose:

'Next Eurypylus led th' Ormenian and th' Asterian bands  
 In forty vessels, from the land where Titan hideth in snows his hoary head,  
 Or where the silver founts of faire Hyperia flow.'

It will be seen that Pope *puts in* words *not in the original*, and 'Bacon' also puts in words not in the Greek, and they are the very words that Pope puts in. It would not be surprising to find two translators leaving out, as they do, the same words ('Euæmon's glorious son' and 'black'), though they are important; but the chances are a thousand to one against two translators inventing and adding the *same words* not in the original. Other translations, including Chapman's, have also been used, but it is the not infallible translation of Pope which gives the 'key to the cypher.'

From the *Catalogue of the Ships* (or 'th' Shippes' as 'Bacon' puts it) I will give first the Greek (lines 494-510 of Book II. of Homer's *Iliad*), then a literal translation.

Βοιωτῶν μὲν Πηνέλεως καὶ Αἰήτος ἦρχον,  
 495 Ἀρκεσίλαός τε Προθοήνωρ τε Κλονίος τε·  
 οἳ θ' Ὑρίην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αἰλῖδα πετρήεσαν,  
 Σχοϊνὸν τε Σκῳλὸν τε, πολύκημόν τ' Ἐτεωνόν,  
 Θέσπιαν, Γραΐην τε, καὶ εἰρύχορον Μυκαλῆσόν,  
 οἳ τ' ἄμφ' Ἄρμ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Εἰλέσιον καὶ Ἐρύθρας,  
 500 οἳ τ' Ἐλεῶν' εἶχον ἦδ' Ὑλῆν καὶ Πετρώνα,  
 Ὀκαλέην, Μεδεῶνά τ', ἐνκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,  
 Κώπας, Εὐτρησὶν τε, πολυτρήωνά τε Θίσβην,  
 οἳ τε Κορώνειαν καὶ ποιήεντ' Ἀλῖαρον,  
 οἳ τε Πλάταιαν ἔχον, ἦδ' οἳ Γλίσαντ' ἐνέμοντο,

505 οἳ θ' Ὑποθήβας εἶχον, εὐκτίμενόν ποτολίεθρον,  
 "Ογχηστόν θ' ἱερὸν, Ποσιδῆϊον ἀγλαὸν ἄλσος,  
 οἳ τε πολυστάφυλον Ἄρνην ἔχον, οἳ τε Μίδειαν,  
 Νῆσάν τε ζαθέην, Ἀνθηδόνα τ' ἐσχατώσων·  
 τῶν μὲν πεντήκοντα νέες κίον' ἐν δὲ ἑκάστῃ  
 510 κοῦροι Βοιωτῶν ἑκατὸν καὶ εἴκοσι βαῖνον.

LITERAL TRANSLATION BY T. A. BUCKLEY, B.A.

'Peneleus, and Leitus, and Arcesilaus, and Prothoenor, and Cloneus commanded the Bæotians; both those who tilled Hyrie, and rocky Aulis, and Schænos, and Scholos, and hilly Eteonus, Thespia, Græa, and the ample plain of Mycalesus; and those who dwelt about Harma, and Ilesios, and Erythræ; and those who possessed Elion, Hyle, Peteon, Ocalea, and the well-built city Medeon, Copæ, Eutresses and Thisbe abounding in doves; and those who possessed Coronæa, and grassy Haliartus, and Platea; and those who inhabited Glissa, and those who dwelt in Hypothebæ, the well-built city, and in sacred Onchestus, the beauteous grove of Neptune; and those who inhabited grape-clustered Arre, and those who inhabited Midea and divine Nissa, and remote Anthedon: fifty ships of these went to Troy, and in each embarked a hundred and twenty Bæotian youths.'

To show how Chapman, a contemporary of Bacon, translated this, I give an extract from Messrs. Dent's reprint of his edition of Homer's *Iliad*—published about 1600. It will be seen that, although it is flat reading compared with Pope, it follows the original much more closely.

CHAPMAN'S TRANSLATION IN VERSE

'Peneleus, and Leitus, all that Bæotia bred,  
 Arcesilaus, Clonius, and Prothenor, led;  
 Th' inhabitants of Hyria, and stony Aulida,  
 Schæne, Scole, the hilly Eteon, and holy Thespia,  
 Of Græa, and great Mycalesse, that hath the ample plain,  
 Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did remain  
 In Eryth, and in Eleon, in Hylea, Peteona,  
 In fair Ocalea, and the town well-built, Medeona,  
 Copas, Eutresis, Thisbe, that for pigeons doth surpass,  
 Of Coroncia, Haliart, that hath such store of grass,  
 All those that in Platea dwelt, that Glissa did possess,  
 And Hypothebæ, whose well-built walls are rare and fellowless,  
 In rich Onchestus' famous wood to watery Neptune vowed,  
 With them that dwelt in Midea, and Nissa most divine,  
 All those whom utmost Anthedon did wealthily confine.  
 From all these coasts, in general full fifty sail were sent;  
 And six score strong Bæotian youths in every burthen went.'

POPE'S TRANSLATION<sup>1</sup>

'The hardy warriors whom Bæotia bréd,  
 Peneleus, Leitus, Prothoenor led;

Messrs. George Bell & Son's edition.

With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,  
*Equal in arms and equal in command.*  
 These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,  
 And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,  
 And Schœnos, Scolos, Græa, near the main,  
 And Mycalessia's ample piny plain.  
 Those who in Petcon or Ilesion dwell,  
 Or Harma, where Apollo's prophet fell;  
 Heleon and Hylè, which the springs o'erflow;  
 And Medeon lofty, and Ocalca low;  
 Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,  
 Or Thespia, sacred to the God of Day;  
 Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves;  
 Copœ and Thisbè, famed for silver doves,  
 For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine;  
 Platea green, and Nisa the divine.  
 And they whom Thebè's well-built walls enclose,  
 Where Mydè, Eutresis, Coronè rose;  
 And Arnè rich, with purple harvests crown'd;  
 And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.  
 Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys  
 Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.'

MRS. GALLUP'S 'BACON' TRANSLATION

of the above, p. 225 of *The Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon*  
 (Homer's *Iliad*, II. lines 494-510).

'Peneleus, Leitus, Prothœnor, joyned with Arcesilaus and bold Clonius,  
*equall in arms and in command*, led Bœotia's hosts; and there went with them  
 fiftie sable shippes.

'Those whose home was upon rocky Aulis, hillie Eteon, or the waterie  
 plains of Hyrie; in Schœnos, or Scholos, Græa or Mycalessia; those who came  
 from Petcon, from Harma, Heleone or Hyle, well watered by its springs that  
 ever rise;

'Those who dwell in loftie Medeon and in Ocalca; in Haliartus or in  
 Thespia, sacred to th' god Apollo; and Onchestus where Neptune's temple  
 stood; and those who dwell in Copœ and Thisbe, fam'd for faire doves,

'Or pastoral Erythræ; Glissa where vines abound; in greene Platea and  
 divine Nysa; in Ilypothebæ, that well-built city, or where Eutresis and fair  
 Coronea rose; in rich Arne, or Anthedon upon the farthest bound o' farre  
 distant Bœotia; of these each bore sixscore warriors.'

What explanation has Mrs. Gallup for the fact (as shown above)  
 that, Pope having thoroughly changed and mixed up the order in  
 which Homer gives the names, and added many descriptions *not in*  
*Homer's lines*, Bacon does almost exactly the same? It is im-  
 possible that this should be a pure accident.

It was, as I have said, finding Pope's fine line 'Equal in arms and  
 equal in command' in this bit of 'Bacon' that first led me to  
 compare the translations.

The mistake Mrs. Gallup made was taking Pope's *Homer* for  
 gospel, following him blindly into the ditch; for instance, in

## NAMES AND DESCRIPTIONS IN ABOVE QUOTATIONS COMPARED

Names and descriptions in order as given by Homer	By Chapman	By Pope	By 'Bacon'
Peneleus	Peneleus	Peneleus	Peneleus
Leitus	Leitus	Leitus	Leitus
Arcesilaus	Arcesilaus	Prothoenor	Prothoenor
Prothoenor	Clonus	Arcesilaus	Arcesilaus
Clonius	Prothenor	Clonius	bold Clonius
Hyrie	Hyria	EQUAL IN ARMS	EQUAL IN ARMS
Rocky Aulis	Stony Aulida	AND EQUAL IN	AND IN COM-
Schaenos	Schaene	COMMAND	MAND
Scholos	Scole	Rocky Aulis	Rocky Aulis
Hilly Eteonus	The hilly Eteon	Eleon's Hills	Hillie Eteon
Thespia	Holy Thespia	Hyrie's Watery	Watery plains of
Græa	Græa	Fields	Hyrie
Mycalessus (ample plain, of)	Great Mycalesse that hath the ample plain	Schaenos	Schaenos
		Scolos	Scholos
		Græa near the main	Græa
Harma	Harma	Mycalessia's up- ple puny plain	Mycalessia
Ilesius	Ilesius	Peteon	Peteon
Erythrae	Eryth	Ilesion	Ilesion (omitted in Bacon)
Eleon	Eleon	Harma where	Harma
Hyle	Hylea	Apollo's prophet fell	Haleono
Peteon	Peteona	Heleon	Hyle, well-
Ocalea	Fair Ocalea	Hyle which the springs o'erflow	watered by its springs that ever rise
Medeon the well- built city	Well-built Me- dona	Medeon lofty	Loftie Médeon
Copæ	Copas	Ocalea low	Ocalea
Eutresis	Eutresis	Haliartus, Meads of	Haliartus
Thisbe, abounding in doves	Thisbe that for pigeons doth surpass	Thespia sacred to the God of Day	Thespia sacred to th' God Apollo
Coronea	Coroneia	Onchestus, Nep- tunc's cele- brated groves	Onchestus, where Neptune's tem- ple stood
Haliartus, grassy	Haliart that hath such store of grass	Copæ and This- be famed for silver doves	Copæ and Thisbe famed for faire doves
Platea	Platea	Erythrae for flocks	Erythrae pastoral
Glissa	Glissa	Glissa for the vine	Glissa where vines abound
Hypothebæ, the well-built city	Hypothebæ whose well-built walls, etc.	Platea green	Platea greeno
Sacred Onchestus the beauteous grove of Nep- tunc	'Rich Onchestus, famous wood to watery Neptune vowed'	Nisa the divine	Nysa divine
Arne, grape- clustered	Arne with vines	Thebe's well-built walls	Hypothebæ that well-built city
Midea	Midea	Where Myde, Eut- resis, Coronè rose,	Myde (omitted by Bacon)
Nissa divine	Nissa most divine	Arne rich with purple harvests crowned	or where Eutre- sis and fair Coronea rose
Anthedon remoto	Utmost Anthedon	Anthedon, Bœo- tia's utmost bound	Arno, in rich
Fifty ships of these went to Troy, and in each embarked 120 Bœotian youths	Full fifty sail were sent and sixscore strong Bœotian youths in every burthen went	Full fifty ships they send and each conveys Twice sixty war- riors	Anthedon upon the farthest bound o' farre distant Bœotia Of these each ship bore six- score warriors



describing how Idomenus led the Cretans (*Iliad* II. lines 645 to 648), Pope wanted a couple of words to fill out his line and rhyme. So when mentioning Phæstus he says :

Or where by Phæstus *silver Jordan runs*.

Now, as will be seen from the Greek, the river Iardus is not even mentioned by Homer in this passage, but 'Bacon' says 'Phæstus by the *silver Jordan*.'

Homer's *Iliad*, II. lines 645 to 648 :

Κρητῶν δ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευσι, 645  
οἳ Κνωσὸν τ' εἶχον, Γόρτυν τε τειχιόεσσαν,  
Λύκτον, Μίλητόν τε καὶ ἀργινόντα Λύκαστον,  
Φαιστόν τε Ῥύτιόν τε, πόλεις εὐναιεταώσας.

Pope is very fond of using the word 'silver'; in line 582, Book II. of the *Iliad*, he translates 'Messê rich or abounding in doves' into 'Messe for silver doves renowned,' and 'Bacon' says 'Messeis renowned for silver doves.'

Homer's *Iliad*, II. lines 581 to 583 :

Οἳ δ' εἶχον κοίλην Λακεδαίμονα κητόεσσαν,  
Φῶρὴν τε Σπάρτην τε, πολυτρήρωνά τε Μέσσην, 582  
Βρυσηΐας τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Λύγειας ἐρατεινίας.

In the lines 591—602, II. *Iliad*, Homer merely mentions Pylos. Amphigenia, Peteleon; Pope says 'Pylos' sandy coast'; 'Bacon' says 'from sandy Pylos'; Pope says 'Amphignea's ever fruitful land'; 'Bacon' says 'that land so fruitful Amphi-genia.' Pope says 'little Pteleon'; so does 'Bacon.'

Here is another striking instance: Homer thus describes how Protesilaus was killed :

Homer's *Iliad*, II. lines 701 and 702 :

τὸν δ' ἔκτανε Δάρδανος ἀνὴρ, 701  
νῆος ἀποθρώσκοντα πολὺ πρῶτιστον Ἀχαιῶν.

A literal translation is: 'A Dardan (or Trojan) man slew him leaping forth from his bark (or ship) much the first of the Achæans (or Greeks).'

Pope sings :

The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,  
And dyed a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore.

'Bacon' says :

He was the first of the Greekes who boldlie sprang to th' shore when Troy was reach'd, and fell beneath a Phrygian lance.

I think if the student applies the bi-literal cypher to the ninth

word in this last extract and then separates it between the fourth and fifth letters, he will find a key to the whole matter.

Here are a few identical translations:

BACON	POPE
'Cold Dodona.'	'Cold Dodona.'
'Greene Cytora.'	'Green Cytora.'
'Lofty Sesamus.'	'Lofty Sesamus.'
'He leapt to th' ground.'	'Leaps upon the ground.'
'O happie prince.'	'Happy prince.'
'Polisht bowe.'	'Polished bow.'
'Impatient arrow.'	'Impatient arrow.'
'His skilful long-distance shots.'	

This last is not in Pope or Homer either, but it is pure 'Bacon, or rather Gallup.

I have not compared half of this so-called Bacon cypher translation with Pope. What I have given is enough. Not only are the classic names almost all given as Pope gives them, but the 'translation' generally follows Pope instead of the original, not only in words and sense, but in sequence and spelling of names and poetical license.

I shall await with interest Mrs. Gallup's explanation of the difficulties I have now pointed out.

R. B. MARSTON.

## A TURNING-POINT IN OLD TESTAMENT STUDY

THERE are stages in every study when quiet progress seems to be endangered by the discovery that methods of investigation have been too narrow, and that the results are consequently more uncertain than had been supposed. The reality of the discovery is apt to be denied, and there is a risk that a collision may arise between two parties, one of which is not, indeed, opposed to progress, but<sup>1</sup> is unwilling to admit the imminence of a reconstruction of the study, while the other in its zeal may attempt to push the reconstructive work too fast. 'Parties' may not be the right word, but it is that which to an English reader best conveys the existence of an opposition between two principles, one of which (for I will now be quite definite) regards the Old Testament more or less by itself, and is mainly conservative in tendency, while the other treats it as the record of one of the ancient Oriental peoples, and considers that the old critical results need very considerable modification. I have already ventured to take up the position of a reconciler in this scientific quarrel,<sup>1</sup> but probably with insufficient emphasis and inadequate exposition of my meaning; and since a recent publication by a German scholar shows the need of a better understanding between critics, I ask leave in the interests of critical progress to resume my former functions. The question is (1) whether literary criticism of the Old Testament (often called, but not by the present writer, Higher Criticism) does not need to be more fully reinforced by archaeological and in the strict sense historical criticism, and (2) whether the received text of the Old Testament, to which professed critics have virtually confined themselves, does not need to be examined much more keenly, with a view to determining both how far it is corrupt, and how far, not merely by the help of the Septuagint, but by the discovery of certain regularly recurring types of corrupt reading and of editorial manipulation, the corruptions of the text may be with much probability and very often with virtual certainty healed.

<sup>1</sup> The Archaeological Phase of Old Testament Criticism. *Contemporary Review*, July 1895.

To put the matter somewhat more briefly. The most important point for those of us who study the Old Testament is not how to avoid committing ourselves to the peculiarities of this or that critic or Assyriologist, and how to suggest to our pupils and to the public a middle road between extremes which accords with the average opinion of scholars, but how by a combination of old methods with new, and by the attainment of a new point of view, to reconstruct our study, and how by the gentlest possible transition to introduce our pupils and the public to this new treatment of the Old Testament. And since there is no scholar who has so fully realised the problems before us and contributed on such a large scale to their solution as Hugo Winckler, Assyriologist and Historian, I will endeavour to give the reader some idea of his treatment of the prehistoric period of Israelitic antiquity in the second volume of his *Geschichte Israels*. The reader will of course not suppose that I am in the trammels of Winckler or of any other man, but he will justly infer that I owe much to him, and that I would fain see a few other scholars adopting at any rate his general attitude, and making fresh contributions to our science. The great danger of many Biblical scholars is narrowness of view, and no recent book perhaps can do more to correct this than Winckler's *Geschichte*.

The work before us is a perfect specimen of that 'free, disinterested treatment of things' so much dearer to Matthew Arnold in 1864 than Colenso's mixture of the practical and the scientific spirit.<sup>2</sup> Of revolutionary or even reforming ecclesiastical designs Winckler is absolutely innocent. He appeals to a public which simply aims at a nearer approximation to historical truth. In 1901 such a public must exist even in the land which Arnold thought given over to the practical spirit. It would indeed be too optimistic to assert that our popular theology has become historical, but even among practical churchmen it is at least a tolerated opinion that Abraham was not an historical personage, either in the sense supposed by the older orthodoxy, or in the sense which is winning much favour among more recent theologians, viz. as the 'great leader of a racial movement, and one who has left his mark upon his fellow tribesmen, not only by the eminence of his superior gifts, but by the distinctive features of his religious life.'<sup>3</sup> Winckler thinks it right to treat Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and even Moses, Joshua, the Judges, Saul, David, and Solomon in a perfectly disinterested spirit, from the point of view of a criticism founded upon the facts of a comparative study of the historic legends of the East. The results are very different from those reached by a criticism which is mainly literary in its character. They may often be insufficiently

<sup>2</sup> To get the colouring of the time read M. Arnold's essay in the *National Review*, where it originally appeared.

<sup>3</sup> Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible*, art. 'Abraham.'

grounded, but this is a first attempt, and Winckler deserves credit for not being too fastidious, and venturing to publish many things which may perhaps only be serviceable as working hypotheses. At the point which we have reached the whole of the complex study called the *Alttestamentliche Wissenschaft* needs to be gradually transformed, and if anyone is willing to court criticism by inter-mixing very good things with very doubtful ones, he should be praised, and not blamed, for such a unique degree of self-sacrifice.

There is much in both parts of Winckler's History which any fair-minded student will call suggestive, springing as it does from a mind saturated with the political, religious, and historiographical ideas of the Semitic peoples. It is, however, in the second part, or volume, that the author has deposited the results which he himself thinks of the greatest importance, and it is here that he has given a clear exposition of his views respecting the ancient oriental historiography. There is also much more continuity in the chapters; the attention seldom flags. It is a book that any man of culture may read, and orthodox readers may be pleased to find that, however keen Winckler's criticism may be, he is absolutely free from the pseudo-rationalism of the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth centuries. The book has also the uncommon merit of brevity (300 pages), which it owes partly to the originality of the contents, and partly to the circumstance that the writer can refer to a series of *Forschungen*, largely concerned with the Old Testament, which has for some years been appearing at intervals.

The result which Winckler thinks of most significance is this—that the material which legend in the East has worked into the semblance of history is derived from mythology. The Semitic peoples, however, whose gods were local gods—originally the stone or the tree—could not develop a mythology; the myths which the lesser Semitic peoples had were borrowed directly or indirectly from Babylonia; Egyptian influence, too, is not excluded. This was naturally the case with the Hebrews. The basis of their legends is in the main a borrowed mythology. If now we turn our attention to these legends we find that they fall into two classes: (1) those which grew up round the heroes (such as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob), who were, according to Winckler, reflections of local divinities, and (2) those which attached themselves to historical personages, such as the Judges, regarded as representatives of the several tribes, and the first Kings, as representatives of the people. That there were literati capable of writing these myths down may be assumed; the influence of the great civilisations of the Valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile was fully great enough for this, and every king or kinglet would look out for a poet or scribe who could transmit the royal achievements to posterity. This scribe would

naturally relate these achievements in such a way as to remind the reader of the exploits of the supernatural heroes of mythology. One scribe would teach another, and so by degrees fixed forms of expression of mythic origin would arise, providing a setting for the great deeds of the ruler. Hence at a comparatively late period the artist of Pergamon, wishing to glorify the overthrow of the Gauls by Attalos, gives a representation of fighting Titans. Once made, the legends grew, like every other natural thing. Trained literati were always ready to adapt them to the changing wants of the time, as when the post-exilic Hebrew writers created David anew simply by putting a fresh interpretation on the historical and geographical data of the old legend.

It is not surprising, therefore, that we should find in the Hebrew legends striking parallels to stories told in other countries. The economy of legend is marvellous. The same thing is told with the greatest variety of detail, and of the most different persons, in widely separated parts of the earth. Everywhere the local god is the centre of the world, and so everywhere the forms of the primitive legend reappear. Age followed age, and all consciousness of the origin and true character of the legends by degrees disappeared. Hence the unity of the original legends was destroyed; omissions and additions were made according to the ideas of the later writers. Sometimes a more complete parallel in quite another part of the world enables us to repair the omission. Here Winckler found the way prepared for him by Stucken, whose *Astralmythen der Hebräer, Babylonier und Ägypter* (four parts published: 1. Abraham; 2. Lot; 3. Jacob; 4. Esau) is wonderfully learned, methodical, and clever. The word *Astralmythen* is significant. It suggests that the Babylonian map of the starry heaven is the most trustworthy guide through the intricate paths of Mythology and Legend. The legends, which in their present form may appear at once so wild and so inconsistent have in reality a harmony and a consistency comparable to that of the heaven itself. When the historical tradition was defective the earliest wise men at once looked to the sky; there it was that they seemed to themselves to learn, not only what should take place in the future, but what had taken place in the past.

It is true that these principles had already been communicated by Dupuis in the *Origine de tous les Cultes, ou Religion Universelle* (Paris, 1794), but the want of sound material condemned his work to failure. Even now our knowledge of the Babylonian mythology and legends is fragmentary, but so far as it goes it is sound, and the only questions are, (1) whether with our still more fragmentary knowledge of Hebrew legends it is possible to systematise the mythic elements in those legends to the extent that Winckler desires, and (2) whether the revised or emended Hebrew

text, on which Winckler often depends, in preference to the Massoretic, is trustworthy.

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, then, are lunar heroes. In the case of Abraham this is, according to Winckler, doubly certain. His father Terah comes from Ur in Chaldaea, the city of the South Babylonian Moon worship. (Nannar), but, in order to reach Canaan, he must halt at Harran, which is the second great centre of lunar worship in the region of the Euphratean civilisation. It is inconsistent with this that, according to the Genesis narratives, Abraham's final dwelling-place is at Hebron, on the border of the wilderness, far away from the sphere of Babylonian influence. But is this not due to a misunderstanding of the original tradition? Is Kirjath-arba rightly identified with Hebron? <sup>4</sup> In Genesis xiv. 13, 14, we read that Abram, who dwelt at Mamre, pursued Chedorlaomer and his allies as far as Dan. Also in Numbers xiii. 21 that the spies searched the land as far as Rehob and the entrance to Hamath. Lastly, in Genesis xxiii. we find Abraham purchasing land for a burying-place at Kirjath-arba of the people of the land, who were Hittites. Now we know nothing of southern Hittites. But we do know of Hittites in Galilee, at the foot of Mount Hermon. (Judges iii. 3; see G. F. Moore's note.) Must not Mamre and Kirjath-arba have been in Galilee in the neighbourhood of the Huleh Lake, and must not the sea called Hammelah (English version, the Salt Sea) have been really the designation of the Lake of Huleh? The reference in Genesis xiv. 10 to the bitumen pits need not perplex us; it belongs to the same hand which brought in Lot, and forms no part of the original story.

Thus Winckler makes contributions not merely to archæology but to geography. And if it be said that his geographical proposals are arbitrary, I take leave to deny that. They may or may not be correct, but they are methodical. It would be a proof of consummate boldness to assert that the later editors of the Hebrew traditions were always correct in their view of the geography of the traditions. If the word arbitrary is applicable at all, it belongs to those later writers who, with no critical faculty whatever, adapted the old traditions to the false historical views of their own time. Winckler has a very keen eye for problems. His range is so wide, his occupations are so diverse, that he may well err sometimes in his solutions, but it is not exactly fair to call him arbitrary.

And how comes Sarah to be at once Abraham's sister and his wife? Because Sarah, being the counterpart of Istar, has a double rôle. She is the daughter of the Moon-god, and therefore Abraham's sister; she is the wife of Tammuz, and therefore Abraham's wife. For Abraham too, according to Winckler, has a double rôle; he is the son of the Moon-god, but he is also the heroic reflection of

<sup>4</sup> Gen. xxiii. 2; xxxv. 27; Josh. xiv. 15; xv. 13, 54.

Tammuz. Of Isaac little is recorded; he dwells at Beersheba, 'the well of the Seven-god,' that is, the Moon-god. Jacob, however, is much more definitely described. His father-in-law, Laban, reminds us by his very name of Lebênâ, the moon, and Laban's two daughters, Leah and Rachel, represent respectively the new moon and the full moon. Dinah, Leah's daughter, represents Istar, the daughter of the Moon-god, and with her six brothers makes up the number of the days of the week, one of which in fact (*Dies Veneris*, Friday) has a female deity. The respective numbers of the descendants of the two wives (excluding Joseph as a solar hero) are also significant for the calendar.

Joseph is a hero second in importance to none; his name is not properly that of a tribe; Ephraim and Manasseh are the tribes which he impersonates. In a larger sense, however, he impersonates all the tribes which subsequently formed the kingdom of Northern Israel, and of whom he may also be regarded as the patron deity. The key to his divine character lies in Genesis xxxvii. 10, where Joseph dreams that the sun, the moon, and the eleven stars did homage to him. The interpretation given in ver. 10 is, 'I [Jacob]. thy mother and thy brethren.' But the mother has no place in an act of homage, and it is in the South Arabian mythology, not in the Babylonian, that the sun is feminine. In the original story, then, it was the Moon-god (Jacob), with his children, who bowed down before the Sun-god (Joseph), his son. The rest of the story of Joseph now becomes clear. The lunar heroes, Abraham and Jacob, fetched their spouses from the land of Moon-worship; the solar hero Joseph goes to Egypt, the land of Sun-worship, to obtain for his wife the daughter of a priest of Heliopolis. But, like Abraham, Joseph also represents Tammuz, the sun of spring-tide, who dies and passes into the underworld, whither Istar descends to bring him back to earth. This is why he is cast into the pit, and again raised out of it. Hence another reason for Joseph's going to Egypt, for Egypt represents the southern region of the sky, in which the sun stands in the winter when Tammuz is dead. That the tribes of Israel (necessarily twelve, because of the signs of the Zodiac), together with their ancestors, are connected with an astral myth is not a new idea, but it has been worked out by Stucken and Winckler with greater fullness of knowledge than by any previous writer. It is, of course, not stated that the early legends are historically worthless; wisely used, even the early legends can be made to furnish historical material, both directly and indirectly. Still more is this the case with the later legends attached not to humanised deities but to historical persons, such, for instance, as Saul and David. By a criticism keen as a sword, Winckler derives many new and some also plausible facts from the accounts of these kings, and if he can show us which are the purely mythic features



in the stories, so that we may provisionally set them aside, he furthers the interest of historical inquiry. Saul is necessarily a lunar hero, because he opens the succession of kings, as Sin, the Moon-god, stands at the head of the gods and the stars. So David has to be a solar hero. The very names of the kings probably indicate this, Sayce's theory being independently confirmed by Winckler, viz. that Saul and David were not the birth-names of these kings. Among the evidences of the lunar character of Saul, Winckler reckons his visit to the witch of Endor, which corresponds to the journey of Istar, the daughter of Sin, to the underworld; and several features in the story of his end, notably the mention of his diadem and his spear, the former of which corresponds to the tiara of Sin, the Moon-god, and the latter to the weapon which the Moon-god is represented on coins as holding in his hand. Mythic elements are also to be found in Saul's son, Jonathan. As the son of Saul, Jonathan is a solar hero, the sun being to the Babylonians the child of the moon; and Jonathan, being a reflection of the Sun-god, virtually dies and rises again (1 Samuel xiv. 44, 45), as was the case with another solar hero of the Hebrews, Joseph. But Saul and Jonathan also represent the constellation Gemini (so fond were the ancients of blending myths). And as such, in the famous elegy of David, Saul and Jonathan are represented, according to Winckler, not as father and son, but as brothers—as divine brothers—the one distinguished by his spear or lance, the other by his bow. In fact, the Hebrews, not less than the Babylonians, knew of a lance-star and a bow-star.<sup>5</sup>

As for David, he too wears a borrowed name, yet no undistinguished one, for Dôd, as it should be read, *i.e.* 'beloved,' belongs to the divinity Tammuz. He is therefore a solar hero; his red hair is the image of the rays of the sun; and if Saul and Jonathan correspond to the constellation Gemini, David is the legendary reflex of Leo. It cannot therefore be a surprise to be told that the giant Goliath corresponds to the wild hunter and tyrant Orion, the rising and setting of which coincides with the winter and summer solstices. David's friendship with Jonathan is also explained mythologically; it corresponds to the friendship of the mythic hero Gilgamesh with the equally mythic hero Ea-bani. The same mythic tradition has attached itself to the stories of Achilles and of Alexander the Great.

Between the reigns of David and Solomon we find a personage called Bathsheba, whose name means 'daughter of the moon-god,' and who, like Semiramis, plays the rôle of Istar. Solomon himself, who, according to Winckler, was not the son of Bathsheba but of Abigail, bears probably a mythological name; it may be akin to Absalom, who has also some strongly marked mythic features. The

<sup>5</sup> See Job xxxviii. 36; *Tartak* (so we should read) = the lance-star; *Kesheth* = the bow-star. See *Journal of Biblical Literature*, xvii. 104, 105 (not Winckler's work).

planetary god to whom he corresponds is Nebo, *i.e.* Hermes or Mercury. Nabu (Nebo) was regarded as the source of wisdom, the 'opener of the ears to understanding.'\* Solomon, too, is supernaturally wise; it is a mythical not an historical feature. The famous story of the Judgment of Solomon, Winckler assumes to be a part of the Oriental folklore, but says that he cannot prove this; surely, however, it is known to be one of the Buddhist Jātakas.

It would certainly be unwise to deny the probability that mythic elements exist in the narratives treated so learnedly and so cleverly by Winckler. But should the reader close his ears to the siren voice, there is still abundance of critical suggestion to be derived from these pages. Particularly interesting is his altogether new view of the origin of Saul, whom he considers to have been, not a man of Benjamin, but a native of Jabesh-gilead. It was to soothe patriotic feeling that Saul was converted by a later writer into a Benjamite. The points which seem to Winckler to enforce upon us the new view are (1) the greater ease with which it enables us to realise Saul's deliverance on Jabesh-gilead; (2) the tradition in 1 Samuel xxxi. 11-15, relative to the pious care of the Jabeshites for the bones of Saul and his sons; (3) the stand made by Saul's son and heir, Ishbosheth, as king of East Israel at Mahanaim; and (4) the legendary statement in Judges xxi. 8-14, that Jabesh-gilead sent no warriors against the offending tribe of Benjamin, and virtually recognised the right of *connubium* enjoyed in common by Jabeshites and Benjamites.

Winckler has also much that is important to say relative to the origin of David. The later legend places the beginning of David's career on Judæan soil. The tendency is obvious: it is to make the favourite king a national hero. This legend represents David as fleeing from Nob to the mountain-fortress of Adullam, where he establishes himself. Between these two points it places a visit to Achish, king of Gath, but it represents that David did not remain at Gath for any length of time, as he was regarded with suspicion by Philistine princes, and had to feign himself to be mad to avoid their hostility. (1 Samuel xxi. 10; xxii. 1.) The earlier legend, on the other hand, regards David as the leader of a brigand band, who fixed himself in the first instance at Ziklag, in the region of the land of Musri, close to Palestine, but in North Arabia. How the king of Gath came to have dominion so far south as Ziklag is not clear, but the legend assumes that the land of Judah groaned under a foreign yoke, and the Philistines were the most obvious people to specify as the oppressors. Possibly, however, Achish was really not the king of Gath, but one of the kings or chieftains of Musri. However this may be, David is represented in the narratives adopted by the earlier legend as living by the plunder of the Israelites. (1 Samuel xxvii.; xxix.) David, in short, was really a Misrite or Calebite (as Winckler has set forth in vol. i. of the same work).

Chapters xxiv. and xxv. were originally the sequel of chap. xxx., after which came chap. xxiii., where Saul is called away to fight against the Philistines, a struggle in which he finds a glorious death. It is here that Winckler points out what he regards as the origin of David's bodyguard, the Cherethites and Pelethites, who have so often been regarded as Philistine mercenaries. In reality the Cherethites are the remnant of those members of David's 'Gens,' who wandered about with him on his nomadic predatory expeditions in the southern wilderness. Their leader in David's later period was Benaiah of Kabzeel, in the Negeb, on the border of Edom, doubtless a neighbour of David. The Pelethites, who are always connected with the Cherethites, bear a name which has apparently been deliberately distorted in order to disguise its true origin. It is nothing but a mutilated form of Palti, the ethnic from Beth-pelet, which the priestly writer in post-exilic times still knows as not far from Benaiah's city, Kabzeel and Beersheba. Krêti and Palti are therefore those 'Gentes' of the so-called Negeb—the dry land on the North Arabian border of Palestine, with which David was by his origin connected.

I shall not further develop Winckler's theory of the progress of David, which indeed would require me to supplement what he says in vol. ii. by the extremely interesting and revolutionary details given in vol. i. I now proceed at once to ask conservative or moderate critics (for I take the two words to be almost synonymous in these opening years of the twentieth century) what is to be their attitude towards problems and solutions like these? What their present attitude is I know perfectly well. They regard Winckler as an extremely clever but wild critic, who lacks the claim to consideration derived from having been trained in the methods of the schools. They are willing here and there to take suggestions from him on points of detail, but on big questions they doubt his competence, and they would regard with some suspicion anything to which he himself attached much importance. But if they persist in this attitude, I greatly fear that they will condemn their own labour to comparative sterility. Almost all that can be attained by the old methods of criticism—both as regards the form and as regards the contents of the Old Testament—has been accomplished, and how imperfect this is no candid critic perhaps will deny. Would it not be better to put aside prejudice, and suppose that we have indeed arrived at a turning-point, and that the Old Testament study is indeed in course of being transformed to a great extent (the qualification is deliberate) into a branch of the study of Semitic antiquity? There will still be subjects apart from this wide study which require special consideration. But at present all the subjects which have till lately been supposed to be fairly settled—in text, lexicon, grammar, exegesis, history—need to be investigated from a virtually

new point of view. It will continue to be an advantage to know the old as well as the new methods by special training, at least provided that this training is no longer permitted to issue in the self-confidence and unintelligent disparagement of the most progressive critics, which is beginning to be too characteristic of some of the so-called moderate critics.

The present writer may say once more that he is not in any true sense a disciple of Winckler. The stimulus which Winckler's works have given him he gladly acknowledges, and this acute critic's discovery of the frequent confusion in the Massoretic text of the Old Testament between Misraim or Egypt, and Misrim or Musri in North Arabia, has been thoroughly accepted by him, and developed considerably beyond Winckler's limits. Otherwise he is to a great extent free, and on some important points has been able to give independent confirmation and perhaps correction of Winckler's results. He has not thought it well to criticise this gifted writer here, much less to use the present article as a means of defending his own theories.<sup>6</sup> His object is to induce critics to study Winckler's works, especially the present, knowing that if they do so in the right spirit they will be only too thankful for the further assistance which an English scholar may be able to give them. To see the problems is the first thing; Winckler's faculty for this is extraordinary. To solve the problems is another thing; this is only possible after a sufficient training in new methods, which training can be had, not by writing reviews of books like Winckler's, but by following step by step the work of critics of the New School. The most urgent desiderata are (1) the study of all the material which can be supplied for the illustration of the Old Testament records by special Oriental scholars, and (2) the re-examination of the Massoretic text, with the view of restoring that true text which very often perceptibly underlies passages hastily pronounced 'hopelessly corrupt.' The correctness of Winckler's solutions largely depends on the soundness of his textual criticism. I have often strong objections to make to these solutions, but if scholars after undergoing a long and patient training should agree with Winckler's textual criticism more nearly than with my own, I shall no doubt accept the verdict, for by that time I shall certainly have 'gone over to this bold textual critic myself. For the present, however, I am well assured that my own methods in textual criticism (as well as my historical inferences from textual results) are sound. It is at any rate quite certain that much which passes as the established result of criticism, both textual and analytic, is in a high degree defective, and it might be better to pass a 'self-denying ordinance,' and decline the honours of print for some years,

<sup>6</sup> These theories will be found in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, and in works on the Psalms and on Biblical Criticism which are in preparation.

than to go on drifting without any certainty that we are right, and with the importunate suspicion that after all we may be wrong.

But shall we not by adopting this course lose our hard-earned reputation for sobriety and moderation? We shall only lose it in so far as we ought to lose it. 'Sobriety' and 'moderation' are words which are most commonly used in an improper sense. So far as I can see, 'sobriety' too often means narrowness of method, dimness of perception, thinness of thought, and 'moderation' is a hopeless quest of a supposed golden mean which ever eludes our grasp. Courage and consistency are what we most want as critics; and if we add to this a willingness to confess our mistakes (all progressive critics make mistakes), a constant openness to fresh truth, and a spirit of brotherly love, I think that our moral furniture will be complete. For educational writers, however, somewhat different qualities will be requisite. We are not bound to tell the least advanced Bible-readers everything; it is far better to limit ourselves to those things which are most ~~surely~~ established. Here the greatest moderation is not excessive. Here we shall be quite at liberty to indulge our taste for caution and circumspection. It is, however, to critical students that I address myself here, and not less to that important section of the lay public which desires to be in touch with the actual leaders of inquiry and discoverers of fresh truth. There must be many whose leisure is given to solid and serious studies, and who can recognise the superiority of courage to timorous hesitation—many who would sooner read the Old Testament in the light of a large historical criticism than in the shadowy twilight of the results of a mere literary analysis—many who feel that religion too will be the gainer by a more thorough investigation of the strangely varied records which enfold and often obscure it.

T. K. CHEYNE.

## FEMALE EMIGRATION TO SOUTH AFRICA

### PART I

#### DOMESTIC SERVICE

THE greatest impediment to progress in South Africa, from the mother's, or, as the Germans so aptly term it, 'hausfrau's' point of view, is the impossibility of obtaining efficient domestic servants.

From everyone we hear the same complaint—'I want a housemaid, cook, or nurse, and I cannot get one.' It is a subject we are never tired of discussing, and perhaps the fact that it is of momentous importance to all of us that some satisfactory solution of such a serious difficulty should be found, will be considered sufficient justification for dwelling upon it somewhat at length. It may help us to discover some such solution if we carefully sift this matter to the very bottom, trying to discover what is really wanted, and why, and whether we can't get it.

For years the colonies have been crying out for servants, and for years the demand has been inadequately met by a supply sent out from England, a supply which has fallen short in every particular of the requirements, at any rate, of South Africa. Every effort has been a lamentable failure.

We hear much talk of the need for servants' homes, we write long letters to the secretaries of various emigration societies at home, with hitherto the most unsatisfactory results, and the time has come when we must face the matter fearlessly and honestly, without shrinking from the censure which is sure to fall to the lot of those who lay bare facts which do not redound to the credit of anyone.

It is difficult to say who is to blame in the matter. Are we, the mistresses, to blame for the existing chaos? Or should the fault be laid at the door of the servants, or of the emigration societies who are supposed to cater for our needs?

Let us deal first with the mistresses and their responsibility.

There is undoubtedly in many cases a mistaken view on their part as to the relations which should exist between mistress and servant. Kindness very often spells familiarity. Reproof and fault-finding may be merely a vent for temper, which no doubt is frequently

sorely tried, but the exhibition of which is a very certain impediment to any improvement on the part of the servant.

One great difficulty we in South Africa have to contend with is the absence in most of the houses of suitable accommodation for our maid-servants. This should not be an insurmountable difficulty. If we really recognised the absolute necessity of providing our children with nice-minded, superior companionship, and ourselves with efficient and congenial assistance in household matters, we might so easily when taking a house select one a little larger than our actual family needs, and thus provide the maid-servant with a room where she would be sure of that comfort and privacy which are quite indispensable to the modesty and moral welfare of every self-respecting woman.

Then, again, how few mistresses make arrangements for regular and undisturbed meals for their maid-servants! The untidy and demoralising habit of eating when and how it is convenient is countenanced, and it is the convenience of the mistress, not that of the servant, which is considered.

The importance of these two points cannot be too urgently insisted upon. No woman who aspires to the position of mistress of a well-ordered establishment can afford to ignore their importance. No matter how excellent the qualifications of a race-horse, who would expect satisfactory results from him if he were badly shod, and were being pricked by the nails in his shoes at every step? No more can you expect a servant to efficiently discharge her duties if there is constant friction and discomfort in the establishment, and if she is being perpetually impeded in the discharge of her duties by petty worries, and by the difficulty, one may say the impossibility, of obtaining the requisite quiet and privacy for dressing and eating. These may appear to a great many as such minor troubles that they are scarcely worth mentioning. I can only say that those who consider them as such will never succeed in obtaining servants of the class required. A good mistress must respect the personality and individuality of her servants. I am not speaking of those who can afford the luxury of good servants, but of those who, if they would only recognise their responsibilities, and the necessity, both social and domestic, of keeping the tone of their homes up to a high level, might secure for themselves, their husbands, and children a degree of home comfort more in keeping with their social standing in the colony than that which they have had to put up with hitherto.

It is not a question of money as a rule. A household of servants does not necessarily mean comfort. The greatest comfort is often to be found in a tiny house where only one servant is kept, carefully supervised by the mistress, whose love of having everything done decently and in order permeates every thought and action, and

even lights the spark of enthusiasm in the girl she takes so much trouble to train.

We all know that to manage and look after incompetent servants is really harder work than to do the thing oneself. We are spared a certain amount of physical exertion, but we do not gain time. The mental effort and strain of trying to make that other pair of hands do the work our own would do in half the time, absorbs whatever of spare time might have been devoted to our own improvement.

It is an old-fashioned and far too readily accepted theory by many mothers that their education is completed, that there is no necessity for them to improve themselves, that the greater facilities afforded for the advancement in knowledge of all kinds have nothing to do with them, and that the higher education of the day is for the benefit of the children only, and that they, the mothers, are not intended to profit by it. The result of this reasoning is that the rising generation are learning to despise the wilful ignorance of their parents. They are losing their veneration for elders who are less well instructed than they are themselves, and treat with contempt the advice of those who should be qualified by long years of experience to guide and direct the impetuous steps of youth.

It may perhaps be questioned what this has got to do with the subject of domestic service. It has this much to do with it—that without efficient domestic service mothers and mistresses cannot take the position in society to which the husband's civil, official, or military rank entitles them, nor without it can they devote time to keeping pace with their children, as the latter have the right to expect of them. Nor can they meet the necessity of being 'up to date,' so essential for every individual at this period of the world's history.

No colony or country can achieve greatness unless the mothers recognise and are able to fulfil their responsibilities towards their households, their children, and themselves.

However much we may desire to do so, we cannot ignore the fact that society is made up of classes, and that each class has its allotted duties, and the woman who deliberately neglects or ignores the more delicate or involved social duties of her class is quite as blameworthy as the servant who, instead of attending to her duties, spends what she considers her own, but what is really her mistress's time, in gazing out of a window or reading a 'penny dreadful.'

There is no doubt that hitherto we have not succeeded in obtaining the type of servant who would set the mistress free to perform her legitimate duties. But I am inclined to think that that is because the mistress will not take the trouble to procure her. We are too lazy, too ready to accept the assertion that they cannot



be procured as an undeniable fact, instead of recognising that where there is a demand the supply must follow as a matter of course. Let us therefore set before ourselves the necessity of making this demand, let us strain every nerve in this direction, and I shall be very much surprised if our efforts are not attended with remarkable success. Of course it will take time, perhaps years; but success will mean the loosening of the fetters which have impeded our freedom of action all these years.

It means that our field of usefulness will be tremendously enlarged, and it means that the women of South Africa will take their proper places in the social world, instead of being swallowed up by the sea of petty domestic duties.

#### SERVANTS

And now we will turn to the servants. What kind of servant is wanted?

Strong, able-bodied, healthy-minded women of the class that general servants are recruited from at home, in England, France, and Germany; women who do not look upon domestic service as degrading; women with a sense of responsibility, who take pleasure and pride in their work, and whose traditions and upbringing have taught them at least this wholesome lesson, that work, of whatever sort it may be, is elevating or degrading according to the spirit of the worker. Bitter experience renders it necessary to mention also the necessity of these being women whose respect for a contract would preserve them from the dishonour of breaking one, as they may not infrequently be tempted to do, at the instigation of unscrupulous employers, who entice them away from safer if less showy situations by offers of a higher wage.

And what are the servants we have to put up with in South Africa? It is only fair to say that there are notable exceptions to the type of servant obtainable in the colonies, whose picture I am going presently to place before you, but there are very few, only just sufficient to throw into great and hideous relief the fatal policy of countenancing and encouraging an influx of individuals who have no self-respect, no sense of their respective responsibilities, and no appreciation of the influence for good they might exert, and who are suffered to drag through the mud the honour of our cherished homes. The few exceptions are those servants, faithful, reliable, and self-respecting, brought out from well-organised English homes, or recruited directly from the registry offices whose irreproachable reputation is sufficient guarantee against the recommendation of anyone likely to bring discredit on their establishment. There may be black sheep even among these, but experience proves that, given

good treatment, the higher class of servants are as reliable and as faithful abroad as at home.

An emigrated servant very speedily adopts the 'I am as good as you, probably better,' tone of her colonial compeers in her attitude towards her employers. She only consents as a favour to share, but never to undertake, the household duties which are the sole justification of her presence and of her wages. Perhaps the mistress has hitherto put up with Kaffir labour in the house. Perhaps the family is increasing, and she realises that through physical weakness she cannot look after her children as carefully as she could wish. And so, in spite of the spectacle of the lamentable failure of all her friends who have made similar ventures, she bravely sets forth on the oft-trodden path of investigation into the various agencies, through whom she might with luck secure the woman who will, she hopes, prove a comfort to her in her daily increasing difficulties. She might with as much chance of success put out to sea with nets and fishing tackle in her search for the very ordinary young woman whose services she needs. It is sheer waste of time to answer advertisements, or to interview candidates for the situation she offers. There are bureaux in Cape Town where servants and mistresses can be brought into communication, but no guarantee of good conduct is asked for by the office, or by the contracting parties. To the fact that the demand for servants in South Africa so far exceeds the supply, this lamentable laxity on the part of the mistresses must be ascribed.

It should be borne in mind that it is the servants who have failed at home who seek the assistance of the emigration societies. If the latter would but withhold their countenance and aid, the mistresses who live in colonies would not be subjected to the frequent disappointments arising from the violation of their contract on the part of servants, who have no intention of remaining in the situations to which they have pledged themselves, when they find that the work required of them is of the same arduousness and character as that in which they were engaged in England. It is an undeniable fact that unsuitable women cannot come out without assistance. Therefore the desirability of the weeding-out before, and not after, great expense has been incurred for passage, &c., should appeal to the common-sense of emigration agents and their victims, the mistresses in the colonies. The great need for careful selection among candidates for colonisation purposes is fully recognised. It would seem scarcely necessary to point out that a still more rigid 'weeding-out' is essential in the case of emigrants of the domestic servant order, because of the fact that the latter carry the blessing or the curse of their existence into other homes, whereas those emigrating under the auspices of a colonisation scheme affect comparatively little the domestic happiness of those outside their own home.

circle. For this reason alone, it would appear to be wisdom of the most primitive order to adopt the elementary precaution of keeping the two branches of female emigration (the domestic and the colonisation) absolutely distinct.

To return to the servant hunt. In despair of ever finding what she wants, the mistress engages on a month's trial a young lady dressed in a parody of the height of fashion, who declines to wear a cap and consents as a favour to wear an apron, makes all sorts of stipulations as to the amount of time she may have to herself, without any regard to the convenience of her mistress, and finally bargains for the number of Kaffirs she may have to do her work for her. In answer to the inquiry as to what she can do, she replies, 'Oh, anything.' After persuading her to condescend to define what she means by 'anything,' one succeeds in eliciting the information that there is no one subject in which she is proficient. She knows very little of cooking, does not care about housework, considering everything except bedmaking and dusting beneath her. One would not be the least astonished to hear that she preferred to live in a dirty room to dusting, sweeping, or cleaning it for herself. She dislikes children, or at any rate dislikes looking after them and attending to their frequent requirements. She is nearly sure to be a failure, but in the words of the song, 'Things are not always what they seem,' and it is just possible that she is better than she seems; and as she is quite confident that everything she does must be right, the mistress engages her and hopes for the best.

On the day appointed the smart young lady walks in through the front door into the sitting-room; she has even been known to smile and nod affably to her new mistress, shake hands, and sit down. It would be a bad beginning to celebrate the new departure in household management by fault-finding, so the mistress reluctantly accepts the false situation in which she finds herself, and proceeds to explain to the servant what her duties are. It is disheartening to her to watch the shades of disapproval which flit across the face of her would-be help whenever she mentions a household duty which is not congenial to her; but she perseveres, in spite of the sickening sense of the futility of all her explanations. She very soon discovers that her 'help' considers herself too delicate to do anything approaching hard work in the house, that, in fact, she has come out to South Africa for her health! The mistress thinks it was a pity that this disqualification had not been mentioned at the first interview, and blames herself that she has not ascertained the state of the girl's health before engaging her; but she looked so strong and healthy that it would not have entered the most imaginative brain that she suffered from any kind of complaint which would incapacitate her from performing ordinary household duties.

This paragon then proceeds to upset the whole of the domestic machinery, orders the Kaffirs about, scolds the children on the rare occasions when she condescends to take any notice of them at all, is most officious in taking out of her mistress's hands any work with which the latter may be occupied, commences a hundred different things and finishes nothing, leaves traces of her efforts (?) in various directions to be tidied away by the already overworked mistress, and by the end of the day has reduced the household to a state of chaos pitiable to behold, and harder still to endure.

If the mistress is clever at diagnosing the defects in a character, she very soon discovers that her maid-servant has no purpose and very little principle. If she is not clever in this direction, it is not until she is suddenly convinced by undeniable facts and unquestionable evidence, that she realises the utter moral destitution of the girl she has allowed to live under her roof. With all her heart she wishes that she had borne the ills she knew of, instead of embarking on a sea of troubles which appear to have no limit.

This is the result of 95 per cent. of the efforts of 'hausfraus' to obtain the assistance of white servants.

Let us now try to trace the history of the girl and her reasons for emigrating. Possibly she has 'made a mistake' at home; she intends to turn over a new leaf, and very naturally imagines that she will stand a better chance of effacing certain events in her life if she migrates to a far-off country, where nothing is known of her and her failures. Perhaps she has quarrelled with her family, or perhaps she is merely desirous of improving her condition both socially and financially; and what more easy to do than this, in a colony where most people are accepted on their own valuation? In ten cases out of every twenty the wish to get married is the motive power which impels girls of all ages to try their luck in a new country, having failed in their object at home.

She is, with very little effort on her part, taken in hand by charitable people or institutions at home, and these, with the best intentions, but also with the most lamentable ignorance of the conditions of life in a colony, the temptations a girl is exposed to, and the qualifications which are indispensable to the success of an intending emigrant, take a passage for her in a direct boat, obtaining an assurance from the stewardess or from some other responsible person that she will be looked after on the voyage. Very often some kind of contract is signed, which is found not to be binding on the servant after she leaves England, though it is on the mistress, whose sense of honour keeps her to her bargain. What is she to do with a kitchenmaid, for instance, who declines to keep her kitchen clean in South Africa when she knows that here, as in England, that duty is the main *raison d'être* of her presence in the establishment? I honestly believe that the conditions of a sea voyage are the cause

of more than five-sixths of the backslidings of girls sent out under the above conditions to the colonies. Many of these girls leave home quiet, timid, and anxious to please, subdued by their misfortunes or by their position, and grateful for the help which they honestly believe will help them to turn over a new leaf in their lives. How do they appear on landing?

You would not recognise them as the same girls. Bold, brazen-faced, self-asserting young women, who have gained on a three weeks' voyage the experience in effrontery of a lifetime. Is it to be wondered at that 'hausfraus' in South Africa do not care to give time and trouble and money towards establishing comfortable, well-organised 'Servants' Homes' for the benefit of a class of domestics who would very soon bring such institutions into disrepute?

No mistress in South Africa requires their services. It is better to mind one's own children, cook the dinner and do the housework, than to admit such as these into the sacred home circle.

But there is also another class of individual who offers her services to the South African mistress. This is the 'lady help.' She is anxious that it should be understood that she is a lady, that she has been in better circumstances, that she has a small annual income sufficient to do away with the necessity of her finding a situation at once, or, indeed, for her ever doing any work that is uncongenial to her. She deprecates the very idea of housework or cooking. She is really too delicate to undertake any but the very lightest duties. She cannot teach, and the noise and fidgeting of children upsets her nerves. She looks down upon and openly abuses everything colonial, and never restrains a laugh or a sneer at the ways and manners of a people among whom she has elected to cast in her lot, for a time at any rate. She makes it very plain that, but for circumstances over which she has no control, she would not be found in what she considers such a benighted, outlandish, and God-forsaken place. It would be impossible for anyone without experience of this peculiar class of individual to understand what she does come out to the colonies for. She has three excellent reasons, which she is most careful never to divulge. One is that she is so incapable that she can get no employment at home; the second is that she thinks that in a colony she will be in a higher social position than the one she occupies in England; and last, but not least, she hopes that some unfortunate deluded man will be induced to make her his wife.

It is a common cry that white girls and Kaffirs cannot work together. In a properly regulated household their duties should never clash. The Kaffir has as yet not understood the principle of individual responsibility; it is perhaps not as generally recognised as it should be, however, that no one is so quick as the Kaffir to recognise

and respect high moral integrity. The man, woman, or child who respects him or her self, will always command the unquestioning respect and obedience of the Kaffir of ordinary intelligence.

In conclusion, let us sum up the domestic help we have at our command in South Africa.

*Lady Helps.*—Pretentious, delicate, incapable.

*Girls.*—Flighty, self-assertive, purposeless, ignorant, lazy, and inefficient.

*Kaffirs.*—With the understanding and demeanour of children and the vices of men.

*Miscellaneous.*—Recruited from the various foreign and coloured population.

I have been unable so far to obtain statistics of the numbers available under each heading, and I have not included the very large number of white colonial women who consider domestic service degrading. If this article serves no other purpose than that of bringing before the world the fact of the existence of these colonial women, it will not have been written in vain. They are letting slip their opportunity of wielding almost limitless influence for good among their fellow-creatures in South Africa.

#### SOCIETIES

We come now to the consideration of the numerous societies in Great Britain established for the convenience of mistresses and the benefit and assistance of servants, supported for the most part by voluntary contributions. We need not concern ourselves to-day with any but those set apart for the protection and assistance of emigrants. Their object, as we all know, is to inquire into the requirements of the different colonies, to select the most suitable candidates for available situations, and when these are selected, to properly supervise arrangements for the comfort of the said candidates during the voyage, and on arrival at their destination. Although fully recognising the praiseworthy objects of these institutions, I think it must be admitted by all who have any cognisance of the results of their efforts that they have hitherto failed, as far as advantages to the mistresses are concerned. It would almost appear as if no study were made by them of the requirements of the different colonies to which servants are despatched—at least, if one may judge by the class of servant, utterly unsuited to South Africa, which is being poured in upon us. The grossest ignorance on the subject would appear to prevail at home. Apparently they have not studied the matter from the mistresses' point of view, but have concerned themselves only with the servants' side of the question. They continue to send out to a colony requiring strong, able-bodied general servants, individuals who are obliged for health's sake, or for other prohibitory reasons, to leave their native land, the

result being an influx of dainty lady helps and of common-minded girls of doubtful morals, for neither of which types is there any demand in South Africa. We want, as I said before, healthy, able-bodied general servants, and the reason that we cannot get them is that their services are too highly prized at home; they are as much in request at home as they would be in the colonies. The women I speak of have no difficulty in obtaining well-paid situations in England. Why, then, should they emigrate to colonies where they would have to begin life under strange and perhaps uncongenial surroundings with no better pay? They will not do it, so we may give up all hope of obtaining their valuable, but, alas! unattainable services.

One is at times tempted to wonder whether the societies even pretend to consider the needs of the colonies; whether possibly their real object may not be to get rid of the surplus female population at home.

This is a case in which our interests—I mean the interests of our colony—must be by us considered first. *We must steadily set our faces against a further influx of delicate or unprincipled emigrants*, who under the respected banner of domestic service are enabled to flout at philanthropists and employers.

It will be no longer possible to treat the domestic servant difficulty as a trifling or passing inconvenience, if the probable results of tacit encouragement or placid acquiescence are honestly faced and patiently considered.

It is not possible in the short space at command to enumerate more than a few of the bad results likely to accrue to the colony from a continuation of the existing state of affairs.

(1) The certainty of many of these delicate women marrying in the colony and becoming the mothers of equally delicate children.

(2) The demoralising effects on our young men of an influx of volatile and undisciplined young women of a low class.

(3) The terrible example to our children.

(4) The belittling in the eyes of our girls of the profession of domestic service.

(5) The desecration of our homes.

We cannot undo all the harm already done, but we can, if we will but rouse ourselves, prevent more harm being done us in the future. We can stand on the defensive, and refuse to admit the landing on our shores of undesirables who but for our encouragement and assistance would never dream of coming.

#### THE REMEDY

If, as is so often asserted, every poison has its antidote and every disease its cure, we may not unreasonably hope, having been at pains to arrive at a correct diagnosis in our particular case,

to find a remedy. Possibly an obvious one stands ready to hand—why shrink from recognising it and endeavouring to apply it?

Shall we, the 'hausfraus,' sit calmly down with our hands in our laps, while our husbands and brothers are rising day by day in the social scale, while they are doing work which requires brain power of the highest order to enable them to compete with the scholars, statesmen, and tradesmen of other nations and other colonies? Shall we remain content to see our sons and daughters profiting by the influence of the higher education which is being brought within the reach of all, while we, the mothers, instead of encouraging and inspiring them; are held back and bowed down by the daily drudgery (congenial as it may be to us and however willingly endured for the sake of those we love) of the discharge of those household duties which should be performed by girls who are free and unfettered by the claims of husband and child?

We can claim no sympathy for this sacrifice of ourselves. We cannot justify to ourselves or the world this attitude of seeming indifference. We all know that our colony depends largely for its future success and relative position among the nations on the influence of the mother in early years over the mental, moral, and physical qualities of her sons and daughters.

My remedy is that we should devote ourselves to training for domestic service some of our colonial girls—that we should use every argument in our power to remove the mistaken idea, which is taking such root in the colonies, that domestic service is degrading. There is, I admit, considerable justification for this idea, considering the spectacle of the miserable specimens from outside who afford almost the sole example our girls have before them of what the effect of a mistaken estimate of domestic service may have upon an individual.

Can we not lead them gently and patiently to tread in the footsteps of him who taught us that 'he who would be master must first learn how to serve'? He practised what he preached.

Go to the Government schools for girls established all over the colony; there are hundreds of girls there who will all have to earn their own livelihood.

Can any one honestly suppose that all those girls will find employment as governesses, clerks, or shop-girls? They will not. The market is overstocked already; some other vent must be found for their energies, some other door must be opened to admit of their egress from the over-crowded room.

What is the use of teaching our girls that it is noble and right to perform the duty that is nearest to hand, if all our influence and example go to show them that we despise the duty which it is unmistakably theirs to perform? What is the use of setting their feet on the path of usefulness, if we allow them to be pushed and



jostled out of the way by the influx of immigrants who encroach upon their rights? What will be the result if we do not make a brave fight for these rights? The result will be that our girls will be a drug in the market here in their own home, and they in turn will have to emigrate and seek their daily bread elsewhere. Then we, the mothers, will suffer the pain of separation from these children for whom we have not done our best, in that we have allowed their rightful inheritance to be usurped by strangers, when we should have trained them first to be the right hand of mothers in South Africa, and thus have fitted them to be the ornament and blessing later on of homes of their own.

It must always be borne in mind by intending promoters of servant emigration that in South Africa domestic labour and slavery were, in a not very distant past, synonymous terms. Until this confusion of ideas has been tidied up, we have to deal with an increasing disregard of the extraordinary importance to the State of the character and position of those who are brought in from outside to make or mar home life. The indifference on this point is more profound than will perhaps be generally admitted. No persuasion has hitherto sufficed to convince the various classes which make up colonial society of the two very important facts: (1) That domestic service is by far the best paid, the most leisured, the most free, and the most carefully guarded employment of all the many methods of earning a livelihood which are within the reach of honest workers. (2) That the importation of any form of individual talent in whatsoever trade or profession testifies to the absence in the new land immigrated to of the peculiar qualifications in demand.

In the case of South Africa, it cannot be said that the human material is non-existent whence could be recruited the motive power to operate in homes, mines, or on the soil. The census demonstrates beyond all doubt that the material is here, and indeed we can see that it is so with our own eyes. It is here in bountiful profusion; but by some curious contrariety of circumstance the means have not yet been discovered of adapting it to the country's needs. Surely it is not unreasonable to look forward to the time when not only the quantity, but also the quality of the supply will come up to the level of the demand.

It may be a matter of years, even of generations, before the smaller brained coloured and Kaffir races can be brought to understand that the importation of Chinese labour for the mines, or coolie labour for the farms, is due to their own inefficiency and laziness; but it ought not to be so difficult to bring home to the white races of South Africa the fact that it is a reflection on their understanding, as well as on their competency, to seek elsewhere than within the

boundaries of their own wonderful country for the mental and moral merit which aspires to gain admittance to that most sacred of all human institutions, the Home.

## PART II

### COLONISATION

The discussion of the department of emigration which deals with the colonisation of women can only be entered upon in a tentative spirit of humble and open-minded inquiry. Realising that this attitude of mind is indispensable to the just treatment of anything in the nature of a new departure, it is scarcely necessary to apologise for some ignorance and want of experience on a subject of which the present phase is newer even than the twentieth century. It is earnestly hoped that the following lines will be read and criticised only by tolerant searchers after truth, and actual conditions and circumstances, and that they (the searchers) will not be too exacting in dealing with an honest effort to throw a modest gleam of light on an experiment carrying in its inception the germs of a success or failure of such vital importance to South Africa. I will not even go over new ground, but follow attentively in the track of Susan, Lady Malmesbury,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. A. M. Brice<sup>2</sup> in their able articles on this subject. Mr. Brice heads his article 'Emigration for Gentlewomen,' and gives an accurate and comprehensive survey of the life awaiting a woman in this country as housekeeper and companion to a 'settler' brother.

As he truly remarks, a knowledge of cooking, laundry-work, housemaiding, gardening, poultry-keeping, dressmaking, and various other 'womanly' accomplishments is indispensable to any emigrating 'gentlewoman.' But in order that these interesting and multifarious duties should be carried out with ease and pleasure to the performer, and with a moderate proportion of satisfaction to the brother, it is essential that physical capacity and endurance should form a not unimportant part of the equipment for a post to fill which adequately something little short of a female Samson would be required. Gentlewomen may, and very often do, possess a thorough working knowledge and experience of all these various departments, but is there one in a thousand brought up under the average conditions of ordinary healthy domestic activities in England whose *physique* will stand the tremendous strain of being an unassisted 'jack-of-all-trades' in a new country, under strange surroundings and conditions, without any understudy to fall back upon in cases of sickness or stress?

<sup>1</sup> 'The New South Africa,' by Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, *Onlooker*, Sept.

<sup>2</sup> 'Emigration for Gentlewomen,' by Mr. Arthur Montefiore Brice, the *Nineteenth Century*, April.

Where is the understudy to come from? She is not in South Africa—she also must be imported. To make a success, even comparative, of a civilised farm life on the veldt, it would be necessary for two or three ‘gentlewomen’ to divide the cares of the household between them. It will take some three years before the outdoor work will bring in more than just sufficient to support an existence of bearable strain for the brother and his three sisters. The indoor work, as every one knows, requires outlay, and brings in no profit. Food is eaten; washing swallows up soap and fuel; house work cannot be done without scrubbing-brushes and dusters, much expenditure of muscular tissue and physical endurance, and an irksome economy in water, which may have to be carried distances alarming enough to accustomed backs and arms. The little bit of garden must be protected from live stock, locusts, hail, and drought; and for the dairy produce not only a market must be found, but also the means of conveyance thereto across many miles, perchance, of an uneven, unprotected, and shadeless area.

‘But how,’ exclaims some exasperated reader, ‘how have these farms been worked hitherto?’

The answer is, ‘By families.’ Families born and bred to the life of the veldt; independent after many generations of the exiguous assistance of the Kaffir whose now exorbitant demands in the matter of wage would swallow up the little margin of profits which is the utmost to be hoped for by new settlers in the first few years of experimental energy. The sisters cannot look to the brother to perform all the home carpentering, and the stable and transport work for dairy and farm produce. His time will be fully occupied with his stock and the many anxieties connected therewith.

This is the grim side of the life awaiting the emigrating gentlewoman. It would not be a faithful picture if the bright side be not sketched in too. Given a fine reserve of physical vitality, sweet equable temper wherewith to grease the wheels of the machinery of the little isolated family circle, a strong, recuperative, courageous nature which will recover itself triumphantly after each petty baffling discouragement, a constitutional independence of doctors and nurses, or an equally independent knowledge of the sciences of both, and there is much that will cause farm life in South Africa to smile on the individual whose duty it is to bring with her from the Old Country as great a willingness to recognise gratefully the blessings and beauty of life in a colony, as courage to face and overcome the difficulties. There is the intoxicating air, for four weeks in the year a glory of wild flowers, and the sense of being—as some one so aptly put it—an ancestor instead of a mere descendant; and that great intellectual and social pleasure of occasional meetings with congenial spirits—fellow-travellers on parallel hard or muddy paths of life, bordered,

be it admitted, by flowers, but for the plucking of which, it must also be admitted, there is seldom much leisure.

Of books and children so far no mention has been made. For the emigrating sisterhood who settle on farms little or no time will be found for either of these luxuries for many years to come.

A 'gentlewoman's' children could not be suffered by her to be merely dragged up on the farm acres, unwashed, uncared for, uneducated. And yet, if she marries a neighbouring 'settler' and enters single-handed the service of the exigent deity who reigns over the multifarious duties of home life in South Africa—a deity who demands the full meed and measure of energy and effort from each individual driven in single harness through the various domestic departments I have enumerated, whence will come the strength necessary for the nursery and schoolroom? The life of the spinster will be hard enough. Let her not marry till provision for her still greater hour of need has been made—till from some corner of our world has been collected efficient-paid assistance to enable her to face life and death under decent civilised conditions. There is, of course, the much discussed method of importing the husband's or wife's sister as an auxiliary help in the new *ménage*, but, as has so frequently been proved in the old country, this can only be done at the sacrifice of that precious life *à deux* which is admitted to be the only safe condition of the launching of the ship of marriage in every walk in life and in every country.

Lady Malmesbury carries us theoretically into the new atmosphere of a radiant and simple solution of all our difficulties in her *New South Africa*. She says, speaking of intending women settlers on farms in South Africa: 'It would be better for them, before beginning business on their own account, to apprentice themselves for six months or a year to colonial or Dutch families carrying on the same kind of work as that in which they afterwards wish to engage.' This would be an ideal solution if—and such a big if—South African farm life included any so luxurious a possession at the disposal of the farmer's wife as leisure and capacity to teach. Life is hard and rough on these farms, and a farmer's wife, if she can afford to give herself any help, has to pay heavily for it. She could not—even if she would—give any adequate equivalent in teaching or experience. An 'apprentice,' moreover, would not be found willing to pay even a small sum for the privilege of working like a slave in return for such scanty board and lodging as would be obtainable. The bulk of farmers in South Africa up to now have been content to make an existence merely. They have neither time, opportunity, nor, perhaps, the desire to make much, if any, profit. Exceptions there are: men who have made fortunes, and others who, by dint of good luck and good weather, and immunity from the many climatic hindrances to successful farming, have laid

by sufficient to send their boys and girls to school. These are taught not the science of farm and domestic life, but many other 'isms' which breed discontent and loathing for the arduous atmosphere of their early years. What the degree of laboriousness amounted to which coloured their infantile estimate of home life can be, perhaps, approximately gauged by a few moments' study of statistics which show that many a young farmer of thirty has buried three or more wives. These have successively broken down under the strain. Will an English 'gentlewoman' be better able to withstand such strain?

The word 'apprentice' carries with it a vision of thorough teaching by some one who is master of his craft. The apprentice looks to be vigorously instructed in the details of each separate department of the calling selected—from the lowest to the highest branch. In South African farming, as known at present, there are no departments. The 'jack-of-all-trades' who is the mistress, maid, and scullion rolled into one, in dairy, poultry-yard, laundry, kitchen, thimble-dome, dust-heap, nursery and schoolroom, has not time to keep her departments separate. It is all a jumble in which the central figure does perhaps move with some degree of methodical intention, the contemplation of which will afford no more instruction to an apprentice than could be gleaned by a patient investigation of gigantic waste-paper baskets, full of torn-up pages of discarded lending library volumes.

The suggestion that a gentlewoman should make the experiment in England which it is suggested in all good faith that she should make in South Africa would undoubtedly be met with derisive contempt. Yet how much more possible the life under conditions with which she has been familiar from childhood! Would she seriously contemplate a proposal made to her that she should be the sole help of her brother on a farm of, say, even twenty acres in a southern county in England, without a servant in the house or on the farm? The idea is absurd. It is even more absurd when it is proposed that it should be carried out in a strange land, far away from the help and companionship always within easy reach in our English parishes. To make such a life possible in the new colonies, co-operation and a fair division of the work to be done must be carefully thought out. Three or four members of a family must face it together. Those who have the great good fortune to possess a faithful, hard-working retainer—devoted and self-sacrificing—who will emigrate with the young members of his or her old employer's family—may start on the new farming life with a greater chance of success than could be assured by even the most complete equipment that money could buy in any walk of life. Only let no one be unreasonable enough to hope to find that disinterested devotion out here, until such time as they shall have made the people of the country realise

the almost sacred nature of the bond between faithful attendants and grateful heads of households.

To sum up—an emigrating gentlewoman must possess proved physical strength or a sufficient income wherewith to provide herself with the requisite alternative—*i.e.* servants to do her bidding. In either case she must have a thorough knowledge of, and training in, all the different departments of home and farm life.

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## A NEW ROUTE TO CANADA

THE great need of Canada is to place herself commercially nearer to Europe, and Great Britain in particular, and to bridge over by the shortest method the space which separates the two countries. Now, this must be done not so much by accelerating the rate of speed as by shortening the passage between England and Canada.

At the present time we may say roughly that the journey from England to America—*i.e.* from Liverpool to New York—occupies 5 days 7 hours 23 minutes; whilst the journey from England to Canada—*i.e.* from Liverpool to Quebec—occupies 9 days 16 hours 35 minutes. There is something radically wrong when it takes 5 days 7 hours to cover the 3,055 knots from Liverpool to New York, whereas to traverse the 2,665 knots from Liverpool to Quebec takes 9 days 16 hours: though the distance is shorter in the one case by 390 knots, yet it takes 4 days 9 hours longer to cover it. But this has not always been the case: Canada once had a faster sea service than the United States. During the first quarter of the nineteenth century it was the ships bound for Quebec, and not those for New York, that held the record. But with the introduction of steam Canada gradually fell to the rear, and the United States stepped into her place as the record-holder of the Transatlantic service.

What has been the result of this loss of supremacy by Canada? It has shown itself chiefly in the turn of the tide of immigration. In 1826 Canada received 39,000 immigrants, the United States 22,000; in 1880 Canada received 27,544 immigrants, the United States 622,252; during the first six months of 1900 Canada received only 23,895 immigrants, whilst during the twelve months of the same year 448,572 immigrants landed on American shores. The consequence of this is that the population of the United States is now about twelve times as large as that of Canada; hence the States are a wealthy country, with a teeming population to develop its resources, while Canada possesses equal resources but lacks a population to develop them. I do not, of course, mean to assert that the possession by the United States of the Transatlantic record was the sole cause of the States, and not Canada, being the goal of immigration; but it

must be admitted that until ocean transport to Canada is rendered equal to that of the States, Canada can never claim her share of European emigration, or develop her immense resources.

Two causes can be adduced to account for the supersession of Canada in the matter of ocean transport. (1) The first reason is the method of subsidisation. The systems adopted by Canada and by the United States offer at once a contrast and a lesson. Both countries alike have subsidised various steamship lines, but for the American subsidy there is the keenest competition, while for the Canadian subsidy there is practically none. As long as the *Majestic* and *Tætonic* held the record it was the White Star Line that held the maximum postal subvention, but when the *Lucania* and *Cunpania* appeared it was transferred to the Cunard Line. Now, it is just this absence of competition in the distribution of Canadian subsidies that causes their failure; there is little to induce shipowners to start a fast line. (2) But far beyond the matter of subsidies as a cause of the failure of Canada to possess a fast line of steamers is the TOTAL DISREGARD OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF CANADA and the neglect to use the geographical advantages she possesses over the United States. The present steamship route to Canada is defective, and if Canada is to compete successfully with the States for the fast ocean traffic a new route must be adopted. The Canadian ocean steamships are under a disadvantage which no other mail vessels in the world lie under—their first port of call is Rimouski, a port five hundred miles up the St. Lawrence. All other great ocean lines have an ocean port of call; mails on coming to England are landed at an ocean port—American mails are landed at Queenstown, Canadian at Moville. But not only does Rimouski lie five hundred miles up a river, but the approach to it is probably one of the most dangerous in the world; it lies along the banks of a dangerous river full of uncertain currents; it is the scene of almost continuous fog, and fog is declared to prevail there for at least one-third of the time of navigation. In addition to this, there is continuous danger from icebergs if the short passage *viâ* the Straits of Belle Isle is used: reports from the signal station in the Strait declare that as many as three hundred icebergs are frequently seen at the entrance, and it is no uncommon occurrence for mail boats to be delayed from twenty-four to twenty-six hours in the Straits. The time is consumed in getting from Belle Isle or Cape Race to Quebec, and not in the ocean passage. The difficulties of the passage can best be gauged by a comparison of the fastest and slowest trips made by the s.s. *Parisian* from Liverpool to Rimouski: in 1897 her fastest trip was 188 hours, and her slowest 286 hours—a difference of almost 100 hours; on the other hand, the difference between the fastest and slowest passages of the White Star or Cunard liners is seldom more than a couple of hours.

Canada can, however, compete successfully with America for the



Transatlantic record. To do this Canadian liners, like all other steamers, must have an ocean port of call, and that port must be Sydney. Sydney is open to navigation all the year round, and there is no ice of any consequence in the neighbourhood—all that makes its way there comes from the St. Lawrence and is only small sheet ice; there is no Arctic ice, for Newfoundland wards off the ice-floes from Davis Straits and Greenland, whilst the block in the Strait of Belle Isle prevents it entering the Gulf. A glance at the map shows the geographical importance of Sydney, Cape Breton. From Liverpool to Quebec is a distance of 2,665 knots; from Liverpool to Sydney is 2,282 knots: there is thus an absolute saving of 383 knots. But the saving of 383 knots does not adequately express the advantages of the Sydney route, for it is on these 383 knots that all the dangers and delays of the voyage are encountered along a fog-bound sea and a route thickly dotted with icebergs, which not only offer obstacles to navigation, but so deflect the sound as to make it almost impossible to locate a vessel in the fog.

The Sydney route will give Canadian steamers an advantage over the New York steamers. From Liverpool to New York is 3,055 knots, whereas from Liverpool to Sydney is only 2,282 knots: thus a saving of 773 knots can be effected. But here again the advantage and saving in time that the Sydney route would have over the New York route cannot be adequately expressed by the difference in distance between the two—viz. 773 knots; for, in the first place, a vessel leaving Sydney is out on the open ocean at once, and can immediately run at her maximum speed of, say, 22 knots per hour; whereas a vessel approaching or leaving New York has to considerably reduce her speed, and between Sandy Hook and New York the speed is not infrequently reduced to eight knots per hour, whilst off Long Island the route lies parallel to a rocky and dangerous coast. In the second place, every increase of distance by sea means a proportionately increased liability to delay; so that, though the distance of 773 knots, reckoning 22 knots per hour, might be covered in 35 hours 8 minutes, there is the liability that there might be fog or other obstacles to navigation over that period; hence the advantage of the Sydney route over the New York route could really be estimated at much more than 35 hours 8 minutes. To place the advantages of the Sydney route at 35 hours 8 minutes is an exceedingly low figure, for it is estimating the speed of travel over the 773 knots at only 22 knots per hour, whereas 23 knots per hour is the average speed of the latest vessels running to New York.

But not only can passengers and mails be landed on Canadian soil in less time than on American, but they can also be transported to the great industrial and commercial centres of Canada more rapidly than from New York. Sydney is as good or in some cases a better centre from which to radiate Canadian traffic than New York—*e.g.* :

		hr.	min.			hr.	min.
Sydney, C B., to St. John, N.B.		9	15	New York to St. John, N.B.		29	28
"	Quebec	27	40	"	Quebec	21	50
"	Montreal	24	35	"	Montreal	14	20
"	Ottawa	28	35	"	Ottawa	17	50
"	Toronto	33	50	"	Toronto	19	35

(The times quoted from New York are by the fast mail trains; the times quoted from Sydney are by the ordinary trains. It is only reasonable to infer that if mail boats were run to Sydney fast mail trains would also be started and the journey vastly accelerated.)

Now calculating the amount of time saved in travelling *viâ* Sydney rather than New York as 35 hours—which is a very low estimate—a saving can be effected of the following times on mails and passengers travelling *viâ* Sydney to

St. John, N.B.	.	.	.	.	55 hr. 13 min. saved
Quebec	.	.	.	.	29 " 10 "
Montreal	.	.	.	.	24 " 45 "
Ottawa	.	.	.	.	24 " 15 "
Toronto	.	.	.	.	20 " 45 "

It is at once seen, then, that in each case enumerated an absolute saving of time can be effected. To the number of hours saved in each case above mentioned at least three hours might be added as the time saved in getting from the wharf to the Grand Central Station, New York; for at Sydney the train would be alongside the wharf and the passengers go on board without any delay.

To bring the great industrial and commercial centres of Canada nearer to the Mother-Country and Europe is thus seen to be a physical and geographical possibility; but it yet remains to be seen whether it will be financially practicable. Will it pay?

Now the proposal here made is not to remove the 'terminus' of the Canadian Transatlantic traffic from Montreal to Sydney—it is merely to 'substitute an ocean port of call for a river port of call.' Hence, there would be the same volume of freight to carry between Canada and England as formerly. But not only could the volume of trade be maintained, or perhaps augmented—for in the next few years the resources of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton will be enormously developed—but certain new sources of revenue are likely to be obtained and savings effected.

In the first place, vessels will coal at Sydney, where coal is cheap and abundant, and can be obtained for 3 dollars per ton. A vessel calling at Montreal now must either take sufficient coal out with her for the return journey, or else the coal must be brought from Sydney; consequently, to the 3 dollars payable at Sydney must be added cost of freight.

Again, it cannot be long before there is a readjustment of the

rates of insurance to Sydney : it certainly seems ridiculous that the rate of insurance between England and Sydney should be the same as between England and Montreal, where the passage is fraught with countless hidden dangers.

Further, additional sources of revenue may be expected to accrue. It is only likely that a considerable passenger traffic will be developed to Sydney, for at the present time the majority of visitors to Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and other Canadian cities travel *viâ* New York ; they endeavour to economise time. The unlucky victim of *mal de mer* will not hesitate to select a route which will save him 35 hours of misery and torment.

Again, this fast line of steamers would receive additional postal subvention ; for at the present time, owing to the greater rapidity of the route *viâ* New York, a very large proportion of Canadian mails travel *viâ* New York. When Canada has a fast fleet of steamers, the sum now paid to New York liners for carriage of mails between England and Canada will be transferred to the Canadian line ; and it is hardly too much to anticipate that mails from the northern parts of the United States will be carried *viâ* Sydney.

Again, the Admiralty at the present time subsidise the Cunard and White Star Lines to the extent of over 20,000*l.* per annum, that they may retain the services of certain vessels as fast cruisers in time of war. Now, if a Canadian line can guarantee the requisite 22 or 23 knots per hour, it will not be long before the Admiralty will subsidise it to the same extent.

There thus seems to be every chance that such a system of rapid Transatlantic transport as is indicated above could be made a commercial success. When once a line of steamers has been started, there is every probability that the shareholders would be able to receive the normal rate of interest on their investments.\* The British Government has subsidised the P. & O. Line to the extent of about a million and a quarter, and it has declared its willingness to aid the Canadian Government in forwarding a scheme of rapid transit. As far back as 1887 the Canadian Government decided to subsidise a line of fast steamers, conditional on their guaranteeing 20 knots per hour. The undertaking was a failure ; shipowners cannot guarantee a speed of 20 knots nor a passage of a definite number of days through the Straits of Belle Isle and up the St. Lawrence ; but with Sydney instead of Rimouski as their port of call they could guarantee to land passengers and mails in a less time than they are landed at New York, and as far as Sydney could guarantee a rate of speed equal to that of any of the New York liners.

The question of a fast line of steamers between England and Canada is of paramount importance ; the future of Canada depends

upon it. Until such a line has been brought into existence Canada can never develop its resources or compete successfully with the United States for the markets of England and Europe; at present the United States possess an economic advantage over Canada in that they are nearer the markets of England and Europe. Above all, the question is one of Imperial importance and not of mere local or commercial moment: if the colonies, and Canada in particular, are to be made to feel that they are parts of the British Empire, every endeavour must be made to minimise the distance that separates the Mother Country from her colonies.

EDWIN C. BURGIS.

*SIR JAMES PAGET AND LOUIS PASTEUR*

AMONG recent publications are two books of special interest to the scientific world, *The Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget*, and *The Life of Pasteur*.

Both of these men were born in surroundings more picturesque than scientific, and at a time when the father of the one (Pasteur) had recently surrendered the sword with which he had fought under Napoleon Bonaparte, and the father of the other had joined as captain a Volunteer corps in defence of his country and 'towards the downfall of the French tyrant.'

From amidst the commerce of Yarmouth and associations with Nelson, the battle of the Nile, and much that was warlike, emerged the man of peace, superb intellect, and high philosophy, James Paget, whose destiny was to raise the standard of medical and surgical teaching to a higher level, and to command the respect and admiration of men from the earliest beginning to the end of his professional career.

Taking into consideration the latent power of the man, the evident goodness of the student, his perseverance, and great qualities, it is painful to think how his progress was, barred by red tape, and how little was done to help him over early difficulties, and put him in the place for which he was so well fitted by Nature. For years he was left to struggle along with a mind too lofty to dwell on the disappointments ever arising in his path, and too deeply in earnest with his work to take heed of the discomforts and privations to which he was subjected. The most part of his life was spent at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and no doubt he owed much of his ultimate success to this connection; but 'Bart.'s' in those days was very different to the 'Bart.'s' of the present, and it does not require much stretch of imagination to perceive on which side lay the heavier obligations.

By the time he was twenty-four years of age he had passed first in all his examinations, and was deeply interested in Cobbald's discovery of the *Trichina spiralis*. Having acquired the habit of close observation in his botanical pursuits, he pressed Cobbald's researches a little further, and was the first to find the minute worm in its

capsule, imbedded in the muscles of human beings who had eaten infected pork, sausages, or ham. This little discovery filled him with a desire to study the entozoon under the microscope, but St. Bartholomew's did not possess one! A friend thereupon gave him an introduction to the chief of the Natural History Department of the British Museum. Hastening there, he found the chief, but not the microscope, for he did not possess one! The chief, however, thought that possibly his colleague Robert Brown might have one, so both adjourned to Brown's little room, and found the great botanist at his work. 'Do you know anything about parasitic worms?' asked the chief. 'No, thank God!' answered Brown, looking up from his work. The interview was so far successful that young Paget was allowed to examine a specimen under his little single microscope, and to make sketches for a forthcoming paper to be read at the Abernethian Society. The great interest taken by Paget in the life-history of this parasitic disease was a sort of foreshadowing of the greater discoveries in parasitic diseases yet to be made by Pasteur; but at this time the pioneer who was to open up new roads and break new ground, was only a boy of thirteen, showing more talent for drawing than for anything else.

As matters were, Paget had to pursue his difficult way over the old worn tracks; but his mind was ever pushing on, and bridging over where possible the hindrances he encountered in a medical world without microscopes (his constant lament), without chemistry as now taught, and without the necessary means of study. 'In London the price of alcohol alone,' he deplored, 'was enough to keep English physiology behind the German.' A few years later Pasteur in France was complaining of similar difficulties, and with the same jealousy directed the attention of the Government to the advantages enjoyed by students in Germany.

But to return to Paget. A rise in the world was at length awaiting him, for 'Bart.'s' had elected him to be Warden of the new collegiate system now to be adopted for the boarding of students. The school, which had gradually been going down, began to look up, and was able henceforth to hold its own. Paget was now thirty-four years of age, and placed in receipt of an income from all sources of between 500*l.* and 600*l.* a year. This enabled him to marry, after an engagement which had lasted seven years. This step brought him the 'happiness of domestic life which continued without a break, without a cloud, for thirty-nine years.' Many of the students long remembered the charm introduced by Lady Paget's music; but while she could fill the evening air with enchanting sounds, she herself was haunted and saddened by the cries that reached her from the operating-room during the day. At these times her husband would come home to find her 'looking worse than the patients.'

These were the days of appalling, unmitigated suffering, when

only the strong could survive the shock of operation, and resist the insidious entrance of poison through the open wound. Her mental distress was relieved later by the merciful advent of chloroform. The change to her was great, and to the surgeons even greater, for their duty forthwith became more bearable. Nevertheless the mortality, whether in private homes or hospitals, was enormous. Blood-poisoning was the order of the day. If the operating theatre had ceased to be a torture chamber, it still continued to be a death-trap, and nobody knew why.

Pasteur by this time had emerged from obscurity, and was deep in his researches on crystals, the first step on the high-road to the discoveries which have since revolutionised surgery throughout the civilised world. Through the crystals his lucid mind saw immense vistas opening up; he thought he could detect therein the first germ of life, and perceive the beginning of the universe.

Taking up an octahedral crystal, he broke off a piece of it, then replaced it in its mother-liquor. Whilst the crystal was growing larger in every direction by a deposit of crystalline particles, a very active formation was taking place on the mutilated part: after a few hours the crystal *had again assumed its original shape*. The healing-up of wounds, said Pasteur, might be compared to that physical phenomenon. Claude Bernard, much struck later on by these experiments of Pasteur's, and recalling them with much praise, said in his turn:

'These reconstituting phenomena of crystalline redintegration afford a complete comparison with those presented by living beings in the case of wounds more or less deep. In the crystal, as in the animal, the damaged part heals, gradually taking back its original shape, and in both cases the re-formation of tissues is far more active in that particular part than under ordinary evolutive conditions.'

Going back to Paget—the man who studies all masters—we find him in possession of the new science opened up by Pasteur. The repairing power of crystals fits into his celebrated studies on Nature's surgery in the vegetable world, for he writes to his brother:

*The 8th of March, 1880.*—I have been for some time working a little, and thinking much more, about what may be called Elemental Pathology—the changes of decay, disease and repair in plants, and of repair of crystals. There appears to be many facts and general rules which, occurring in these apparently simple structures, may be studied in illustration of what is much more obscure in the pathology of ourselves and other animals. Many of the facts are very curious in relation to, *e.g.*,

- Degeneration—in the decay of leaves;
- Repair—in the mending of broken crystals and wounds of trees;
- Inflammation and specific diseases—in galls;
- Necrosis—in the fall of leaves and fruits.

These reflections are as yet just so many passing gleams from the full light which has yet to come.

While Paget was still young (thirty-seven) and Pasteur, aged twenty-six, was newly established at Strasburg as Professor of Chemistry, we find the former trying to obtain some 'cholera fungi' for his brother at Cambridge. The idea that any human disease

could belong to the fungoid world had not yet been established (and remained for Pasteur to elucidate), but it must have been mooted, because he 'believes the whole hypothesis will shortly be exploded.' This was another little gleam that was to flash out for a moment, only to fall back like a will-o'-the-wisp into the mist of ages. Pasteur, however, was soon to be on the track, but as yet was only 'hovering on the verge of mysteries, the veil of which was getting thinner every day.' For him the nights were too long and days too short for the momentous discoveries he was about to make.

Meanwhile Sir James once more was treading on the 'verge' by his clinical observations regarding immunity from certain poisons. He found that while he was a student and constantly engaged in making post-mortem examinations no virus could affect him. To his brother he writes:

My own case is evidence of this. Years ago no virus of a dead body could hurt me: but there came a time in which I made few or no examinations after death. I stood by and watched others make them: I became again susceptible to poisons that were once innocuous. My blood and textures regained the state they had before ever virus was introduced into them, and I became again poisonable. . . . Now let me tell you, with commentaries, what the virus did for me. The examination was made on the 4th of February, and after it I finished a long day's work, feeling unharmed. On the 5th, which was Sunday, I felt not ill but tired, and I spent the greater part of the day idly, falling asleep over books. On the 6th I lectured, in the morning, on the morbid structures obtained from examination: and the theatre was, as usual on Mondays, very cold. I was chilled and very tired, but a heavy day's work had to be done, and I did it. At half-past eight, when I got home, I was cold as ice—the mischief had begun. . . . You will find, in every day's practice, that fatigue has a larger share in the promotion or permission of disease than any other single casual condition you can name.

This, again, was a projection into the future—a prelude to Pasteur's inoculative treatment by repeated and graduated doses of virus—but his observations had yet to be raised from the regions of speculation and hypothesis into the upper levels of established fact. Still, it is interesting to note how his busy mind was always working in advance.

It was not till 1851 that Sir James gave up the Wardenship and settled down to private practice. He was then forty years of age, and, beginning with nothing beyond hope and fervent belief in prayer, he gradually rose till his professional income reached 10,000*l.* a year.

And now, to gather up the broken threads we have dropped by the way, it is necessary to step across the 'Silver Streak' and follow Pasteur in his work. An ardent student, the gentlest, most peaceable man at home, he is fierce as a tiger where science is concerned. He has already opened up the new world of crystals, and is deeply engaged in the phenomena of ferments. He has been called in to decide the battle raging over the brewer's vat between Liebig, Caignard-Latour, and others, and has settled the question beyond



further dispute that all fermentation was caused by living cells, visible only under the microscope, and which reproduced themselves by budding and division.' He had also settled another knotty point, and a very sore one at the period, that there was no such thing in Nature as spontaneous generation. All life sprang from previous life, for 'life is the germ, and the germ is life.'

Intensely interested in his work, and intensely sanguine, he had now struck the trail which was to lead to the unveiling of the mystery of disease. What he saw in the brewer's vat was what other chemists had seen; namely, the yeast cells going through the process of budding till the alcohol which they set free in the general breaking-up of the elements put a period to their lives. They carried within themselves, in common with all of us, the elements of their own destruction. But the great question was, Why did the beer go bad?

To explain this, Pasteur pointed out to the brewers that if they examined the brew under a microscope they would find not only the true yeast cells, which they desired, but a variety of others which they did not desire, for they were the enemies of beer. Further, their presence was destructive to the health of the one desirable organism, the true yeast cell, which could be observed struggling for existence, and even become faint and die before its appointed work was accomplished, leaving the brew to fall a prey to the intruders. Instead of taking the yeast haphazard from one brew to another, thus inoculating the fresh wort with good and bad organisms alike, it was necessary to isolate, cultivate, and nurse the true cells into the highest state of perfection, and this required laboratories and microscopes. Again, they must away with all filthy surroundings, for in the nooks and crannies of the brewery lurked the moulds and other organisms that caused the beer to go bad.

He had already demonstrated the fact that the air we breathe is filled with the spores of many organisms which are carried along by the dust, and are wafted everywhere, ready for development on reaching their various breeding-grounds. Hence the keeping of the beer would depend on the surroundings being made favourable for the health of the one yeast organism, while fatal to the others. The remedy was found in what is now universally known as 'Pasteurization of beer'—that is, sterilizing by heat after manufacture. Thanks to Jacobsen, the great brewer at Copenhagen, the yeast cells were isolated, nursed, and cultivated, till a new and healthy race was sent forth from his laboratory to all the northern breweries of Europe. He established a great school for the study of cells in connection with his brewery, which was rebuilt on Pasteur principles, and remains a model for all time of what a brewery ought to be.

Simultaneously *les études sur la bière* found a resting-place in the brain of Professor Lister in Edinburgh, where the idea began to germinate, till it finally burst forth upon the world in its application

to surgery, now known as the 'Listerisation of wounds.' Leaving Lister to fight his way through the medical schools, we must return to Pasteur, who is about to undertake the investigation of the silkworm disease. He had never studied medicine outside the bounds of chemistry, and never touched a silkworm in his life, but was unable to resist the entreaties of his old master Dumas and those of the Empress Eugénie.

In 1865 he started with his family and assistants for what was once the 'Land of the Golden Cocoon,' but was now a scene of desolation and sorrow, from the ravages caused by the disease. It is enough to say that, instead of one disease affecting the worms, he discovered two diseases at work, and equally fatal. The one, *flacherie*, could be remedied by sanitary measures; but the other, *pébrine*, was hereditary and required different treatment. The germ or microbe of this disease was found in the chrysalis and moth, hence the remedy adopted was to pound up the moth after her eggs were laid, and examine the pulp under the microscope before allowing the eggs further to develop. If found free from the specific microbe, then the eggs were 'passed,' till a healthy race was established and the unhealthy was stamped out. This is an interesting example of the study, the diagnosis, and discovery of a disease being entirely due to the use of the microscope, while the one and only remedy employed is that of the microscope, now universally in use in all silkworm countries.

On his return to Paris he threw himself into studies on cholera, and, absolutely fearless where what he considered 'duty' was concerned, he established himself in an attic over the cholera ward of the Lariboisière Hospital, and slept among his glass tubes, which were directly connected with the ward below by ventilators. Unhappily the cholera came to an end before his studies were completed.

About this time Napoleon the Third, who loved science, expressed the desire that Pasteur should come and spend a week at the Palace of Compiègne. The change from the attic must have been rather remarkable, but Pasteur, quite equal to the occasion, soon succeeded in getting the Court butterflies to sit at his feet in mute adoration of science. In the midst of Corps Diplomatique, courtiers, and stag-hunts Pasteur, finding time hanging heavily on his hands, sent home for his microscope, and meanwhile proceeded with the head butler on a hunt through the cellars for any stray bottles of *bad* wine they might be fortunate enough to come across. In a department of the royal palace so well administered these were not easy to find; however, some half-dozen suspicious-looking bottles were collected, and carried off in triumph amidst flunkies tall and smiling. But Pasteur, intensely preoccupied, would see nothing. Before long he was up in his room, lost in contemplation over a single drop of the bad wine, in

which he perceived under the microscope the tiny mycoderm of his quest. Greatly delighted, he felt it must interest his Imperial host, so, having his arrival duly announced, he entered the presence with his microscope, wine samples, and all his paraphernalia. Before long the Empress was sent for, and the lecture lasted an hour. Finally the Empress, who had been deeply interested, started off with the microscope to an adjoining room, followed by Pasteur with the samples, and once more, over the five o'clock tea, a short and simple account of the great doings of the little organism had to be repeated.

While receiving honour and encouragement from his scientific colleagues and heads of the State, he had opponents starting up in all directions refuting his 'theories' at every point. The man who at home was all simplicity and tenderness stood forth, in the face of the world, a warrior fighting the preconceived ideas and prejudices of ages, determined in the end to save people from themselves, and force them to accept the truths that had been revealed to him through the intricate ways and means of chemistry. Wherever he looked he saw the world steeped in ignorance. Men of science were teaching in error, and were his bitterest foes. Commerce and industries were suffering from want of scientific knowledge, and medicine was still wrapped in mystery. In all directions the human race was paying the penalty of ignorance in unnecessary suffering and avoidable death, while flocks and herds were decimated by diseases the causes of which were unknown. Impatient to get on, impelled by the vistas opening up before him, eager to learn that he might teach, and held back by the wretched appliances at his disposal, he decided to address himself to the Emperor.

Sire [he wrote],—My researches on fermentations and on microscopic organisms have opened to physiological chemistry new roads, the benefit of which is beginning to be felt, both by agricultural industries and by medical studies. But the field still to be explored is immense. My great desire would be to explore it with new ardour, unrestrained by the insufficiency of material means. I should wish to have a spacious laboratory, with one or two out-houses attached to it, which I could make use of when making experiments possibly injurious to health, such as might be the scientific study of putrid and infectious diseases. . . .

The Emperor, always ready to sympathise, set the thing in motion, to the infinite joy of Pasteur. The new laboratory was to be attached to the old in the garden of the École Normale. Full of hope, he went on with his work, ever 'persevering in effort.' But by-and-by hope got a blow, for he heard that the promises made were vanishing away, the necessary credit having been refused for the building of the laboratory.

Wounded in his feelings, Pasteur wrote an article for the *Moniteur* which made the editor jump in his chair, and was considered too fiery for that journal, but it eventually came to the notice of the

Emperor, who was greatly concerned. Many parts of that letter read more like a prayer than the 'fiery denunciation' it was said to be.

If you suppress laboratories [he says] physical science will become stricken with barrenness and death; it will become mere powerless information, instead of a science of progress and futurity; give it back its laboratories, and life, fecundity and power will reappear. Away from laboratories, physicists and chemists are but disarmed soldiers on the battlefield. . . . I implore you to take some interest in those sacred dwellings meaningfully described as *laboratories*. Ask that they may be multiplied and completed. They are the temples of the future, of riches and of comfort. There humanity grows greater, better, stronger; there she can learn to read the works of Nature, works of progress and universal harmony, while humanity's own works are too often those of barbarism, of fanaticism and of destruction. . . .

In a subsequent interview at the Tuileries Napoleon questioned him with 'gentle, slightly dreamy insistence,' and in the end was instrumental in getting the Government to give the grant.

Meanwhile a fierce dispute had arisen in the scientific world regarding Pasteur's discoveries as to the fermentation of wine. To the unutterable grief of his wife, family, and devoted assistants, the strain of this brought on cerebral hæmorrhage, which threatened his life. His illness took the unusual form of alternations of consciousness and unconsciousness at short intervals. His sleep was as the sleep of death, but when awake he would startle his doctors by his readiness to talk science.

From his bed he would continually ask how they were getting on with the building of the new laboratory, and day by day his wife and daughter had to invent vague answers, for, under the impression that Pasteur was about to die, the building was suspended and all the workmen withdrawn.

It is not difficult to imagine how deeply this affected the Pasteur family, and Pasteur himself when he knew of it. While still weak and in the helpless stage of paralysis he insisted on being carried to the wine-growing country—accompanied by his family and assistants—to encounter his enemies, and settle for ever the now recognised fact that the micro-organism which causes the fermentation of wine is deposited by Nature on the outside of the grape at the time when the fruit is ripening.

In the midst of his renewed work fell the crushing announcement that war with Germany had been declared. The laboratory at the École in the Rue d'Ulm, so recently completed and with such difficulty attained, was destined to become an ambulance station, with bombs falling all around. Pasteur's son, his assistants, and all the students were immediately drafted into the terrible *débâcle*, many to fall victims to the virulent poisons for which they were seeking the antidote. During that war the deaths from gangrene, erysipelas, and hospital poisoning were far more numerous than from all the bombs, mitrailleuses and other fiendish instruments of war put

together. Still, all unknown, the message had gone forth from the miserable little garret at the *École Normale*, and, though little understood, the whisper reached Pasteur that 'the English surgeons at Bazeilles were 'Listerizing' wounds with great success. This interested him deeply. A Paris doctor hearing of Lister's methods being adopted at the front, and appalled at the mortality in his hospital, now crowded with the wounded, conceived the idea of using cotton-wool dressings to protect the wounds from the air—as Pasteur did with his cultures in the laboratory—and reduced the mortality at once. These were the first attempts at the use of antiseptic methods in surgery during war, and which, more fully matured, have excited the admiration of the world during the present campaign in South Africa.

Pasteur, deprived of all his occupations, left Paris and took up his residence in his former home at Arbois. He was now in the midst of the enemy, and horrified by the cruelties going on around. He and his devoted wife fell a prey to miserable forebodings about their son, of whom they could hear nothing. Unable to bear the suspense any longer, they determined to set forth to look for him. An old, half broken-down carriage—the last in the place—was unearthed, and, accompanied by their daughter, they started amid frost and snow drearily over the war-ridden country.

After journeying for some hours in the snow the sad travellers spent the night at a little wayside inn near Montrond; the old carriage, with its freight of travelling-boxes, stood on the roadside like a gipsy's caravan. The next morning they went on through a pine forest, where the deep silence was unbroken save by the falling masses of snow from the spreading branches. They slept at Censeau, the next day at Chaffois, and it was only on the Friday they reached Pontarlier by roads almost impracticable by snow, the carriage now a mere wreck.

The town was full of soldiers, some crouching round fires in the streets, others stepping across their dead horses and begging for a little straw to lie on. Many had taken refuge in the church and were lying on the steps of the altar; a few were attempting to bandage their frozen feet, threatened with gangrene.

Suddenly the news spread that the General-in-Chief, Bourbaki, had shot himself through the brain. He had telegraphed two days before to the Minister of War: 'You cannot have an idea of the sufferings that the army has endured since the beginning of December. It is martyrdom to be in command at such a time.'

'The retreat from Moscow cannot have been worse than this,' said Pasteur to a Staff officer, Commandant Bourboulon, a nephew of Sainte Claire Deville, whom he met in the midst of those horrors, and who could give him no information as to his son's battalion of Chasseurs. 'All I can tell you,' said a soldier anxiously questioned by Madame Pasteur, 'is that out of the 1,200 men of that battalion only 300 are left.' As she was questioning another, a soldier who was passing stopped. 'Sergeant Pasteur? Yes, he is alive; I slept by him last night at Chaffois. He has remained behind; he is ill. You might meet him on the road towards Chaffois.'

The Pasteurs started again on the road followed the day before. They had barely passed the Pontarlier gate when a rough cart came by. A soldier muffled in his great-coat, his hands resting on the edge of the cart, started with surprise. He hurried down, and the family embraced without a word.

When the war was ended, Pasteur's one idea was to show the world how his country could rise out of the ruins triumphant. On getting back to work he devoted himself to the study of virulent diseases and anti-toxins, with the marvellous results now known.

During his few visits to Great Britain he was received with the greatest respect, and became the warm personal friend of Lister, Sir James Paget and others. His later studies in rabies are now so familiar to us that it is scarcely necessary here to refer to them, but it is interesting to those who fear not the truth, to know that he lived to see the greatest laboratory in the world, the Pasteur Institute, built under his own direction, a monument raised to him in gratitude by all nations.

Under this monument he now lies, in a tomb of wondrous and solemn beauty. On the marble walls are inscribed the dates of his great discoveries, while above are the angels of mercy looking down. At the far end is an altar, the general effect of which is enhanced by the electric light shining softly from the roof through sheets of thin Algerian onyx. Here the active brain is at rest, while his deathless work goes on above and in all quarters of the civilized world.

In common with Sir James Paget, Pasteur was deeply religious, and it is interesting to know that both of these great men, the one Protestant, and the other Roman Catholic, felt that God was revealed to us through science.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY.

## BRITISH LABOUR

## A WORKMAN'S VIEW

WE are continually being told that the British workman at the present day is not doing his duty. Assertions have been made, and repeated again and again, that he is lazy, that he is incompetent, and even that in many instances, where he is master of his trade, he will not render a pennyworth of work for a penny, but wilfully 'goes easy' in order by this means either to prolong the job or otherwise provide work for a 'mate.' Believing, as I do, that there is some measure of truth in these accusations, and further, as I believe that in the best interests of the workmen themselves it is desirable these questions should be ventilated, I shall be glad to be allowed to give a few deductions gathered from the lessons of a long experience as an artisan and foreman of works in the building trade.

In beginning, it must be understood that, in any comparisons between workshop conditions and practice thirty or forty years ago and the present time, allowance should be made for the great change which has come between the master and workman in their industrial relations. At the former period—even in the large workshops to which the best operatives naturally gravitate—the workman would invariably come in close contact with, and be known personally to, his employer; and often this fact alone, independent of the 'master's eye,' was a great incentive to increased effort on his part, in the hope and determination of deserving and winning advancement. While at the present time, even in some of the same shops, the employer has got too big a man to personally conduct his own business, with the result that the workman is entirely at the mercy of the managers and foremen, who too often, not caring to encourage individual effort in this direction, show favouritism to their own friends and partisans rather than further their employer's interest in the selection and retention of the best workmen; and thus the superior craftsman, with a laudable ambition to raise himself, is handicapped and pushed from pillar to post, until, wearied with waiting for opportunities which do not arise, *he makes them*, either by taking a position as foreman or starting in business on his own account. And so, in

whichever case, the good which is sure to accrue from the example of a smart and conscientious workman is lost to the employer through want of a little encouragement, which, costing nothing, is, I can assure him, gratefully appreciated by all fair-minded men.

Many of the workman's critics are, just now, ascribing the comparative unproductiveness of British labour to the sinister influence of the trades unions. They say, and I admit with a considerable show of reason, that the operatives do not now get through as much work as formerly when under freer conditions, and that it is the unwritten law of the unions which acts as a drag upon their endeavours. And further, they argue, if the unions did not foster and encourage this lack of enterprise, the workmen left with a free hand would, taking them generally, be willing to give a fair return for their wages in labour. As a carpenter and joiner, who for more than seven years was a member of a trades union, and who during that time saw something of the inner working of the society, I must give in my adhesion to this view. Although in common fairness I should say that the fact of a man belonging to a union does not necessarily take away his conscientiousness, or hinder him from giving loyal service in his employment; and, speaking from my own observation, I have met with many union men who were quite as keen in their efforts to satisfy their employers as any non-unionist could be. The broad fact is, as regards both union and non-union workmen, there are men in each category who will not do a fair day's work, however much they may be tried, and it is the action of these apologies for men that give colour to the complaints of inadequate service, for which the greater body of operatives are condemned. Then again, with reference to the tyranny which is said to be exercised by union members over other workmen in the same trade, I have never noticed that a man with any stamina about him had much to fear in that direction: mind you, always supposing that he did not wish to do aught which was inimical to the best interests of his trade; and by this I do not mean anything that would be subversive of the interests of his employer. I have always found in my experience that both masters and men are very much as they are made; and I thoroughly believe that in this matter of 'go easy' or restriction of the output, the masters have no one else to blame for the present state of affairs but themselves. A little more firmness in the beginning would have gone a long way in the suppression of this alleged loitering; and a helping hand held out to the timid but willing worker would, in many instances, have enabled him to resist any attempted coercion, and thus work out his own industrial freedom.

As further evidence that trades-union interference with individual workmen is but a negligible quantity, I will relate my own experience of this phase of the question. As I have already said, I have been for a sixth part of my working life a trades-unionist,



and as a renegade from the cause one would have expected that I should have been particularly obnoxious to the adherents of the party from which I had seceded; but, to their credit be it said, I can aver in all sincerity that I have never been a marked man on that account. True, I was asked to rejoin, not once only, but often; but as I always courteously and firmly declined, I was not troubled further in the matter. As the workmen's detractors have made much of the difficulty of dealing with the union operatives, I may be pardoned for further elaborating this point. During my career as a foreman of works I have come in contact with many men who were strangers to me, and to whom I was not known; and on every occasion when men have asked me for employment I have made it a practice not to require any confession of faith from either unionist or non-unionist; the only qualification I cared for, as representing my employers, being craftsmen who could and would work. In this way I have generally gathered together a mixed crew of unionists and non-unionists, with whom I, a non-unionist foreman, have been able to work without friction, or any other untoward events such as have been depicted so elaborately in some of the leading journals. Further, I have never come across any body of workmen who objected to the dismissal of an undesirable man, whether from incompetence, inebriety, or any other cause. The greatest blot on the trades-union escutcheon, to my thinking, is their utter want of discrimination; they cannot apparently realise that there is a proper time and season for all things. When work is plentiful, and two masters are running after one man, there may be a valid reason in asking for an advance in wages; and equally, in my opinion, when the opposite time comes round, as it inevitably will, it would be much more sensible to bow to it with as good a grace as possible, instead of engaging in an industrial conflict in the face of a falling market, and at a time when the employment of labour is at a discount.

Still, with all their faults and shortcomings, I do not think the present monetary position of labour could have been attained without the aid of the trades unions to combat the collective and untrammelled power of the capitalists. And further, they are an undoubted benefit to our employers as regards collective bargaining for standard rates of wages and conditions of employment, while their sick and out-of-work benefits entitle them to the goodwill of the whole community; and also the provision they make for old-age pensions is a step which all who value the principle of self-help must approve.

Before proceeding to state what, in my view, should be done to bring about a more satisfactory condition of affairs in British labour, I should like to say a few words about the quantity of work which it is said ought to be got through by a workman per day. In any case, unless the quality of the work is also specified, there are no guts in

the growl. The number of bricks a man can lay on a straight inside wall which does not need pointing cannot be compared with his work on the outside, where he has often to use the plumb-rule and level, as well as 'flush up' the wall as he proceeds, to make a good and solid job. I daresay some of my readers will live in jerry-built houses where the wind comes through they know not where or how; I will tell them. This work is the outcome of the thousand-bricks-a-day 'field-ranger,' the walls being put together with the very smallest modicum of what he is pleased to call mortar, and which are neither wind nor weather proof. Houses rushed up—they are not worthy to be classed as built—like the razors immortalised by Peter Pindar to sell. I wonder, is this the kind of work our critics desire the British workman to emulate? Again, the question of the cost of woodwork having been mentioned in comparison in this controversy, I will give the following from my own experience. When a young man I made scores of one-and-a-half-inch thick deal doors, four-panelled, and moulded on one side; the cost price for labour alone, from the bench, was 3s. 3d. each; and I could make the same class of door at the present time, notwithstanding the increases in wages which have been given, for 4s. each. And I have also made doors with two inches thick teak framing, with five panels veneered on both sides, and both sides bolection-moulded, which cost 60s. each in labour from the bench. I can assure my readers that I toiled equally as hard on both classes of work, and still earned no more in wages per day on the costlier doors than those at the lower price. I think it will be seen from the examples cited that it is the character and detail of the work which determines the quantity that is a fair return in labour for the workman's wages, and that it is not necessarily his laziness or incompetence which has conduced to its costliness.

Should the poaching of our German and American trade rivals on our industrial domain serve no other purpose, it will have been useful in directing the powerful searchlight of public opinion on some of the most pressing industrial problems of to-day. Individually, I cannot conceive that any good can be done by bandying about accusations as to who is most blamable for the present unsatisfactory condition of British labour. As a workman I must admit that the workmen, taking them generally, do 'go easy'; while, on the other hand, it is equally obvious that the employers have been very short-sighted in their policy to allow the workmen, through their unions, to get so palpably the upper hand. After careful consideration of this question, I venture to submit that, taken apart from the inertia which seems to be inborn in our nature, the most potent factor which affects unfavourably the productive power of those who perforce must live by labour is not alone want of energy, but more often a deficiency in the power of application.

The truth of this axiom is plainly exemplified in our workshops every day. Young men, and older ones too for that matter, who are known to have served a proper apprenticeship to their trades, are met with, who, while having a tolerably efficient knowledge of their business so far as the merely mechanical part is concerned, are found to be surprisingly deficient in the faculty of applying their skill in a practical manner. Give one of these men a job to do on his own account, although it may be such a one as he has assisted in often before, and you will find he has to go floundering on like an urchin at school, spelling his way through the work in the most roundabout and elementary way. Others there are, who were apprenticed but not bound, who, as soon as they have learned enough of their trade to earn a few more shillings a week than a 'prentice wages, betake themselves to 'fresh fields and pastures new' as 'improvers,' and often they remain as improvers to the end of their days, no one having considered it their duty to instruct them in the art and mystery of their trade. What wonder then, even though such men have the best intentions in the world, that they should prove failures when put to the crucial test as wage-earners? While others I have known, and first-class workmen too, who were so devoted to St. Monday, and St. any other day so long as they had any money, who were not worth bench-room on that account. This brings to mind a remark I once heard, attributed to a Sheffield contractor, which is most pertinent at this point: 'Those who would work can't, and those who can work won't.'

What should be done to remedy this most undesirable state of affairs is to go back to the old system of apprenticeship, which has practically been in abeyance for the last thirty years. Lads whom their parents intend to bring up to any of the mechanical trades should, after an efficient training at school, which means much more than the three R's, and including all that can be taught for the formation of moral character, be apprenticed and bound by indentures to serve at least four years before the age of twenty-one.<sup>1</sup> In addition to the usual stipulation that his master shall well and truly teach him his trade with all its arts and mysteries, there should be a proviso that the employer shall give facilities for his apprentice to attend a technical evening school where the lad can study drawing, geometrical, architectural, or mechanical, as well as the science of construction, as applied to his particular trade. In addition to this his master should see to it, even in the big shops, that the apprentice is taught his trade and not left to pick it up as best he can from the workmen, who, as a rule, do not feel under any moral obligation to

<sup>1</sup> The old-fashioned term of apprenticeship for seven years is too long; a fairly sharp lad will acquire a good general knowledge of any of the mechanical trades in four years. As he will have left school when about fourteen, he can, during the three intervening years up to seventeen, follow some occupation which will assist the family exchequer much more liberally than will an apprentice's wages.

do this without some recompense. After this, when the lad has attained the age of twenty-one and served his master loyally and well, and who, we hope, has made a man of him, he should do the right thing by the young man, and encourage him to continue his studies to improve his position by 'loosing' him with the standard wages of his trade. I know this is not often done, and many a young man of promise has been discouraged through having to leave his old shop with all its friendly associations before he could attain the full dignity of a man in this respect. By the means here rapidly sketched out I feel confident we could train up a race of workmen who would be a credit to their employers and their trade—men who would again win for Great Britain the premier position against all comers in the world of industry.

Another way by which our employers can assist materially in removing the 'go-easy' want of principle is through a more liberal interpretation of the meaning of standard rates of wages. The standard rate is, as a rule, taken to mean the maximum rate instead of, as it should be, the minimum, for men of fair average ability. There are plenty of good men, first-rate craftsmen, whom our employers know are worth more money than the standard rate of wages. Then why not pay them more, and in this way put the stamp of approval on superior ability, whether it be in intensity of labour or as being the best all-round workmen? This ought not to be done, as I have known it to be, in a semi-clandestine manner, but openly, so that the younger aspiring men may know that there is something to live for, something to strive for, and that increased effort will be paid the reward which it merits; not alone in money, but in the best and to him more congenial work being given into his hands. I thoroughly believe that the policy of our employers in keeping down the best men at the level of the 'fair average' is a grievous mistake, as it tends to stifle ambition, and results in work being dawdled over in a listless and half-hearted way; and none can doubt that British labour would be all the better for a stimulus that would wake it up as I have indicated.

Another point: the British employer of labour will not have done his duty to his country until he has filled his workshop with all necessary machinery and appliances of the best and most up-to-date construction, for the economical production of his manufactures. Having done this, he must see to it that it is worked to its utmost capacity as an element in the saving of time and cost in the performance of its work: no 'ifs' or 'buts' on the workman's part should be allowed to intervene in this connection. This need not be insisted upon in a high-handed imperious manner, but quietly and with discretion, and, in cases where it was feared difficulties might arise, they could be anticipated by placing thoughtful and loyal workmen, of which there are some in every workshop, in charge of the machine in

the first instance, and not after the trouble had become chronic or resulted in open disaffection. I know, from my own observation, that the lack of useful machinery is a frequent source of enhanced cost in production; and, although it is not one which can fairly be laid at the workman's door, he has often to bear the brunt of it. As an example of the justice of this view I will give an illustration, for the *bona fides* of which I can vouch, and as it is an extreme case it will more readily point the moral. Some years ago I was employed at a small workshop a few miles away from a large town: at the time six workmen were employed, not reckoning the master. The workshops were fitted up with an engine and boiler, and various machines for the conversion of timber. The employer was one of those strict economists who watch a penny while twopence flies out behind them; he would not provide sufficient coal for the generation of steam, but eked out the supply with wood from the scrap heap, and often I have seen work for the machines accumulating for days together until there was enough, as he considered, to justify him in lighting the boiler fire. The outcome of this *economy* was, as may be expected, that the men had got into the way of nantling over their work, while the lads brought up at such a workshop were well-nigh useless as journeymen. Still, the wonder of it all is, he could never understand why the work did not pay, and thought and said that his workmen did not do their duty.

But the 'crisis in British industry,' which we all deplore, is not altogether the masters' fault: the workpeople, both men and women, cannot be allowed to get off scot-free. There are several ways in which working people can make their work more profitable without any changes in the conditions of labour. For instance, I daresay the workman who frequently absents himself until breakfast time in the morning does not imagine that his action is a direct loss to his employer, inasmuch as the power which would have turned his machine along with others has in a measure been running to waste in his absence. And further, this loss is greatly intensified by the absence for days together of men who, in a busy time, cannot always be dispensed with, taking this unfair advantage of their employer's urgent necessities, such action often tending to loss of work which might otherwise have been ours but for the uncertainty which it causes in the time of delivery. Again, when owing to press of work it is absolutely necessary to work overtime, the thoughtful workman will see to it, and the careless one should do, that the overtime he puts in at night at an enhanced rate of wages is not discounted by his absence in the morning to his employer's disadvantage at both ends. One word as regards the working of overtime. Although I know it is really essential at times to run over hours in our workshops, it is a moot point with me, considering the large percentage of leakage from broken time, whether it would not be cheaper in the

end for our employers to extend their workshops to obviate the working of anything like systematic overtime, which I believe in the long run benefits neither employer nor employed.

•There are other matters, such as the prodigal use and waste of material of various kinds, &c., which might be enlarged upon, but this article is already so long that I will forbear at this time.

I have spoken out plainly in this paper because I feel strongly. I know full well that the British workman is not all that he should be, nor what I wish him to be : but we are not, taking us as a body, so shiftless and undesirable as our detractors make us out. I know this : were I put upon my mettle I could gather around me to-day a staff of men—artisans in the building trade—who could do as good a class of work, and do it as well and at as little an expenditure of time and money, as ever was known in the world's history.

JAMES G. HUTCHINSON.

*MUSIC VERSUS THE OPERA*

THAT Opera is not an art in itself, but a compromise between two other arts, is a truth so self-evident as to require no proof. It has lately been set in a stronger light than ever before by the universal acceptance of the doctrines and the works of Wagner, the man who did more than anyone else to weld the two arts of music and drama into one organic whole. Even in regard to Wagner's own creations, however, the two arts have been practically opposed to one another in the years that have passed since his death. One set of students or enthusiasts treat his music as quite a secondary thing to the marvellous dramas in which, according to them, he has embodied a system of philosophy that is to turn the world upside down ; while others, caring little for the dramatic import of his works, lull themselves into day-dreams over the selections that are so dear to every English heart just now. These know little of the dramatic situations which even their favourite extracts illustrate, but listen with a sort of bemused attention that is supposed by them to be as satisfactory an attitude as that taken by educated musicians in regard to abstract music. At the centre of the Wagnerian cult itself, in the very heart of Bayreuth, it becomes increasingly evident, as the years go on, that the dramatic setting of the works is at least as important as the musical performances ; and the result is that every year musical people become more and more conscious of the sad shortcomings of the manner in which it is the fashion at Bayreuth to present the master's music-dramas.

It is not of Wagner or of Bayreuth that I would speak ; the music-dramas, owing to certain inevitable conditions, must be treated as it shall please the authorities at Bayreuth, who will of course be imitated all over Europe, until a day shall come when some one of authority and discrimination shall undertake the work of presenting them once more according to the composer's own ideas. Here in England we run no immediate danger of losing sight of the Wagner part of each year's programme ; the danger at present is rather in the other direction, that everything except Wagner will be swept aside. A few years ago I ventured to point out in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* the crying demand for a national opera

for England, founded on a wide artistic basis; the hope of getting from government, municipal or otherwise, any practical help in the matter seems to be doomed to disappointment, although the state of public feeling was unexpectedly in favour of some such scheme as was there advocated. Things are back at their old level, and Covent Garden conditions, which are perhaps best described by the word 'happy-go-lucky,' are taken as inevitable even by those who do not consider them ideally perfect. The members of the syndicate which succeeded, on Sir Augustus Harris's death, to the direction of the opera, do not appear to excel in either musical taste, theatrical instinct, or even in the ordinary skill required to gauge the taste of the public; they are proficient, it is true, in the difficult management of the various *prime donne* whom they employ, and are adepts in the art of shifting their responsibilities to the shoulders of some one not present. The plan adopted by Messrs. Spenlow and Jorkins had no doubt some practical utility, and when no one is in authority, and 'I didn't do it, but somebody else did' is held to be a valid excuse for any shortcomings whatever, it is perhaps best to lay the blame impersonally, and to speak of the theatre as if it were responsible for the vagaries of the members of the syndicate. Every year, before the opera begins, we are told that many thousand pounds have been spent in making the stage a little more like those of the inferior Continental theatres. The result of this expenditure is seen in the fact that most scenes take at least twenty minutes, and several volleys of bad language audible to stalls and gallery, to change; that the simplest *changement à vue*, be it only the dropping of one scene in front of another, is seldom accomplished without part of the scenery sticking, getting hooked in some awkward position, or hanging in graceful but undesigned festoons during a great part of the ensuing scene. An admirably realistic snowstorm, which began in a performance of *La Bohème* on a certain Thursday night, raged with scarcely abated force through every opera given throughout the following week, often in scenes intended to represent a balmy summer day. One is constantly reminded of the famous cry from a provincial gallery, 'We don't expect you to sing in tune, but you might jine yer flats'; for even so familiar a set as the church scene in *Faust* was so arranged on many nights this year that all illusion was hopelessly lost. Now, if the managers think that to devote little or no attention to the scenic part of their business is a way of inducing the audience to concentrate their attention on the music alone, well and good; but in this case, have we not a right to expect that due regard will be paid to general musical considerations? Here I may as well say that I do not intend to devote much space to criticism of individual singers, or the performances of such operas as are given; the old 'star' system is practically dead, so that the cast of many operas is as good as could possibly be found anywhere in Europe,



and the whole presentation of many of the works is such as ought to please whatever musical people there may be in the house. That the musical people of London do not go to Covent Garden in any great numbers—apart from the critics and that part of the musical profession which has its free admissions—is obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to compare the audience on any ordinary night with that of the Queen's Hall symphony concerts, or the Richter concerts, even in the present decadent condition of that great institution. Why is it that the musical aristocracy, as it may be called, stays away from the opera, as it undoubtedly does? It is often said that opera prices are too high; but while we may admit this as a general rule, and may sigh for opera at the rate of the ordinary theatre, it stands to reason that there must be many who pay their fifteen shillings for a stall at a Richter concert who would be ready with their guinea if an opera were given which would attract them, and which they could feel sure of hearing adequately done. They know only too well that the two conditions in combination are seldom, if ever, realised. It would be rather too much to say that the manner of presenting the operas is in inverse ratio to their musical merit; but when we remember the gorgeous mounting, the admirable performance, and the careful preparation of that piece of indecent imbecility, *Messaline*, in which the management reached its highest point of efficiency, there is some excuse for that statement. Supposing it to be true, there would be some reason in the system, for the enchantment of Mozart or Beethoven might be trusted to be powerful enough to make the hearers forget the shabbiness of the scenes in *Figaro* or *Fidelio*, and there would be no room for complaint on this score if there were signs of real musicianly reverence in regard to the treatment of such masterpieces as these. Be it granted that the end of *Don Giovanni*, as formerly played, with trapdoors, devils, and red fire, is calculated to wound the susceptibilities of many in the audience, who are so constantly engaged in the devil's service that they naturally feel a delicacy about seeing him on the stage—a quieter tableau, and one giving better opportunities to a good actor, is to let the Don fall dead at the statue's feet; but that these two figures should monopolise the spectator's attention is surely proved by the universal custom of letting Leporello get under the table. Covent Garden, wishing to prove that it can be highly moral on occasions in spite of *Messaline*, chooses to show us a hideous group of the defunct victims of the Don's proclivities, as though to aggravate the sufferings of those unknowing musical people who may have supposed that the work would be given with its proper ending in the most beautiful vocal sextet in existence. As lately as last season, two ladies of my acquaintance, who live in the world of music as fully as anyone need wish to do, were observed after the great duet in *Les Huguenots* remaining in their stalls, fondly imagining that the last

act of the opera would be played. It is curious to notice how, in nearly all cases where the opera is interfered with, it is its musical side that goes to the wall; the cuts in *Don Juan* and in *Les Huguenots* are as much against the musical effect of the works as are the slices hewed from *Tannhäuser* or from *Siegfried*. In the late popularity of *Roméo et Juliette*—a work which for no particular reason began to draw in the days of Harris's management, having been a constant 'frost' for many previous seasons—it might have been thought that on some occasion or other room might have been found for the beautiful 'Épithalame' at the end of the fourth act.

But far more than the omissions from the works presented, it is the question of the repertory that shows most strongly the incompetence of the present management and the lack of some one who has old traditions, and remembers the operas which were formerly in vogue. Of course, no one wishes to make an opera season a series of antiquarian revivals, but it is a little hard that one large section of the public should have to wait in vain for the reappearance in the bills of such names as those of Rossini, Weber, Bellini, and Auber, to take but a few of the composers who are now completely ignored. It is not only such prominent names as these that are now quite outside the practical politics of the opera-house; but others not less famous in their day are only kept in the repertory by the accident that some favourite *prima donna* likes one song out of some opera, the remainder of which is considered ineffective. Donizetti, for example, has disappeared from the stage, all except the mad scene from *Lucia*, which is dragged out perhaps twice in the season, for the sake of Mme. Melba's exquisite chromatic scales. Yet *La Fille du Régiment* is one of the most captivating *opéras comiques* in existence, and when there is such an artist as Mme. Ternina in the company, why on earth should not *Lucrezia Borgia* be revived? For this great singer there must be an abundance of fine parts in the works of Gluck, Cherubini, and Spontini; but it seems quite hopeless to expect a return to any of these composers, and, mounted as their works would be under the present régime, it were hardly to be desired that *Armida*, *Alceste*, *Medea*, or *La Vestale* should be brought once more to the light of day. During a recent visit to America of a company practically identical with that of Covent Garden, Mozart's *Zauberflöte* was given, of course with extraordinary success; why was this not revived in London with the same singers? Some years ago musical people began to find their way to Covent Garden on the nights when *Orfeo* was given; but after a few seasons' success, due in great measure to a splendid individual impersonation, the work was first mutilated in order to be set in the same bill with the hysterical works of young Italy, and then cast off altogether. For a single performance of *Norma* in recent years many are humbly grateful; but are we never again to hear the *Sonnumbula*, in which

Mme. Melba should be suited down to the ground? Rossini has long been a dead-letter in London, except on the rare occasions when *Il Barbiere* is given for a Patti or a Melba; and now, since the latter's moderately successful attempt to fill the place of the former, even that has been put on the shelf. It is quite possible, and in some instances quite certain, that many of the less-known operas of the men I have mentioned would be considered old-fashioned, and would not bear more than one or two performances in a season; but the fact that there was a chance of hearing them would give the operatic enterprise quite a different place among musicians from that which it now occupies. Meyerbeer, again, once more popular than any other composer of grand operas, holds his place in virtue of four-fifths of *Les Huguenots*; if as yet *Le Prophète* without Jean de Reszke is as unimaginable as *Dinorah* without Patti, are there not other works of his, notably *L'Africaine*, which would bear to be revived? If things go on as they are doing now, Verdi will soon be reduced to Rigoletto and an occasional performance of *Aïda*, for the delicately minded persons who objected to the obesity of Falstaff are sure to find out that Rigoletto and Othello are equally disagreeable to look at, even if they tolerate the blackness of Amonasro, with the strange surmises it suggests as to the complexion of Aïda's other parent. In one or other part of Verdi's work there is plenty to suit all tastes; and if the people whom it is most important to please declare against the directness, the wit, or the literary beauty of *Falstaff*, his masterpiece, is that not all the more, not the less, cogent reason for giving them the spoon-meat of *Il Trovatore*, even if the management cannot afford the time or trouble to look at *Don Carlos*, the work in which the first signs of the master's later manner declared themselves?

Last season, when M. André Messager, the composer of the lively *Basoche*, was appointed manager, apparently with very few managerial powers, people thought that at least we should get some of the stock pieces of the Opéra Comique, if only as an experiment. There seemed good ground to hope for things like *La Dame Blanche*, *Fra Diavolo*, or some of the more hackneyed pieces in the Parisian repertory; but the only result so far has been the production of Lalo's *Roi d'Ys*, a work of great interest and beauty, indeed, but one which in the many years since it was written had got so old-fashioned that it could not appeal very strongly to any section of the modern public, except to the few who had seen it in Paris at the time of its great vogue. With this, as with other new works, the public was not given a chance of saying whether it liked the production or not. It may be a task of great practical difficulty to arrange for more than two performances of any work except *Faust* and *Curmen*; but two performances, as must be clear to every one except operatic managers, are far worse than one, unless the desire

is to secure failure for the works thus treated. The audience at a first night comes with unprejudiced minds, and receives direct impressions, which, right or wrong, are made by the work itself and its interpretation; on the second night there is, as a rule, a much smaller audience than on the first, for obvious reasons, since a good many who want to see the new opera are sure to have other engagements for that particular night, and a good many people have not realised that the first performance has taken place. Of those who are present at the second performance, only a very few will receive direct impressions. The majority have been drawn by favourable critical notices of the first night, and will sit in expectation of the great climaxes or the special points to which their favourite critic may have drawn attention; when the points come, they will make less than their expected effect, and the whole result will be one of disappointment. A few will have been drawn in order to test the value of the adverse criticisms, and it is therefore only a minority which will be startled into unexpected admiration by the discovery that the music is not so poor as it was made out to be. The way in which criticism acts by contraries, by the way, would be a useful subject for some social philosopher to take up. Its reactionary power is at no time stronger than on the second night of the life of an opera or a play, and every theatrical manager knows that the real verdict of the public on a play can only be obtained after a run of some weeks, and is quite cognisant of the fact that he must keep anything he produces in the bills for some time, in order to see how the public will ultimately take it. To depend on the conflicting verdicts of two audiences would seem to him, as to any experienced operatic manager, the height of folly. One has only to read in the *Mapleson Memoirs* the amusing story of how *Faust* was converted from an abject failure into a phenomenal success, to see the sort of tricks a capable manager must be ready to play, and how true it is that new things must at first be forced down the throats of the public before they can succeed. Watch a succession of ordinary ballad concerts, and you will note how the first, second, third, and possibly fourth performance of some new song in which the management is 'interested' goes without any special round of applause; it is only after the hearers have got unconsciously familiar with it that they begin to think they like it, and so to set on foot its success. In the case of operas which have won their position abroad, such as *Faust* and *Carmen*, the late manager of Her Majesty's Opera knew that he had the European verdict at his back, and so received strength to persevere in the work of forcing them upon the public; and it is in connection with the rare examples of English operas that the chief shortcomings of the syndicate are most painfully felt. In many of the theatres subventioned by foreign Governments there is an obligation on the management to produce every year so many

works by native composers ; and the fact that this rule is necessary implies that the managers, if left to themselves, would never take the trouble to produce new works at all, since they and the artists they control of course find it much less troublesome, and as a rule far more lucrative, to stick to old and well-known operas. It is curious to see what would have happened to the 'stock' operas, as they are called, if all the managers of the world had behaved in the way the syndicate of Covent Garden has done in the last few seasons : half, or more, of the operas which have been most universally accepted by the public in the long run, have not only had to struggle through weary periods of waiting before they were produced at all, but after their production the goodwill of the public has had to be won slowly and almost imperceptibly. The prominent exceptions to this are the later works of Wagner—at least the *Ring* and *Parsifal*, which were first presented in their complete forms to audiences specially prepared ; and the last two operas of Verdi, brought out at a time when his long-established position in the musical world made their success a matter of absolute certainty. Many books, some pictures, and a small number of plays have bounded into fame at once ; but the operas in connection with which this is true are very few indeed. It might be said that if all managers had shown the pusillanimity of the Covent Garden syndicate the world would be the poorer by the greater part of the best opera-literature. To name but a few examples : we should have no *Fidelio*, no *Barbieri*, and no *Carmen* ; to Londoners *Faust* would be as much a dead letter as *Tannhäuser* to the Parisians. Of course, it is possible to give the public too much of a good thing ; and the career of *Ivanhoe* and the early history of what is now the Palace Theatre of Varieties is an eloquent illustration of this. But such an absurd experiment as that of running one opera night after night for a hundred representations is unique in the history of music ; and it was little wonder that the failure of the undertaking was so emphatic, even if the opera upon which so much trouble was lavished had been of the very highest class.

On a very few occasions English operas have been produced at Covent Garden in the fashionable season. The first instance was Cowen's *Signa*, given in 1893, but in that instance the work had already been brought out in Italy, so that the production was more or less on a par with the single performance, given at the very end of the same season, of Stanford's *Veiled Prophet*, originally given at Hanover in 1881. As the occasion chosen for the presentation of this work in its native country was an extra night, given after the conclusion of the season proper, as a sop to those who had to give up their seats for a 'gala' performance, there was not much chance of its taking a permanent place. Only two English operas have been first produced at Covent Garden in English in the season usually so called,

for both the works just mentioned were given under Harris, in the days when Italian was the chief language employed. Cowen's *Harold*, also given before the days of the syndicate, was sung in the original English of Sir Edward Malet, and enjoyed three performances, *Signa* being only accorded two. Stanford's brilliant *Much Ado about Nothing*, brought out with every good augury last season, was only given twice, the first performance taking place in Whitsun week, when most people were away from London; as it was generally understood that three or four representations were to be given, a very large number of people, little knowing that the second performance was to be the last, missed the opportunity of seeing it at all. It is obviously impossible that all these works should have been on so exact a level of demerit as to justify their expulsion from the repertory after two or three performances, and in the case last mentioned, although the actual statistics of the money taken at the doors could not be suitably made public, I have ascertained that the ratio of the receipts of the two nights was as eight to seven, showing therefore but a very slight falling-off for the second night. As it is a regular thing with theatrical managers to open their doors to a second night's audience representing a proportion of less than half the money value of the first night's, it is difficult to believe that there was no other reason for the withdrawal of the opera. I was unable to obtain statistics of the same kind for the three English operas brought out by Sir Augustus Harris.

English composers were far better off in the lifetime of Carl Rosa, under whom a whole set of works was given that should rank as modern classics. The picturesque *Colomba* of Mackenzie, *Esmeralda* and *Nadeshda*, the two crowning works of the short career of Arthur Goring Thomas, *The Canterbury Pilgrims* of Stanford, all had better chances given them, and of these, one and all, Londoners showed the warmest appreciation. Whether from a relapse into the usual managerial apathy, or from an inability to grasp the essential difference in point of taste and culture between a London audience and a provincial one, most of the operas named failed to pay in the country, and so were shelved when the company returned to London in the year following the production of each. But at least the public had the chance of really making acquaintance with these works. It is curious to imagine what would be the fate of these operas, and many earlier compositions of the English school, in a nation that possessed, as the Germans, Italians, French, and Russians possess, a sense of national pride in music. Not a season, we may be sure, would pass without a performance of Purcell's *Dido and Æneas*, to begin with; such things as *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* might indeed be forgotten by this time, but works of serious artistic aims, such as Arne's *Artaxerxes*, Loder's *Night Dancers*, Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, and a host of beautiful productions in dramatic music, would be constantly in the bills, while the energies of our living composers would not be so steadily

set as they are now against the composition of operas : we should probably not have had to wait indefinitely and without hope for fine dramatic work from such hands as those of Parry, German, Cliffe, Ernest Ford, and many another writer among the younger men. The hopelessness of the present state of things is illustrated by the fact that the one Englishwoman who has shown aptitude in writing for the operatic stage, Miss Ethel Smyth, has been compelled to seek publicity in Germany ; her *Fantasia*, performed at Weimar and Carlsruhe, has been followed by a second opera, *Der Wald*, which is shortly to be given at Berlin. Under the later management of the Carl Rosa Company, it is true that Mr. Hamish McCunn's two operas, *Jeanie Deans* and *Diarmid*, came to a hearing, but were never set before the great London public in such a way as to suggest that their promoters imagined them to possess any merits at all. The argument I have just been using may be thought to stultify my position in holding managers primarily responsible for the general want of success of English operas. 'If it is the people who are slack to appreciate the works,' it may be said, 'why blame the managers for giving them so seldom?' It is my firm conviction, and that of many others who are competent to form an opinion, that English opera has only to be set on a level with other operas, and to be given the same chances of success, to make a great mark in the world. We have freed ourselves from the tyranny of one foreign language, but have become re-enslaved to polyglot opera, which may be a more dangerous, it certainly is a far more insidious, thing. A little ahead of England in their fight for national freedom in music is the Russian school of composers ; and up to within quite recent times the Italian opera in St. Petersburg had precisely the same position which it enjoyed here for so long. The Russians were supposed to have no instinct for the operatic stage, and even Glinka's *Life for the Czar* remained a solitary instance of popular Russian opera for many a year. It was only when the taste of the public was sufficiently trained to see that the language of the country is the only possible language in which opera can be healthily and rationally given that Russian opera began to flourish, and native operas of merit to be given with success. Nowadays the operas of other nations are occasionally to be heard in Russia, but always in the Russian tongue, and by far the greater proportion of performances in any given season are of works by Russian masters.

It is a matter of course that managers must lose money over mounting new operas with the amount of splendour and historical accuracy now demanded, if only two performances are to be given. Yet this excuse of losing money is always forthcoming whenever the inquiring musician ventures to ask why such and such an opera is never repeated. This being the case, it is difficult to understand the managerial attitude of mind in producing new operas at all. If

the production of a new opera was in any way analogous to the experimental *matinée* that was in fashion some years ago, or to the mysterious single performances of plays for copyright purposes, one could understand it; but each of the operas mentioned was mounted as if it were to be kept in the bills, and it would seem as if the managers must be under the impression that they have done all that can be required of them when the new piece has been given twice over. In certain cases works, by composers of various nationalities, have been produced of such contemptible quality that their production could only be excused on the assumption that the friends of the composer had made it worth the management's while to bring them out; but as this form of the *argumentum ad crumenam* could never have been resorted to in the case of either Cowen or Stanford, the outside observer can but acknowledge that the mystery is more of a mystery than ever.

There would seem to be two ideals from which an operatic manager who wishes to make things pay can take his choice. He may have faith enough in the rewards that follow patient well-doing to persevere in producing works that are really fine examples of their kind, presenting them with every advantageous circumstance, using artifice, if artifice be necessary, to secure success on their behalf, and earning for himself a lasting name among the benefactors of music. Many of the managers of past days, from Handel to Carl Rosa, chose this ideal, and although neither reaped lasting gain in the eyes of the world, the latter name must shine in the musical history of England with a lustre of its own, though, of course, with a lustre not for a moment comparable to that of the giant Saxon. Another far lower ideal, though one more likely to be revered by a nation of shopkeepers, is that of the man who determines, at whatever cost, to please the public, to present what the public likes, and to follow as faithfully as he can the vagaries of public taste. He will sometimes lead public taste in certain directions, for good or evil, but when he does so it will be by very gradual steps, and his efforts will most likely be crowned with success. The Lumleys, Gyes, and Maplesons of the past, and more recently Sir Augustus Harris, the prime mover in the latest revival of the vogue of opera, belonged to this class; they frankly undertook operatic management as a source of making money; and, whether successful or the reverse, they did, in their days, provide a more or less efficient substitute for the Government subvention which in all other countries makes opera an ordinary part of the people's life, not a rare and costly pleasure for the few.

It is difficult to maintain that the present syndicate of Covent Garden belongs to either of these classes, or fulfils either ideal. The extreme tenuity of the selection which, in its eyes, represents the classical repertory bars it from the first class; while, although it professes to regard the box-office receipts as the only valid form of



criticism, it does not make any attempt to please the public in the widest sense, except in the matter of providing a huge number of singers justly distinguished in their various ways. The mercantile sort of manager, knowing that the public consists of many classes who are appealed to by the various prices charged for seats, will make sure that his choice of operas shall appeal, if not to all classes at once, to all in turn; he may be excused for regarding the casual frequenters of the stalls as in some ways more important than any other class, more especially when his boxes are all fully subscribed for before the curtain goes up on the first night; and he will know that the patronage of those who take the cheaper seats is well worth winning. It is no secret that at Covent Garden the preferences of a small clique among the box-holders are considered all-important, and the manner in which the changes are rung upon a little set of hackneyed works is such as to disgust many of the subscribers, who care for music in a true sense, and to keep from the theatre the great majority of those who are accustomed to spend money on their musical enjoyments, but who prefer to spend it on concerts where they get a variety of musical fare. Supposing that some new enterprise, founded upon a wide knowledge of opera-literature, sound musical taste, and clever managerial skill and experience, were to be started, the syndicate would find itself in a very unenviable predicament. If for any reason certain leaders of fashion were to cease subscribing, the collapse of the enterprise would be assured; for as no appeal has been made to the lovers of music in the wide sense of the phrase, there would be no support to carry the management through a time of temporary adversity. Such a time is not within measurable distance as yet; but if it is to be permanently averted there must be some concessions made to the larger musical public, so that they, and not the occupants of half a dozen boxes, may become the true supporters of the opera. Let care be taken to draw upon the wealth of operas that exist, from the old schools as well as the new, by Italian composers as well as French, by the other German masters as well as Wagner; let those operas that are chosen, old or new, be given with complete reverence for the text rather than for the whims of *prime donne*; and above all, let new operas that are produced by Englishmen who have made their name in the musical world be kept in the bills until the public has time to judge them; and, while there need be no such cause of offence to the fashionable subscribers as to imperil the funds of the following season, musical people will find their way to Covent Garden, and the opera will once again be a factor in the musical life of the nation.

J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.

## *DID TITIAN LIVE TO BE NINETY-NINE YEARS OLD?*

THERE is something fascinating in the popular belief that Titian, the greatest of all Venetian painters, reached the patriarchal age of ninety-nine years, and was actively at work up to the day of his death. The textbooks love to tell us the story of the great unfinished *Pietà* with its pathetic inscription :

Quod Titianus inchoatum reliquit  
Palma reverenter absolvit  
Deoq. dicavit opus;

and traveller, guide-book in hand, and moralist, philosophy in head, alike muse upon a phenomenon so startlingly at variance with common experience.<sup>1</sup>

But, sentiment aside, is there any historical evidence that Titian ever worked at his art in his hundredth year? that he even attained such a venerable age? The answer is of wider consequence than the mere question implies, for on the correct determination of Titian's own chronology depends the history of the development of the entire Venetian school of painting in the early years of the sixteenth century. I say *early*, because it is the date of Titian's birth, and not that of his death, which I shall endeavour to fix; the latter event is known beyond possibility of doubt to have occurred in August 1576. The question, therefore, to consider is, what justification, if any, is there for the universal belief that Titian was born in 1476-7, just a hundred years previously?

Any one, I think, who has ever looked into the history of Titian's career must have been struck by the fact that for the first thirty-five years of his life (according to the usual chronology) there is absolutely no documentary record relating to him, whether in the Venetian archives or elsewhere. Not a single letter, not a single contract, not a single mention of his name occurs from which we can so much as affirm his existence before the year 1511.

On the 2nd of December in that year 'Io tician di Cadore Dpñtore' gives a receipt for money paid him on completion of some frescoes

<sup>1</sup> The picture now hangs in the Academia at Venice.

at Padua, and from this date on there are frequent letters and documents in existence right down to 1576, the year of his death. Is it not somewhat strange that the first thirty-five years of his life (as is commonly believed) should be a total blank so far as records go? The fact becomes the more inexplicable when we find that during those early years some of his finest work is alleged to have been executed, and he must—if we accept the chronology of his biographers—have been well known to and highly esteemed by his contemporaries.<sup>2</sup> Moreover it is not for want of diligent search amongst the archives that nothing has been found, for Italian and German students have alike sought, but in vain, to discover any documentary evidence relating to his career before 1511.

The absence of any such trustworthy record has had its natural result. Conjecture has run riot, and no two writers are agreed on the subject of the nature and development of Titian's earlier art. This is the second disquieting fact which any careful student has to face. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Titian's most exhaustive biographers,<sup>3</sup> have filled up the first thirty-five years of his career in their own way, but their chronology has found no favour with later writers such as Mr. Claude Phillips, in England,<sup>4</sup> or Dr. Georg Gronau in Germany,<sup>5</sup> both of whom have arrived at independent conclusions. Morelli again had his theories on the subject, and M. Lafenestre<sup>6</sup> has his, and the ordinary gallery catalogue is usually content to state inaccurate facts without further ado.

Now if all these conscientious writers arrive at results so widely divergent, either their logic or their data must be wrong! One and all assume that Titian lived into his hundredth year and therefore was born 1476-7, and starting with this theory as a fact they have tried to fit in Vasari's account as best they can, and each has found a different solution of the problem. There is only one way out of this chaos of conjectures: we must see what is the evidence for the 'centenarian' tradition, and if it can be shown that Titian was really born later than 1476-7, then the silence of all records about him during an alleged period of thirty-five years will become at once more intelligible, and we may be able to explain some of the other anomalies which at present confront Titian's biographers.

I propose to take the evidence in strictly chronological order.

The oldest contemporary account of Titian's career is furnished by Lodovico Dolce in his *L'Aretino, o dialogo della pittura* which

<sup>2</sup> Eg. The 'Sacred and Profane Love' (so-called) in the Borghese Gallery; the 'St. Mark' of the Salute; the 'Concert' in the Pitti; the 'Tribute Money' at Dresden; the 'Madonna of the Cherries' at Vienna, &c., which one or other of his biographers assign to the years 1500-10.

<sup>3</sup> *The Life and Times of Titian*, 2 vols. 1881.

<sup>4</sup> *The Earlier and Later Work of Titian*, 'Portfolio,' October 1897 and July 1898.

<sup>5</sup> *Titian*: Berlin, 1901.

<sup>6</sup> *La Vie et l'Œuvre de Titien*: Paris, 1886.

was published at Venice in 1557. Dolce knew Titian personally and wrote his treatise just at the time when the painter was at the zenith of his fame. He is our sole authority for certain incidents of Titian's early career; it will be well, therefore, to quote in full the opening paragraphs of his narrative:

Being born at Cadore of honourable parents, he was sent when a child of nine years old by his father to Venice to the house of his father's brother. . . . in order that he might be put under some proper master to study painting; his father having perceived in him even at that tender age strong marks of genius towards the art. . . . His uncle directly carried the child to the house of Sebastiano, father of the *gentilissimo* Valerio and of Francesco Zuccati (distinguished masters of the art of mosaic, by them brought to that perfection in which we now see the best pictures) to learn the principles of the art. From them he was removed to Gentile Bellini, brother of Giovanni, but much inferior to him, who at that time was at work with his brother in the Grand Council-Chamber. But Titian, impelled by Nature to greater excellence and perfection in his art, could not endure following the dry and laboured manner of Gentile, but designed with boldness and expedition. Whereupon Gentile told him he would make no progress in painting, because he diverged so much from the old style. Thereupon Titian left the stupid (*goffo*) Gentile, and found means to attach himself to Giovanni Bellini; but not perfectly pleased with his manner, he chose Giorgio da Castel Franco. Titian then drawing and painting with Giorgione, as he was called, became in a short time so accomplished in art, that when Giorgione was painting the façade of the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, or Exchange of the German merchants, which looks towards the Grand Canal, Titian was allotted the other side which faces the market-place, being at the time scarcely twenty years old. Here he represented a Judith of wonderful design and colour, so remarkable, indeed, that when the work came to be uncovered, it was commonly thought to be the work of Giorgione, and all the latter's friends congratulated him as being by far the best thing he had produced. Whereupon Giorgione, in great displeasure, replied that the work was from the hand of his pupil, who showed already how he could surpass his master, and (what is more) Giorgione shut himself up for some days at home, as if in despair, seeing that a young man knew more than he did.

Fortunately the exact date can be fixed when the frescoes on the Fondaco de' Tedeschi were painted, for we have original records preserved from which we learn the work was begun in 1507, and completed towards the close of 1508.<sup>7</sup> If Titian then was 'scarcely twenty years old' in 1507-8 he must have been born in 1488-9. Dolce particularly emphasises his youthfulness at the time, calling him *un giovanetto*, a phrase he twice applies to him in the next paragraph when he is describing the famous altar-piece of the 'Assunta,' the commission for which, as we know from other sources, was given in 1516.

Not long afterwards he was commissioned to paint a large picture for the High Altar of the Church of the Frati Minori, where Titian, quite a young man (*pur giovanetto*), painted in oil the Virgin ascending to Heaven. . . . This was the first public work which he painted in oil, and he did it in a very short time, and while still a young man (*e giovanetto*).

<sup>7</sup> See Crowe and Cavalcaselle, *Titian*, i. 85. The fact that Titian's name does not occur in these records is curious and suggestive.

This phrase could hardly be applied to a man over thirty, so that Titian's birth cannot reasonably be dated before 1486 or so, and is much more likely to fall later. The previous deduction that it was 1488-9 is thus further strengthened.

The evidence then of Dolce, writing in 1557, is clear and consistent; Titian was born in 1488-9. Now let us see what is stated by Vasari, who is the next oldest authority.

The first edition of the *Lives* appeared in 1550, that is just prior to Dolce's *Diologue*, but a revised and enlarged edition appeared in 1568, in which important evidence occurs as to Titian's age. After enumerating certain pictures by the great Venetian, Vasari adds:

(a) All these works, with many others which I omit, to avoid prolixity, have been executed up to the present age of our artist, which is above seventy-six years. . . . In the year 1566, when Vasari, the writer of the present history, was at Venice, he went to visit Titian, as one who was his friend, and found him, although then very old, still with the pencil in his hand, and painting busily.\*

According to Vasari then Titian was 'above seventy-six years' when the second edition of the *Lives* was written, and as from the explicit nature of the evidence this must have been between 1566, when he visited Venice, and January 1568, when his book was published, it follows that Titian was 'above seventy-six years' in 1566-7, in other words that he was born 1489-90.

Still confining ourselves to Vasari we find two other passages bearing on the question.

(b) Titian was born in the year 1480 at Cadore."

(c) About the year 1507 Giorgione da Castel Franco began to give to his works unwonted softness and relief, painting them in a very beautiful manner. . . . Having seen the manner of Giorgione, Titian early resolved to abandon that of Gian Bellino, although well grounded therein. He now therefore devoted himself to this purpose, and in a short time so closely imitated Giorgione that his pictures were sometimes taken for those of that master. . . . At the time when Titian began to adopt the manner of Giorgione, being then not more than eighteen, he took the portrait, &c.<sup>10</sup>

This passage (c) makes Titian 'not more than eighteen about the year 1507,' and fixes the date of his birth as 1489-1490, therein agreeing with the previous deduction at which we arrived when examining the passage in Vasari's second edition. Thus in two places out of three Vasari is consistent in fixing 1489-1490 as the date. How then explain (b) which explicitly gives 1480?

Any one conversant with Vasari's inaccuracies will hardly be surprised to find that this statement is dismissed by all Titian's biographers as manifestly a mistake. Moreover it is inconsistent with the two passages just quoted, and either they are wrong or 1480 is a misprint for 1489. Now from the nature of the evidence

\* Ed. *Sansoni*, p. 459. The translation is that of Blashfield and Hopkins. (Bell, 1897.)

" Ed. *Sansoni*, p. 425.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* p. 428.

recorded by Vasari, it cannot be a matter for any doubt which is the more trustworthy statement: on the one hand he speaks as an eye-witness of Titian's old age, and is careful to record the exact year he visited Venice and the age of the painter; on the other hand he makes a bald statement which he certainly cannot have verified, and which is inconsistent with his own experience! In any case in Vasari's text the evidence is two to one in favour of 1489-1490 as the right date, and thus we come to the agreeable conclusion that our two oldest authorities, Dolce and Vasari, are at one in fixing Titian's birth between 1488 and 1490, in other words about 1489.

So far then all is clear, and as we know from later and indisputable evidence that Titian died in 1576, it follows that he only attained the age of eighty-seven and not ninety-nine. Whence then comes the story of the ninety-nine years? From none other than Titian himself, and to this piece of evidence we must next turn, following out a strict chronological order.

In 1571, that is three years after Vasari's second edition was published, Titian addresses a letter to Philip the Second of Spain in these terms.<sup>11</sup>

Most potent and invincible King,—I think your Majesty will have received by this the picture of 'Lucretia and Tarquin' which was to have been presented by the Venetian Ambassador. I now come with these lines to ask your Majesty to deign to command that I should be informed as to what pleasure it has given. The calamities of the present times, in which every one is suffering from the continuance of war, force me to this step, and oblige me at the same time to ask to be favoured with some kind proof of your Majesty's grace, as well as with some assistance from Spain or elsewhere, since I have not been able for years past to obtain any payment either from the Naples grant, or from my ordinary pension. The state of my affairs is indeed such that I do not know how to live in this my old age, devoted as it is entirely to the service of your Catholic Majesty, and to no other. Not having for eighteen years past received a *quattrino* for the paintings which I delivered from time to time, and of which I forward a list by this opportunity to the secretary Perez, I feel assured that your Majesty's infinite clemency will cause a careful consideration to be made of the services of an old servant of the age of ninety-five, by extending to him some evidence of munificence and liberality. Sending two prints of the design of the Beato Lorenzo, and most humbly recommending myself,

I am Your Catholic Majesty's

most devoted, humble servant,

TITIANO VECELLIO.

From Venice, the 1st of August, 1571.

Here then is Titian himself in the year 1571 declaring that he is ninety-five years of age, in other words dating his birth back to 1476, that is some thirteen years earlier than Dolce and Vasari imply was the case. A flagrant discrepancy of evidence! In similar strain he thus addresses the King again five years later: <sup>12</sup>

<sup>11</sup> The translation is that of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, *Titian*, ii, 391. The original is given by them at p. 538.

<sup>12</sup> Quoted from Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

Your Catholic and Royal Majesty,—The infinite benignity with which your Catholic Majesty—by natural habit—is accustomed to gratify all such as have served and still serve your Majesty faithfully, emboldens me to appear with the present (letter) to recall myself to your royal memory, in which I believe that my old and devoted service will have kept me unaltered. My prayer is this: twenty years have elapsed and I have never had any recompense for the many pictures sent on divers occasions to your Majesty; but having received intelligence by letters from the Secretary Antonio Perez of your Majesty's wish to gratify me, and having reached a great old age not without privations, I now humbly beg that your Majesty will deign, with accustomed benevolence, to give such directions to ministers as will relieve my want. The glorious memory of Charles the Fifth, your Majesty's father, having numbered me amongst his familiar, nay, most faithful servants, by honouring me beyond my deserts with the title of *cavaliere*, I wish to be able, with the favour and protection of your Majesty—true portrait of that immortal emperor—to support as it deserves the name of a *cavaliere*, which is so honoured and esteemed in the world; and that it may be known that the services done by me during many years to the most serene house of Austria have met with grateful return, to spend what remains of my days in the service of your Majesty. For this I should feel the more obliged, as I should thus be consoled in my old age, whilst praying to God to concede to your Majesty a long and happy life with increase of his divine grace and exaltation of your Majesty's kingdom. In the meanwhile I expect from the royal benevolence of your Majesty the fruits of the favour I desire, with due reverence and humility, and kissing your sacred hands,

I am Your Catholic Majesty's  
most humble and devoted servant,  
TITIANO VECELLIO.

From Venice, the 27th of February, 1576.

This is the last letter we have of Titian, who died in August of this year, according to his own showing in his hundredth year.

Now, what reliance can be placed on this statement? On the one hand we have the evidence of two independent writers, Dolce and Vasari, both personally acquainted with Titian, and both agreeing by inference that the date of his birth was about 1489. Both had ample opportunity to get at the truth, and Vasari is particularly explicit in recording the exact date when he visited Titian in Venice and the age the painter had then reached. Yet five years later Titian is found stating that he is ninety-five and not eighty-two as we should expect! Perhaps the best comment is made by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who significantly remark immediately after the last letter:—‘Titian’s appeal to the benevolence of the King of Spain looks like that of a garrulous old gentleman proud of his longevity, but hoping still to live for many years.’<sup>13</sup> Exactly! The occasion could well be improved by a little timely exaggeration well calculated to appeal to the sympathies and ‘infinite benignity’ of the monarch, and if when the writer had actually reached the respectable age of eighty-two he wrote himself down as ninety-five, who would gainsay him? It added point to his appeal, that was the chief thing, and as to accuracy, well, Titian was not the man to be over-scrupulous

<sup>13</sup> Crowe and Cavalcaselle, *Titian*, ii. 409.

when his own interests were involved. But even though the statement were not deliberately made to heighten the effect of an appeal, we must in any case make allowances for the natural proneness to exaggerate their age which usually characterises men of advanced years, so that any *ex parte* statement of this kind must be received with due caution. Where, moreover, as in the present case, we have evidence of a directly contradictory kind furnished by independent witnesses, whose declarations in this respect are presumably disinterested, such *ex parte* statements are on the face of them unreliable. The balance of evidence in this case appears to rest on the side of the older historians, Dolce and Vasari, whose statements, as I hold, are in the circumstances more reliable than the picturesque exaggeration of a man of advanced years.

I claim, therefore, that any account of Titian's life based solely on such flimsy evidence as to his age as is found in this letter to Philip the Second is, to say the least, open to grave doubt. The whole superstructure raised by modern writers on this uncertain foundation is full of flaws and incongruities, and I am fully persuaded the future historian will have to begin *de novo* in any attempt at a chronological reconstruction of Titian's career. The gap of thirty-five years down to 1511 may prove after all less by twelve or thirteen years than people think, so that the young Titian naturally enough first emerges into view at the age of twenty-two, and not thirty-five.

But we must not anticipate results, for there is still the evidence of the later writers of the seventeenth century to consider. Two of these declare that Titian was born in 1477. The first of these, Tizianello, a collateral descendant of the great painter, published his little *Compendio* in 1622, wherein he gives a sketchy and imperfect biography; the other, Ridolfi, repeats the date in his *Meraviglie dell' Arte* published in 1648. The latter writer is notoriously unreliable in other respects, and it is quite likely this is merely an instance of copying from Tizianello, whose unsupported statement is chiefly of value as showing that the 'centenarian' theory had started within fifty years of Titian's death. But again we ask why should the evidence of a seventeenth-century writer be preferred to the personal testimony of those who actually knew Titian himself, especially when Vasari gives us precise information with which Dolce's independent account is in perfect agreement? No doubt the great age to which Titian certainly attained was exaggerated in the next generation after his death, but it is a remarkable fact that the contemporary eulogies, mostly in poetic form, which appeared on the occasion of his decease do not allude to any such phenomenal longevity.<sup>14</sup>

Nevertheless, Ridolfi's statement that Titian was born in 1477 is commonly quoted as if there were no better and earlier evidence in

<sup>14</sup> There is a collection of these in a volume in the British Museum.



existence, and indeed it is a matter of surprise that conscientious modern biographers have not looked more carefully at the original authorities, instead of being content to follow tradition; and I must earnestly plead for a reconsideration of the question of Titian's age by the future historians of Venetian painting.<sup>15</sup>

If, as I believe, Titian was born in or about 1489, instead of 1476-7, it follows that he must have been Giorgione's junior by at least twelve years—a most important deduction—and it also follows that he cannot have produced any work of consequence before, say, 1505, at the age of sixteen, and he will have died at eighty-seven, and not in his hundredth year. The alteration in date would help to explain the silence of all records about him before 1511, when he would have been only twenty-two, and not thirty-five years old; it would fully account for his name not being mentioned by Dürer in his famous letter of 1506, wherein he refers to the painters of Venice, and it would equally account for the absence of his name from the commission to paint the Fondaco frescoes in 1507-8, for he would have been employed simply as Giorgione's young assistant. The fact that in 1511 he signs himself simply 'Io tician di Cador Dpñtore,' and not *Maestro*, would be more intelligible in a young man of twenty-two than in an accomplished master of thirty-five, and the character of his letter addressed to the Senate in 1513 would be more natural to an ambitious aspirant of twenty-four than to a man in his maturity at thirty-seven.<sup>16</sup>

Such are some of the obvious results of a change of date, but the larger question as to the development of Titian's art must be left to the future historian; for the importance of fixing a date lies in the application thereof.<sup>17</sup>

HERBERT COOK.

<sup>15</sup> Before the discovery of the letter to Philip, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle were quite prepared to admit that Titian was born 'after 1480' (*vide N. Italian Painting*, ii. 119, 120). Unfortunately they took the evidence of the letter as final, but finding themselves chronologically in difficulties, they shrewdly remark in their *Titian*, i. 38, note: 'The writers of these lines thought, and still think, Titian younger than either Giorgione or Palma. They were, however, inclined to transpose Titian's birthday to a later date than 1477, rather than put back those of Palma and Giorgione to an earlier period, and in this they made a mistake.' Perhaps they were not so far wrong after all!

<sup>16</sup> For this most amusing letter see Crowe and Cavalcaselle, *Titian*, i. p. 153.

<sup>17</sup> The evidence afforded by Titian's own portraits of himself (at Berlin and in the Uffizi) is inconclusive, as we do not know the exact years they were painted. The portrait at Madrid, painted 1562, might represent a man of seventy-three or eighty-six, it is hard to say which. But there is a woodcut of 1550 (*vide Gronau*, p. 164) which surely shows Titian at the age of sixty-one rather than seventy-four, and finally Paul Veronese's great 'Marriage at Cana' (in the Louvre), which was painted between June 1562 and September 1563, distinctly points to Titian being then a man of seventy-four and not eighty-seven. He is represented, as is well known, seated in the group of musicians in the centre, and playing the contrabasso.

## THE REDUCTION OF TOWN FOGS

Two hundred and seventeen years have passed since John Evelyn wrote in his Diary, during the Great Frost, on the 24th of January, 1684, that 'London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly one could see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breath, so as one could hardly breathe.' The population was then half a million; it is now five millions.

In 1306 King Edward the First, on the petition of the citizens, had passed a law making the burning of sea-coal a capital offence. Whether any person was ever executed for this offence we have no information. But at any rate the maligned sea-coal was being freely utilised for cooking in Evelyn's time. And he felt so strongly the nuisance and the damage which its ill-burning caused that he wrote a special treatise called *Fumifugium*, pointing out the effects of smoke on health and on trees.

The growth of London until, with its suburbs, it covers an area of 100,000 acres, has made the prevention or reduction of smoky fogs, as I hope to show, a matter of life and death to a large number of its inhabitants. The need of the day is not so much scientific inquiry or invention as administrative regulation, by which dark fogs might, with known appliances, be reduced to almost harmless proportions. And, above all, some common sense of responsibility is needed to check the wasteful carelessness which throws so big a volume of the raw sewage of combustion into the air we breathe.

Co-operation for general welfare would in this, as in many other matters of citizenship, abolish the injuries of a selfish habit.

We do not realise how dangerously near we are approaching to the limits of bearable impurity in the air on which every minute of life depends.

During the last ten years there have been few fogs of the worst character, and only two or three of these have lasted many days. The great fog of 1880 increased the mortality by 2,994 in three weeks; the fog which ended on the 2nd of January, 1892, after covering the town with little intermission for a fortnight, caused an excess

of 1,484 in one week. We cannot regard this fatality as the most severe which might be inflicted under any possible condition of weather.

The air of London is at any time different in composition from the air of the country. Ozone, a very minute but important constituent, is not found at all where the air has passed over a large town district, and oxygen is slightly deficient. Carbon dioxide exceeds the normal proportion by about one part in ten thousand. Vapour of water or relative humidity generally falls below the amount present in country air in the winter and at night. Sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid, organic particles from living bodies, animal and vegetable débris in the form of visible or invisible dust, tarry or smoky particles, microbes, of many kinds, and the micro-organisms of disease are present in large excess.

Examination of the suspended matter in London air discovered fragments of hay, pinewood, linen and cotton fibre, feathers, skin, and vegetable and mineral matter; and in the streets, the principal constituent is finely ground stable manure. Compared with the air over the ocean, microbes are present in the proportion of 13,000 to 1, but as a rule the disease-producing bacteria in the open air of towns, though abundant, are too much diluted to have any appreciable effect on health. In a large town, it is calculated, a man inhales during ten hours 37,000,000 germs. The excess of fine dust of all kinds does, however, persistently weaken the constitution of dwellers in towns—and no wonder, for in every cubic inch inspired the Londoner has to deal with 10,000,000 particles instead of the 31,000 of mountain air.

Carbon dioxide, which in the country is found in the proportion of three parts (not four as usually stated) in every 10,000, very decidedly affects the health of citizens, but not so much from any abnormal amount in the streets as from the habits of people whose occupation keeps them within houses or workshops. Labourers and others employed out of doors are little the worse for the slightly increased proportion of carbon dioxide in ordinary weather. All persons who spend much of the day within walls (and they are the great majority in London) really require an extra amount of oxygen and a deficiency of carbon dioxide to put them near an equality with outdoor workers in the country. Instead of this, they have to breathe a slightly devitalised outside air, a largely devitalised indoor air, an immense excess of fine particles and microbes, and occasionally a choking fog full of tarry matter and a much increased proportion of carbon dioxide. Moreover, they are unaccustomed to use their lungs freely and breathe deeply; they have little opportunity of hard exercise and keeping up a good circulation; and many, immersed in tobacco-smoke and tuberculous dust, submit to be packed more closely than cattle on their daily journey in and out of town.

These conditions, bad in themselves, are aggravated during the prevalence of a dense fog; and the means of defence, even of strong constitutions, are apt to be overcome by a combination of toxic influences sufficiently prolonged.

The standard proportion of carbon dioxide, taken to represent a limit of organic impurity which should not be exceeded within closed spaces, has been fixed by the best observers at not more than 6 per 10,000 above that normally present in the air; 10 per 10,000 is the largest amount which should in any case be permitted. Dr. de Chaumont also devised a scale according to the sense of smell, and by this he described as 'close' a room in which vapour exceeded 4·7 grains in the cubic foot and carbon dioxide exceeded 10·7 in 10,000. In 'very close' the vapour exceeded 5·1 grains, and the carbon dioxide 13 in 10,000 volumes.

The amount of fresh air required by each person and by each gaslight in a room in order to keep the carbon dioxide within moderate limits is not generally realised. Every man at work, exerting himself gently, makes necessary a supply of 4,500 cubic feet per hour, and every batwing gas-flame from 5,400 to 9,000 cubic feet. A man in hard work and a gas-flame turned on full must together be supplied with 18,000 cubic feet per hour. These standards have been arrived at by calculation and experiment. Of course a still larger supply of diluting oxygen must in all cases be salutary. Where gas is burnt without much ventilation, headaches and other ailments abound; and deficiency of fresh air, however caused, is a main element of predisposition to consumption and bronchitis. Much of the efficiency of teachers and scholars in crowded schools is lost through the effects of carbon dioxide and the products of respiration and combustion. A large Government department in London has saved the cost of electric lighting in the decreased loss of work through illness.

The contamination of closed spaces, dwelling-rooms, factories, workshops, and schools can always be reduced in ordinary weather by the admission of large quantities of air almost normal in composition, even in the central districts of large towns. During the prevalence of dense fogs this universal remedy is itself poisoned. By a series of chemical investigations, Dr. W. J. Russell, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, proved that the amount of carbon dioxide during fogs rises frequently to two or three times the ordinary proportion, and on certain occasions during the densest fogs may exceed 14 parts in 10,000, or more than four and a-half times the amount present in the country. On the 11th of December, 1882, the measurement was 14·1, and on the 3rd of April, 1883, it was 13·3. The fog of the 11th of December was very dense, but not the worst on record. The fog of January, 1880, which was much more fatal, might have yielded a still larger proportion of impurity. This was much the

thickest fog in my experience. In some localities I found the maximum distance of view to be four and a-half yards. The fog of the 9th to the 14th of December, 1873, was a very heavy one, with intense cold, and killed many of the prize cattle at the Islington Show. The opposite side of a narrow street was invisible at noon.

In moderate fogs Dr. Russell found a large preponderance of sulphuric and hydrochloric acids compared with their quantity in fine weather. Thus on two fine days the sulphuric acid was .0119 and .0069, the hydrochloric *nil*; on two foggy days the sulphuric was .0476 and .0397, and the hydrochloric .0016 and .0058. The organic matter on the fine days was .0025 and .0032; on moderately foggy days .0182 and .032. 'The amount of carbonic acid in the air,' he says, 'appears to vary exactly with the amount of floating matter in the air, and with the amount of soluble matter which can be washed out of it.' No examination had been made of the air during the worst fogs.

The bad effect of town fogs upon human health depends upon the largely increased amount of gaseous and organic impurities, the saturation, which always favours infection, and the low temperature. This last is important directly as laying the body open to attack through congestion, and indirectly as favouring the accumulation of living and dead organic matter, besides carbon dioxide, within a few feet of the ground.

Now the amount of carbon dioxide in schools, workshops, and inhabited rooms often exceeds 10 parts in 10,000 during ordinary weather; during the worst fogs, when windows are kept shut and the circulation of air reaches a minimum, it must in many cases exceed 20 parts. At such times the outside air may contain 14 parts or more, therefore its admission by windows or ventilators fails to reduce the accumulation to the degree of comparative safety. In workshops and theatres a proportion of 30 in 10,000 has been recorded, but during calm with dense fog the amount would be increased. In full railway carriages with closed windows the carbon dioxide must often reach 60 in 10,000. This devitalised air during foggy spells has a particularly bad influence on convalescents and on persons suffering from bronchitis or throat ailments. It passes on, in a potent condition, the germs of colds and other infections; it prepares the way for various kinds of illness. Large numbers of people must breathe during several days the sort of air which they can hardly bear in a theatre gallery.

The deficiency of sunshine in town during the winter months is most considerable when the country is enjoying bright calm frosty weather. The hours of bright sunshine during the four years 1883-6 were in London 3,925, at Kew 5,713, at St. Leonard's 6,880. From November, 1885, to February, 1886, the hours were in London 62, at Kew 222, at Eastbourne 300.

Roughly, London obtains about a quarter of the sunshine of the country in winter, and possibly less than a quarter of the amount of diffused daylight. Light does not seem to be necessary to the life of man, for coal-miners are a healthy set, and horses flourish for years in the darkness of the pit. But indirectly, at least, the want of light has serious effects, especially through the prevailing dirt which is characteristic of the dwellings of the industrial classes in smoky towns.

There is no good reason why large towns should continue to submit to smoky fogs, dark overhanging mists, or any great deficiency of light and sunshine. These evils do not, as was recently believed, in the main proceed from the presence of invisible dust which must pervade the air of all towns, but from the unnecessary ejection into the air of coal-smoke and visible impurities. Laboratory experiments which showed the easy deposition of a cloud of moisture on invisible dust do not prove that the dust of a non-smoky town gathers cloud or fog much more than the invisible dust which pervades the air of the country. Actual experience of towns which do not emit black or dark smoke, but do, no doubt, emit light fumes and almost incredible multitudes of invisible particles, shows that such invisible dust is not competent to grow dark and persistent fogs. And just in so far as they take to burning smoky coals these towns become subject to increased obscuration. Pittsburg, during the period when it burned natural gas, was free from dense and dark fog. Paris, with over a million inhabitants, used to be clear and bright so long as it burnt wood, and not more subject to fogs than the surrounding country.

The damage in London caused by smoky fogs is so large that if we could secure to the English capital by any contrivance the bright atmosphere which Paris had in the sixties, a heavy primary expenditure would be justified. Ten years ago I reckoned the actual loss to the people of London at about 5,000,000*l.* a year, and have seen no reason to reduce this estimate. This sum probably represents now a little less than half the value of all the coal burnt in the year. The increase in the number and value of art treasures of all kinds, and in the value of building material, and the increased wealth of all classes, must raise very considerably the estimate of damage done.

A remarkable instance of the process of decay of stone-work which goes on continually was brought forward at the recent Smoke-Abatement meeting at Grosvenor House. It appears that a moulding in the stone gallery inside the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral yielded two or three inches of a deposit, consisting chiefly of sulphate of lime, formed from the foul sulphurous London air, and containing 1 per cent. of soot.

Sir Thiselton Dyer had the deposit which fell in February, 1891, on the greenhouses at Kew analysed, with the result of 42·5 per cent. of carbon, 4·8 of hydrocarbon, 4 of sulphuric acid, 0·8 of hydrochloric

acid, 1·1 of ammonia, and 41·5 of mineral matter, chiefly silica and ferric oxide. The weight of deposit during this fog was 22 lb. to the acre. Bushels of leaves fell from the trees in the great Palm House.

The damage done to plant life at Kew alone must be considerable, and the struggle against it must be increasingly difficult to maintain. With the growth of urban communities round about it, Kew Gardens will hardly survive unless the darkening of the air can soon be dealt with by some body as keen as the Thames Conservators, who defend the river from pollution even through remote tributaries.

Fogs are not, I think, denser or darker than they were twenty or thirty years ago in London. Moderate fogs of the smoky kind are probably more frequent. With the extension of building over a large surrounding band of country in all directions, one class of fogs has certainly diminished. The damp fog of the country, which is favoured by hills, by the neighbourhood of the sea, and by pasture-land can rarely exist in central London. The trees of our squares and town gardens do not often rain down showers of moisture like those which in the country can be gathered from a misty air in a quantity sufficient to form pools by the roadside. I have invariably found the dampest fogs less dense within the metropolitan area. Any clearing of the sky, however, on such occasions, with increased radiation and a rapid cooling of the lower stratum, gives occasion for the development of the urban variety.

Fogs, so far as London is concerned, may be divided into four classes, in the order of their density and danger, beginning with the least pernicious :

(1) Damp fog or mist, caused by a thick stratum of exceedingly moist air, with much cloud from the ground upwards to several hundred or usually over 1,000 feet. Dust particles not numerous, being filtered out by cloud-particles slowly descending from a height over a wide area. Radiation slight, or inappreciable owing to amount of cloud and vapour. Commonly a gentle breeze, sometimes nearly calm. Town clearer than country.

(2) Damp fog or mist, dense in country, without much precipitation on trees, shallow, with blue sky visible beyond an altitude of a few hundred feet or less. This may be slight in London if the fall of temperature has not been great, if the ground be not greatly chilled, and if temperature tends to rise. If the fog extends only to a small height, if temperature tends to fall, and the ground has been much chilled, and if there is only a very light air or calm, it will be thick and dark in London, and the smoke may continue to add to the depth and density even during the increase of the sun's power. In mid-winter, this fog is apt to grow during the daytime in town, though in the country it rapidly dissolves under the morning sun.

(3) Dense fog, dry—that is, without visible deposition of moisture on trees—extending usually some hundreds of feet (200 to 750) in height, with light air or calm, low temperature, following a very cold night in which radiation has greatly cooled the surface of the earth. If the sky be either cloudless or only lightly clouded with sprays of cirrus, or more commonly with cirro-cumulo-stratus or other unstable forms, this fog may be exceedingly dense in town and may last several days. It is anti-cyclonic in character, the lowest strata of air are much colder than the strata at 500 to 1,000 feet, the upper air is dry and clear, and radiation is very free. Every particle of water, and still more every particle of smoke on the upper level of the fog, actively radiates heat and precipitates thereby fresh vapour upon itself, while the slanting rays of the sun are incompetent to penetrate effectively the bank of absorbent matter and compensate this loss: Moreover, while in the country such a fog is often dissipated by the continual vaporisation of fog-particles here and there under sunshine, the smoke-particles of the town fog are permanent and incapable of removal except by descent or by the action of wind. The ‘dryness’ of such a fog depends on the number of points of deposition and the incomplete saturation of the air. The smallest fog-particles are not wetting, for they evaporate immediately on touching or before touching an object, unless that object is below the temperature of the air. If the fog be accompanied by hard frost, however, it often happens that, owing to radiation, trees accumulate a large quantity of rime, and in London this rime yields on melting a dark-coloured water.

Fogs of this class are the most serious and most considerable in London, because they are the most frequent, the most widespread, and most persistent. Their approach can usually be foretold.

(4) Occasionally, but seldom, after a very severe frost, when the ground has been chilled much below the freezing-point to several inches in depth, a southerly or other warm current spreads slowly over the country, displacing the cold air near the surface. The condensation of this warmer, moister air, by a ground temperature twenty degrees below its own, produces fogs of the greatest intensity, but they are commonly local and unstable. They may reach only ten, or thirty, or fifty feet in height, and the smoke of chimneys escapes above them, so that they remain white, and the upper air in London remains fairly clear. During its prevalence this fog is the most dangerous to traffic, being the densest, but the least damaging to health.

There are many other sub-varieties of fog, but all are made up from the conditions producing one or other of these four. The main cause of fog, apart from loss of surface-heat by radiation, is the mixture of winds or currents of different temperature, and fogs rarely occur during the prevalence of a uniform widespread current extend-



ing to a great height. Fog is, in fact, usually an indication of the existence in the neighbourhood of more than one current of wind. During the worst visitations any higher clouds seen will be found moving from a different direction from the wind below. If, then, on a winter evening the sky be nearly clear, the wind falling light, and high clouds moving from an opposite direction, with an anti-cyclonic distribution of pressure, and temperature falling to a low degree, we may reasonably expect dense fog on the following morning. If the wind be either more than gentle, or spread over a large area, with upper clouds moving from the same direction, and temperature fairly even and not falling fast, dense fog is very improbable.

Overclouding or uniformity prevents the formation of fog, which is the product of radiation and disparity.

The large addition of heated effluents of chimneys to the air, the lesser capacity of radiation from houses compared with grass, and the protective covering of smoky vapour during the evening and early morning, cause the temperature of the ground and lower strata of air over London to be considerably higher than the temperature in the surrounding country. This difference avails in many cases to prevent the moisture of the air and the density of the fog from attaining a high degree.

As a consequence of the warmer temperature over the area of London, the dew-point of the smoky particles is not reached near the ground, the lower strata ascend with their fumes and gases, and vapour-deposition only comes into play at an elevation of several hundred feet, where cooling by contact and exposure has been sufficient, and there, with calm, a huge curtain of increasing blackness remains hung between earth and sky. The radiative capacity of carbon and tarry matter is very great; it cools quickly by exposure to a clear sky, and by continual cooling refrigerates the neighbouring air, from which vapour then condenses, and remains attached to the carbonaceous particles. Thus the dark cloud finds its equilibrium between the artificially heated area below and the abnormal stratum of maximum temperature which exists in calm anti-cyclones usually at about five or six hundred feet above the level of the plain.

The size of London has in this way tended to relieve the city from many inconveniently thick fogs of the sort which used to trouble it in the middle of last century. They are not less dark, but are raised from the ground; they are impervious to sunshine, but no longer choke the groping visitor to these doleful shades. The gloom may be unpleasant, but it is at least visible.

On the 19th of February last the south-western district of London, including St. James's Park and Green Park, was covered during the afternoon from two till near six o'clock by a fog-cloud which excluded daylight. The darkness was greater than that of a starlit night without moonlight. No doubt the black pall covered a much

larger area than that mentioned. In the period December 9 to 14, 1873, I took observations in passing through many parts of the town, and in the north-east district found on Sunday morning, December 14, a similar darkness without fog near the ground. In 1873 the darkness was much noticed; this year it was taken as an ordinary event, and, although the streets were not artificially lighted, there was no alarm or complaint. The predictions of the end of the world on these once rare visitations not having been fulfilled, they are now fitted as comfortably to the connotation of London as street-organs, foul pavements, and squalling cats. On the 10th of December, 1900, there was a moderate gloom during the whole morning in Paris, causing the shops to light their gas, and on the following day nearly all the newspapers described the phenomenon at length, or referred to it as alarming.

The dark high fog is of course much less objectionable than the low fog of a less degree of darkness. It is well known that the dense ground fogs combined with smoke very considerably raise the mortality and sickness of large towns, while equally dense fogs in the country have no such effect. The coldest ground fog cannot rise; in still weather it behaves almost like a pool of salt water under fresh water or oil; the ground and the suspended particles continually reduce its warmth by radiation and contact, and the stratus or recumbent cloud consequently grows upward until it may reach a thickness of several hundred feet. Just above its upper surface the air is much warmer. I have found at Malvern and Haslemere a difference of six to ten degrees. In the country, when the sun rises it slowly overcomes the loss of heat of the cloud by celestial radiation, and even in the depth of winter often dissolves the whole of its watery constituents into invisible vapour. In the town, an immense outpouring of thick smoke from a million newly lighted fires inhibits the evaporating action of the sun both by obstructing its nearly horizontal rays and by the retentive quality of the sooty matter. Looking from a height of 700 feet, the smoke of a tall chimney here and there may be seen rising just above the surface of the fog-cloud through which it has pushed its way, and then falling back into it and meandering like a slow river along the white stratum\*. There is no escape for the products of combustion, of respiration, and of organic effluvia.

The following seems to be a possible condition, and worth considering with a view to prevention. Intense cold, like that of December 1873 or January 1880, prevails, with calm or varying currents, free radiation, and anti-cyclonic equilibrium. Fog in London extends to 100 feet above the ground. A very gentle movement from E. to W., or W. to E., transfers nearly the whole of the emitted contaminating matter in gathering amount to the district most to leeward. After lasting many hours, the carbon dioxide

reaches in some localities 20 in 10,000, smoke-particles are thick together and oppressive, so as to interfere with breathing, and organic impurities proportionately high. Would not a large percentage of persons, either with or without the presence of an epidemic malady, succumb to the prolonged supply of a respiratory diet so poisoned?

Experience concerning the cattle at Islington in 1873 and concerning the people of London in 1880 indicates that at any rate the killed might be many thousands, and the injured hundreds of thousands.

London has very greatly extended the area of population and contamination since 1880. Apart, then, from the saving of 3,000,000*l.* to 5,000,000*l.* a year by better arrangements for the combustion of fuel, there is the question of deliverance from a possible calamity.

Immunity from dark fogs, from specially obstinate fogs, and from the dark and sunless obfuscation familiar to dwellers in our large towns, may be obtained by several distinct means, or by all of them together, applied respectively when and where convenient.

Factories are enabled to consume their smoke, or, rather, to avoid producing appreciable smoke, by various ingenious appliances which need not be mentioned. Some factories have already saved by their use in a few years several thousand pounds. The continued emission of black smoke from any chimney except of a private house is now illegal in London.

Smoke from kitchen-fires may be much diminished by the use of economical and properly constructed kitcheners or ranges, by careful stoking, and by the use of the least smoky coal broken to a convenient size. Gas-ranges and ring-burners are also very convenient, and may even in some cases save expense where carefully attended. If the price of gas were largely reduced they would be very generally used, and would save much expense in servants' time, cellar-room, cleanliness, chimney-sweeping, and the various effects of a dirty atmosphere.

Public kitchens and restaurants, with arrangements for the supply of meals at private houses, will no doubt gradually increase in number and will economise coal and diminish the pollution of the air by many carelessly tended private ranges.

Ordinary domestic fires admit of great improvement by the adoption of the proper economical principles for slow-burning, adequate but not excessive supply of air, forward sloping fire-backs, and reduced size of chimney. Anthracite coal, gas, wood, and oil are practically smokeless, but all are too expensive to be commonly used. Gas-fires answer very well for sick-rooms and for small rooms only used for a short time, or where the sparing of service is important. Screens of thin glass fitted close to the frame of the fireplace, may be used in some cases with advantage, for though they arrest

and reflect some of the heat, they may be made to diminish greatly the current of air through the room and up the chimney. Coke may often be economically substituted for coal, and except on first lighting gives little smoke. For moderate-sized houses, where much coal is burnt, hot-water pipes to landings and to two or three rooms from the kitchen boiler may be economical as regards fuel and service; but in small houses, which are the majority, the saving of extra expense would depend on the number of fires previously kept going, and on the temperature required. Where only one fire is commonly kept alight, any extra heating appliance would clearly be used at an extra cost, but might be valuable for keeping rooms dry and healthy.

In large houses and in new hotels an excellent system of heating by hot water is now much used, by which every room is maintained permanently at a comfortable temperature in the coldest weather. This has the great advantage of keeping the rooms in good condition and of allowing windows to be often open without too much chilling. The saving of expense in coal room, wear and tear, coal-scuttles, fire-irons, &c., sweeping, dusting, and service generally, and in the increased amenity which favours health and working-power must be very large.

Systems of heating whole blocks of houses by steam are said to be much in use in the United States and Canada. Such a system, with three miles of pipes, has long been used for 200 houses in the town of Lockport. The steam is available for cooking-purposes. Probably steam-heating might well be used for rows of houses in London, and might be obtained at moderate rates in districts which desired large installations. But the mild spells which occupy so large a part of most of our winters make expensive common supplies generally superfluous for small houses, and we must continue to rely much on the separate coal or gas fire in each detached dwelling, with such improvements as may be effected for the sake of private and public economy. Flats and blocks ought certainly to be warmed by hot air, steam, or hot water, instead of the miserable ugly fireplaces still in vogue.

The very large employment of electricity for lighting-purposes ought to have led before now to an important reduction in the price of gas, for, having cheap oil and electric light, we could do very well without it. In the future coal-gas will be supplied rather for heating than for lighting. The advantages of heating and cooking by gas in small houses are so agreeable to the consumer, and the purification of air is so vital an object for Londoners, that every possible facility should be given for a cheap domestic supply and for fixing the necessary appliances at a very low rental. If the gas-works were the property of the public, as in some of our great provincial towns, there would be no difficulty in supplying gas for heating cheaply and

with great economy to the community. The indirect gain by the reduction of smoke, soot, darkness, and persistent fogs would be enormous. Public buildings and works of art would be saved from rapid decay. The municipal ownership of gas-works is really more important in some respects to a large town in this country than the ownership of the water-supply. The common use of gas for heating and for power would clear the streets of much heavy traffic which, in the conveyance of coal for long distances, now wears down the pavement and hinders circulation. It would diminish the blackening of all light-coloured internal and external objects; it would improve the climate, and reduce housework. Each of these items represents a saving of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Parliament has given the gas companies a monopoly of supply; it would certainly seem to have the right to abolish the monopoly on very moderate terms of purchase, or to insist on a large reduction in the price of gas for heating-purposes. Municipal ownership in other matters has been proved to be far more beneficial to the public than company ownership, however supervised and regulated.

Meanwhile, improvements in the domestic modes of burning raw fuel might be enforced by some system of fines, and the law regulating the emission of black smoke might be extended to private houses.

There would be some advantage in the preparation of forecasts of heavy fogs as of gales and storms. From a long series of investigations on the formation of thick haze and fog, I have come to the conclusion that in many cases it will be possible, from certain local as well as general symptoms, to predict, at least a few hours beforehand, the occurrence of dangerous fogs. To state the governing conditions broadly: we may expect to be free from fog so long as (1) the lower and upper currents of the atmosphere move from the same or nearly the same direction, and (2) the wind moves uniformly from about the same direction within a radius of about 100 miles horizontally. On the other hand, we may expect dense fog in winter, or haze in summer, when, with copious radiation, clear or nearly clear sky, increasing cold and calm or a slight wind, the lower and upper currents or two lower currents, within a moderate distance of each other, move from opposite or greatly differing directions. The amount of haze or fog in these conditions, however, depends very largely on the difference of temperature of the two currents, and if they do not much differ there may be no fog. The worst fogs take place with the largest terrestrial radiation, the intimate mixture of two currents much differing in temperature, and prevailing calm or light airs.

Observation of the movements of high clouds, and especially of cirrus and cirro-stratus, is thus of much use for the prediction of fogs, but in the London air during calm conditions these clouds can seldom be seen. Therefore some high ground in the neighbourhood should be chosen for the purposes of forecasting; and if a small

balloon were to be sent up daily about 20,000 feet with a recording thermometer and hygrometer, valuable data would be obtained. At a height of 900 feet in Surrey there is often a slight breeze, with sunshine, while the low ground remains becalmed and foggy for a whole day. During the recent frosts in November, with heavy black fogs in London, the temperature at an altitude of 900 feet was eight or ten degrees higher than on the low ground—not only during the brilliant sunshine of the daytime, but an hour before sunrise. Perfect calm is rare at this altitude.

In some cases fog depends on merely local currents, and can hardly be foretold, but the conditions in which it is likely to occur are easily understood.

So long as a broad and deep uniform current, either dry or moist, blows over these islands, fog will not easily form; when breezes are slight, irregular, differing in temperature, and shallow, with excessive radiation from the surface of the earth, haze or fog will be found over the whole area to which they extend.

Excessive moisture is not at all necessary, and is compatible with visibility; on the contrary, the densest fogs take place when the whole upper and middle air is unusually dry and pervious to radiation.

Sea-fogs, which invade our coasts chiefly in summer, depend on large differences of temperature between land and sea. Hill fogs are, of course, clouds, and are commonly formed in quite different conditions from those which give rise to stratus, the basis of London fogs. They are refreshing to the benighted citizen, if he has not lost the capacity of breathing.

There are, after all, compensations for removal from the brick wilderness by a centrifugal impulse depending upon causes which are mainly physical. For the future of the British race confinement to a vast town is as fatal as settlement in the tropics.

ROLLO RUSSELL.

## THE KITCHEN WAGON

It may be remembered that at an early period in the South African War it was commonly stated that if the troops would only take ordinary precautions and boil their drinking-water—an operation that seems so simple to the householder—much of the suffering and loss caused by the prevalence of enteric fever would be avoided. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that at one time no regiment left England for Africa whose officers had not a fixed resolve to drink nothing unboiled, and that it was only after some experience of campaigning that the practice was discontinued.

The theory has lately been more forcibly revived, and a meeting, attended by several prominent medical men, has been held to discuss a proposition put forward by one of their number who, taking his stand upon these grounds, has suggested that if the proper precautions were taken by the authorities, enteric fever would not only be greatly reduced, but would be rendered so uncommon that anyone found to have contracted it would stand convicted of having broken regulations and acted in an unsoldierly and disgraceful manner. It is proposed that the reduction in the number of patients should be effected by compelling all ranks to drink boiled water, and in order that a sufficient supply may be available it is suggested that an organisation to be called the Royal Water Corps be formed and provided with vessels capable of dealing with all the water that may be required for drinking-purposes, and fitted with special appliances not only for boiling, but for cooling the water within a short space of time. Under these conditions it is argued that those who drink only the water supplied by the Corps will escape the disease, whilst those who contract it will in nearly every case be found upon examination to have brought it upon themselves by drinking unauthorised water. It is, of course, for the doctors to decide what benefits might be expected from this experiment; to what extent enteric fever is spread by water alone; and what degree of immunity an army might obtain by resorting to this somewhat drastic measure. The military authorities have then to be consulted as to the possibility of its introduction, and it is only natural to believe that the increase in transport and addition to the non-combatant strength will always weigh heavily against

the theoretical estimates of the possible decrease in sickness. The whole question is one which must be fought out between the doctors and the War Office; but before the matter is decided it may be worth while to consider what means other nations are adopting to solve the same problem, and how far these means may be found to be applicable to the British Army in South Africa.

There can be no doubt that the proposed Water Corps, apart from the benefits which might attend its labours, would tend to hamper the movements and destroy the comfort of a force. The already cumbrous baggage train would be increased, and it would be difficult to compel the soldier to drink the unpalatable beverage which would be produced by the boiling method. Upon this point a few weeks' experience on the veldt is worth a lifetime of theory. A stern and rigid discipline could doubtless enforce the habit; but if we are to try the experiment in South Africa, a far more serious difficulty presents itself in the scarcity of fuel, and it is easy to see that when it is a question of uncooked food or unboiled water the case will not remain long in doubt. This will not be a rare occurrence, and a few days of unwholesome water will stultify the labours and discomforts of months. I have said that nearly every officers' mess determined on leaving Cape Town to drink nothing unboiled. It may be conceded that a very small proportion of those who made this resolution realised how flat and disagreeable boiled water must be; but this was not the reason that the practice was abandoned. Despite many honest attempts, it was found in nearly every case that the fuel used for heating the water was urgently required by the cooks, and even when these were satisfied it was obvious that the very limited amount of wood that could be collected for the force would be wastefully reduced if it were used in this way. It is true that if brick fireplaces or ranges could have been used, far less fuel would have been burnt than was actually the case where food was cooked over a camp fire, but even so the supply of wood would have been hardly sufficient. No one is anxious to fall a victim to enteric. But the only known preventive was tried and found impossible, and in the vast majority of cases the attempt was early abandoned. It may well be that in other and more wooded countries, where fuel is abundant, no such difficulty would be found in working a Water Corps to the great advantage of those who could be induced to resist the temptation which an apparently wholesome well or stream presents to a thirsty man; but it certainly seems probable that in nearly all parts of the Cape and Orange River Colonies, and in much of the Transvaal, boiled water on the march means an uncooked dinner, and is not lightly to be undertaken.

It will, of course, be objected that the South African War is not the only one in which we shall ever be engaged, and that scarcity of fuel is only a local consideration. But the discussion of the subject



has turned upon the feasibility of organising a Water Corps in South Africa, and if anything is to be done to decrease the losses from disease in war it appears more reasonable to make experiments at a time when we have large forces in the field than wait till they have returned to less trying conditions or embarked upon some future campaign under conditions that we cannot forecast. If it be conceded, as I think it must be by all who have had any experience of campaigning in the treeless uplands of the Orange River Colony, that, apart from all other difficulties, it would be highly inconvenient to use fuel for other than cooking-purposes, it still remains to be seen whether an improvement in the soldier's surroundings which would secure him certain advantages that he now lacks, whilst actually economising fuel, would not go a long way towards decreasing the losses from enteric, dysentery, and other diseases.

Situated in a country in which the scarcity of fuel can rarely become acute, and thus faced with a problem that is in this respect simpler than that with which the British Army is confronted, a great Continental military Power, which has given the subject long consideration, has come to the conclusion that the question of food is of as great importance as that of water, if not greater, and, instead of forming a Royal Water Corps, has revolutionised the methods of cooking in the field. Having had an opportunity of witnessing the grand manœuvres of the Russian Army during the month of August, I had exceptional facilities for observing the methods employed, and the result was so striking that it would at least appear worth while to consider the matter before the formation of a Water Corps is embarked upon or the whole subject is dismissed as unworthy of attention. Having experimented and considered the case in all its bearings, the Russian authorities have come to believe that a hungry man is far more liable to disease than is one who is well nourished, and that it is during periods of extreme exhaustion following on days of great exertion and little food that the influence of unhealthy surroundings, bad water, and poisoned dust are most deadly; and until we have an opinion to the contrary it would seem that this, at least, appears to be a reasonable conclusion. They believe, in fact, that it is not only necessary to provide troops with food in its raw state, but that it must be available for distribution to the men under any conditions of day or night when required.

Preserved or tinned rations, if eaten cold, fulfil these conditions, but if it were possible to give hot fresh meat with equal celerity an undoubted advantage would be gained. To cook meat, however, requires time, and even when bivouac is reached after the day's march a considerable interval is necessary for the preparation of the dinner. Fires have to be lighted, often under adverse conditions of weather and circumstance, and it is only after a long and weary wait that the tired and hungry soldier obtains his evening meal.

During forced marches and after days of fighting it must often happen that he goes unfed even when there remains sufficient food in camp to meet his needs, and in these ways the hardships that he has to bear are much increased. These are the conditions which the ingenuity of the Russian authorities has abolished by making it easy not only to cook with despatch and economy in camp, but to do so with equal ease and certainty on the march by the introduction of a simple contrivance, which, for want of a better name, is known as the 'kitchen waggon.' The shape and detail of the waggon are quite unimportant. The Russians have not yet decided upon their official pattern, and if adopted by the British Army a design suited to our needs would soon be evolved. The main idea is all that we need consider, and experience and experiment would soon decide the size and details. A large metal boiler is fastened upon the axle of a light waggon. The top of the boiler, which opens on hinges, is closed by screws and provided with a safety-valve. Below the vessel there is an iron fireplace or grate, and a metal chimney carries off the smoke. The two-wheeled carriage on which the boiler is fixed is provided with a light trail and limbered like a gun, the driver's seat upon the limber being hollow to carry fuel or supplies. The appearance of the whole is like a gun-carriage, but the boiler is substituted for the gun. During the manœuvres the troops moved off daily at an early hour, and the men in charge of the waggons filled them with water, put in meat and vegetables, and laid wood in the grate before taking their places for the march. About two hours before camp was reached the fires in the waggons were lighted and the food began to cook, so that immediately the men fell out a hot dinner of meat and vegetables and a cupful of hot broth was ready for everyone. If an exceptionally long march had been ordered this process was repeated twice in the day. A hot luncheon may be regarded as an unnecessary luxury, but that troops should be able to eat a good dinner immediately upon their arrival in camp under any conditions of weather, and should thus be able to attend to their duties or go to their rest without a weary wait for badly wanted food, appears less of a luxury than a medical necessity, and has only not been regarded in that light because it has hitherto appeared a condition so utopian as to be practically impossible. No one who has seen the incalculable increase in the comfort of the troops which this apparently insignificant change involves can fail to hope that the experiment may be tried in the British Army.

A comparison between the health of an army employed in manœuvres and an army exposed to all the insanitary conditions of war must always be almost as misleading as the deductions drawn from the military methods of even the most realistic mimic warfare are likely to be in forecasting the result of a European conflict. But the fact that the manœuvres near St. Petersburg were conducted

over a stretch of country considerably longer than the distance between London and York shows that the troops engaged were not coddled ; and the variations in temperature, ranging from burning heat to cold and rainy weather, were such as might easily have caused a fairly high percentage of sick. The Russians contend (and it is difficult to discredit the statement) that the use of the kitchen waggon has almost emptied their hospitals, and that many of the ailments from which the soldiers suffered as a result of exposure and fatigue have almost disappeared under the new *régime*. It must be understood that the adoption of the kitchen waggon does not mean a clear increase in the baggage-train, but only a slight addition of weight and a redistribution of the rations carried in the transport. The waggon will go wherever a gun can be drawn, and the pace at which it moves makes no material difference to the cooking ; whilst the fact that the fire burns in an iron grate instead of upon the ground effects a great economy in fuel. The improvement in the general health of a force using this contrivance can only be judged by experiment, and as the small mobile columns now employed in South Africa would only require a very few waggons per column, this experiment could now be made at very small expense. Even if experience proved that the losses from disease were not diminished, there can be no doubt that the period during which the waggons were on trial would be one of great increase in comfort to the troops, and that all ranks would co-operate in an experiment that decreased the hardships of the soldier ; so that, even if the doctors were not satisfied that the percentage of sickness was reduced, I cannot help believing that the British Army would appreciate the advantages of a system on which the Russian soldier is enthusiastic. And if it were found that not only was the waggon convenient and useful in the field, but that the Russians are right in believing that hunger and exhaustion are the conditions which tend to spread disease, we should have obtained an excellent article of equipment which when once tried would be found too invaluable to be abandoned. It is rumoured that several Continental armies whose representatives observed the working of the kitchen waggon during the march of the allies on Pekin are about to adopt it, and it seems a pity that no steps have been taken by the British authorities to put the contrivance into experimental use in war.

H. SOMERS SOMERSET.

## *WHERE ARE THE VILLAGE GENTRY?*

MOST of us have lately seen a map which shows by dots the number of copies of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' sold in England, with their local distribution. Let us call each dot a family able to appreciate and pay for a costly intellectual luxury. The whole will then represent a percentage taken at random upon the entire number of such families, which may be called, fairly enough, the plums in our national pudding. As its general quality must depend in large measure upon the thoroughness with which the enriching ingredients are compounded with the plain dough, it is easy to see that the map may have an interest beyond its original purpose. For the purpose of my argument I will assume that the same influences which have determined the position of these families would operate similarly upon the whole of the independent class in England, down to the level at which the term 'gentility' ceases to be applied, and that the map may be taken as giving a rough idea of the distribution of the whole.

We must not, of course, expect to find the dots sown with the regularity of corn, so many to each square inch. Each wealth-producing centre is naturally the nucleus of a nebula. But the map is also blurred with masses which bear no rational proportion to the population of the parts where they occur. The dots seem naturally confluent. Astronomers say that all matter must ultimately coalesce. A similar destiny appears to await our well-to-do families. The coast-line from Weymouth to Margate is already almost a continuous ant-hill. Bath, Bournemouth, Brighton, all represent clusters of sheer plums and imply corresponding wastes of flour and water. It is no exaggeration to say that three-quarters of the vast congeries crowded round the west and south-west of London have only a voluntary attachment to their centre, and that South Kensington by itself represents hundreds of square miles from which the fertilising elements of wealth and culture have been extracted. These elements, all England over, are steadily drifting into what we may fairly call 'pleasure cities.'

Every movement has its cry. The slogan of this was originally 'Health.' Gout and consumption drove the well-to-do to 'watering-

places.' Amusement came shyly in as an alleviation to enforced exile. By-and-by it began to attract on its own account. Pleasure found a place, on the posters, with Business, in small letters, lower down. A good deal was done in the way of marrying and giving in marriage. Resident populations grew up, but they were for a long time composed entirely of exceptional cases. Every new settler had to produce an individual justification for what was *prima facie* a desertion of duty. A professedly leisured class was then hardly recognised. Education was much invoked. 'The girls' could get advantages at Cheltenham. The necessity of retrenchment spread a threadbare mantle over many shirkers. That 'the girls' must have advantages and that the family position must be kept up if the family stayed in their old home were postulates not to be challenged without offence. As newcomers multiplied, excuses were taken for granted. People go nowadays to live at Clifton or South Kensington simply and frankly because *τῇ περ ῥηίστη βιοτῇ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν*. The consequence is that all over rural England village manor-houses of the smaller sort are occupied by farmers or land agents, while the people who used to, and ought to, inhabit them are pursuing amusement in the only places where they are now capable of finding it—that is, where they are in sufficient numbers to call themselves 'Society.'

The history of the change of habits which made the impulse to this desertion of duty almost irresistible may be worth tracing.

In pre-macadamite days villages were almost islands. Their inhabitants, rich or poor, were 'companions of a cave.' Class distinctions interfered but little with familiar intercourse. The art of conversation (in the wider sense of the word) with their social inferiors was one in which gentlemen had necessarily to be proficient. The village came in for an amount of attention from 'the house' that would now seem absurd. Every poor woman had a right to 'Madam's' ear. Crabbe's poems were bought by half the squires in England because tales of village life had a genuine relish for their ears. Ladies were then able to understand the rude speech and ruder habits of thought of the poor they lived among enough to follow their disjointed narratives with comprehension and interest. The Scriptural charity, so conveniently contemned in the present day, the feeding the hungry and clothing the naked and visiting the sick and sorrowful, made up nine-tenths of the religion of the country gentry. It was in 'the house' that the conscience of the little community was supposed to reside. The squire might be rough and dominant, but it was felt that with him *noblesse oblige* was a more potent consideration than the balance of profit. His presence in their midst gave the cottagers a sense of security they have now wholly lost. 'The grand old name of gentleman' was then a word of power. It is still sometimes appealed to much as a

Kanaka in one of the floating hells of trade might invoke a discredited fetish of his pagan forefathers. 'If you was a *gentleman* you wouldn't 'a' done it,' says the labourer to the great farmer who possesses in abundance all the outward and visible signs of gentility. The great man is justly indignant. Gentleman! he is a gentleman. Does he not dine late? Do not his wife's dresses come from London? The old meaning of the word lingers in the labourer's mind. For the master its connotation is lost.

The social severance of the rural gentry from the labouring poor was the result of the improvement of roads and multiplication of books which marked the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The company of equals was easier to come by, and imaginative reading began to steal away the interest which the perpetual drama of the village had formerly absorbed. The outer and the inner life became alike exclusive. Gentlefolk no longer talked *with* the poor, they talked *to* them. Intercourse still continued and still retained its kindly character. But in the course of a half-century the rich had made an enormous advance in the culture that intensifies social enjoyment. The poor had stayed, have stayed almost exactly where they were. The two classes had ceased to find *pleasure* in each other's company. Speaking largely, the gentry had come to feel that all that gave savour to life was the fraction of it spent with companions of their own social level. This was the reason that when in later years the fall of rents, by reducing the amount that landowners could spend in 'seeing company,' again contracted neighbourhoods, the isolation of country families was more complete and less tolerable than in earlier times. The bicycle might have saved the situation, but the day of the wheel had not yet dawned, and when its dusty and perspiring delights at length revealed themselves to mankind, the lords of the land were already in full retreat. It was the old story of the *Peau de Chagrin*. The magic skin which represented the pleasurable existence had shrunk alarmingly. How could it be stretched? Satan, as usual, was ready with a suggestion. Prices had again gone up. The squires tried to appropriate the additional value of what was grown on their land. They raised the rents. The farmers had to pay, but they recouped themselves by lowering wages. Six shillings a week was a usual labourer's wage. Men in full work lived on barley bread. Ploughboys would fight in the field for a bit of bacon rind dropped by a careless carter, and mothers of families thought themselves lucky if they had a stolen swede to boil in the pot for the family supper. Then came the Labourers' Union, that despairing protest of men ground between the upper and the nether millstones of high prices and low wages against a state of things which gentry, farmers, and parsons concurred in regarding as lawful and right. The simple fact was that the lust for that particular form of enjoyment we call

'Society,' with its costly concomitants, which had invaded the upper classes, could only be gratified in the country by a personal expenditure which the land was utterly unable to meet while continuing to maintain the farmers in the abundant comfort they demanded as a right, and also to give anything remotely approaching the decencies of existence to the labouring poor. The tension was relieved by the withdrawal of many of the smaller country gentry, who left their duties behind them to be looked after by anyone who chose, much as the ordinary London householder leaves his cats when he goes down for a month to the seaside.

Let us leave the deserting squires to the enjoyment of such good things as the god of shirkers has provided for them that love him, the golf and the club and the esplanade, and the constant exchange of opinions on foreign policy with others of their sort. Their sons people the professions, their daughters dabble in art, dress like fashion-plates, and whizz about upon wheels in the insatiable craving for companionship. All is very well with them. But how is it with the villagers? Is it possible that the present steady efflux of labourers is due to a change in their position resulting from the absence of a class necessary to the equilibrium of rural life? Are they leaving the land because so many of the smaller gentry have left it already?

Most practical men will say, No. According to them, the substitution of the large farmer for the small squire has shown itself to be for the advantage of the cottagers. Put your finger, they say, upon any single point in which the labourer has suffered from, or even since, the departure of the family of very ordinary people who lived some thirty or forty years ago in the Court or the Grange now occupied by Mr. Bishop, the agent, or Mr. Gorgibus, the great farmer. Any salutary influence they might have possessed had long disappeared. Their charities, their gifts of food and money and clothing, only sapped the self-reliance and self-respect which better wages and the exercise of political rights were naturally producing in the labouring class. Their presence was a cloud upon the healthy development of the new social life which was springing up under a more rational *régime*. The country labourer is no worse off now than he has always been: there are, indeed, strong grounds for saying that he is better off than he has ever been. The healthfulness of the conditions under which he lives is shown by his longevity, his wages are better than they were, his housing not worse, his food cheaper and more varied, his hours of work shorter. Moral and intellectual requirements are provided for by churches, free schools, and reading-rooms. The Local Government Act has given him the power of controlling the public affairs of his parish. This general improvement has opened the eyes of the younger men to the existence of still higher individual possibilities. They leave the villages

to seek their fortunes in the world. The impulse is one common to most healthy and well-fed young men of the English race. If our practical man is a farmer and a churchwarden, he will probably add *sotto voce*, 'Jehu waxed fat and kicked.'

The case so put is a strong one, all the stronger because the facts it rests upon are intelligible at a glance. But man does not live by bread alone. His well-being is affected by things quite imperceptible to superficial observation. Let me give an illustration. Horse-copers used to disguise an obscure disease in a horse's foot by severing the nerve connecting the foot with the horse. Pain and lameness ceased, the animal was apparently sound. But by-and-by the hoof sloughed off. It was through the smaller resident gentry that vital connection was kept up between England and the rural poor. The *solidarité* of the village with the whole social system has been compromised by their partial withdrawal. Its labouring inhabitants are 'out caste,' debarred by their position from any intercourse with the only superior class with which they usually come in contact, in which their degradation is not a recognised fact.

Nothing can seem more absurd, nothing is more bitterly true. Let me explain the situation as I see it.

Within the last generation or so a great class promotion has taken place in rural England, but it is one in which the rural poor have not had a part. The farmers have gone up, and the poor have stayed where they were. Miss Betham Edwards, herself once a farmer and come of farming folk, has recently called attention to the remarkable change in their style of living within her own memory. The fact is one of common notoriety. 'They live like gentlefolk,' is the way the poor put it. This is, of course, their own concern. But in adopting the habits of the disappearing gentry they considered themselves to have also stepped into their position in the social scale, thus leaving the actual tillers of the soil behind and below them at the whole interval of a missing class.

Social ambition is so universal that to condemn it is to waste words. Success in agricultural pursuits is as legitimate a means of rising as any other, and the ladder of ascent may be planted on a farm exactly as well as on a factory. Individual climbers are speedily indistinguishable among the class to which they have raised themselves. Each rung has brought its lesson. So it is with the man who rises through the ranks to a commission. But it is different when promotions are sudden and comprehensive. Class characteristics have to be assumed in a hurry, and the most obvious are the first laid hold of. Essentials can wait. Aristocratic hauteur and exclusiveness are at the same time an assertion of position and a buckler against inconsiderate familiarity. They are easily put on, and they fit at once. The consequence is that there is probably no one in the world whose bearing to his inferiors is so lofty as that of



the modern farmer. His intercourse with the drudges of the field is limited to curt orders or conclusive remarks. 'Talking ~~it~~ over,' that sovereign salve for the irritation that springs from imperfect comprehension, is a thing of the past. It requires fine tact to be habitually brusque without being occasionally brutal. 'Your wife's away, isn't she?' asks a master. 'No, sir. She's been sick abed for the last month.' 'H'm! *Nothing infectious*, I hope.' 'Have you had a ba-aby, Mrs. Hack? I didn't know you had a ba-aby,' draws a great lady of this class to a labourer's wife who is nursing a six weeks old child at the door of her cottage not fifty yards from 'The Hall.' There was nothing strange in her ignorance. No servant would have thought of mentioning a matter so utterly alien to genteel interest as a birth in a labourer's cottage. *Personal* neighbourly intercourse there is none. A cutting remark may draw tears; it is never openly resented. A perfectly respectable woman, a wife and a mother, had to appear before a village magnate sitting in some official capacity. She gave her name. 'Smith? Smith? Don't know you. Husband's name?' 'Jabez, sir.' 'Oh! I know. *And a nice lot too!*' 'He had no *right* to say it,' she said afterwards. 'What had we done?' Of course he had no right. He might have had an excuse. He might have been mad, or drunk. He was neither. He was only a great farmer speaking to a labourer's wife.

The change has been sudden. Balls, dinner-parties, garden-parties, 'Society,' all these words are of comparatively recent importation into the agricultural vocabulary. They are lived up to. Dress keeps pace with the occasions for displaying it. The sedulous care of the hands, the eternal gloves, the religious insistence upon minutiae of delicacy which makes in a farmhouse the omission of a salver in a maid's handing a letter matter for outraged indignation—all these trifles give an idea of the gap between two grades that originally formed a continuous incline. 'She've served me with a pound of bacon,' was the comment upon a *grande dame* alighting from her carriage, 'and she won't put her foot to ground now without a bit of carpet to set it on!' I think this was an exaggeration. I did not see the carpet, which was probably only immaterially present. But rises are certainly of startling rapidity. The ranks of the many-acred are largely recruited from the trading class, the grocers of large villages, the butchers of country towns, whose thorough practical acquaintance with rural matters justifies the transference of their accumulated gains to the land, which tempts them with the promise of a distinct and immediate social elevation. They assume the tone of their new society with little difficulty. Money disarms criticism, manners are easily acquired, and the general standard of the class they enter is much the same as that of the class they leave. The caustic remark I have quoted was truth in pictorial form.

There are things that England has not courage enough to look squarely in the face. The village question is one. We are all agreed in thinking that as the vigour of our urban populations is only kept up by the continuous infusion of country blood, the condition of the village breeding-grounds is of high importance. The young stock should be born, bred, and reared under the healthiest conditions possible, moral as well as physical. We hear constantly that the growth of hooliganism in great towns constitutes a serious menace to society. Does the surplus population of the country which flows constantly into the slums carry with it such a prepossession in favour of order and constituted authority as may justify us in regarding it as a continuous reinforcement to good?

The dominating influence in our villages is that of the great farmers. Are they, as a class, fit depositaries of a national trust upon which so much depends?

The proverb 'Give a dog a bad name,' &c., stands good inverted. We are all naturally inclined to associate the words 'British farmer' with a group of eminently British virtues, honesty at their head. But standards of conduct differ with classes. *Noblesse oblige* is different from 'professional honour,' which again owns restrictions unknown to 'commercial morality.' 'Agricultural honesty' probably satisfies the agricultural conscience, but we should be wrong in unreservedly identifying it with the honesty of common parlance.

Nothing is more remarkable in English village life than the completeness with which the employers have lost the confidence of the men.

I have never asked a labourer what he thought of his master. To do so would defeat the object of the inquiry. But *obiter dicta* carry conviction. Mine is that the belief that right is *never* done for righteousness' sake underlies the whole relation of the peasant to the farmer. Here is a scrap of dialogue repeated with grim humour as having passed between two aged men, one a farmer 'universally respected' in his class, the other a decayed labourer to whom circumstances had given his *franc parler*. They were at odds about something. 'John,' said the *vir pietate gravis*, 'I only wish to do what is right.' 'Well,' replied the son of the soil, 'I've knowed ee now going on sixty year, and if you be a-going to do what's right *now*, it'll be the fust time as I ever *knowed* it of ee, and the fust time as I ever *heard* it of ee.' A Conservative M.P. said last year in the House of Commons that the Employers' Liability Act of 1880 was of no use in villages, because the only available witnesses were the sufferer's fellow-workmen, and they would not give evidence against their master. The implication of course was that the 'honest farmer' would make them repent of speaking the honest truth.

The simple fact is that the conception of conduct of the class in general is lower than it was in their less pretentious days. The

temptations to sharp practice are greater because 'Society' is insatiable in its demands upon the pocket. Some extra gain must be made out of every transaction, however, small. 'What's your bill?' said a wealthy agriculturist to a struggling labourer who had undertaken 'a job.' 'Ah! two pounds two and a penny. Receipt it.' The man did so. 'Here you are,' handing him a couple of sovereigns. '*You make me a present of the change.*' Nothing embitters life like the consciousness of being taken small advantage of at every turn or corner, and this consciousness is perpetually present with the rural poor. In order to keep up his present style of living, the farmer *must* pinch. And the person he pinches is the labourer.

Physique is not a bad test of morale. Go into any market and note the vast bulk of the farmers who attend it. The other day at an agricultural show at Cardiff *twenty-three* failed to pass an ordinary turnstile. Are the habits of life that induce this habit of body compatible with serious work, or with the moral tone befitting men to whom a great national interest is committed? Some years ago an article from the pen of a farmer at the Cape appeared in a leading English magazine. He contrasted, hour by hour and day by day, the life of a great agriculturist in South Africa with that of his British compeer, and heaped unmitigated scorn upon the sloth and self-indulgence of the latter. Prejudice! well, watch the life of one. He dawdles a little in the saddle over his farm, attends a market or two in the week, shoots a little, hunts now and then, goes to town pretty often, takes his wife occasionally to the seaside. It is a pleasant and harmless existence. But when we add heavy eating and constant moderate drinking, and remember that beyond the mere keeping of accounts, chaffering at market, and directing routine work, intellectual exertion there is none whatever in his life, we are driven to believe that the whole man is materialised, that the higher issues of life are non-existent for him. Facts seem to bear out this belief. No class produces so few men of eminence as this. Crofters and 'statesmen,' small yeomen and working farmers, have been honourably represented by sons of distinction in every department of English intellectual and practical life. Where are the sons of the great farmers in the race? Not placed.

It is from men like these that village lads draw their ideas of the whole social fabric. It is to them an association of the rich, strong enough to compel the submission of the poor. They learn early that a cow and a labourer supply milk and labour to a master whose object is to incur no more expense in their keep than will prevent the supply of milk, or of labour, from falling off, and who, when one or the other animal gives out, will see it go to the butcher or the workhouse with equal serenity. Poverty in the country is constantly embittered by a sense of caste inferiority, his power of inflicting

which is to the wealthy employer a perpetual certificate of higher caste. The social depression of the cottager is the measure of the social elevation of the pseudo-squire. 'As long as a man stays on the land he can't call his soul his own,' is an expression often heard among the poor. Authority is identified in the mind of the young peasant with the *υβρις* of his employer. Wherever he goes his sympathies will ever be on the side of lawlessness, because law has always appeared to him as the power that supports oppression.

The desertion of the country by the smaller gentry has removed an influence that held this *υβρις* in check. Wherever a village contains a sprinkling of independent residents the condition of the labouring class is better. They have more manly virtues, fewer servile vices. Publicity is an ægis under which manhood thrives. This is part of the secret of the great employer's aversion to what he calls 'little men,' peasants who do not depend upon wages. They form a public opinion before which he is perfectly aware that his conduct and character are arraigned. Resident gentlefolk did more. They had the power of inflicting social punishment for offences no law could touch. A dirty action got round to 'the house,' and the offender found himself put in the corner in a way perfectly intelligible to his dependents as well as to himself. In most villages he is now irresponsible. Great farmers take no account of each other's dealings with the poor, except by uniting against any individual who may raise wages without the concurrence of the rest. For one farmer to express by word or manner any opinion whatever as to another's treatment of his men would be a grave infraction of agricultural etiquette.

It is a pity that the ideals of the middle class have changed. It is not so long ago that it was the dream of an active man's life to spend the evening of his days in the country. He looks upon it now as the worst of exiles. Take the sons of the country clergy. Most of them embrace some active career. How many of those who realise a small competence return to spend it in the country? Perhaps one in a hundred. Look at the army and navy. Retired officers used to be familiar figures in our villages. Watering-places have swallowed them up. What becomes of the well-pensioned officials, a cultivated and superior class, whom India is perpetually returning in the prime of useful life to England? They drift together in places like South Kensington or Cheltenham. Their culture produces no crop and their superiority elevates nothing. And all the while rural England is perishing for the want of men like these, men capable of illuminating with unselfishness and lofty purpose the night of brutal materialism that has fallen like a pall upon our country villages. But they cannot face the sacrifice. They have always lived in the atmosphere of a single class, and they cannot draw breath outside it. The leaven refuses the coarse contact of the dough. The streams

that should fertilise society at large are lost, just when their diffusion should be widest, in the central quicksand of Gentility.

I have said nothing of the country clergy. They are mostly what it is impossible that they should not mostly be. Take a man who has chosen the Church as a profession because he feels himself unequal to the rough jostle of the world. Put him down, utterly unsupported, in a village where his success depends entirely upon the goodwill of the junta of farmers who rule the parish. Nine times out of ten he becomes their man. And what becomes of the parish? This. Dissent decays. Everybody goes to church. The Sacrament is well attended. The choir includes all the young men. The churchwardens are the wealthiest men in the place. The admirable condition of the church makes a favourable impression upon archdeacons and rural deans. It is a model parish. But the publicans drive a roaring trade. Drink rages among the women even more than among the men. Children are its foredoomed victims. Schooling is powerless against example. Everyone knows that the man who receives the Sacrament on Sunday may have been drunk on Saturday night, that he swears habitually like a trooper, and that the money that should keep wife and children decent goes to some sneaking scoundrel who bets on commission. To talk of 'an honest day's work' is to be archaic indeed. Shirking is systematised. Dishonesty inflicts no social stigma. The village leads a double life, and the rising generation at least sees no incongruity whatever in the fact. It is impossible to gauge the extent to which the moral sense of English rustics has been blunted by this hideous duplicity. As a class they have been treated like pariahs, and like all outcasts they have developed an esoteric code of morals with which the school and the Church have nothing whatever to do. Nor have they the shadow of a belief left that the conduct of 'their betters' is guided by higher considerations than their own. Religion and Life are different things. The position was neatly summed up lately in a short dialogue between a master and a labourer who was leaving because, according to him, he had not been treated with 'common Christianity.' 'Christianity!' quoth the master indignant. 'Christianity! What has Christianity to do with it? If you want *Christianity*, there's the Church for you!' A few of the elder labourers still take a personal pride in their work, in their honesty, and in their conduct. But they have no influence with the rest. The stream is too strong to be curbed. They are survivals of a state of things which has passed away, and few indeed will be their successors.

And no one realises whither the stream is going. The parson has perhaps a vague idea that all is not well. He falls to work with oil and rag upon the soul-saving machine of which he is the engineer. All the parts work admirably. He is satisfied. The great people who come down for the shooting get their bows and their curtseys

and compare the English peasant favourably with the Norman churl or the German boor they may have met in their travels. The infrequent families of middle-class people who live in the country take their opinions *en bloc* from the parson. But the country clergy are supporters of a state of things under which the Church thrives. 'Camarinam ne moveas' is the motto of the profession.

'Alas, poor Yorick!' Had we but in the Church a few men of that unpopular type who, hearing of 'a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding,' would say without more ado, 'The man was a dirty fellow,' there might still be a village reaction in favour of truth and honesty and manliness. But what could such a one do alone, and where are the men who should back him? They form the genteel society of watering-places and pleasure-cities.

D. C. PEDDER.

*LAST MONTH*

It is a far cry from Washington to Chesterfield; yet the capital of the United States and the little Derbyshire town, with its grim setting of colliery chimneys, have something in common. Each has been the scene, since I last wrote, of political demonstrations upon which the eyes of the world have been fixed. At Washington, Mr. Roosevelt has issued his first Presidential message—a document expected with no common eagerness and anxiety. At Chesterfield, Lord Rosebery has signalled—or, to speak more correctly, signified—his return to active political life by a speech for which the public, not only in this country, but throughout the civilised world, waited with an anxious curiosity that may fairly be described as unprecedented. That speech, when it was delivered, became at once the dominant factor of the hour, and among all the political events of the past month it is unquestionably the most remarkable.

It is a week now since I heard Lord Rosebery speak in the railway-shed at Chesterfield to the assembled company of Derbyshire Liberals, but there is as yet hardly any sign of the abatement of the public interest aroused by his epoch-making utterance. We were told, before Lord Rosebery spoke, that the Chesterfield meeting had been 'well advertised,' and that the ex-Premier's return to the political platform had been 'boomed' with equal spirit and adroitness. I speak of what I know when I say that this idea was wholly fallacious. The arrangements for the Chesterfield meeting were in the hands of a simple local committee, who were chiefly anxious to make the gathering a success as one representative of Derbyshire Liberalism, and who had no thought of courting the attention of the outside world. It was the world which came to them, not they who went out into the world in search of support. This was so empathically the case that I believe I am correct in saying that, with one exception, the only persons invited to the meeting were the Liberal M.P.s for Derbyshire. It was the name of Lord Rosebery, and that alone, which caused the excitement that prevailed as the date fixed for the meeting approached.

A month earlier I had read in the newspapers of New York the

announcement that he had accepted the Chesterfield invitation, and I had seen the comments of American politicians upon the fact. In this country for more than a week before the meeting took place little besides was talked of in political circles; but, there was no 'booming' of the event by ingenious advertising. For that I can vouch absolutely. The mere announcement that Lord Rosebery was going to make a serious political speech on a given date was sufficient to set everybody talking, and to urge the pens of scores of ready writers to speculate upon what it was that he might have to say. It was curious to think that all this excitement and curiosity—all this fuss, as Lord Rosebery himself tersely described it—was caused by the impending return to the political arena of one who, it had been often declared, had missed his chances, and, by his silence and inaction, lost the hold which he had once had upon the Liberal Party and the British public. Many times during the past year the press has testified to its belief that Lord Rosebery, having exhausted the patience of an impatient world, had brought the penalty of his offence upon his own head in the shape of popular indifference to his opinions and his movements. It was a startling awakening from this dream which the politicians of England experienced when the announcement of the Chesterfield meeting was made. From every political circle in this country, from every capital in Europe, from our colonies and the United States, even from the remnant of the exiled Boer Government in Holland, emanated proofs of the anxiety and interest with which Lord Rosebery's utterances were awaited. Yet sapient journalists, in their desire to explain a state of things almost without precedent, leapt to the conclusion that it was all a case of clever advertisement, and that some political Barnum, who had somehow or other managed to conceal his existence up to that moment in the thin ranks of Lord Rosebery's personal adherents, was the creator of this world-wide interest and anticipation! The delusion is one that ought to be recorded, if only as proof of the kind of intelligence which dominates no small section of the press.

The fact was that during all those months and years in which Lord Rosebery, like Brer Rabbit, 'lay low'—though not low enough to escape being the target for a thousand malicious shafts—his personality was one of the great factors in the public life of our country. Men intrigued against him with never-ending fertility of resource. Some intrigued for him, most certainly without his approval, and probably without his knowledge. Other friends of his, who had no passion for intrigue, assailed him with almost daily appeals to bestir himself, to recant his resignation speech in 1896, and to plunge again into the seething cauldron of party politics. And when he gave no heed to these appeals, not a few fell



away from him in bitterness and disgust, announcing that the time had come when they must seek for another and more pliable leader to stem the tide of extreme and fanatical opinion which seemed to be sweeping a distracted and divided party to its doom. And while all this was happening, the superior critics of our reviews were engaged in analysing his character, dissecting his motives, and foretelling his future. As one looks back, the wonder not unnaturally caused by the outburst of eager expectation over the announcement of his return to the arena passes away. How was it possible that the re-appearance in serious public life of one who had so long remained a passive figure while these conflicting waves of anger, adulation, malice, and speculation were vainly beating around him should fail to interest the world? It would be a different world from what it is if it had not been visibly moved by the thought of the message which this enigma among men would bear upon his lips when at last he spoke.

Some attempts were made, chiefly in the more obscure organs of official Toryism, to make Lord Rosebery in some way responsible for the wild expectations which were aroused as the day for his appearance at Chesterfield drew near. These organs might surely have grasped the fact that nobody was likely to suffer more from the exaggerated anticipations of the public than Lord Rosebery himself. Nobody can have known better than he that he possessed no magic wand with which to still the angry sea of political life in a most critical moment of the nation's history. Nobody can have realised more acutely the fact that it is given to no man, in times like those through which we are now passing, to evoke peace out of war, to bind into a whole the scattered units of a party which has for years past been at strife within itself, to restore public confidence in the administration of the national affairs, or to convert the unconcealed hatred and jealousy of foreign nations into appreciation and good will. Yet one or all of these achievements were expected of Lord Rosebery by one section or other of the public when he gave his opinions to the world. What more striking proof could we have had of the unique position which he holds in this country, and not in this country alone?

The most striking fact is that he should have passed through the ordeal of his speech with so extraordinary a measure of success. If he has not done everything that was expected of him by hare-brained and hysterical folly, he has done more than any sane man had dared to hope that he would accomplish; and after his speech he stands upon a platform not only far more solid but even higher than that which he occupied when he was the subject of the wild speculations of the multitude. This, in plain English, is the result of one of the most remarkable deliverances of a man's mind which has ever been

attempted by an English statesman. To find a parallel to it, one must go back to that speech by Mr. Gladstone in 1866, when he explained to the Liberal Party in the House of Commons how it was that he, once the rising hope of British Toryism, had become the leader and spokesman of those who were the absolute and uncompromising opponents of Tory principles and ideas. Up to the time when he made that speech Mr. Gladstone was still the object of no inconsiderable degree of dislike and suspicion on the Liberal benches. From that moment onwards there was no one who did not understand where the great man stood, and how firmly fixed were the roots of his intelligence and his faith in the soil of Liberalism. It seems as though a result not unlike this was attained by Lord Rosebery's speech at Chesterfield. It is but a few weeks since men were speculating upon the possibility of his becoming a leading figure in the ranks of the Unionist Party, and there were thousands of good Radicals throughout the country who regarded him as a greater enemy of Liberalism than Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain. It would be too much to say that the Chesterfield speech has killed all the calumnies and misunderstandings and malicious innuendoes which for years have flourished in such rank luxuriance around Lord Rosebery's name. Personal hatreds and jealousies are not easily extirpated; but at least it has become clear that those prejudices which sprang, not out of personal vindictiveness, but from mere ignorance and misconception, have been removed by Lord Rosebery's deliverance, and that a great body of men who recently looked upon him with suspicion and dislike have welcomed him as an ally and a leader in the work on which their hearts are set. Nor has this victory been achieved by any sacrifice of the special convictions with which Lord Rosebery has always been credited, any lowering of the lofty standard of duty which a British statesman owes to his country and the Empire, that in by-gone years he has maintained so proudly. On the contrary, after he had spoken at Chesterfield there were none who acclaimed him more loudly than those who make the discharge of our Imperial obligations the essential and predominating factor in sound statesmanship. I shall refer later to the criticisms naturally evoked by the Chesterfield speech. It will suffice here to draw attention to the fact that not even the most foolish or ill-natured of his critics have ventured to cast any doubts upon Lord Rosebery's fidelity to the Imperial side of politics, or to hint that the larger interests of the Empire would not be safe in his hands. It follows that, whatever else men may think of this speech, it must be admitted by everybody that it was a remarkable personal triumph for the speaker. This fact may not of itself constitute it an epoch-making speech, but it certainly gives it an almost unique interest in our recent

political annals. Of its larger significance, which seems to justify the use of that phrase, 'epoch-making,' I shall speak presently.

One was reminded of the far-off days of Midlothian campaigns by the scene at the railway station when Lord Rosebery left London for Chesterfield on the afternoon of Monday, the 16th of December. On the platform many faces familiar in the House of Commons were to be seen. One could have wished that they had not been so largely representative of one particular section of the Opposition—the Liberal Imperialists. It was not, however, the fault of the promoters of the meeting, and certainly not of Lord Rosebery, that so few of the Centre party, or the Left, made the winter day's journey to Chesterfield. As I have already said, no invitations were issued to politicians outside Derbyshire, all others were free to come or to stay away as they pleased. It seems a pity, in the light of subsequent events, that so few men were there to represent the great middle party in Liberalism. But more significant than the group of actual and expectant M.P.s on the platform was the crowd of unknown persons who gathered opposite the carriage reserved for Lord Rosebery, and who greeted him with a cheer on his arrival which swelled into a tremendous shout of good will as the train started on its way. When political feeling gets down to the man in the street one knows that it is unusually strong. At Chesterfield, as might have been expected, there was a dense crowd on the snow-covered platform, and the demonstration of welcome was enthusiastic. Through the darkness of the night and the falling sleet, relieved only by the glimmer of fitful illuminations, a procession, headed by the inevitable brass band, escorted Lord Rosebery to the hotel, where tea was served before the meeting. Here half the people of the little town seemed to have gathered, and all was bustle, excitement, and good will, policemen, mounted and on foot, keeping order as on the occasion of a royal visit. In the building which had been arranged for the meeting thousands of persons seemed to have assembled by six o'clock. It was, no doubt, the best building that Chesterfield could furnish, but it was not an ideal place for the delivery of a speech that was to last for two hours. It was very long and very narrow, bearing a quaint resemblance to a section of a railway tunnel, the sides and roof of which had been draped in the national colours. So far off were the people at the end of the hall that it was impossible for those on the platform to see more than a dim shimmer of white, representing the faces of a thousand patient men and women. When the chief actor appeared he met with a hearty greeting from an audience which rose to receive him, but for the first few sentences of his speech it seemed to those around him that such a fiasco as that described the next

morning on the bill of the *Standard* was impending. At the further end of the hall a continuous noise was kept up, and it appeared impossible that the speech could proceed. Indeed, Lord Rosebery for a few seconds had to desist from the attempt to make himself heard. Fortunately, this moment of confusion soon passed, and almost before one was aware the orator had mastered his audience and was holding them spell-bound. For two hours he continued to do so, while he poured forth the argument for which the whole country was waiting. It was a terrible strain for any man to speak for such a length of time in such a building. It must have been almost as great a strain for the audience packed in the body of the hall to listen. Yet never once during the whole two hours did speaker and audience lose touch, and it was strange to see how quickly every point the former made was caught up by the sturdy company of miners and artisans whom he addressed. In many respects the speech differed from those we are accustomed to hear from Lord Rosebery's lips. It was to a great extent devoid of the element of humour which as a rule forms the salt of his utterances. There was hardly an epigram or a polished phrase. To many it seemed as though the speaker were thinking aloud, and thinking in a vein of unwonted gravity. That he was more anxious about the substance than the form of his remarks was obvious. For the most part his words flowed on in a slow and even current, and it was strange to see how, despite the monotony of utterance, everybody listened eagerly as though anxious not to lose a syllable. But once and again the prolonged even strain of speed was broken by a vehement outburst of eloquence, to which the audience responded eagerly. Of such a nature was the passage in which the speaker dealt with the assertion that 'no alternative Government' was possible. Here the scorn which he infused into his voice was indescribable, and the climax, when he bade the nation 'Go dig in its cabbage garden' if it could find no substitute for the present administration was almost startling in the force and vehemence with which it was declaimed. There were other passages hardly less striking; but for the most part it seemed as though the speaker sought rather to convince his hearers than to move them. Even when he uttered the sentence in which he expressed his willingness to do what he could to further the policy he had recommended, he used no oratorical trick to emphasise what he said. It was the audience, not the orator, who proclaimed its significance. As for the peroration, it was wholly unlike any other peroration I ever heard. 'In this country you like a man who speaks his mind.' Then, almost in a conversational tone, just as though he were speaking to a friend in his own room, came the words, 'Well, I have spoken mine.'

. In these words the speech as a whole was faithfully described.

Its unique merit and significance lay in the fact that it was—so far as any man, not the speaker, could judge—an absolutely frank and honest deliverance of his opinions on the different questions with which he dealt. This was the feature of the utterance that most deeply impressed those who heard him. They felt that they had indeed been listening to a man as he spoke his mind, and I think they appreciated the speech all the more because it was so perfectly free from flights of eloquence and tricks of rhetoric. It was this conviction of the frankness and integrity of the speaker, I am convinced, that made Mr. Asquith, who was loudly called for when Lord Rosebery himself had been dragged off through the snowstorm to address an overflow meeting elsewhere, so emphatic in pronouncing his adhesion to a policy which was by no means on all-fours with that advocated by himself. The first fruits of the eagerly expected utterance were indeed the brief comments of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, and no higher testimony to its success could well have been afforded than that which was furnished by their acceptance of the doctrines it laid down. 'At all events the Liberal Imperialists have accepted it,' was the comment heard on every side as the great crowd of listeners slowly melted away in the darkness, and the railway shed which had been the scene of so memorable an event was left once more to solitude and silence.

Those who had actually heard the speech were perhaps more eager to read the newspaper comments upon it than those who first became acquainted with it from the reports. Many an oration which has moved a crowded hall to enthusiasm has seemed tame and barren to those who have merely read the spoken words in cold print. Men had come away from the Chesterfield gathering full of the conviction that they had been listening to one of the most memorable utterances they had ever heard; but how would it strike the outside world? That was the question upon every lip. It was soon answered. The daily newspapers—with just those exceptions which give emphasis to the verdict of the majority—were all agreed that the speech was a great one that went far towards the fulfilment of even the wildest anticipations that had been formed with regard to it. But the surprising fact was that all sections of opinion found something to accept in the propositions laid down by Lord Rosebery. He had not, said the Imperialists, thrown over Lord Milner; he had not shown any weakness on the question of the prosecution of military operations in South Africa; above all, he had explicitly dissociated himself from any utterances that seemed to asperse the honour or humanity of our soldiers. He had spoken out manfully on the need for efficiency in all branches of the national administration, and had criticised the faults and shortcomings of the Government with unsparing severity, cried those who are more anxious to

see the safety of the country ensured than to secure any mere party victory. He had pointed the way to peace, and had trampled under foot the cry of 'unconditional surrender,' was the verdict pronounced, at first with hesitation, but as time passed with increasing confidence and enthusiasm, by even the strongest opponents of the war. Unanimity of praise is always dangerous in the case of a public man, and many of Lord Rosebery's friends were apprehensive when they heard the loud chorus of approval with which his speech was received from directly opposite camps. But as time passed, and his declarations were subjected to a cooler criticism than that which was possible at the first moment of their reception, it was seen that in some quarters the appreciation of their value became warmer and more confident, and that even the criticism which was indulged in by those who sought to show the independence of their judgment was by no means destructive.

There was one result of the speech which nobody had anticipated—probably not even the speaker himself. Before he opened his mouth there was a pretty general belief that, whatever other results his re-appearance on the scene might have, it would almost certainly aggravate the difficulties of the unhappy Liberal Party and probably complete the disruption which has so long seemed imminent. The speech, it was thought, would be a sword cleaving asunder the antagonistic forces in the Opposition camp, and compelling every man to declare himself on the one side or the other. But instead of this being the case it has brought the party nearer to reunion than it has been for five years past. As I said on an earlier page, it has not, of course, reconciled Lord Rosebery's bitter personal enemies to his resumption of authority in the party. There are certain persons, few in number but not inconspicuous in public life, who would not have abated one particle of their hostility to him if he had allowed them to dictate to him every word of his Chesterfield utterance. These men, who more than any others are responsible for the Liberal distractions and divisions of the last ten years, will continue to be mischief-makers in the future as they have been in the past. But it seems as though they would no longer be able to count upon the credulous subservience of a large mass of honest men who have hitherto believed and followed them. At all events, many influential members of the Liberal Left, who until the Chesterfield meeting believed that no good thing could issue from the lips of the ex-Premier, have openly rejoiced over the policy he has advocated with regard to the war, and have shown that they are prepared to support it with something like enthusiasm. That it should at the same time have received the warm support of such men as Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler, and Sir Edward Grey is one of the most remarkable features of the situation. For the first time since the war

broke out it seems as though we might see something like unity restored to the ranks of the Liberal Opposition.

It is not, as we have seen, by any juggling with words that Lord Rosebery has secured this unexpected success. At the outset of his speech he declared that he had not gone to Chesterfield to say pleasant things, and he justified his statement before he was done. He spoke his mind, without bitterness or prejudice, but absolutely without regard for the views expressed by others, whether they were personally friendly to him or not. There was no mincing of matters, either with the Imperialists or the Anti-war party. He went straightforward on the path which he had marked out for himself, never apparently pausing to ask upon whose cherished theories and opinions he was trampling. As a matter of fact, he trampled pretty impartially upon the doctrines of both sections. If Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey had been thinking more of themselves than of the common good, they would hardly have spoken as they did when Lord Rosebery sat down, for he had expressly repudiated more than one of the opinions which they have expressed. Similarly, those advanced Liberals who have hailed the speech because it makes for peace have certainly not been conciliated by any concealment of the differences there are between him and them on many other questions. The obvious moral suggested by this concurrence of men of both sections in supporting Lord Rosebery's proposals is that the Liberal Party has got the lead which it wanted, and it has secured it because one eminent man has spoken his mind with absolute honesty and almost unprecedented frankness. Whether the party will take advantage of the opening for reunion which is thus offered to it nobody as yet can say. A great deal must of necessity depend upon Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and at the time at which I write he has not yet declared himself. It is impossible for any fair-minded man not to feel a great deal of sympathy with Sir Henry, upon whose shoulders have rested for the last two years the burden of one of the most thankless tasks ever imposed upon a politician. One can well understand the loyal devotion with which he is regarded by that large section of the Liberal Party which, sharing his views upon the war, have seen with indignation the hurricane of abuse and misrepresentation of which he has been the victim. Even those who do not think that his course has always been consistent, or his expressions altogether happy, resent the way in which he has been made the scapegoat for the sins of the entire Opposition. No one in the Liberal ranks would approve of his being treated ungenerously or ungratefully by the men who only a few months ago declared their unabated confidence in him. But the fact remains that his leadership of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons has never been accepted by a great body of Liberals in the country

as being a leadership of the party as a whole. Their doctrine is that since the retirement of Lord Rosebery in 1896 the party has been without a leader, and unfortunately for the Liberal cause it is a doctrine confirmed by all our party experiences since then. No deposition of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would, therefore, be involved in Lord Rosebery's return to his old position.

If he should return, however, it would be to lead a party differing widely from that which he led from 1894 to 1896. Nothing was more significant in the Chesterfield speech than the words in which the speaker spoke of the clean slate, and of the changes in our national conditions which have now to be faced by any party that aspires to control the fortunes of the Empire. 'New occasions teach new duties,' and many new duties have been imposed upon Liberalism by the changes of the last ten years. There are some who profess to think that any change, any wiping of the slate, must mean an abandonment of the fundamental principles of Liberalism. I do not see how anyone who reads the whole of Lord Rosebery's speech with care can pretend that he at least has abandoned Liberal principles. All that he insists upon is that the party shall be free to decide upon its own course for the future, upon the times and the seasons when this question or the other shall absorb its energies; and the only doctrine he teaches that has even the appearance of novelty is that the Liberal Party should not dissociate itself from the 'sentiment of Empire.' But even this is not new to the men who once worked with and under Mr. Forster. Even the frank avowal that Liberalism must for the future do its own work without any help from the Irish Nationalists is rather the statement of a practical and stubborn truth than the teaching of a new doctrine. Some critics deplore the fact that it should have been openly uttered by a man in the position of Lord Rosebery. It is true, absolutely true, they admit; but when stated in this blunt fashion it 'must tie the hands of the party for the future.' When a man gives his word of honour that he will never seek to escape from his difficulties by suicide he may be said to 'tie his hands,' but few, I imagine, will really find fault with him for doing so. At all events there are not many politicians of either party who, after the experiences of the last six years, and above all the experience of Irish loyalty that we have had since 1899, will question the soundness of the policy enunciated by Lord Rosebery. The Liberal Party may retain its own views as to the justice of the Irish demands for such a measure of self-government as is compatible with the maintenance of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, without in any way differing from Lord Rosebery and Mr. Redmond as to the final shattering of the alliance between Liberals and Nationalists. The only persons who still hanker after the renewal of that alliance are the Tadpoles and Tapers who hunger after the sweets of office, no matter what



price they may be called upon to pay for them. In no circumstances, I imagine, will Lord Rosebery consent to return to the leadership of the Liberal Party if it is to be bound by the worn-out and always ridiculous programme of 1892—the Newcastle programme, with its array of measures, good, bad, and indifferent, sufficient to occupy the time of Parliament for twenty years to come. But if the Liberal Party recognise the truth that the great changes which have swept over the world, and the British Empire in particular, during the lifetime of this generation have opened up new channels into which the ancient principles of Liberalism may be turned, and imposed new duties upon us, and if they are in consequence prepared to consider the advice Lord Rosebery gives them, then we may reasonably expect that he will return to his old position and give to the party the brilliant service which he has it in his power to render to it. If, on the other hand, those who control the somewhat rusty party machine insist upon old shibboleths and programmes and turn a deaf ear to the advice they have received from their former leader, they cannot hope to secure Lord Rosebery's assistance. He will continue to plough his own furrow, but he will no longer be alone when doing so. Thus English Liberalism seems to have come to the parting of the ways, and it is for this reason that Lord Rosebery's speech on the 16th of December at Chesterfield may without exaggeration be described as 'epoch-making.'

Of the effect of the speech upon the Government and upon foreign opinion it is difficult to speak. In the eyes of most English Liberals its crowning merit was that it 'ingeminated peace.' But abroad critics are disappointed because it did not counsel surrender, or at least some relaxation of the energy with which military operations are being conducted. They are disconcerted also to find that no countenance was given by the speaker to the slanders upon our troops. Lord Rosebery, therefore, has not conciliated the opinion of the Continent, as most assuredly he never expected to do. The effect he may have had upon His Majesty's Ministers is not yet to be ascertained. His suggestion that we should open the way for the Boer authorities at the Hague to enter into negotiations with us may or may not bear fruit. The members of our own Government may be too proud to accept any suggestion from one outside their own ranks. Mr. Kruger and his advisers may bluntly refuse to come to any terms, though there are many indications which point to the fact that 'absolute independence,' though it may be a cry on the battle-field, is no longer one of the conditions on which the Boer leaders are likely to insist. The Chesterfield speech has made it clear to Mr. Kruger and his friends that the incorporation of the two States in the British Empire is finally settled. But it has at the same time indicated a method by which the war may be brought to

a close on terms less hard and humiliating than complete and unconditional surrender. There is every reason to hope that our own Government would not refuse to listen to any reasonable overtures that might come from the Hague, or at least would not refuse to listen to what the Boers might have to say if they once accepted the principle of incorporation. In any case, Lord Rosebery has made a suggestion which both Boer and British Governments ought to consider well before they reject it and leave the problem to be dealt with by the slow and cruel processes of war.

It is difficult for any Englishman of middle age to repress a sigh of regret when he reads of the brutal violence to which a large section of the people of Birmingham had recourse on the occasion of Mr. Lloyd-George's recent visit to that city. The number of people, either in Birmingham or elsewhere, who share Mr. Lloyd-George's sentiments may be very small, and his language may at times be very objectionable, not only to the Jingoës but to much more moderate and sensible people; yet none the less is it deplorable that the only arguments with which Birmingham tries to answer him should be stones and brickbats. What an immeasurable distance must separate the Birmingham of to-day from the Birmingham which found a seat for John Bright when he was driven out of Manchester because of his opposition to the Crimean War! However small may be one's sympathy with the opinions of the pro-Boer party of to-day, the intolerance of free speech which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the mob is on the whole the most distressing feature of the time. Tennyson's boast can no longer be uttered by an Englishman. Not any longer is this a land in which 'a man may say the thing he will.' If what he says happens to be distasteful to the yellow press or to the howling dervishes of Jingoism, he can only say it at the risk of his life. This, however, is one of the baser features of the hour, which one may trust will disappear when Liberalism once more becomes an organised and recognised force.

Of outer politics during the past month there is comparatively little that calls for comment. The progress of the war has been without particular incident, but it has been uniformly favourable to this country. Since Lord Rosebery's speech there has been a revival of rumours of negotiations for peace, and undoubtedly the situation as a whole is more promising than it has been for a long time past. The ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty regarding the Nicaragua Canal is one of the most pleasant incidents of the month. It removes from the path of the two countries one possible cause of friction and even of danger. Happily, as I pointed out last month, the best men in both countries are firmly resolved to do all that lies in their power to strengthen the bonds of union between Great Britain and the United States; and not even the eager pleadings of

those who represent the jealousy and hatred of continental Europe are likely to move the Government at Washington from the attitude of friendly inaction which it has maintained ever since the war began. Yet nowhere else, as I can testify, will the prospect of a termination of the long conflict be more eagerly welcomed than it will be there.

WEMYSS REID.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY  
AND AFTER



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*SOUTH AFRICA*

I

A VIOLENT PROPOSAL

THOUGH the South African war is not over yet, peace is creeping back to the towns of the Transvaal. Awakening interests cheep in Pretoria, the bee hums again in the streets of Johannesburg, and the noise of the stamp mill is heard on the Rand. Nearly three months ago Lord Milner, who is more economist than politician, detected the long-delayed approach of a change which is to change everything else. 'Terrible as have been the ravages of war and the destruction of agricultural capital, a destruction which is now pretty well complete,' the mines are opening and they will restore all with increase a hundred-fold. 'The great fact remains that the Transvaal possesses an amount of wealth, virtually untouched by the war,' which

will not only create great industrial cities but cover the country with an agricultural population for whom an ample yield is provided. Even 'a very small proportion of the superabundant riches of the mines' should suffice to develop the vast permanent sources of wealth which the land affords. Only a small proportion of those underground riches, mark; and now their production begins in earnest for the first time.

As for the agricultural fascinations of the Transvaal, they may be doubted without offence to Lord Milner. Mr. Rhodes, an equally good witness, declares that 'the portion of that country which is habitable all the year round consists, roughly, of four or five thousand farms, the balance of the country being only suitable for occupation during the winter months.' But as for its mineral wealth—which we need not be shy of saying is the main thing—Lord Milner's account of it may be accepted without a moment's hesitation. For, on that point, a far higher authority has said the same thing, and more also. Mr. J. B. Robinson is this authority. No man with as thorough a knowledge of the Rand has a greater reputation for sobriety of judgment; and when, eighteen months ago, belief in the near conclusion of the war sent droves of immigrants into Cape Town, he came forward to impart opinions which other mine-owners preferred to keep to themselves. He could tell us that when we mourned over the cost of the war we were quite ridiculous, though innocently so; for while we knew that the riches of the Transvaal were very great, we had yet to learn how prodigiously our gains transcended our losses. It was even 'amusing to see the things that are said from time to time about the cost of the war. The expense is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the value of the new territories'; and so Mr. Robinson would say still, no doubt, though the bagatelle of some scores of millions has doubled since he spoke. For here we have a country twice the size of France, and one that 'possesses mineral and agricultural wealth unequalled by any land of its size anywhere.' We are not to judge of its riches underground by the mines already open, enormously productive as they are. 'Great stretches of gold-bearing land remain untouched.' There are besides 'extraordinary amounts of copper in the northern parts of the Transvaal—literally mountains of copper, as well as silver, cobalt, lead, and diamond mines.' To make all complete, the Transvaal has abundance of coal, 'great seams of it running parallel with the seams of gold' all over the country. 'I tell you,' said Mr. Robinson, not as a needy prospector but as a mine-owner satiated with the wealth he describes, 'I tell you that you have seen nothing like what is coming. People in this country have no idea of the potential riches of the Transvaal, riches that have as yet been barely scratched.'

In the summer of 1900 this report of an inheritance which was

then thought to be falling in, and really is now, was news. Mr. Robinson was right. He knew, and Mr. Wernher, and Mr. Beit, and a dozen gentlemen more; but we in England had no conception of the riches which the South African war would put to our account. Since then, however, Mr. Robinson's romance has become prose of the *trottoir* by confirmation and repetition. Yet in one most important particular we do none of us feel quite assured that these riches are not a dream. Are they really for us as a State? Is any considerable part of them for the England that has paid out so much for the war, not in cash alone, and not in cash and blood alone, but in other ways of which it is not permissible to speak as yet? Search the land through, and you will find no man sensible of any such possession. Yet Mr. Robinson has it that much of this wealth that has been 'barely scratched' is the prize of the conqueror as a State. It is not only that the costs of the war may be largely defrayed by continuation of the taxes so well afforded to Mr. Kruger's Government—we also inherit capital values. 'You understand that if the British Government takes over the Transvaal it will come into great expanses of real estate—enormous stretches of State lands,' much of them beautiful, fertile, and teeming with all sorts of precious minerals. That is what we should expect from the conquest of a country like the Transvaal, so large, so lately settled, so little populated. But where do we find acknowledgment that such State possessions exist? Nowhere—not even as a vague expectation in the minds of distressed income-tax payers. What encouragement there was in official speeches two years ago to reckon on these 'vast expanses of real estate,' these potential resources like to the State mines in Siberian Russia, has died away. But while no such direct compensation may be looked for, it is possible to secure large and substantial indirect advantages as a set-off to our outgoings past, present, and inevitable for years to come: what is more, possible to avoid at the same time and by the same means the gross first consequences of our luck, which are social disorder, political danger, and economic ravage.

It will be allowed that in the settlement of new territories no three things are so meet for avoidance as these. If, therefore, it should appear that the only way of staving them off is to commit in moderation what was considered a fault in Mr. Kruger's Government, I hope it will not be rejected on that account. What was this fault?—if a policy can be so called which gives us the riches of an incomparable Eldorado in a barely scratched condition. It was the resolve of successive Boer Presidents and Parliaments that the peace of the country and the authority of its rulers should not be jeopardised by swarms of gold-seeking foreigners. To secure this purpose the old laws of the Transvaal went so far as to forbid the search for gold by its own people; and the prohibition worked to the last. Carried to extremes, it was a policy that could be called stupid, dog-in-the-

manger, hostile to the well-being of the human race ; and as such it was condemned. But now that subsequent proceedings have destroyed the Government, dispersed the people, and made of the Transvaal an English province, virtue returns to this policy. I submit that a repetition of it, with abatements and differences, is the truest wisdom. More may be said for it than that word conveys : it is, as I have said, absolutely necessary to forefend economic error, social disorder, and a political peril.

In the first place stands the social danger of a rush of immigration which, if it nearly corresponds with the allurements of such a country as Mr. Robinson describes, and unless broad and firm barriers are set up at every port before the word 'Peace' is exchanged between Boer and Briton, will transcend all that has ever been seen before. It is of course foreseen, and has even been foretasted. For when Lord Roberts captured Pretoria, the High Commissioner was so alarmed at the drift of all manner of vagabondage into Cape Town that he raised his voice against the flood ; although, for a time, he shared the immigrant's belief that the war was virtually at an end. This belief revives with every likelihood that confirmation awaits it not far off, if the Boer leaders perceive—as certain signs now thrown up as I write appear to indicate—that their only chance of a peace arrangement by consent is to ask for terms on a 'surrender-of-independence' basis while they have still a force in the field. But though the end of the war seems so near that it may not be more than two months off, there is no appearance of concern for the return of an immigration flood which threatens in fifty-fold greater volume. It even seems to be expected as a triumph. The talk of men who are not merely mine-owners, millionaire speculators, princes of finance, but personages dignified as statesmen, is of a 'boom' that will put the Californian and all other records into the shade. We can imagine it. Wherever a newspaper is published in any language, the diamonds of South Africa which are carried off in buckets, the gold which you may dig for on a racecourse or anywhere else, its mountains of copper, its hills of silver, have been known this three years as awaiting transformation into half a dozen Johannesburgs. There have been disappointments, delays—these, however, filled in unflinchingly with richer and more trustworthy assurances that there is no mistake about the gold and therefore no mistake about the Johannesburgs. While purses are being made up for honest enterprise, while syndicates, impeachable and unimpeachable, have been formed in readiness for the word 'Bars down,' all the loose adventure and all the looser blackguardism of the civilised world await the call. As in our English autumn days we see roof-ridge and telegraph-wire packed with seawardly attentive birds, so we may fancy these gentry of both sexes lining the strand on all the seven seas in readiness for flight to South Africa. Look and you shall see every sort of white

man and white woman equipped with the needful daring for every profitable game and such as 'make things hum' in new Johannesburgs.

I would keep these people out. I would keep them out by every possible means, usual or unusual. Communities suddenly delivered from a long spell of anxiety are liable to a reaction which needs no stimulus. There can certainly be no need of stimulus for the excitements of a mining boom which, if it corresponds with the expectations of men like Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Robinson, Lord Milner himself, will be the most prodigious thing of the kind ever known. But I would do more than this, and with the greater willingness because of a new and accidental justification. It happens that the probable opening of South Africa coincides with a decline of trade which, though it affects England very little as yet, has broken up a great deal of infirm and excessive enterprise on the European continent, turning thousands of workmen upon the streets. This is an additional reason for thinking that a South Africa with all doors open to the world will immediately become the resort of swarms of foreigners from every quarter; foreigners not only of the nationless, adventurer class, and of such as find their way to the east end of London, but of steady immigrants with a few pounds of capital as well as others fully supplied therewith. And, unfortunately, it is also reasonable to think that, all doors being open, these strangers of sorts will flock through them in thousands while our own people, slower in the uptake and less hard-pressed, are thinking about it. It must be considered (and here I break off to say that I speak of these things, and would have the reader think of them, as facts alone; as passionless facts, such as engineers have to deal with in the way of their business)—it must be considered that in flocking to South Africa these aliens will not go where they are friendless. Most of them will find fellow-countrymen in plenty among the re-established Outlander population of Johannesburg; the Dutch people everywhere will look kindly on them as not English or lovers of England, but as sympathisers with themselves, if not of a cousinly race to boot. This is so much more encouragement to foreigners who contemplate a prompt trial of fortune in South Africa; and if we speak of the Germans—and they are the enterprising people who are so much out of luck at home just now—their Government would far rather see them swarm to South Africa than to any other foreign land. Naturally. I don't complain of it, nor will any other Englishman do so who consents to the game of international rivalry. But though it would be unreasonable, or at the least unsportsmanlike, to resent such a desire, it is perfectly right to prevent it if likely to be dangerous or even very troublesome. And so I come to the point of this brief article: which is that looking to the past (which has a good deal of matter, published or unpublished, bearing on the subject), and then



surveying once more the darkly teeming future from a present strangely altered, I would by all tolerable means keep up the bar against foreign immigration of every sort into our South African territory for some years to come.

It is objected at once that this would be to outrage one of our most cherished traditions, sanctioned by experience of material profit. It would; but I am afraid that more than one of our most cherished traditions will have to go, unless we ourselves prefer to suffer by their continued observance. And violent as this proposal may appear, it is not so rough as it seems, and I believe that every objection to it can be answered. Not that I would smooth it down or wish it frittered to the ear. There is nothing in it that has not been or is not practised by other nations, and with much less reason. It would be acknowledged that we have only to consider our own interests in the matter, and it seems to me that they would all be served, first and last, by excluding the whole random crowd of foreign immigrants with which South Africa is threatened, and to continue to do so by a severely-limiting requirement of credentials for three or four years at the least after peace is proclaimed. The justification from the view of social order need not be repeated. The economical objection would be the loudest, and would be raised probably by the most powerful voices in South Africa, which at the moment are the most powerful in the Empire. All minds there seem bent upon the unexampled 'boom'; and how shall that begin if, while every restriction to the output of the treasure of the Rand is removed, you shut out the population needed to turn it to account and make riches of it for an ever-growing community? The only way of answering that question is by asking others. Why must there be an unexampled boom? And, granting that it is very desirable, is it so desirable that it may not be put off, or kept awhile in modest bounds, to help the sounder interests of the country? Providence has been thanked a thousand times in the last three years that the wealth of the Transvaal will keep, and that, with a little of it coined to rub on with, it is almost as good in the earth as in the cellars of Threadneedle Street. And that mercy remains. Meantime the calculation has been and is that the hold of England upon South Africa will not keep—will not be kept in tranquillity or safety, or without military drafts that we cannot well spare and Treasury drafts to match, if the English in that country are still to be outnumbered by foreigners not our friends.

Remember that we are now speaking of the present hour and of three or four years beyond; but especially of the present hour. And England having never been so much hated by the Continental peoples as at the present hour—why need not be said—they are to be let into South Africa in unlimited swarms when the conquered Dutch are at their sorest and most eager for sympathy. And what

is this that we hear of millions to be spent in planting British settlers in the new colonies and on the borders of them? The aim is excellent. It is to bring the British population of South Africa to an equality with the Dutch—to a superiority if that great result can be attained. But at the same time—not to spoil the anticipated boom—these English colonists are to be swamped outright by foreign settlers whose sympathies are not with us. But they will be? Who can say? They will have to change first, and that may depend a good deal on the march of events, the rapidity of the march, and the name and nationality of its chief director. We sometimes hear already of a confederation of the South African States. Only a little while since Mr. Rhodes declared his conviction that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner 'will not relinquish office before they have effected the federation of South Africa.' He predicted (his own word) that federation will be brought about in four years. As a political prophet Mr. Rhodes is not remarkable. But it is true that federation for South Africa is always in the air. It is not infrequently heard of as a threat when the loyalist population has reason to complain. Come it will sooner or later. There are reasons for thinking it not very far off; and its results must be profoundly affected by the proportion of the English population to the Dutch, reinforced by boom-invited foreigners.

It would be easy to enlarge upon this point, with significant particulars, but on the political side of the debate it is better to scatter hints for thought than to lay its dangers bare. On the economic side it remains to be said that were there less of a boom than is expected it does not follow that there would be less prosperity. For that (and from our point of view) the great thing is that South Africa shall be English—more English than it has yet become at any rate. And now let us ask, briefly, upon what the permanent well-being of the country depends, in whosoever hands it may lie. Fling forth the whole of its underground treasures in a mighty boom of five years' duration (I do not say that it could be done) and the permanent prosperity of the country would not be insured at all. If the vast cities and the populous plains which Lord Milner sees in his mind's eye are to flourish when the mines are exhausted, the supply of the mines must last long enough to nurse the industries of the cities into the strength of independence, and bring ships to port for the produce of the fields. That would take time; and the conclusion, therefore, is that a smaller output for fifty years, and especially for the earlier years and the smaller population, would be far more fruitful of prosperity than a yield gloriously exhausted in two decades.

Thus I defend an utter indifference to the spoiling of the boom, and therefore would recommend a re-start of the Rand industries at the extremely prosperous point whereat they were arrested, and for

the assistance of which the repopulation of Johannesburg with its refugees and others would pretty well suffice. Then their steady and perhaps rapid increase if you please ; but always to give as much chance as possible to the deliberate and slow-moving Englishman at home. I should not scruple in the least to keep out the Levantine and Continental foreigner for that purpose expressly, among others ; and when it is considered that all that is needed to keep such superfluous and unwelcome strangers at a distance is a modification of one of Lord Kitchener's expedients already at work, and that there is warrant for maintaining it for a while in the unsettled state of South Africa which must continue long after the peace, my proposal will not appear so very violent after all.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

## SOUTH AFRICA

### II

#### CHINESE LABOUR FOR THE RAND

THE supreme importance of the solution of the question of coloured labour in South Africa is now fully recognised, not only by the residents there, but by all who take an intelligent interest in the country; and more especially by those, and they are many and are scattered all over Europe, who, chiefly through the gold-mining industry, have a financial interest in the country.

This question, long a troublesome one, has of late years been growing more and more acute, and has now arrived at a critical stage, in view of the transfer to British authority of very large additional tracts of territory in which, and more especially in the Transvaal, many thousands of labourers will shortly be again employed by Englishmen.

The importance of this subject is brought home to us when we reflect that the extent of country affected by it, from Capetown to Northern Rhodesia, is, roughly speaking, about a million and a half square miles, or about the size of Europe exclusive of Russia and the northern parts of Norway and Sweden; and its importance as regards numbers is evident when we remember that the gold-mining industry alone in the territory requires about one hundred thousand men to keep in full work the, in round numbers, 6,500 stamps already erected; not to mention the increase in the future, which it is confidently asserted will in a few years on the Rand alone be double that number. Nor must we forget that as the development of the country advances the numbers required for pastoral and agricultural purposes will grow steadily year by year till, in all probability, they will far surpass those required for mining.

The employment of white labour, for spade and pick work, in agriculture and in the mines, does not enter into the question as it at present stands, and need not be further referred to here. The question is practically one of the employment of native labour only, or of the importation of Asiatic labour in addition.

Up till now the coloured labour employed has been, practically, all native labour, which, for the sake of convenience, we shall collectively call *Kaffir* labour.

The Kaffir is, as a rule, a muscular fellow, is a good herdsman,

and, after some training, makes a fairly good miner also ; but he will not himself till the soil if he can possibly help it ; he leaves that to his women folk. He will work hard for a few months at a time, or even for a year or two, if he has some special object in view ; but he will not settle down to a life of labour. In British territories the Kaffir has, as a rule, sufficient land, cattle, and wives to supply his needs, but as his sons grow up they have not. The young men, therefore, go to Capetown, or Port Elizabeth, or Durban, or to the mines, and there work for a couple of years or so, when they return to their tribe, buy cattle and a wife or two, and spend the remainder of their days doubtless in the study of the transcendental and the combustion of tobacco. Should the young men find work at no great distance from their homes, they prefer to work for several short periods of four or six months each, returning to their homes for a few months between the periods of labour. This state of affairs is not viewed with satisfaction by the white employer, for, the Kaffir's ambition in money-making being so easily satisfied, his time of labour is short, hence labour is scarce and therefore gets dearer. But with better wages the Kaffir works fewer days for the white man, thus coolie labour, naturally, gets still scarcer and still dearer. To compel the Kaffir to work longer for him, and, doubtless, for revenue reasons as well, the colonists imposed a hut-tax of from 10s. to 15s. per annum ; but still the labour is dear, and, at the mines, far from sufficient.

Among the white population there is a strong party who advocate the imposition of a heavy poll-tax, as high as 2*l.* per head in some districts, instead of the very much smaller hut-tax per family. It is pretty generally acknowledged, however, that the enforcing of such a tax would, in all probability, cause another rebellion among the natives. The Kaffir is, I believe, fairly contented under English rule, but to suppose, as is so generally done in England, that all the Kaffirs prefer English protection to their former independence is a great mistake. Sometimes, moreover, the Kaffir has visions of a shorter road to his ambition of wives and cattle, and many, especially among the warlike and conquering Bantu race, are then simply spoiling for a fight.

Thus the coloured labour question is by no means only a financial one, it is a grave political one as well. The 'School Kaffir' is not a success. The Kaffir generally has been educated far enough to know that he has improved, but he has also got to know that he can give trouble, and often feels that he would rather give trouble than be driven to learn or do what he does not wish to learn or do. Still as regards civilisation he must continue to improve or gradually be extinguished.

The moral and social aspects of the question we do not propose to discuss, only remarking in passing that we have it on the authority

of Mr. Muir, the Superintendent of Education at the Cape, that Kaffir children are as quick to learn as white children, and are as well behaved. Indeed it seems as if the social problem is not so much one of the education of the Kaffir as one of the education of the white man, for it is noticeable that the racial social friction is most marked in districts where the white man is least educated or has lately immigrated. The racial problem will never be solved by an uneducated, though dominant, white race.

Let us now turn to the question of *imported* labour. It is universally stated by all the mining companies on the Rand that the native labour is of indifferent quality, dear, difficult to procure, and, even under present development, quite inadequate in supply; and that when the development of the mines progresses in the near future the supply of Kaffir labour will, without doubt, be totally inadequate.

Mr. Rhodes, in the course of a speech delivered on the 31st of May last to the Chamber of Mines at Bulawayo, said that, in view of the labour difficulty in South Africa, he was in favour of legislation controlling the importation and deportation of Asiatic labour.

Some years ago an attempt was made to remedy this unsatisfactory state of the labour market by the importation of coolies from India, and some scores of thousands of them were brought to Natal. But it was soon found that, in a year or two, these Indian coolies, on saving a little money, did not continue at coolie work, but began trading in all sorts of ways, and, being sharp at business and very economical, began to undersell the trading colonists, and to-day there are about 6,000 of them so employed in Durban alone. Within the last few months a couple of thousands of Arabs have been imported by the Chartered Company to work by contract in the mines in Rhodesia; but the experiment was not successful. Many refused altogether to work under ground, and many proved insubordinate in other ways. Already several hundreds, chiefly from those employed in the Globe and Phoenix mine, have been sent home.

Now I venture to say, and I may as well say it at once, that every one that has had personal experience of each and all of the different kinds of labour,—Somali, Arab, Indian, and Chinese—that it has been proposed to import will unhesitatingly affirm that, viewed solely from a commercial point of view, Chinese labour is by far the best. The Chinaman is not turbulent like the Arab, nor is he rebellious under pressure like the Kaffir; he is thrifty and economical like the Indian, but, unlike him, he is not mean and hoarding, but, on occasion, can and does spend, and even give freely. Doubtless he is more of an animal than either the Indian or Arab coolie, but he is by no means a semi-savage whose prehistoric days were yesterday. In physique he is at least equal to, if not superior to, any of the others, he is neat and (compared with other

coolies) intelligent in his work, while for patient, steady, persevering work (especially on contract) he has few equals and no superior. He has, however, his limitations and his peculiarities. He must be allowed to house and feed himself in his own way, interference with his domestic arrangements (especially with his food) would be fatal. He must be allowed his high days and holidays, averaging two or three days a month, and he must above all things be allowed a clear ten days at the Chinese New Year. Were a large number of Chinese imported into South Africa doubtless some of them would, if unrestricted by legislation, filter into petty trade, and a larger proportion would doubtless start each on his own account small vegetable gardens each with a pigsty attached, ingeniously constructed out of odds and ends. But both these enterprises are rather to be encouraged, as they tend to make the working Chinese coolie contented and happy, by supplying him with fresh vegetables and fresh pork, and with chow-chow from China, all of which his soul loveth.

Now let us take the two following points, which are, after all, the two chief pivots on which the question of imported labour really turns:

(1) Would it pay the large employers of coloured labour in South Africa to import Chinese labour?

(2) Would such importation be advantageous to the Government of the country?

From the southern districts of China, but especially from Amoy, Foo-chow, and Canton, hundreds of thousands of Chinese coolies leave annually to labour, on the contract system, in foreign countries. Their rate of pay varies much, according to the country to which they go, and whether their employers are their fellow-countrymen or not. If employed in a district that has a good reputation in the labour market, such as Malacca, and by Chinese, they can be had as low as 6 dollars (Mexican) or 12s. per month; but when employed to labour in, to them, practically unknown countries, on a three years' contract, for Europeans, the pay rises to 10 dollars or 20s. per month, the coolie finding his own food, except on the voyage, but not his transport, nor his house accommodation. To this sum of 1*l.* per month, or 36*l.* for the three years, must be added the cost of transport, food on the way, and agency; for Chinese coolies are no exception to the rule that all coolies, Kaffir included, must be engaged through agents of their own race or even tribe. It is difficult to estimate closely under these three heads of expenditure, but we should say that 120 dollars (Mexican), or 12*l.*, would be a close approximation. Regarding the employers' liabilities for return expenses, we found, during an experience in the Farther East lasting over many years, that only a very small percentage of the coolies wished to return home at the end of their three years' contract, seldom so many as ten per cent., and many even of those would re-engage for a

bounty of a month's pay. I believe I am well within the mark when I say that *in practice* this item would cost employers not more on an average than 2*l.* per coolie, but let us make it, including an allowance for unforeseen contingencies, 4*l.* per head. This makes a total of 52*l.* per head for three years' work, which, calculating 330 working days in the year, comes to 12·6*l.* per day.

Now what does Kaffir labour cost, everything included, in South Africa? During the year 1898, the natives employed on the Rand numbered 88,620 and received on an average 29*l.* 18*s.* 0*d.*, which, at 330 working days in the year, gives nearly 21·4*l.* per day. To this has to be added food and agency, the latter of which costs, according to Mr. Hammond, than whom no greater authority exists on mining matters on the Rand, from 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per ton. These two items would add from 6*l.* to 10*l.* to the daily wage of 21·4*l.* above mentioned, making the total cost of coloured labour on the Rand 27·4*l.* to 31·4*l.*, say 28*l.* per day, as against 12·6*l.* per day that Chinese labour would cost. Again, taking Rhodesia we find that the average cost of native labour, everything included, was, at a large mine like the Geelong, 33·6*l.* per day. Coolie labour elsewhere than at the mines, say at the docks, costs, I believe, 36*l.* per day in South Africa.

What saving per ton would this difference of a little over 15*l.* per day per coolie effect? As the 88,620 coolies above mentioned were required to treat 7,331,445 tons of ore on the Rand in 1898, each ton required, working 330 days a year, a little over four coolies for one day; so the saving would be a little more than 5*s.* per ton, in itself alone a handsome profit on mining!

On the Rand in 1898, the last year for which we have complete returns, the average profit per ton was 13*s.* 2*d.*; this saving of 5*s.* per ton would thus increase the average dividend no less than 38 per cent. Such a saving in expenses would amount to 170,000*l.* a year in large companies like Simmer and Jack Proprietary, and provide for that company an additional dividend of nearly 3½ per cent. on its capital of nearly five millions.

How many non-dividend-paying mines on the Rand would this saving alone convert into prosperous enterprises!

Considering, secondly, the Chinese coolie's advent from the Government point of view, we have only to point to other British colonies, such as Singapore, into which the Chinese have been allowed to come in large numbers. In the Straits Settlements and elsewhere in Southern Asia the Chinese are worth in taxes to the Government from one dollar to two dollars per head per mensem; and the revenue from this source alone has been found sufficient to defray all the ordinary expenses of the Government.

One point remains for consideration: How would the importation of Chinese affect the natives already on the land? We believe



the first and main result would be that the Chinese would largely, if not wholly, replace the Kaffirs at the mines, and thus cause them to revert to their former occupations as herdsmen, waggon drivers, &c., which work they still like best and do best. And this would be a great benefit to the country generally, where, on the conclusion of the war, the vast pastoral capabilities of the land will afford wide scope for the employment of such labour.

There would be no difficulty whatever in confining the Chinese wholly to the mining districts by legislative enactment should such a step be found desirable.

The solution of the labour question in South Africa by the importation of Chinese, as above advocated, would, moreover, prevent the moral and social iniquity of taxing the conquered natives of the country so heavily as to force them to give, for several months of the year, the labour of all their able-bodied men to their conquerors.

P. LEYS, C.M.G.

P.S. Early in January 1902 news arrived in this country that the Portuguese Government had completed an arrangement with the British authorities under which facilities are granted for the recruiting of native labour for the Rand in the Portuguese territory of Mozambique. This, if successful, may temporarily alleviate matters, but can effect no real solution of the labour problem in South Africa.

P. L.

## *SOUTH AFRICA*

### III

#### BOER PRISONERS IN CEYLON

WHEN we steamed into the busy little port of Colombo, I had but a vague recollection that shiploads of Boer prisoners of war had been deported to Ceylon, and I certainly had not realised that they were some five thousand in number and thus exceeded the whole white population of the island.

The evening after our arrival we drove out from Colombo to Mount Lavinia, and heard there of the Boer Convalescent Camp close to the sea-shore, where the invalids, a very quiet harmless set of fellows, are encouraged to regain health and strength by bathing in the beautiful warm clear sea; we heard again of a camp a good deal further away composed chiefly of foreign irreconcilables who are difficult to manage; of another camp of three or four hundred men who had proclaimed their wish to enlist as a loyal British regiment; and lastly of the great camp at Diyatawala, composed of genuine Boers and Orange Free Staters, established more than a year ago in the hill country to the north. This we heard was the most worth visiting, as it housed over four thousand prisoners in the healthiest part of Ceylon, in fresh dry mountain air away from the moist heat of the sea coast, where the temperature is neither too hot in summer nor too cold in winter. It is reached by travelling over the mountain railway—a marvel of engineering—that starts on the level of the sea at Colombo and goes over a mountain pass at a height of 6,000 feet. As we drove to the station through the streets of the town, thronged with picturesque natives, their scant but gay-coloured clothing showing up their beautifully bronzed limbs, one could not help thinking how bewildered and surprised the untravelled countryman from South Africa must have felt when he landed here after long days at sea. The train passes at first, through green paddy fields, and then threads its way for many hours among groves of palm and plantain, mango and jak trees, interwoven with brilliant creepers and gay with flowering shrubs, till it reaches Kandy—the ancient native capital of the island—with its quaint Buddhist temple and the shrine of Buddha's Tooth. It is a

lovely spot, a favourite health resort among the hills, and prisoners on parole often spend their leave from the camps in the busy little town. There are a few descendants of the Dutch colonists of four hundred years' ago who still preserve names to be met with among the Boers, and these burghers, who have intermarried with the natives and speak English, are friendly to the prisoners of war without being in any way disloyal to the Government. After passing Kandy, the line crosses the main river of this part of Ceylon, and here the sacred elephants are to be seen in the cool of the evening bathing with their young under the shadow of magnificent clumps of bamboos. After passing over a bridge made entirely of satinwood and fitted together without a nail, the line ascends more rapidly by numberless curves showing numerous glimpses of high waterfalls, and the tropical vegetation is gradually replaced by the dull green of the tea plantations, where small groups of natives are gathering the young shoots to be rolled and dried by machinery. This cultivation soon becomes monotonous in colour and growth, and it is pleasant when, after threading its way round and round the shoulders of the hills, the train emerges into a jungle of native forest inhabited by the elk, the monkey, and the elephant. Later on comes a rolling open hill country, somewhat like the Yorkshire wolds, interspersed with dense tracts of wood, and running through numberless short tunnels till the highest summit of the pass is reached. Looking across a magnificent panorama of hills, we first catch sight of the tin huts of the Diyatawala Camp extended across a rolling undulated upland about five hundred feet below us. In less than half an hour we reach a wayside station, and the camp is only a few minutes' walk downhill. The road leads past a few native huts, built of dried palm leaves, to the cantonments of the English regiment charged with the wearisome duty of guarding the prisoners. These huts are hardly distinguishable from those of the camp itself, but there is a barbed-wire fence to pass, about a yard in breadth, watched by sentries at short distances apart. The enclosure is entered by wicket gates, also, of course, with sentries. Perched on eminences which sweep the camp are six quick-firing guns, and at the highest point of the southern portion stand the hospital buildings. Thanks to the careful supervision and sanitation of the commandant and his medical assistant, there is hardly any sickness at present among the four thousand Boers who have lived here now for more than twelve months.

When the prisoners first arrived there were one or two epidemics. \*Some arrived ill with enteric fever, which is now completely stamped out, and there was also a very severe form of measles which seized old and young alike, and left bad cases of pneumonia and other inflammatory diseases. In many instances the patients were suffering from a second or third attack of measles, considered by themselves

to be a very dangerous fever. They were extremely frightened and afraid of death, and some of them during convalescence suffered from melancholia. All this is now a thing of the past, and, owing to the systematic and careful regulations required to keep so many men on the same ground in good health for so long a period, they are learning various habits of cleanliness and hygiene, unknown to them at the beginning. At first very few of them could be induced to bathe or make use of the swimming-bath provided. Now it has become so popular that they have petitioned the commandant to erect another. The men are distributed in long well-ventilated tin huts, well shaded from the sun by projecting roofs and window shutters. They are open at each end, and hold fifty-six beds, which are ranged on either side of a wide corridor, furnished with wooden mess-tables and benches. Each table seats eight men, thus giving seven messes to each hut. Each hut selects its own president or captain, who keeps order and superintends the meals. The kitchens are in a separate hut and every man takes the cooking in turn. The meat and rations, more liberal than those of the ordinary soldier, are fetched by themselves from the dépôt. As the resources of Ceylon are limited, the supplies for the camp have mostly to be imported from India. Beef six times a week, and New Zealand mutton, which the Boers prefer, once a week. Also potatoes, bread, sugar, tea and coffee. This last they roast and grind for themselves. Their usual practice is to have tea or coffee and bread soon after daybreak. The morning is occupied in cleaning up and putting all the bedding in the sun. About eleven o'clock they have their principal meal, at which they generally eat the whole of the pound and a quarter of meat allowed for the day's consumption. Most of them sleep for a couple of hours or more after this. In the evening they take more coffee or tea, and we saw cakes and bannocks preparing. There are several shops in the camp where they can purchase any extra luxuries they please. We went into some of these little stalls, as well as into those shops where they sell various articles carved and turned with a good deal of cleverness from scraps of wood and bone lying about in the camp. There were name brooches carved out of meat bones, riding-whips and paper-knives of horn, walking-sticks and frames for photographs, and other such things which we bought as mementoes of our visit. One man, who owed to Scotch parents, had made a complete model of a Johannesburg gold-crushing machine, which he showed us with great pride. We talked with some of the men who could speak English, and looked at photographs of their wives and families, as well as of some of the notabilities of the camp, taken by amateurs among their number. Many of them are fond of music, and amuse themselves by giving concerts and entertainments, of which we saw illustrated programmes. These are held in the large huts also used as schools, where teaching

is carried on in the Boer tongue. About two hundred of the prisoners are under seventeen years of age, and are being taught anything they will learn, as well as how to speak and read English. Many of the older men are quite uneducated, and take the opportunity of learning English and profiting by the free instruction. One of the sights of the camp is a large canvas, about 8 feet long and 6 feet high, painted in oils, representing one of the battles in the Transvaal, and another smaller canvas gives a picture of one of the attacks on Mafeking. Both drawing and colouring were crude and inexperienced, but there were by another hand apparently good likenesses of General de Villiers and other prominent leaders. The leaders are not, it would seem, treated outwardly with any great consideration by their more humble companions. The Boer is no respecter of persons, and the guards say that they have tried in vain to discover any differences of class or rank. The officers, who were separately housed, do not seem to have more education or training than the men in the ranks, but they are none the less granted several privileges by the English commandant. The large recreation ground, which lies in the centre of the camp, is a place of general resort for all during the afternoon and evening, and cricket, football, skittles, quoits, and all active games seem very popular. Cricket matches are arranged with neighbouring teams, and the surrounding country is explored and enjoyed by large walking parties on parole. At first there were several attempts at escape, and two got away in a German ship to Rangoon before being recaptured. On another occasion three succeeded in eluding pursuit by embarking on a Russian ship and were traced back to the Transvaal, where one has since died in an English hospital. Lately they have given up running away, perhaps partly owing to the difficulties thrown in their way by the ingenious plan adopted with regard to their money. Large remittances from South Africa are received every mail by at least half of them, and some few already possess considerable sums. The Governor of the island becomes their banker and holds a private account for each individual, who can draw upon it whenever he pleases. There is as much as six thousand pounds in his hands, and any amount required is supplied to its owner in a specially designed paper currency of various values, which passes in the camp alone. This renders it impossible for any prisoner to bribe or corrupt either soldiers or natives, and likewise prevents his purchasing food or clothing should he escape, while it gives him complete control over his own money.

One of the chief labours connected with the camp is the censorship of all the correspondence which passes to and fro. It has been found to be of the greatest importance, and has been the means not infrequently of preventing mischief both in camp and South Africa by the suppression of wilful mis-statements as well as

inflammatory language. The Boers cannot all write themselves, but they get those who can do so to write for them, and they communicate freely with their wives and families. Many letters are received from the Concentration Camps, and nothing has been reported which can in any way justify the outcry raised in England by a certain section of the pro-Boer press. Indeed the confidence shown by the prisoners as to the welfare of their belongings would seem to indicate that the humane policy of providing homes for the women and children has prolonged the inevitable miseries of war. Among much that is disloyal and untrue, there is a good deal that is very simple and naïve in their letters. Some of them when they first arrived apparently drew the long bow and described themselves as lodged in the jungle among herds of elephants, and then with a sudden desire to verify their descriptions they petitioned the Governor to exhibit some in the camp. Their request was granted and their childish curiosity gratified. They have six chaplains of their own race and religion among them, and they conduct their services entirely according to their own wishes and customs. There is also a library well stocked with literature and newspapers, and every effort is made to render their captivity as little irksome as possible. No special dress distinguishes them from other Europeans, as they apply for and choose their own. They seem to have some odd fancy, however, for wearing their old clothes, even though they may be in a dirty and insanitary condition, while they carefully hoard stores of new ones. Whenever they get leave on parole, their property is handed over for custody and search to the commandant, and it is not unusual to find two or three perfectly new suits and pairs of boots carefully stowed away. Each one has an ordinary pith sun-helmet, round which the officers have a red ribbon. In appearance the Boers at the Diyatawala Camp were mostly tall burly fellows with large loosely knit limbs and rather heavy dogged countenances, of a totally different type from that of their foreign mercenaries whose prison camp we afterwards visited at Raguma, not very far from Colombo. These men had proved such a disturbing element to the peace of the Transvaal community that they were removed to separate quarters. The Raguma encampment stands at a good elevation in a lovely grove of palm trees, and consists of the same description of tin huts, but as a protection for the hotter climate the roofs are thatched over with dried palm leaves to keep out the sun. We visited this towards evening and found Germans, Scandinavians, Poles, Russians, French, Armenians, Jews. Some were pacing up and down smoking; some who had laid out small vegetable and flower gardens in front of the huts were watering the quickly growing plants; others were reading newspapers or etching and drawing at the little hut tables, for here they mess in companies in a dining hall and not each in the hut to which he belongs. There were six or seven men in the cool little

hospital, and we spoke to a Corsican, a Greek, a Dutchman, a German, an Afrikander, and an American. The censorship of the correspondence here is much less simple than at the Boer camp, for last month the principal censor had through his hands letters written in no fewer than twenty different languages.

The task of taking charge of the thousands of captives made during the Boer War is a thankless and ungrateful one, but it is none the less important for the future of our South African dominions. The presence of this small army of hostile prisoners in an island not so large as Ireland causes very little inconvenience to the inhabitants, so perfect is the organisation and so great the attention to detail on the part of the Governor and his able military commandants. The burden of silent drudgery and patience required of those who undertake it here and elsewhere is one that is scarcely recognised by the British public and is apt to be overlooked in the clash and din of arms. We may, however, be permitted to hope that when these enemies of our country are once more free they will carry back to their native land much useful experience, and teach their compatriots improved habits of hygiene and cleanliness learned from the care bestowed upon them. At all events they should return to their homes without any feelings of bitterness towards their captors, and, moreover, prepared to become loyal subjects of the Empire.

MARY A. A. GALLOWAY.

## *THE EMPRESS, FREDERICK IN YOUTH*

### *A RECOLLECTION*

THE day I first set eyes on the Princess Royal was late in December 1857. It was after tea in a small boudoir at Windsor Castle. The Princess was standing between the Queen and the Prince Consort, and as I advanced to kiss her hand I felt the flower-like touch of her fresh face on my cheek and saw her bright eyes smile into mine.

Though barely out of the schoolroom myself, the Princess appeared to me extraordinarily young. All the childish roundness still clung to her and made her look shorter than she really was. She was dressed in a fashion long disused on the Continent, in a plum-coloured silk dress fastened at the back. Her hair was drawn off her forehead. Her eyes were what struck me most; the iris was green, like the sea on a sunny day, and the white had a peculiar shimmer which gave them the fascination that, together with a smile showing her small and beautiful teeth, bewitched those who approached her. The nose was unusually small and turned up slightly, and the complexion was decidedly ruddy, perhaps too much so for one so young, but it gave the idea of perfect health and strength. The fault of the face lay in the squareness of the lower features, and there was even then a look of determination about the chin; but the very gentle and almost timid manner prevented one realising this at first. The voice was very delightful, never going up to high tones, but lending a peculiar charm to the slightly foreign accent with which the Princess spoke both English and German.

Though all who knew the Princess at that epoch recognised the promise of some of the great and remarkable qualities which went to form the character of the Empress Frederick, nobody could foresee the circumstances and tragic events which shaped them in a peculiar mould. During those last weeks before her marriage the Princess appeared to cling with passion to all her family, especially to her father, whom she worshipped and admired with all her soul. She was highly cultured, and she felt she owed this to his incessant care of her. He, on his part, was proud of this lavishly endowed child and always said that it was of her and Don Pedro of Portugal, his



cousin, that he had the highest expectations and felt himself best understood. Don Pedro died in the flower of his youth, and the Prince scarcely lived to see the development of his beloved daughter.

The Princess had a great feeling for fun and innocent humour, and was full of stories about her brothers and sisters. She adored the baby Princess Beatrice, who was only a few months old, and when fondling her the motherly instinct came out strongly. She was in fits of laughter about Prince Affy, who, having discovered that one of the gentlemen of the Court wore false calves, planted pins with flags into his silk stockings, and also much amused at Prince Leopold, who, aged four, always picked out the prettiest ladies and insisted upon helping them to do their hair.

It was not entirely a spirit of contradiction which, later on, made her depreciate her German surroundings, for even before she left England I never saw anybody so entirely attached to her home and her belongings and consciously appreciating them, a thing very rare in one so young. From the moment, however, that Prince Frederick William arrived a few days before the marriage, his presence seemed to fill the whole picture out for her.

Anybody who ever approached Prince Frederick William knows how great his kindness, charm, and geniality were; but he was undeveloped for his age, and, though ten years older than the Princess, it was easy to see who would take the lead. Her surroundings had been large, splendid, and liberal, whilst he had been brought up in a narrow, old-fashioned, and reactionary way, which had kept him back and subdued him. Nobody was more aware of this than himself or spoke more openly about it with his friends. The Princess, often from no particular reason, took violent fancies to people. She used at first to think them quite perfect and then came the bitter disillusion. She also took first-sight dislikes to persons, based often only on a trick of manner, or an idle word dropped about them in her presence, and thus she often lost useful friends and supporters. She was no judge of character, and never became one, because her own point of view was the only she could see. This is a frequent defect in strong characters endowed with much initiative.

When I first knew the Princess Royal it was the Empress Eugénie who filled her young mind with admiration. She was never tired of extolling her grace and her beauty. She still treasured a piece of tulle torn off the Empress's dress at some ball in Paris when she accompanied the Queen there in 1854, and spoke of her in raptures. When she worked herself up to these enthusiasms, or, as the French would call it, *engouements*, she praised the fancy of the moment so excessively that it was difficult to agree entirely with her, thus often raising opposition and even contradiction, which, however, only fanned her enthusiasm to a brighter flame. She was in the

habit of praising places and countries in the same exaggerated way, and her constant admiring references to England and everything English was what hurt the susceptibility of the Prussians and made them turn against her.

I am, however, bound to say that, referring to the letters I wrote to my family at that time (they were not Prussians, but living at Berlin), I gather that there was a party with whom the marriage was very unpopular long before the Princess arrived there, and the centre of discontent was the Court of the King. Frederick William the Fourth was a witty and amiable man, but at the time we are speaking of already very ill and suffering from softening of the brain, from which he died three years later. The Queen, a severely good woman, was exceedingly stiff and strait-laced, and had always been a devoted partisan of Russia, and in consequence she abhorred everything English, for the Crimean war was still fresh in all people's memories. I express in those letters (which were those of a child, and therefore speak the truth) my astonishment at all the unkind reports I had heard at Berlin, and I insist constantly on the indescribable charm of the Princess, the great dignity of the Queen, and the good looks of the Prince of Wales, all so contrary to the impression which had been given me beforehand.

The homeward journey of Prince and Princess Frederick William after their marriage was a series of triumphs, and the bright but icily cold January day on which they made their State entry into Berlin in a gilt coach with the windows let down, so that the people might see them better, witnessed a reception of unequalled enthusiasm in the annals of Prussia. When, after several freezing hours, the Royal pair arrived at the Old Schloss, where all the princes and princesses of the House of Hohenzollern and many other Royal and illustrious guests were assembled to receive them, the Queen Elisabeth, as she somewhat frigidly embraced her new niece, remarked: 'Are you not frozen to death?' upon which the Princess promptly responded, 'Yes, I am; I have only one warm place, and that is my heart!'

All during the festivities which followed the Princess won hearts by the thousand. She was always at her best when amused and excited; her shyness then had not time to show itself, and she was far more at her ease and spoke better when making that trying Continental institution, a *cercle*, during those first months of her married life, than she ever did afterwards, brilliant though she always was in intimate conversation, especially when she was alone with a person she liked.

The old King and his Queen lived at Charlottenburg and never appeared in public, a small circle of select friends only being invited in the evening. The Prince of Prussia, who, soon after the Princess Royal's marriage, became Regent, and was later on the beloved and

revered 'Kaiser Wilhelm,' was not in those days popular with the masses. He had taken part with England and France against Russia in the Crimean war, and so did his wife, an intellectual and highly cultivated woman, who, however, amongst the Prussians proper had another title to unpopularity, which was her leaning to Roman Catholicism.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that all the affection of the people and the sympathies of at least all the young and brilliant section of society should go out to that young Court, presided over by a Prince whose kind nature and noble aspirations were known to all who came near him and by a Princess of seventeen, whose cleverness and charm enslaved even those who had been most opposed to what was termed 'the English marriage.'

There can be no doubt that the Princess from the first compared life at Berlin disadvantageously with her English homes, but at that time certainly without any bitterness. To the Prince, who adored her, England also seemed perfection, so there was no warning note sounded in that direction, and I, who had been brought up by English nurses and governesses, with English ideas and English prejudices, thought her quite in the right, and only wondered when some of those surrounding her took umbrage at what appeared to me to be only natural.

Nor do I think that many knew the difficulties and discomforts that the young Princess had to encounter. The first year of her married life was passed at the picturesque but highly inconvenient Old Schloss. She had a vast but gloomy apartment, where the windows rattled and the chimneys smoked. Of the heating of the huge stone staircases and passages there was no trace, and everything that had to do with hygiene was sadly neglected. The Princess, who was practical by nature and well up in all new inventions, and by temperament a Liberal and Progressive, was at first astonished and then shocked at the elementary installation. She took the greatest trouble and interest in arranging the Palace which was to be her abiding home with every English comfort and improvement. But even in that Palace she had not quite a free hand, for it had been that of King Frederick William the Third, the Prince's grandfather, who had died in it, and his room had by his pious sons been preserved in exactly the same state as it was on the day of his death. This room was situated between the Princess's boudoir and library, and every time she went to her bed or dressing-room she was obliged to pass through it. The Princess was not superstitious, but the associations of the room, with its sparse and Spartan furniture, and the icy cold which always pervaded it, were enough to shake older nerves than hers. But there was more.

The door between the boudoir and the 'death-room,' as it was always called, would sometimes open by itself. The first time it

happened was on a winter's evening shortly before the present Emperor was born, and the Princess had only been a few weeks in the Palace. She was sitting on a light blue damask sofa next to the door but with her back to it, and I was sitting opposite her reading out aloud, close under the lamp, when, raising my eyes, I saw the door, which was a single one, and covered, like the walls, with blue silk, open noiselessly, and, as if pushed by an invisible hand, swing back gently on its hinges till it reached the wall. I was very much afraid of apparitions in those days, and I stopped reading and stared spellbound. The Princess cried, 'What do you see?' I said, 'Nothing, Ma'am,' and got up to close the door, but it will be conceded that it was very creepy and not agreeable for a young married woman in a delicate state of health to have so depressing a neighbourhood. The cause of the door opening in that way was discovered later to be quite natural; it was not set straight on its hinges, and the wall of the room extended as an arch over the street, so that the reverberation of any heavy waggon passing under it shook the door-posts and made the lock give way and the door swing back.

The first summer the Princess passed in her new country, the Royal couple resided at Babelsberg, a modern Gothic creation, with nothing to recommend it but a rather pretty situation on the river Havel. It was there the Prince Consort visited his beloved daughter in the month of May, 1858, for the first time after her marriage. He was just recovering from a sharp attack of typhoid fever which left him weak and aged, and the Princess's happiness at having her adored father under her own roof-tree was much tempered by her anxiety about his health.

It was at Babelsberg also that the Queen later on in the summer paid a visit of a fortnight. There was only just room for the Royalties in the Castle, and all the Court removed to the Palace at Potsdam, at about half an hour's distance, with the exception of the Queen's lady-in-waiting and myself, who lived in a cottage about ten minutes' walk from the Castle. The cottage was such that I was in the habit of sleeping during the frequent thunderstorms of a German summer with my umbrella open and fastened to the head of my bed.

The next summer the splendid and roomy *Neue Palais* was, at the Princess's request, put at her disposal, and she made it in the course of years an abode as comfortable as it was beautiful.

There is no doubt that the very liberal tendencies the Princess had imbibed in England appeared utterly subversive to many of the reactionary Prussians of that day. Such men as Disraeli and Lord Salisbury were still in the dim future, and all her sympathies were with Lord Palmerston and his Ministry, especially such men as Lords Clarendon and Granville, who both came to pay her a visit at Babelsberg. There was nobody who showed more than the Princess, by the play of her mobile features and the vivacity or restraint of

her gestures, whether she liked the person she was speaking to or not, and at that period the very approach of a Tory or a reactionary seemed to freeze her up.

The thing that often struck me about her was the tragic note in her thoughts, so little in harmony with the rest of her personality. It was curious in one so young and apparently so happy, and it seemed to spring from a want of confidence in the future and a passionate clinging to the present, if it was what pleased her. Later on it was the same with her children; she desired with unutterable longing to keep them always in babyhood. She loved them as long as they were quite small with a violence as if she feared they would be taken from her. I was too young to make inductions in those days, but I always felt that the fear of the future, which so often seemed to loom over her, had something to do with her dislike to abstract thought and any spiritual problem. Everything seemed to approach her through the senses and not through intuition. She was a clever artist, and drew correctly and with decision, though with more adaptiveness than imagination. The drawing of hers that had most of the latter quality was done when she was fourteen. It represented a young woman bending over a dead soldier on one of the Crimean battlefields; it was a dark picture well composed, with a lurid sky and the tragic element very strong in it. In art she preferred Rubens to any other painter, and everything she admired was always abundant and strong. It was not the fashion in the fifties to admire women of the gigantic latter-day pattern, but she always praised those of ample proportions, even if they were not good-looking.

In science, too, she only believed in the palpable and positive, and she looked upon the beginnings of magnetism and hypnotism, often called spiritualism, at that time as absurd superstition. In medicine, for instance, she only saw salvation in the large doses of the allopath, and laughed at the homœopath as a harmless lunatic.

On the other hand, her grasp of events and facts was astounding in one so young, and only equalled by her capacity for adapting anything she might gather from others to her wants. Her memory was retentive for anything that interested her. She was not a great reader, but liked being read to whilst she drew; she loved music, but was not so good a musician as the Queen. She was never idle and an early riser, but sometimes went to bed almost by daylight. Physically she was indolent in those days, at least for walking, but she could ride for hours in scorching sun or cutting wind without ever feeling tired. She was not indifferent to dress, but could have done herself much more justice had she understood what suited her. She was too often guided by what suited others, or what she thought pretty in a picture, or by sentiment. She was not twenty when I left her, and yet her character then was more formed than that of most women of thirty. I always noticed that

men, especially clever men, understood her better than women; and if she had not had a constitutional timidity which made it quite impossible for her to carry things through when she was opposed by a determined will, she would have accomplished a great deal more than she did. She was unable to tell those who surrounded her if anything in their behaviour displeased her, but she felt acutely the want of harmony produced by this state of things, and from this arose the many misunderstandings which darkened so much of her life. It was this timidity and want of *élan* which prevented her gaining the influence over the Regent through which she might have fulfilled all her wishes instead of having to resort to the expedient of a 'go-between.' The Regent, chivalrous, very open to the influence of women, and proud of this young English daughter-in-law, would have been wax in her hands if she could have treated him with affectionate and familiar pleasantry, and behaved like a loving child with a doting father. Instead of this, she froze up with him, and especially with his wife, the future Empress Augusta, into a shy reserve which made intimate conversation impossible. Perhaps these two first years were the happiest of her married life. She had not then matured, in fact hardly conceived, the plans which made her later years a life of longing and unfulfilled wishes. She felt her powers seething in her, but she did not consciously adapt them. She loved the Prince, and he looked up to her as the perfection of womanhood. There was one thing alone in which he never gave way to her wishes; he steadfastly refused giving up his solitary evening walk in the streets of Berlin, after the Princess had gone to bed, though she was terrified, and entreated him over and over again to make this sacrifice for her. But those were still days of great security, and Prince Frederick William was beloved by high and low, so he only laughed at these fears.

During these years the Princess was not yet troubled with the thought of inadequate means to carry out her conceptions. It was not unnatural that, having been brought up amongst the riches and luxury of England, she thought herself very poor in her new life, and, like many people who have no clear idea of the value of money, she imagined herself sometimes on the brink of ruin.

At that time she saw none but bright and cheerful faces about her, and she was sure of the devotion of her surroundings; the world lay at her feet—the daughter of a mighty Queen, and the future Queen of a great people. Nobody in those days then thought the day could be far distant on which she would ascend the throne. The first terrible blow was the death of the Prince Consort. I saw her some months later, still utterly crushed and listless; and how many other blows have followed this first one! and what a sad and tragic fate has been that of this remarkable and highly endowed Princess!

But my intimate association with her ended in the third year of her marriage, before the dark shadows of the wings of fate had lowered on her path. She arises in my memory in all her freshness and childlike simplicity, the eldest and most brilliant daughter of proud parents, the loving and admired sister, the adored girl-wife of a chivalrous husband, the affectionate friend, and the young and happy mother. There seemed to be sunshine everywhere. The future was mercifully hidden from all eyes, and she alone, though unconsciously, felt the gathering clouds with which an inscrutable Providence darkened the high hopes sprung from so radiant a beginning.

WALBURGA PAGET.

## *SHAKESPEARE IN ORAL TRADITION*

### I

BIOGRAPHERS did not lie in wait for men of eminence on their death-beds in Shakespeare's epoch. To the advantage of literature, and to the less than might be anticipated disadvantage of history (for your death-bed biographer, writing under kinsfolk's tear-laden eyes, must needs be smoother-tongued than truthful), the place of the modern memoir-writer was filled in Shakespeare's day by friendly poets, who were usually alert to pay fit homage in elegiac verse to a dead hero's achievements. In that regard Shakespeare's poetic friends showed at his death exceptional energy. During his lifetime men of letters had bestowed on his 'reigning wit,' on his kingly supremacy of genius, most generous stores of eulogy. Within two years of the end a sonneteer had justly deplored that something of Shakespeare's own power, to which he deprecated pretension, was needful to those who should praise him aright. But when Shakespeare lay dead in the spring of 1616, when, as one of his admirers topically phrased it, he had withdrawn from the stage of the world to the 'tiring-house' or dressing-room of the grave, the flood of panegyric lamentation was not checked by the sense of literary inferiority which in all sincerity oppressed the spirits of surviving companions. One of the earliest of the elegies was a sonnet by William Basse, who gave picturesque expression to the conviction that Shakespeare would enjoy for all time an unique reverence on the part of his countrymen. In the opening lines of his poem Basse apostrophised Chaucer, Spenser, and the dramatist Francis Beaumont, three poets who had already received the recognition of burial in Westminster Abbey—Beaumont, the youngest of them, only five weeks before Shakespeare died. To this honoured trio Basse made appeal to 'lie a thought more nigh' one another so as to make room for the newly dead Shakespeare within their 'sacred sepulchre.' Then, in the second half of his sonnet, the poet developing a new thought argued that Shakespeare in right of his pre-eminence merited a burial place apart from all his fellows. With a glance at Shake-



Shakespeare's distant grave in the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon church, the writer exclaimed :—

Under this carved marble of thine own  
Sleep, brave tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep *alone*.

The fine sentiment found many a splendid echo. It resounded in Ben Jonson's lines of 1623 :—

My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further to make thee a room.  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live  
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

Milton wrote a few years later, in 1630, how Shakespeare, 'sepulchred' in 'the monument' of his writings,

in such pomp doth lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Never was a glorious immortality foretold for any man with more solemn confidence than it was foretold for Shakespeare at his death by his circle of adorers. When Time, one elegist said, should dissolve his 'Stratford monument,' the laurel about Shakespeare's brow would wear its greenest hue. Shakespeare's critical friend, Ben Jonson, was but one of a numerous band who imagined the 'sweet swan of Avon,' 'the star of poets,' shining for ever as a constellation in the firmament. Such was the invariable temper in which literary men gave vent to their grief on learning the death of the 'beloved author,' 'the famous scenicke poet,' 'the admirable dramaticke poet,' 'that famous writer and actor,' 'worthy master William Shakespeare' of Stratford-on-Avon.

## II

But unqualified and sincere as was the eulogy awarded to Shakespeare, alike in his lifetime and immediately after his death, the spirit and custom of the age confided to future generations the duty of first offering him the more formal honour of prosaic and critical biography. The biographic memoir which consists of precise and duly authenticated dates and records of domestic and professional experiences and achievements was in England a comparatively late growth. It had no existence when Shakespeare died. It began to blossom in the eighteenth century, and did not flourish luxuriantly till a far more recent period. Meagre seeds of the modern art of biography were indeed sown within a few years of Shakespeare's death, but, outside the unique little field of Izaak Walton's tillage, the first sproutings were plants so different from the fully developed tree that they can with difficulty be identified with the genus. Apart from Izaak Walton's exceptional efforts, the biographical spirit

first betrayed itself in England in slender, occasional pamphlets of rhapsodical froth, after the model of the funeral sermon; but its most conspicuous embodiment of early days appeared in substantial volumes that are little more than arbitrarily compiled, if extended, catalogues of distinguished names. To each name were attached brief annotations, which occasionally supplied a fact or a date, but commonly consisted of a few grotesque sentences of quaint, uncritical eulogy. Fuller's *Worthies of England*, which was begun about 1643 and was published posthumously in 1662, was the first English compendium of biography of this aboriginal pattern. Shakespeare naturally found place in Fuller's merry pages, for the author loved in his eccentric fashion his country's literature, and he had sought the society of those who had come to close quarters with literary heroes of the past generation. Of that generation his own life just touched the fringe, he being eight years old when Shakespeare died. Fuller described the dramatist as a native of Stratford-on-Avon, who 'was in some sort a compound of three eminent poets'—Martial 'in the warlike sound of his name,' Ovid for the naturalness and wit of his poetry, and Plautus alike for the extent of his comic power and his lack of scholarly training. 'He was,' Fuller continued, an eminent instance of the rule that a poet is born not made. 'Though his genius,' he warns us, 'generally was jocular and inclining him to festivity, yet he could, when so disposed, be solemn and serious.' His comedies Fuller adds, would rouse laughter even in the weeping philosopher Heraclitus, while his tragedies would bring tears even to the eyes of the laughing philosopher Democritus.

Of positive statements respecting Shakespeare's career, Fuller is economical. He commits himself to nothing more than may be gleaned from the following sentences:—

Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow, in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention. He died anno domini 1616, and was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon, the town of his nativity.

Fuller's successors did their work better in some regards, because they laboured in narrower fields. Many of them showed a welcome appreciation of a main source of their country's permanent reputation by confining their energies to the production of biographical catalogues, not of all manner of heroes, but solely of those who had distinguished themselves in poetry and the drama.<sup>1</sup> In 1675 a biographical catalogue of poets was issued for the first time in England, and the

<sup>1</sup> Such a compilation had been contemplated in 1614, two years before the dramatist died, by one of Shakespeare's own associates, Thomas Heywood, and twenty-one years later, in 1635, Heywood spoke of 'committing to the public view' his summary *Lives of the Poets*, but nothing more was heard of that project.

example once set was quickly followed. No less than three more efforts of the like kind came to fruition before the end of the century.

In all four Shakespeare was accorded more or less imposing space. Although Fuller's eccentric compliments were usually repeated, they were mingled with far more extended and discriminating tributes. Two of the compilers designated Shakespeare 'the glory of the English stage;' a third wrote 'I esteem his plays beyond any that have ever been published in our language,' while the fourth quoted with approval Dryden's fine phrase 'Shakespeare was the Man who of all Modern and perhaps Ancient Poets had the largest and most comprehensive Soul.' But the avowed principles of these tantalising volumes justify no expectation of finding in them solid information. The biographical cataloguers of the seventeenth century did little more than proclaim Shakespeare and the other great poets of the country to be fit subjects for formal biography as soon as the type should be matured. That was the message of greatest virtue which these halting chroniclers delivered. In Shakespeare's case their message was not long neglected. In 1709 Nicholas Rowe, afterwards George the First's poet-laureate, published the first professed biography of the poet. The eminence of the subject justified such alacrity, and it had no precise parallel. More or less definite lives of a few of Shakespeare's great literary contemporaries followed his biography at long intervals. But the whole field was never occupied by the professed biographer. Very many distinguished Elizabethan and Jacobean authors shared the fate of John Webster, next to Shakespeare, the most eminent tragic dramatist of the era, of whom no biography was ever attempted, and no positive biographic fact survives.

But this is an imperfect statement of the advantages which Shakespeare's career enjoyed above that of his fellows from the commemorative point of view. Although formal biography did not lay hand on his name for nearly a century after his death, the authentic tradition of his life and work was beginning steadily to crystallise in the minds and mouths of men almost as soon as he drew his last breath. Fuller's characteristically shadowy hint of 'wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson' and of the contrasted characters of the two combatants suggests pretty convincingly that Shakespeare's name presented to the seventeenth-century imagination and tongue a better defined personality and experience than the embryonic biographer knew how to disclose. The commemorative instinct never seeks satisfaction in biographic effort exclusively, even when the art of biography has ripened into satisfying fulness. A great man's reputation and the moving incidents in his career never live solely in the printed book or the literary word. In a great man's lifetime, and for many years after, his fame and his fortunes live most effectually on living lips. The talk of surviving kinsmen, fellow-craftsmen, admiring acquaintances, and sympathetic friends is the

treasure-house which best preserves the personality of the dead hero for those who come soon after him, and when biography is unpractised no other treasure-house is known.

The report of such converse moves quickly from mouth to mouth. In its progress the narration naturally grows fainter, and, when no biographer lies in wait for it, it ultimately perishes altogether. But oral tradition respecting a great man whose work has fascinated the imagination of his countrymen comes into circulation early, persists long, even in the absence of biography, and safeguards substantial elements of truth through many generations. Although the biographer put in no appearance, it is seldom that some fragment of oral tradition respecting a departed hero is not committed to paper by one or other amateur gossip who comes within earshot of it early in its career. The casual unsifted record of floating anecdote is not always above suspicion. As a rule it is embodied in familiar correspondence, or in diaries, or in commonplace books, where clear and definite language is rarely met with; but, however disappointingly imperfect and trivial, however disjointed, however deficient in literary form the registered jottings of oral tradition may be, it is in them, if they exist at all with any title to credit, that future ages best realise the great man to have been in plain fact a living entity, and no mere shadow of a name.

### III

When Shakespeare died on the 23rd of April, 1616, many men and women were alive who had come into personal association with him, and there were many more who had heard of him from those who had spoken with him. Apart from his numerous kinsfolk and neighbours at Stratford-on-Avon, there were in London a large society of fellow-authors and fellow-actors with whom he lived in close communion. Very little correspondence or other intimate memorials alike of Shakespeare's professional friends and of his kinsfolk and country neighbours survive. Nevertheless some scraps of the talk about Shakespeare that circulated among his acquaintances or was handed on by them to the next generation has been tracked to written paper of the seventeenth century and to printed books. A portion of these scattered memorabilia of the earliest known oral traditions respecting Shakespeare has come to light very recently; other portions have been long accessible. As a connected whole they have never been narrowly scrutinised, and I believe it may serve a useful purpose to consider with some minuteness how the mass of them came into being.

The more closely Shakespeare's career is studied the plainer it becomes that his experiences and fortunes were identical with those of all who followed in his day his profession of dramatist, and that

his conscious aims and ambitions and practices were those of every contemporary man of letters. The difference between the results of his endeavours and those of his fellows was due to the magic and involuntary working of genius, which, since the birth of poetry, has exercised 'as large a charter as the wind, to blow on whom it pleases.' Speculation or debate as to why genius bestowed its fullest inspiration on Shakespeare is no less futile than speculation or debate as to why he was born into the world with a head on his shoulders instead of a block of stone. It is enough for wise men to know the obvious fact that genius endowed Shakespeare with its richest gifts, and a very small acquaintance with the literary history of the world and the manner in which genius habitually plays its part there will show the folly of cherishing astonishment that Shakespeare, rather than one more nobly born or more academically trained, should have been chosen for the glorious dignity. Nowhere is this lesson more convincingly taught than by a systematic survey of the oral tradition. Shakespeare figures there as a supremely favoured heir of genius, whose humility of birth and education merely serves to intensify the respect due to his achievement.

In London, where Shakespeare's work was mainly done and his fortune and reputation achieved, he lived with none in more intimate social relations than with the leading members of his own prosperous company of actors, which, under the patronage of the king, produced his greatest plays. Like himself, most of his colleagues were men of substance, sharers with him in the two most fashionable theatres of the metropolis, occupiers of residences in both town and country, owners of houses and lands, and bearers of coat-armour of that questionable validity which commonly attaches to the heraldry of the *nouveaux riches*. Two of these affluent associates predeceased Shakespeare; and one of those, Augustine Phillips, attested his friendship in a small legacy. Three of Shakespeare's fellow-actors were affectionately remembered by him in his will, and a fourth, one of the youngest members of the company, proved his regard for Shakespeare's memory by taking, a generation after the dramatist's death, Charles Hart, Shakespeare's grand-nephew, into his employ as a 'boy' or apprentice, thereby starting him in a prosperous career, in which at its height he was seriously likened to his grand-uncle's most distinguished actor-ally, Richard Burbage. Above all is it to be borne in mind that to the disinterested admiration for his genius of two fellow-members of Shakespeare's company we owe the preservation and publication of the greater part of his literary work. The personal fascination of 'so worthy a friend and fellow as was our Shakespeare' bred in all his fellow-workers an affectionate pride in their intimacy.

Such men were the parents of the greater part of the surviving

oral tradition of Shakespeare, and no better parentage could be wished for. To the first accessible traditions of proved oral currency after Shakespeare's death, the two fellow-actors who called the great First Folio into existence pledged their credit in writing only seven years after his death. They printed in their preliminary pages of that volume these three statements of common fame, viz. that to Shakespeare and his plays in his lifetime was invariably extended the fullest favour of the court and its leading officers; that death\* deprived him of the opportunity he had long contemplated of preparing his literary work for the press; and that he wrote with so rapidly flowing a pen that his manuscript was never defaced by alteration or erasure. Shakespeare's extraordinary rapidity of composition was an especially frequent topic of contemporary debate. Ben Jonson, the most intimate personal friend of Shakespeare outside the circle of working actors, wrote how 'the players' would 'often mention' the circumstance to him, and how he was in the habit of arguing that Shakespeare's work would have been the better had he devoted more time to its correction. The players, Ben Jonson adds, were wont to grumble that such a remark was 'malevolent,' and he delighted in seeking to vindicate it to them on what seemed to him to be just critical grounds. The copious deliverances of Jonson in the tavern-parliaments of the London wits, which were in almost continuous session during the first four decades of the seventeenth century, set flowing much other oral tradition of Shakespeare, whom Jonson said he loved and whose memory he honoured 'on this side idolatry as much as any.' One of Jonson's remarks which seems to have lived longest on the lips of contemporaries was that Shakespeare 'was indeed honest and [like his own Othello] of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.'

To the same category of oral tradition belongs the further piece which Fuller enshrined in his slender story of Shakespeare's effective engagements with Ben Jonson in dialectical battle. Jonson's dialectical skill was for a long period undisputed, and for gossip to credit Shakespeare with victory in such conflict was to pay his memory even more enviable honour than Jonson paid it in his own *obiter dicta*.

There is yet an additional scrap of oral tradition which, reduced to writing about the time that Fuller was at work, confirms Shakespeare's reputation for quickness of wit in everyday life, especially in intercourse with the critical giant Jonson. Dr. Donne, the Jacobean poet and dean of St. Paul's, who knew Jonson well, told, apparently on Jonson's authority, the story that Shakespeare, having consented to act as godfather to one of Jonson's sons, solemnly

promised Jonson to give the child a dozen good 'latin spoons' for the father to 'translate.' *Latin* was a play upon the word 'latten,' which was the name of a metal resembling brass. The simple quip was a good-humoured hit at Jonson's pride in his classical learning. Dr. Donne related the anecdote to Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, a country gentleman of literary tastes, who had no interest in Shakespeare except from the literary point of view. He entered it in his common-place book within thirty years of Shakespeare's death.

## IV

Of the twenty-five actors who are enumerated in a preliminary page of the great First Folio, as filling in Shakespeare's lifetime chief rôles in his plays, few survived him long. All of them came in personal contact with him; several of them constantly appeared with him on the stage from early days. The two who were longest lived, John Lowin and Joseph Taylor, came at length to bear a great weight of years. They were both Shakespeare's juniors, Lowin by twelve years, and Taylor by twenty, but both established their reputation by middle age. Lowin at twenty-seven took part with Shakespeare in the first representation of Ben Jonson's *Sejunnus* in 1603. He was an early, if not the first, interpreter of the character of Falstaff. Taylor as understudy to the great actor Burbage, a very close ally of Shakespeare, seems to have achieved some success in the part of Hamlet, and to have been applauded in the rôle of Iago, while the dramatist yet lived. When the dramatist died, Lowin was forty, and Taylor over thirty. Subsequently, as their senior colleagues one by one passed from the world, these two actors assumed first rank in their company, and before the ruin in which the Civil War involved all theatrical enterprise, they were acknowledged to stand at the head of their profession.\* Taylor lived through the Commonwealth, and Lowin far into the reign of Charles the Second, ultimately reaching his ninety-third year. Their last days were passed in indigence, and Lowin when an octogenarian was reduced to keeping the inn of the 'Three Pigeons' at Brentford. Both these men kept alive from personal knowledge some oral Shakespearean tradition during the fifty years and more that followed his death. Little of their gossip is extant. But it was put on record, long before the end of the century, by John Downes the old prompter and librarian of a chief London theatre, that Taylor repeated

\* Like almost all their colleagues, they had much literary taste. When public events compulsorily retired them from the stage, they, with the aid of the dramatist Shirley and eight other actors, two of whom were members with them of Shakespeare's old company, did an important service to English literature. In 1647 they collected for first publication in folio Beaumont and Fletcher's plays; only one, *The Wild Goose Chase*, was omitted, and that piece Taylor and Lowin brought out by their unaided efforts five years later.

instructions which he had received from Shakespeare's own lips for the playing of the part of Hamlet, while Lowin narrated in detail how Shakespeare taught him the theatrical interpretation of the character of Henry the Eighth—in that play which came from the joint pens of Shakespeare and Fletcher. Both Taylor's and Lowin's reminiscences were passed on to Thomas Betterton, the greatest actor of the Restoration, and the most influential figure in the theatrical life of his day. Through him they were permanently incorporated in the verbal stage-lore of the country. No doubt is possible of the validity of this piece of oral tradition, which, springing from the mouths of those who personally benefited by the exertion, reveals Shakespeare in the act of personally supervising the production of his own plays.

Taylor and Lowin were probably the last actors to speak of Shakespeare from personal knowledge. But hardly less deserving of attention are scraps of gossip about Shakespeare that survive in writing in the words of some of Taylor and Lowin's actor-contemporaries who, though they were never themselves in personal relations with Shakespeare, knew many formerly in direct relation with him. Probably the seventeenth-century actor with the most richly stored memory of the oral Shakespearean tradition was William Beeston, to whose house in Hog Lane, Shoreditch, the curious often resorted in Charles the Second's time to listen to his reminiscences of Shakespeare and of the poets of Shakespeare's epoch. Beeston died after a busy theatrical life at eighty or upwards in 1682. He belonged to a family of distinguished actors or actor-managers. His father, brothers and son were all, like himself, prominent in the profession, and some of them were almost as long-lived as himself. His own career combined with that of his father covered more than a century, and both sedulously and with pride cultivated intimacy with contemporary dramatic authors. It was probably William Beeston's grandfather, also William Beeston, to whom the satirical Elizabethan, Thomas Nash, dedicated in 1593 with good-humoured irony one of his insolent libels on Gabriel Harvey, a scholar who had defamed the memory of a dead friend. Nash laughed at his patron's struggles with syntax in his efforts to write poetry, and at his addiction to drink, which betrayed itself in his red nose, but he greeted William Beeston the first as a boon companion who was generous in his entertainment of threadbare scholars. Christopher Beeston, this man's son, the father of the Shakespearean gossip, had in abundance the hereditary taste for letters. He was at one time Shakespeare's associate on the stage. Both took part together in the first representation of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, in 1598. His name was again linked with Shakespeare's in the will of their fellow-actor, Augustine Phillips, who left each of them a legacy as a token of friendship at his death in 1605. Christopher Beeston left



Shakespeare's company of actors for another early in his career, and his closest friend among the actor-authors of his day in later life was not Shakespeare himself but Thomas Heywood, a very popular dramatist and pamphleteer who lived on to 1650. It was a friendship which kept Beeston's respect for Shakespeare at a fitting pitch. Heywood, who wrote the affectionate lines :

Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting Quill  
Commanded Nirth or Passion, was but *Will*,

enjoys the distinction of having published in Shakespeare's lifetime the only expression of resentment that is known to have come from the dramatist's proverbially 'gentle' lips. He 'was much offended,' Heywood wrote, with an unprincipled publisher who 'presumed to make so bold with his name' as to put it to a book of which he was not the author. And Beeston had some concern in the volume called *An Apology for Actors*, to which Heywood appended these words of Shakespeare; for in the book he briefly vindicated the recreation which the playhouse afforded, in preliminary verses addressed to the author, his 'good friend and fellow Thomas Heywood.' Much else in Christopher Beeston's professional career is known, but it is sufficient to mention here that he died in 1637, while he was filling the post that he had long held, of manager of the King and Queen's Company of Players at the Cock-Pit Theatre in Drury Lane. It was the chief playhouse of the time, and his wife was lessee of it.

Christopher's son, William Beeston the second, was his father's coadjutor in Drury Lane and succeeded him in his high office there. The son encountered difficulties with the Government through an alleged insult to the King in one of the pieces that he produced, and he had to retire from the Cock-Pit to a smaller theatre in Salisbury Court, but he retained the respect of the play-going and the literature-loving public until his death, and his son George, whom he brought up to the stage, carried on the family repute to a later generation. William Beeston had no liking for dissolute society, and the open vice of Charles the Second's Court pained him. He lived in old age much in seclusion, but by a congenial circle he was always warmly welcomed for the freshness and enthusiasm of his talk about the poets who flourished in his youth. 'Divers times (in my hearing),' one of his auditors, Francis Kirkman, an ardent collector and reader of old plays, wrote to him in 1652—'Divers times (in my hearing), to the admiration of the whole company you have most judiciously discoursed of Poesie.' He was recognised as 'the happiest interpreter and judg of our English stage-Playes this Nation ever produced; which the Poets and Actors of these times cannot (without ingratitude) deny; for I have heard the chief, and most ingenious of them, acknowledg their Fames and Profits

essentially 'sprung from your instructions, judgment and fancy.' Few who heard Beeston talk failed, Kirkman continues, to subscribe 'to his opinion that no Nation could glory in such Playes' as those that came from the pens of the great Elizabethans, Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson. Dryden bestowed on Beeston the title of 'the chronicle of the stage,' and John Aubrey, the honest antiquary and gossip, who had in his disorderly brain the makings of a Boswell, sought Beeston's personal acquaintance about 1660 in order to 'take from him the lives of the old English Poets.' It is Aubrey who has recorded most of such sparse fragments of Beeston's talk as survive—how Edmund 'Spenser was a little man, wore short hair, little bands, and little cuffs,' and how Sir John Suckling came to invent the game of cribbage. Of Shakespeare Beeston related that he 'did act exceedingly well,' far better than Jonson; that 'he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country;' that 'he was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit;' and that he and Ben Jonson gathered 'humours of men daily wherever they came.' Kirkman's and Aubrey's testimony to Beeston's influence on 'the poets and actors of these times' leaves little doubt that Sir William D'Avenant, Beeston's successor as manager at Drury Lane, and Mr. Thomas Shadwell, the popular writer of comedies, echoed their old mentor's views when they, in conversation with Aubrey, credited Shakespeare with 'a most prodigious wit,' and declared that they 'did admire his natural parts beyond all other dramatical writers.'<sup>3</sup>

John Lacy, another actor of Beeston's generation, who made an immense reputation on the stage and was also a successful writer of farces, was one of Beeston's closest friends, and, having been personally acquainted with Ben Jonson, could lend to many of Beeston's stories useful corroborative or additional testimony. With Lacy, too, Aubrey conversed of Shakespeare's career. At the same time, the popularity of Shakespeare's grand-nephew, Charles Hart, who was called the Burbage of his day, conspicuously maintained among actors the appetite for Shakespearean tradition, especially of the theatrical kind. Hart had no direct acquaintance with his great kinsman, who died fully ten years before he was born, and his father, who was sixteen at Shakespeare's death, died in his son's boyhood; but Hart's grandmother, the poet's sister, lived till he was twenty-one, and Richard Robinson, the fellow-member of Shakespeare's company who first taught Hart to act, survived till 1647. That Hart did what he could to satisfy the curiosity of his companions there is a precise oral tradition to confirm. According to the story, first put on record

<sup>3</sup> Aubrey's reports of his miscellaneous gossip were first fully printed from his manuscripts in the Bodleian Library by the Clarendon Press in 1898. They were most carefully edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark.

in the eighteenth century by the painstaking antiquary, William Oldys, it was through Hart that some actors made, in the middle of the century, the exciting discovery that Gilbert, one of Shakespeare's brothers, who was his junior by only two years, was still living at a patriarchal age. Oldys describes the concern with which Hart's professional acquaintances questioned the old man about the dramatist, and their disappointment when his failing memory only enabled him to recall his brother's performance of the part of Adam in his comedy of *As you like it*. It should be added that Oldys obtained his information of the episode, which deserves more attention than it has received, from an actor of a comparatively recent generation, John Bowman, who died over eighty in 1739 after spending 'more than half an age on the London theatres.'

## V

Valuable as these actors' testimonies are, it is in another rank of the profession that we find the most important link in the chain of witnesses alike to the persistence and authenticity of the oral tradition of Shakespeare which was current in the middle of the seventeenth century. Sir William D'Avenant, the chief playwright and promoter of theatrical enterprise of his day, enjoyed among persons of influence and quality infinite credit and confidence. As a boy he and his brothers had come into personal relations with the dramatist under their father's roof, and the experience remained the proudest boast of their lives. D'Avenant was little more than ten when Shakespeare died, and his direct intercourse with him was consequently slender; but D'Avenant was a child of the Muses, and his slight acquaintance with the living Shakespeare spurred him to treasure all that he could learn of his hero from any who had enjoyed fuller opportunities of intimacy. To realise the manner in which the child D'Avenant and his brothers came to know Shakespeare is to approach the dramatist through oral tradition at very close quarters. D'Avenant's father, a melancholy person who was never known to laugh, long kept at Oxford the Crown Inn in Carfax. Gossip which was current in Oxford throughout the seventeenth century, and was put on record before the end of it by more than one scholar of the University, establishes that Shakespeare on his annual journeys between London and Stratford-on-Avon was in the habit of staying at the elder Davenant's Oxford hostelry. The report ran that 'he was exceedingly respected' in the house, and was freely admitted to the inn-keeper's domestic circle. The inn-keeper's wife was credited with a mercurial disposition which contrasted strangely with her husband's sardonic temperament, and it was often said in Oxford that Shakespeare not merely found his chief attraction at the Crown Inn in the

wife's witty conversation, but formed a closer intimacy with her than moralists would approve. Oral tradition speaks in clearer tones of his delight in the children of the family—four boys and three girls. We have at command statements on that subject from the lips of two of the sons. The eldest son, Robert, who was afterwards a parson in Wiltshire, and was on familiar terms with many men of culture, often recalled with pride for their benefit that 'Mr. William Shakespeare' had given him as a child 'a hundred kisses.'

The third son, William, was more expansive in his reminiscences. It was generally understood at Oxford in the early years of the seventeenth century that he was the poet's godson, as his name would allow, but some gossips had it that the poet's paternity was of a less spiritual character, and that when the boy in Shakespeare's lifetime informed a doctor of the university that he was on his way to ask a blessing of his godfather who had just arrived in the town, the child was warned by his interlocutor against taking the name of God in vain. It is proof of the estimation in which D'Avenant held Shakespeare that when he came to man's estate he was 'content enough to have' the insinuation 'thought to be true.' He would talk freely with his friends over a glass of wine of Shakespeare's visits to his father's house, and would say 'that it seemed to him that he wrote with Shakespeare's very spirit.' Of his reverence for Shakespeare he gave less questionable proof in a youthful elegy in which he represented the flowers and trees on the banks of the Avon mourning for Shakespeare's death and the river weeping itself away. He was credited, too, with having adopted the new spelling of his name D'Avenant, so as to read into it a reference to the river Avon. In maturer age D'Avenant sought out the old actors Taylor and Lowin, and mastered their information respecting Shakespeare, their early colleague on the stage. With a curious perversity he mainly devoted his undoubted genius in his later years to rewriting in accordance with the debased taste of Charles the Second's reign the chief works of his idol; but until D'Avenant's death in 1668 the unique character of Shakespeare's greatness had no stouter champion than he, and in the circle of men of wit and fashion, of which he was the centre, none kept the cult alive with greater enthusiasm. His early friend Sir John Suckling, the Cavalier poet, who was only seven years old when Shakespeare died, he infected so thoroughly with his own affectionate admiration that Suckling wrote of the dramatist in familiar letters as 'my friend Mr. William Shakespear.' One of the most precise and valuable pieces of oral tradition which directly owed its currency to D'Avenant was the detailed story of the generous gift of 1000*l.* which Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton, made him, 'to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to.' Rowe, Shakespeare's first biographer, recorded

this particular on the specific authority of D'Avenant, who, he pointed out, 'was probably very well acquainted with' the dramatist's 'affairs.' At the same time it was often repeated that D'Avenant was owner of a complimentary letter which James the First had written to Shakespeare with his own hand. A literary politician, John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave and Duke of Buckinghamshire, who survived D'Avenant nearly half a century, said that he had examined the epistle while it was in D'Avenant's keeping. The publisher Lintot first printed the statement in a preface to an edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1709.

D'Avenant's devotion did much for Shakespeare's memory, but it stimulated others to do even more for the after-generations who wished to know the whole truth about Shakespeare's life. The great actor Betterton was D'Avenant's close associate in his last years. D'Avenant coached him in the parts both of Hamlet and Henry the Eighth, in the light of the instruction which he derived through the medium of Taylor and Lowin from Shakespeare's own lips; but more important is it to note that D'Avenant's ardour as a seeker after knowledge of Shakespeare fired Betterton into making a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon to glean oral traditions of the dramatist's life there. Many other of Shakespeare's admirers had previously made his tomb in Stratford Church a place of pilgrimage, and Aubrey had acknowledged in haphazard fashion the value of Stratford gossip. But it was Betterton's visit that laid the train for any systematic union of the oral traditions of London and Stratford respectively. It was not until the two streams of tradition mingled in equal strength that a regular biography was possible. Betterton was the efficient cause of this conjunction. All that Stratford-on-Avon revealed to him he put at the disposal of Nicholas Rowe, who was the first to attempt a formal memoir. Of Betterton's assistance Rowe made generous acknowledgment in these terms:—

I must own a particular Obligation to him [*i.e.* Betterton] for the most considerable part of the Passages relating to his [*i.e.* Shakespeare's] Life, which I have here transmitted to the Publick; his veneration for the Memory of Shakespeare having engag'd him to make a Journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what Remains he could of a Name for which he had so great a Value.

## VI

The contemporary epitaph on Shakespeare's tomb in Stratford-on-Avon Church, which acclaimed Shakespeare a writer of supreme genius, gave the inhabitants of the little town no opportunity of ignoring at any period the fact that the greatest poet of his era had been their fellow-townsmen. Stratford was indeed openly identified with Shakespeare's career from the earliest possible day, and the

first topographer of Warwickshire, writing about 1650, noted that the place was memorable for having given 'birth and sepulture to our late famous poet Will. Shakespeare.' But the obscure little town produced in the years that followed Shakespeare's death none who left behind records of their experience, and such fragments of oral tradition of Shakespeare at Stratford as are extant survive accidentally, with one notable exception, in the manuscript notes of visitors who, like Betterton, were drawn thither by a veneration acquired elsewhere.

John Ward, a seventeenth-century vicar of Stratford, settled there in 1662 at the age of thirty-three, forty-six years after Shakespeare's death, and remained there till his death in 1681. He is the only resident of the century who wrote down any of the local story. Ward was a man of good sentiment. He judged that it became a vicar of Stratford to know his Shakespeare well, and one of his private reminders for his conduct runs—'Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and bee much versed in them, that I may not bee ignorant in that matter.' Ward was a voluminous diarist and a faithful chronicler as far as he cared to go. Shakespeare's last surviving daughter, Judith Quiney, was dying when he arrived in Stratford, but he seems to have known Lady Barnard, Shakespeare's only grandchild and last surviving descendant, who lived in the neighbouring county of Northampton till 1670. Ward reported from local conversation six important details: viz. that Shakespeare retired to Stratford in his elder days; that he wrote at the most active period of his life two plays a year; that he made so large an income from his dramas that 'he spent at the rate of 1,000*l.* a year'; that he entertained his literary friends Drayton and Jonson at 'a merry meeting' shortly before his death, and that he died of its effects.

Oxford, which was only thirty-six miles distant, supplied the majority of Stratford tourists, who, before Betterton, gathered oral tradition there. Aubrey, the Oxford gossip, roughly noted six points other than those embodied in Ward's diary, viz. that Shakespeare had as a lad helped his father in his trade of butcher; that one of the poet's companions in boyhood, who died young, had almost as extraordinary a 'natural wit'; that Shakespeare betrayed very early signs of poetic genius; that he paid annual visits to his native place when his career was at its height; that he loved at tavern meetings in the town to chaff John Combe, the richest of his fellow-townsmen, who was accused of usurious practices; and finally that he died possessed of a substantial fortune. Until the end of the century, visitors were shown round the church by an aged parish clerk, some of whose gossip about Shakespeare was recorded by one of them in 1693. The old man came thus to supply two further items of information: how Shakespeare ran away in youth and how he sought service at a playhouse, 'and by this meanes had an opportunity to be what he afterwards proved.'

A different visitor next year recorded in an extant letter to a friend yet more scraps of oral tradition. These were to the effect that 'the great Shakespear' dreaded the removal of his bones to the charnel-house attached to the church; that he caused his grave to be dug seventeen feet deep; and that he wrote the rude warning against moving his remains, which was inscribed on his gravestone, in order to meet the capacity of the 'very ignorant sort of people' whose business it was to look after burials. Betterton gained some more precise particulars—the date of baptism and the like—from an examination of the parochial records; but the most valuable piece of oral tradition with which his research must be credited was the account of Shakespeare's deer-stealing escapade at Charlecote. Another tourist from Oxford privately and independently put that anecdote into writing at the same date, but Rowe, who first gave it to the world in his biography, relied exclusively on Betterton's authority. At a little later period inquiries made at Stratford by a second actor, Bowman, yielded a trifle more. Bowman came to know a very reputable resident at Bridgtown, a hamlet adjoining Stratford, Sir William Bishop, whose family was of old standing there. Sir William was born ten years after Shakespeare died, and lived close to Stratford till 1700; he told Bowman that a part of Falstaff's character was drawn from a fellow-townsmen at Stratford against whom Shakespeare cherished a grudge owing to his obduracy in some business transaction. Bowman repeated the story to Oldys, who put it on record.

Although one could wish the early oral tradition of Stratford to have been more thoroughly reported, such as is extant in writing is sufficient to prove that Shakespeare's literary eminence was well known in his native place during the century that followed his death. In many villages in the neighbourhood of Stratford—at Bidford, at Wilmcote, at Greet, at Dursley—there long persisted like oral tradition of Shakespeare's occasional visits, but these were not written down before the middle of the eighteenth century; and although they are of service as proof of the local dissemination of his fame, they are somewhat less definite than the traditions that suffered earlier record and need not be particularised here. One light piece of gossip, which was associated with a country parish at some distance from Stratford, can alone be traced back to remote date, and was quickly committed to writing. A trustworthy Oxford don, Josias Howe, fellow and tutor of Trinity, was born early in the seventeenth century at Grendon in Buckinghamshire, where his father was long rector, and he maintained close relations with his birth-place during his life of more than ninety years. Grendon was on the road between Oxford and London. Howe stated that Shakespeare often visited the place in his journey from Stratford, and that he found the original of his character of Dogberry in the person of a

parish constable who lived on there till 1642. Howe was on familiar terms with the man, and he confided his reminiscence to his friend Aubrey, who duly recorded it, although in a somewhat confused shape.

## VII

It is with early oral tradition of Shakespeare's personal experience that I am dealing here. It is not my purpose to notice early literary criticism, of which there is abundant supply. It was obviously the free circulation of the fame of Shakespeare's work which stimulated the activity of interest in his private fortunes and led to the chronicling of the oral tradition regarding them. It could easily be shown that, outside the circle of professional poets, dramatists, actors, and fellow-townsmen, Shakespeare's name was, from his first coming into public notice, constantly on the lips of scholars, statesmen and men of fashion who had any glimmer of literary taste. The *Muse of History* indeed drops plain hints of the views expressed at the social meetings of the great in the seventeenth century when Shakespeare was under discussion. Before 1643, 'all persons of quality that had wit and learning' engaged in a set debate in the rooms at Eton College of 'the ever-memorable' fellow John Hales on the question of Shakespeare's merits compared with those of classical poets, and the judges who presided over 'this ingenious assembly' unanimously and without qualification decided in favour of Shakespeare's superiority. Lord Clarendon held Shakespeare to be one of the 'most illustrious of our nation,' and among the many heroes of his admiration, Shakespeare was of the elect few who were 'most agreeable to his lordship's general humour.' He was at the pains of securing a portrait of Shakespeare to hang in his house in St. James's. The proudest and probably the richest nobleman in political circles at the end of the seventeenth century, the Duke of Somerset, was often heard to speak of his 'pleasure in that Greatness of Thought, those natural Images, those Passions finely touch'd, and that beautiful Expression which is everywhere to be met with in Shakespear.'

## VIII

It was to this Duke of Somerset that Rowe appropriately dedicated the first biography of the poet, which was originally designed as a preface to the first critical edition of his plays. 'Though the works of Mr. Shakespear may seem to many not to want a comment,' Rowe wrote modestly enough, 'yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.' Rowe did his work quite as well as the rudimentary state of the biographic art of his day allowed. He was unconscious that



he was exposing himself to any charge of niggardliness in his supply of information. He had placed himself in the hands of Betterton, an investigator at first hand. But the fact remains that Rowe made no sustained or scholarly effort to collect exhaustively even the oral tradition; still less did he consult with thoroughness official records or references to Shakespeare's literary achievements in the books of his contemporaries. Such labour as that was to be undertaken later, when the practice of biography had assimilated more scientific method. Rowe preferred the straw of vague rhapsody to the brick of solid fact. Nevertheless his memoir laid the foundations on which his successors built. It set ringing the bell which called together that mass of information drawn from every source—manuscript archives, printed books, oral tradition—which now far exceeds what is accessible in the case of any poet contemporary with Shakespeare. Some links in the chain of Shakespeare's career are still missing, and we must wait for the future to disclose them. But, though the clues at present are in some places faint, the trail never altogether eludes the patient investigator. The ascertained facts are already numerous enough to define beyond risk of intelligent doubt the direction that Shakespeare's career followed. Its general outline is fully established, as we have seen, by one source of knowledge alone—one out of many—by the oral tradition which survives from the seventeenth century.

It may be justifiable to cherish regret for the loss of Shakespeare's autograph papers and of his familiar correspondence. But the absence of such documentary material can excite scepticism of the received tradition only in those who are ignorant of the fate that invariably befell the original manuscripts and correspondence of Elizabethan and Jacobean poets and dramatists. Save for a few fragments of small literary moment, no play of the era in its writer's autograph escaped early destruction by fire or dust-bin. No machinery then ensured, no custom then encouraged, the due preservation of the autographs of men distinguished for poetic genius. Provision was made in the public record offices or in private muniment-rooms for the protection of the official papers and correspondence of men in public life and of manuscript memorials affecting the property and domestic history of great county families. But even in the case of men of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries in official life who, as often happened, devoted their leisure to literature, the autographs of their literary compositions have for the most part perished, and there usually only remain in the official depositories remnants of their writings about matters of official routine. Not all those depositories, it is to be admitted, have yet been fully explored, and in some of them a more thorough search than has yet been undertaken may be expected to throw new light on Shakespeare's biography. Meanwhile, instead of mourning helplessly over the lack of material for a

knowledge of Shakespeare's life, it becomes us to estimate aright what we have at our command, to study it closely in the light of the literary history of the epoch, and, while neglecting no opportunity of bettering our information, to recognise frankly the activity of the destroying agencies that have been at work from the outset. Then we shall wonder, not why we know so little, but why we know so much.

SIDNEY LEE.

*THE COMING OF THE SUBMARINE—  
THE NEW BRITISH BOATS*

THE submarine has come and it has come to stay, not only in the British Navy but in the navies of the world. On the one hand it is true that we have the opinion of Rear-Admiral O'Neil, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance of the United States Navy, that this type of war-craft has not yet passed beyond the experimental stage. On the other we have the action of the French authorities in acting in advance of the views which naval experts of the French Fleet have expressed as to the capabilities of these boats. Though neither invincibility nor perfection has been claimed, they have not only built many submarines, but are building more and are organising this branch of naval defence on the most systematic lines. There is good authority for the statement that a steamship is now under construction on the other side of the Channel to act as 'mother-ship' to the submarines, or one flotilla of them, for it has been arranged that they shall be distributed in three groups. No provision is at present made in the Estimates for this vessel, nor is she at first sight very different from an ordinary merchant ship, except that she is being fitted with special derricks whereby submarine boats can be lifted from the water and carried from point to point as desired by the admiral commanding the fleet. In a storm such a 'mother-ship' would be of the greatest advantage as it could stow the frail craft out of harm's way. Similarly, presuming that the battle fleet had secured a temporary base or had fixed on some point at which to make an attack, the submarines would be conveyed to that spot in the 'mother-ship,' the officers and men in the meantime enjoying all the warmth and comfort to be had only in a large vessel, and reserving their strength until the moment arrived at which, in the opinion of the admiral commanding, they could man their craft, launch them, and play their deadly rôle, whatever it might be. Such a 'mother-ship' in future years will probably be recognised as one of the essential auxiliaries of a squadron at sea, as absolutely necessary for the full efficiency of this arm as the big ship of the *Vulcan* type which will act as convoy or dépôt to torpedo craft of

the ordinary type during the blockade of a port or in any operations away from their permanent base.

Which shall we believe, the actions of, the French, in sinking national capital of no mean amount, or the theoretical views of some British and American officers, who have not had as many opportunities for specially studying this new type of man-of-war? It has been frequently alleged that French officers do not in their hearts believe the official and semi-official statements that have been made from time to time as to the achievements of submarines, that these statements have been grossly exaggerated. Will anyone who has watched the development of this branch of warfare in the French Navy assert that all the money represented by the small fleet of submarines has been laid out in order to bolster up a falsehood and encourage anticipations in the hearts of the people of the Republic that are already doomed never to be realised? Such unworthy motives have been suggested in the past more than once with reference to French improvements in the instruments of warfare, but we have had to adopt the French ideas in the building up of our modern Navy, and now, while we profess to laugh at the submarine boats, we have built five, not because we expect that they will add to the gaiety of nations, but because the British authorities know that the submarine has come to stay, and that the French inventive instinct is leading the authorities on the other side of the Channel with that unerring rectitude which has made them pioneers in methods of naval warfare. There is another point that the detractors of this new engine of war fail to explain. Presuming that the officers of the Naval Department of the Republic feel assured that they have not wasted the public funds represented by these craft, that they believe that the submarine boat will have an important influence on the next war in which their country is engaged, which is the more likely—that they will exaggerate or depreciate the possibilities thus brought within their reach? The more favourable the reports which are permitted to gain currency, the greater the curiosity and anxiety of rivals, and the greater haste will they exhibit to provide themselves with this latest hornet of the seas. This is exactly what the French would not desire. Rather might they be expected to exaggerate the difficulties that they encounter in the course of their experiments with the new craft, and this, it is stated, is actually what has occurred. At any rate, it is impossible to believe that successive Ministers of Marine have continued to build these boats well knowing, after experiments spread over several years, that they have no future, and that when hostilities occur they will prove of no use.

Hitherto the problem of submarine navigation has been largely academic, and powerful and sufficient reasons have led the Admiralty to ignore it. British opinion has always been sceptical, and for the best of causes: it has not desired that the obstacles to this form of

warfare should be surmounted. Officially we do not want the submarine to succeed, and when failure is foretold it is to be feared that the wish is father to the thought. We have carved out the Empire with the line-of-battle ship. Encounters with great ships constitute an honest, dogged, above-board form of warfare that suits the Anglo-Saxon temperament; the blue-jacket and his master, the naval officer, love an old-fashioned fight, and are apt to regard with disfavour all other modes of attack which are less open and direct. The submarine boat is not an honest weapon. It suggests the foot-pad, the garotter, and the treacherous knife dug in an opponent's back at a moment when he is off his guard. National sentiment in this country is against the submarine. National interests are also opposed to the submarine. We have invested all the insurance capital for the Empire in large ships. Practically we have staked our all on the battleship, on its great guns in barbette and casemate, on its belt of armour, and its great coal endurance, enabling it to travel long voyages or maintain a tedious blockade without replenishing its bunkers. We have placed our money on these great floating citadels, on their capacity to steam on and on and on, in storm or fog, emblems of our ocean supremacy, able to fight on the high seas, or to merely wait until the enemy attempts to escape from his ports. They are the invested funds of the Empire, they represent about sixty millions sterling, and wherever the British flag flies one of these armed citadels is not far off.

Over forty millions has been spent in cruisers, to act as eyes and ears of the battle squadrons, to watch all the enemies' movements and apprise the admiral of the ships of the line in order that he may choose the most fortuitous moment for an encounter; to hang on to the heels of commerce-destroyers, and to act as guardians to merchant ships bearing to this country foodstuffs and material for our factories. If the submarine has come to stay as is asserted, then it is a menace to the battleship and the cruiser, and will minimise the effective power of such vessels. It is sometimes urged that it is merely the weapon of the weaker nation, that it can be utilised only in the defence of ports of a Power weaker at sea than ourselves. Even if this be true the future of the new craft still powerfully affects us, for it is these same ports with their submarine flotillas which we must blockade in time of war, and it is against our battleships and cruisers while engaged in the blockade that the submarine will be directed. It is folly to sweep aside the claims which are made for the submarine even if they are exaggerated. Though they were unsupported by reliable evidence they constitute a menace to the *morale* of the crews of ships opposed to them. No one who has cruised in recent years in the English Channel with either of our fleets at a time when an attack from torpedo boats and destroyers has been anticipated will be likely to minimise the

dangers to which the submarine will lay us open. There are officers who hold that at night these older types of torpedo craft, which lie so low in the water that they can be seen at a distance with difficulty, are a very real danger, for the dread that they engender will probably seriously affect the aim of the crews at the light guns, and five minutes' wild, careless shooting may spell a naval disaster, the loss of a battleship, the doom of eight hundred men. This is the peril with a type of ship which moves always on the surface of the water and is held to be practically useless except for night attack. Suppose, however, that the torpedo craft be able to dive as soon as the great battleship comes within a couple of miles of her, and is able to swim beneath the waves, with only a small lookout, or perhaps not even that, on the surface. In less than twenty minutes she will be up to the battleship, unseen by the watchful crew, and may launch her deadly weapon without those devoted men having either seen her or being conscious of her presence.

Now that the Admiralty have had five of these craft of terrible possibilities constructed we can no longer regard the evolution of this type of warship with amused incredulity. The problem has been brought to our very doors, and we shall neglect it at our peril. So long as the submarine was the mere toy of naval scientists on the other side of the Channel we could afford to treat the subject with indifference. Now the submarine has reached a stage—even if only an 'experimental stage,' to quote Admiral O'Neil—when it becomes a menace. Across the English Channel these little boats are being marshalled and their crews drilled in the duties which they would have to carry out in opposing our fleets; for it is no secret either here or in France that this craft is directed against the naval forces of this country. It may be that the dreams of the enthusiasts are doomed to some measure of disappointment, but it is our business to test every weapon which may be used against us, ascertain its powers and limitations, and if necessary arrange the most feasible means of defence against it either by way of antidote or simultaneous attack with the same instrument. Meantime, until these experiments have thrown some light on the problems involved, we do well to keep our minds open to conviction, rather than to maintain the old and foolish attitude of hostility to anything not consecrated by years of familiarity. Early in the present year the means will be available for testing the capabilities of the craft that are now being completed at Barrow. It is already announced that the Admiralty will do all in their power to secure the secrecy of the results attained, and under the circumstances their policy is right and proper if they will be consistent, and refuse to foreign attachés the information which is withheld from the British people.

As is already known, the five British boats have been built

under licence from the Holland company, who are the pioneers in this class of construction in the United States, and they do not differ materially from the new craft which are being built on the other side of the Atlantic, and have raised so much contention among naval officers. There are seven of these boats nearing completion according to the latest report of the Bureau of Ordnance. The Secretary of the United States Navy did not at the commencement of the year 1901 recommend Congress to lay down more boats until trials had been undertaken with those under construction. It is now, however, stated that, owing to the success of the *Fulton*, which is the experimental boat of the new type building, it is likely further appropriations will be made for new construction of submarines. In fact, so fully is the value of the submarine appreciated by the people of the United States that the town of Newport has made application to the Government that at least two boats should be always kept there for the purpose of defence. Other important sea-coast towns are making similar applications, indicating a possibility of cheap protection being secured by the use of these craft.

In view of the division of opinion that undoubtedly existed early in 1901, the decision last spring revealed the wisdom that may always be expected from the American Naval Department, but it must be understood that it reflected not at all on the possibilities which these boats suggest, and merely indicated that the American authorities would not take a leap in the dark, but were determined to await developments. Those developments have come, and they will assuredly be followed by orders for further boats of the *Fulton* type.

At this point it may be well to describe the form of submarine which has so far found most favour on the other side of the Atlantic, and of which we are building experimental specimens. Instead of taking any over-coloured and possibly inaccurate descriptions, I cannot do better than reproduce the very clear particulars of these boats which were given at a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers recently, by Lieutenant A. Trevor Dawson; a statement which was buried among a mass of technical matter and failed to attract much attention at the time. Lieutenant Dawson, it may be explained, is the director of Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim, the builders of the British boats, who is responsible for their design and construction, and he spoke from data of the most reliable character:

The dimensions of the submarine boats which are being constructed for the British Navy are: length over all, 63 feet 4 inches; beam, 11 feet 9 inches, with a displacement when submerged of 120 tons. One torpedo expulsion tube is formed at the extreme forward end of the boat, and four of the 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes are carried, the gear being arranged so that the torpedo may be discharged with the boat stationary or running at any speed, and when the vessel is awash or submerged. The scantlings of the hull have been designed to with-

stand the pressures consequent on submergence at a depth of 100 feet from the surface, the double-bottom tanks being utilised for ballast and storing purposes. Ingress and egress are through a conning-tower of armoured steel 4 inches thick and 32 inches in external diameter, fitted with observation ports. The propulsion of the vessel awash is by a gasoline engine with four single-acting cylinders water-jacketed, actuating pistons of the trunk type, with long surfaces, the connecting-rods being attached direct to the pistons. The inlet and exhaust valves are of the poppet type, and are in the cylinder heads, the levers by which they are operated being actuated by hand, mounted by sleeves keyed to the cam shaft running alongside and near to the top of the cylinder. The cam shaft makes one revolution for every two of the main crank shaft, and the motion is transmitted by two pairs of skew gears through a vertical shaft. The electric ignitors are actuated by eccentrics also from the cam shaft; the movable and fixed electrodes are fitted with platinum points. There being four cylinders it follows that there is an impulse for each revolution, and the speed may be varied from 200 to 260 revolutions per minute, giving a maximum power of 190 b.h.p. The boat has one propeller with blades, and the speed awash is expected to be eight knots. Fuel is to be carried for a radius of 400 miles at this speed.

Propulsion when submerged is by an electric motor, which, like the gasoline engine, drives the shaft from the propeller through gearing with clutch connection. This gearing enables both gasoline engine and motor to be at a lower level than the shaft, which is on the centre line of the boat. For diving the boats are fitted with horizontal as well as vertical rudder, while at the same time a simple system of automatically arranging the disposition of water ballast is fitted to overcome any lack of horizontal stability consequent upon the diving action. Automatic means are also provided for determining the angle of diving or of rising to the surface, and to obviate submergence to excessive depths. At the same time hand gear for most purposes is fitted.

None of the opinions expressed on submarine boats in this country, in America, or in France apply to this new type of Holland boat. It differs fundamentally from the French craft in that it does not sink slowly on an even keel, an operation that takes from fourteen or fifteen minutes to twenty minutes, but dives like a porpoise beneath the water within fewer seconds than the French submarines take minutes. It is, in fact, calculated—and was demonstrated in America during November last—that the British boats will be able to dive, so as to leave only their small armoured conning-towers visible on the surface, in a matter of a few seconds, and in this position they will be able to travel if necessary 400 miles; none of the French boats can approach this achievement. As to the rate at which the new Holland type of boat is capable of submergence, it is noteworthy that during the recent trials of the *Fulton* she was able to dive in from two to three seconds entirely out of sight, so that, at a moderate range of, say, 2,500 yards, she could have submerged herself out of danger of a shot after seeing the flash of the gun on firing. With reference to the air supply, this has given trouble in some of the French boats, and the crews have suffered much inconvenience. There will be no such difficulty in the new Holland boats, which are fitted with apparatus for purifying the atmosphere and have a large storage of compressed air. These



arrangements are so perfect that one complement remained sealed up in a boat for several hours smoking and singing lustily; indeed the air supply is sufficient to enable the crew in face of any imminent danger to remain submerged for thirty-six hours without discomfort. To some extent this claim has been put to the test. On the 5th of November, the *Fulton*, which is similar to the British boats, remained under water for fifteen hours without discomfort to the crew. The opinion of those who spent a night under Peconic Bay, while a gale raged above with a wind of sixty miles an hour blowing, was unanimous. Rear-Admiral Lowe, an officer of over thirty years' service, who was present as a guest, remarked on coming to the surface that he regarded the demonstration as perfect, and he added that he thought that the length of time that the ship could remain under water was limited only by her capacity to carry food for her crew. The air in the vessel, he added, was absolutely normal throughout the night, and he was able to obtain several hours of natural sleep in spite of the strangeness of his surroundings. 'Not once,' added the Admiral, 'did I notice any sign of bad air, gas or other impurities; considering that we did not draw on the tanks (of compressed air) at all, I consider this wonderful!' While shipping was suffering in the storm above, the *Fulton* was unaffected by the commotion of wind and wave. What the *Fulton* can do, the British boats, which are of the same improved Holland design, can also accomplish.

Whenever the subject of submarines is raised, sceptics point to their alleged blindness. At one time there was ground for the contention that these craft cannot see beneath the water. The French have surmounted this difficulty to some extent by the use of what is known as the periscope. This remains on the surface when the vessel is submerged to any depth down to about 20 feet, and by a system of mirrors carries to the officer below a reflection of what is occurring above. Of course since it lies low this reflector has a very restricted outlook, and it is liable to be rendered misty if the sea is not very smooth. Of the utility of the periscope under favourable conditions there can be no doubt. It has enabled several of the French submarines to operate with success while remaining themselves unseen. As recently as the 5th of December last, according to the naval organ, *Le Yacht*, the *Narval* and the *Morse* were instructed to defend the port of Cherbourg against the attack by night of the coast defence ships *Bouvines* and *Valmy*. Leaving the port when the approach of the big vessels was signalled, they went beneath the water, ran out to the incoming vessels, torpedoed them, and then made their presence known by coming to the surface. Successes of a like character were achieved off Cherbourg last month (January). Similar achievements were claimed during the operations in the Mediterranean, but, as usual, every effort in this country was

made to discredit the accuracy of the narratives which were published, though none of the detractors indicated the object which the highly trained scientific staff of the French marine could have in exaggerating the results attained, since it is evidently to their country's interests that any success secured should not be published, lest it should lead other Powers to venture into a field that hitherto our neighbours have had practically to themselves. On the other hand, the detractors of the submarine have claimed that if the periscope fulfils its mission even imperfectly, it only renders the task of the British in following the French example all the more difficult since the construction of the apparatus is secret, and, it is admitted, is not fully known to the British Admiralty. The belief that the British are at a disadvantage in this respect is an entire misapprehension. The boats which are being built at Barrow will not be blind. On this point we have the assurance of Lieutenant Dawson, given in the course of the paper already quoted, that each of the British boats will have 'a special arrangement for effecting this purpose' (obtaining a view of the surface) 'while enabling her to run at a distance below the surface so that no visible trace of her can be seen.' 'Such an arrangement,' he adds, 'places this country quite on a level with the French nation, notwithstanding the fact that we may not have given the same amount of attention to submarine warfare.' Behind this statement of the builder of the British boats it is impossible to go; presumably he would not have committed himself to such an assurance unless he were sure of his ability to prove his assertion when the time comes.

Admiral Philip Hichborn, until recently Chief Constructor of the United States Navy, has laid it down that the desiderata in a submarine boat include: (a) speed as great as that of the fastest torpedo boat; (b) very great radius of action; (c) a means of directing the course by vision upon a moving object while remaining beneath the surface; (d) habitability for great lengths of time; and (e) unlimited quantities of air for power and for respiration by the crew. Since none of the new Holland boats were completed he was only able to check these desiderata by the older type, admittedly imperfect, and he came to the following conclusions: (a) the speed of ten knots (on the surface), which he regarded as acceptable because the surface running is made only when proceeding to a field of action, and when out of the zone of practicable gun-fire; submerged speed seven knots for fifty miles radius of action, eleven knots or more at the expense of radius. This was held to be 'unsatisfactory, but sufficient to be formidable when operating from inshore against ships outside'; (b) the considerable radius of action on the surface was considered 'satisfactory in a small craft'; (c) as to control and direction in the vertical plane, he concluded that it was 'perfectly satisfactory since the boat can be held within a few inches of any

desired depth while running, and can be brought to the surface and again taken under with exposure of the turret top for only a few seconds'; (d) ventilation was 'perfectly satisfactory,' but (e) 'habitability' was unsatisfactory on account of the cramped spaces, 'but sufficient' to be endured for a few days at a time while lying off on picket duty, and because her crew can always be dry and warm, and not suffer from heat as do the fire-room force of most naval craft. Admiral Hichborn also held that the armament was satisfactory and that the protection was perfect, 'since neither gun-fire nor torpedoes can reach her when approaching to the attack submerged, and since the chance of her suffering from gun-fire when raising her turret a few inches above the surface for a few seconds is reduced to a minimum.' He was further of opinion that the Holland's sea-going qualities were 'perfect, since no sea, however heavy, can affect her when in the awash condition ready to dive, and when running light she can always be dropped to the awash condition in heavy weather.' Summarising his views he stated that the 'Holland type of submarine in its present development is a large positive quantity, and there seems to be no way of largely increasing it for some years.' In this prophecy, though expressed only eighteen months ago, this officer was wrong, for already the boats have been given sight when submerged, as indicated by Lieutenant Dawson, while the latter expresses the view that, though the speed is not great, progress is certain, and attention may be directed to the following significant parallel: when the Whitehead torpedo was first introduced it had a low speed, and, generally speaking, was very uncertain as to its direction, depth, and applied utility. Now, however, it is capable of running within a few inches of the required depth at a speed of some thirty-seven miles an hour for a range up to 2,000 yards, and hitting the point aimed at with almost the same precision as a gun. In the same manner, there is no doubt, the submarine boat will be improved, while there is a great field for development in connection with the secondary battery.

In view of the fact that Admiral Dewey is one of the half-dozen officers of high standing who have had experience of war under modern conditions, it is remarkable that so little attention has been paid to his opinion on submarines. Before the Congress Committee on Naval Affairs, he made a most important statement on the 25th of April, 1900, before the newer boats had been ordered. He said, according to a report in the *Navy and Army Journal* (New York):

The moral effect, to my mind, is infinitely superior to mines or torpedoes or anything of the kind. With those craft moving under water it would wear people out. With two of those in Galveston all the navies of the world could not blockade that place.

In reply to questions from the Committee the Admiral expressed the opinion that such boats, skilfully handled, would be 'most

valuable' as harbour and coast protectors, and would practically free battleships and cruisers from the rôle of harbour defence, for offensive work at sea and hostile shores. The moral effect of such boats ready for instant service in the principal seaports, he said, would greatly conduce to the security of those ports, and be a potent deterrent to an enemy's fleet; it would be wise to have a number of these boats as now constructed in use in time of peace for the training of the officers who would have to command and operate them in time of war.

Referring to his experiences in Manila Bay, Admiral Dewey stated :

From what I saw my own belief is that I could not, with my squadron, fifteen ships—if the enemy had had two of those boats with determined Americans on board—have held that bay. We would have had to be under way and would never have known when the blow was going to strike. It would have worn us out. The human frame would not have stood it. I think so now, as I said before. Of course; submarine means with torpedoes. Torpedo boats, surface boats—I don't give much for those. I hadn't a vessel that could have got into Pasig River, and they would have come out dark nights, and we could not have seen them until they were close to us, and my experience is that you fire very badly in those conditions—I mean aim badly. And the chances are not very good. She (the Holland, when run experimentally) only came to the surface for ten seconds. You could not train your guns on them. I think, in the interests of peace—and that is what we all want—it would be money well spent.

Several months later the Admiral reaffirmed these strongly expressed opinions on the use of submarines in naval operations.

Those who view the subject without prejudice will agree that Admiral Dewey has adopted the right attitude towards these new engines of war. Since without our seeking, and in spite of British discouragement and incredulity, they have forced their way into five of the greatest navies in the world (for Russia and Italy are building specimens), it behoves all the Powers not merely to carefully regard their future development, but to familiarise crews with their construction, equipment, and management. This can be done only by building a number of these craft, and we have every reason for congratulation at the action which the British Admiralty have taken. They have built five boats, which are undoubtedly of the most efficient type evolved, and they have entrusted them for experimental purposes to Captain Reginald H. S. Bacon, D.S.O., an officer with a brilliant record, who has made this coming method of warfare a special study. Within the present year he will have ample opportunities of putting his flotilla to the trial. It may be that in some particulars it will be found that the boats are far from perfect, because the submarine is still in its infancy. It is already very generally agreed, however, that as defensive forces for a country with a number of harbours liable to blockade, they cannot fail to prove of the greatest service. Admiral O'Neil, since he made his reference to the submarine being still in

an experimental stage, has admitted that he is already satisfied that these vessels are a most important development for harbour and coast protection. The long runs which have been made by several boats in an open sea-way in French and American waters give reason to believe that in the near future their rôle as an offensive force may be also amply established. Already we have the achievement of the *Narval* in May 1901 in travelling 260 miles at sea, remaining submerged for several hours, as an indication of the line of development from the purely defensive to the offensive. Probably in the coming decade we shall see every sea-going squadron with its flotilla of these boats, carried from point to point when cruising in a large 'mother-ship,' and dropped at convenient spots for the training of officers and men in their use and in the development of a scheme of tactics suited to the part which they will take in an attack on a blockaded fleet in port, or in checking operations on the part of the blockaded force within.

The future is in the lap of the gods, but already the submarine looms large, and it would be rash to attempt to mark the limits of its employment in time of war. We may not have yet evolved the ideal warship of this design—that experiment in English waters may reveal—but the progress that has been made in the past few years exceeds in result all the laboured, though spasmodic, effort of the century preceding the French infatuation. We may be on the eve of a naval revolution almost as momentous and as far-reaching in its results as the change from wood and sails to the steel and steam of to-day, so effectively typified in Portsmouth harbour by Nelson's old flagship *Victory* (flying still the flag of the admiral in command of the port) and the many modern ships, from gaunt battleships to swift devilish destroyers, which are ever passing in and out of that arsenal. Under the influence of the demonstrations that have taken place in America and off the French ports the naval opinion of the world has been undergoing a gradual change, and it must be recognised that as the submarine now promises to become a formidable engine of war, and is also an instrument of commerce like other warlike material, its future development along the lines of the present models is certain. Already France possesses thirty-four of these craft of terrible import, vessels which may mean not only a revolution in naval construction, but a complete change in existing tactics. Thirteen more are to be ordered this year. Italy is building five, and Russia one. If one can read aright the signs of the times, in a few years the French Navy will have not thirty-four, but probably ten times as many submarines wherewith to protect the ports of the Republic, and to lead attacks on our commerce maybe; in the last resource, if bolder tactics fail, carrying on a species of guerilla warfare in the English Channel similar in some measure to the operations that the Boers have pursued

with so much success in South Africa. Fully 90 per cent. of the merchant ships that are ever passing up and down this narrow waterway fly the British flag. How narrow the Channel is, and what an admirable field it offers for commerce destruction, the people of this country apparently fail to recognise. There is no route beyond a few hours' steaming of the French ports. Dover and Calais are only twenty-two miles apart; Portsmouth and Cherbourg are seventy-three; Portsmouth and Havre are ninety-one; and Plymouth and Brest 150. None of these distances is beyond the steaming capacity of a submarine. At eight knots one of these vessels could travel from Cherbourg to Portsmouth in nine hours; in other words, leaving the French shore under average weather conditions at dusk, say four o'clock, it could be off St. Catherine's shortly after midnight, and who shall say what it might not achieve?—for from this point it could proceed either awash or submerged. Dover is even nearer our neighbours, and this is the reason why over three millions sterling are being expended in a defended harbour. Plymouth is within less than a day's run from Brest. These figures illustrate the restriction of the Channel in these days of steam, and emphasise the fact that there is not a trade route in this narrow sea that is beyond the reach of the submarine operating from one or other of the French ports. It is not difficult to picture the danger in which our ships may be placed in time of war, remembering that the officers of these mosquito ships will run great risks to attain their ends. A hundred submarines let loose at sunset in these narrow waters would render existence on our warships by no means enviable. The field for operation in the Mediterranean is hardly less favourable to these boats.

The French people have long ago assimilated these possibilities, which are responsible for the enthusiasm with which the submarine has been welcomed. Frenchmen know that it has come and has come to stay, a thorn in the side of the greatest naval Power with its hundred millions sterling invested in battleships and cruisers, more or less at the mercy of these ships, deadly in their threat though insignificant in size, and cheap. It is because this danger threatens, if it does not already exist, that the British people should watch with keen interest the development of this craft, and welcome every effort made by the authorities to arrive at a true understanding of the problems that it presents. The old policy of refusing to admit that submarines are or can be of any service to a Power that intends to pursue an offensive-defensive scheme when war occurs must be abandoned, since there can be no doubt that the new vessels will be of the greatest service for harbour and coast defence if only on account of their moral influence. This has been already proved by the *Narval*, *Morse*, and *Gustave Zédé* in France, and by the old type of Holland boat which has been most thoroughly tested in America. What the utility

of the new craft may be as an offensive weapon it is still early to state definitely, because the results of past experience cannot be accepted as satisfactory for or against the British type of boats. The presumption, however, is that as the craft are so small that they can be moved with a battle fleet with the greatest ease on board a 'mother-ship,' their rôle in this respect may be outlined by subsequent experiment beyond the possibility of criticism. The right line of action was set forth by the Secretary to the United States Navy when he informed Congress that 'well trained and thoroughly reliable crews are indispensable for submarine boats, and like all torpedo boats their efficiency will largely depend on the nerve, dash, and steadfastness of their *personnel*.' This marks the accurate attitude towards the submarine boat in its present stage—a desire to ascertain its powers, and a recognition that this can be done only by detailing officers and men to the craft, and giving them every opportunity and encouragement to test the capabilities of this audacious development of naval warfare. So far as can be judged this is the line of action that the British Admiralty have laid down, and this way lies truth as opposed to theoretical condemnation or over-appreciation, both of which are fraught with danger.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

## SHOULD TRADE UNIONS BE INCORPORATED?

TRADE Unions have been placed in a serious dilemma by the revolutionary decision of the House of Lords in the Taff Vale case.

There are about 800 trade unions of employers, distributed over the chief industries, and 1,300 unions of workmen, with an approximate membership of 2,000,000.

These unions have all been formed and built up upon the assumption that they were purely voluntary associations, with no more legal personality than that possessed by a cricket or a West-End social club. The Law Lords have now shown this universal assumption to have been erroneous by declaring that a registered trade union is a legal entity, capable of being sued for the wrongful acts of its officers if committed within the scope of their authority. Many eminent persons have quarrelled with the decision on the ground that it is not good 'law.' Such criticism, whether right or wrong, is really beside the mark. The decision is not based upon strict law, but is just one of those quasi-legislative pronouncements which the Lords have delivered from time immemorial in the exercise of their jurisdiction in equity. And we all know what a very elusive and unfettered creature equity is. Indeed, has not Selden quaintly told us in his *Table Talk* that 'equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity.' But it is idle to quarrel with the decision, upon quite other grounds. It is the final pronouncement of the highest tribunal in the land. Be it good law, bad law, or indifferent law, it is the law. The trade unions frankly recognise this, and know full well that if they would be relieved from its crippling and harassing effects, they must seek fresh legislation. This they are earnestly bent upon procuring. It is as yet too early for their desire to have crystallised into definite legislative proposals. All one can say at present is that it vaguely alternates between the suggestion on the one hand that the unions should seek the full rights and capacities of corporations, and, on the other hand, that they should endeavour to get back to the limited status of



voluntary associations, such as they hitherto believed was conferred upon them by the Trade Union Act of 1871.

The suggestion that the trade unions should be incorporated can scarcely claim the merit of novelty. Thrice within the last thirty-five years the question has been raised in connection with contemplated labour legislation. Therefore, before grappling more closely with the subject as one of prime political importance at this moment, it will be of advantage to make a brief excursion into trade union history. This will enable us not only to appreciate the reasons for the attitude of employers and workmen towards the question, but also to realise how completely the Taff Vale judgment has changed the conditions of the problem.

At the time the Royal Commission was appointed, in 1867, to inquire into the organisation and rules of trade unions, those unions were for all practical purposes illegal bodies, as being combinations in restraint of trade. True, the Combination Act of 1825 conferred a certain degree of freedom upon the unions. It exempted from punishment 'persons meeting together for consulting upon and determining the rates of wages which the persons present at the meeting, or any of them, should demand for their work, or the hours during which they should work.' It also contained a similar limited exemption with respect to persons entering into an agreement for these purposes. Stepping beyond these very narrow provisions, the unions found themselves in the shadow-land of illegality. Meetings, or strikes, or the payment of strike alimony, or agreements in pursuit of certain other equally essential purposes of a union, were all unlawful. Thus meetings to protest against the tyranny of foremen, an agreement to regulate the number of apprentices, a strike against the 'sweating' or sub-contract system, or the payment of alimony to men on strike against 'knobsticks,' piecework, or insani-tary conditions of employment, were all illegal. The presence of any of these objects in the rules made the union an illegal association in restraint of trade. From this illegality flowed two serious consequences. In the first place, the members of such unions had no remedy against embezzling officials. In the second place, both members and officials were liable at any moment to be indicted for criminal conspiracy. To escape these consequences some of the unions resorted to subterfuge. They expunged from their rules all reference to their trade protection purposes, and registered under the Friendly Societies Acts as quite innocent-looking associations for the provision of friendly benefits. They then pursued their 'illegal objects' in secrecy. In other words, the 'trade' parts of their unions were converted into secret societies. The members of these secret societies knew full well that upon discovery they were as liable to be indicted for conspiracy and heavily punished in seeking to condition piecework, or regulate the number of apprentices, as for organising violence or

intimidation, or 'rattening' against 'blacklegs.' The law drew no practical distinction between the two offences. The results were inevitably as modern wisdom might have foreseen. Goaded into sullen anger by secretly nurtured grievances and a haunting sense of criminal repression, some of the looser spirits declared that it was 'as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb,' and engaged in acts of the most reprehensible character. This conduct found its ugliest expression in the shocking outrages to which Broadhead confessed at Sheffield. To those who have carefully studied the evil fruit of repressive laws, which blindly treat as equally criminal acts of widely varying immorality, and who have learnt something of the intense feeling with which workmen view their trade rights, it has been a matter of gratifying surprise that those dark deeds were not more general. Indeed, their comparative rarity under the circumstances goes far to justify Ruskin's high encomiums upon the innate goodness and law-abiding instincts of the British workman.

When the Royal Commission came to draw up their recommendations they were, as seems to be usual with Royal Commissions, divided into two opposite camps. But upon certain essential points majority and minority were agreed. They both recognised the dangers and injustice of the existing combination laws. They both recommended fresh legislation to remove some of the more anomalous features of these laws. They both agreed that trade unions should be legalised to the extent of giving their members a right of action against dishonest officials. At this point their agreement ceased. The minority—Mr. Frederic Harrison and the late Judge Hughes—urged that all the ordinary objects of trade unions should be legalised, so as to free the members from criminal liabilities for acting 'in restraint of trade.' The majority, on the other hand, while prepared to legalise certain additional objects, recommended that no union should be registered which still had any of the following among its objects: (1) To regulate the number of apprentices, (2) to restrict the introduction and use of machinery, (3) to prevent sub-contracting or piecework, (4) to refuse to work with non-unionists, (5) to extend financial assistance to other unions.

The majority and minority were also hopelessly divided upon the vital question of the status which should be conferred upon the unions. The majority, largely representing the employers' attitude at that time, were emphatic in their view that the trade unions should, for the purpose of carrying out those limited objects which it was proposed to recognise in registered organisations, be clothed with the legal personality of a corporation: . . . 'Facilities should be granted for such registration as will give to the unions capacity for rights and duties resembling in some degree that of a corporation.' Strangely enough, the majority assigned no reasons for this drastic recommendation, beyond stating that such a status

would confer advantages upon the unions and advantage upon the public by securing publicity to the proceedings of the unions.

The minority, voicing more or less the views of the trade union leaders, were strongly against the notion of converting the unions into corporations. The paragraph in which they discuss the matter is so important for present purposes that I venture to quote it at length :

A very serious question arises here as to whether legislation of a far more comprehensive character is not needed to place trade unions on a full legal footing ; whether, in fact, a complete Statute should not be enacted analogous to the provisions of the Friendly Societies Act and the Joint Stock Companies Acts, and the like, by means of which uniform rules would be framed for the formation, management, and dissolution of these associations, and by which they should be enabled to sue and to be sued by their members, to recover from members their contributions or fines, and to be made liable to members for the benefits assured. We are inclined to believe that the time has not yet come, if it ever will come, for any such Statute. The amount of feeling which this question arouses on both sides, the great irritation of those who have suffered by trade unions, and the extreme jealousy on the part of their members of State interference would, we are convinced, render the attempt to pass such a measure impracticable. We are far from seeing any certainty that such an Act is even ultimately desirable. Trade unions are essentially clubs, and not trading companies, and we think that the degree of regulation possible in the case of the latter is not possible in the case of the former. All questions of crime apart, the objects at which they aim, the rights which they claim, and the liabilities which they incur, are for the most part, it seems to us, such as courts of law should neither enforce, nor modify, nor annul. They should rest entirely on consent.

When the Government introduced their Bill to legalise trade unions in 1871, it was found that they had entirely adopted the views of Messrs. Harrison and Hughes in the Minority Report. Mr. Home Secretary Bruce (the late Lord Aberdare), in introducing the Bill, quoted the foregoing paragraph from the Minority Report, and then expressly added : 'It is in accordance with that opinion that the measure of the Government has been framed.'

And without more than verbal amendment that Bill became the Trade Union Act of 1871. So, for the time being, the question of the incorporation of the unions seemed to have been settled.

But it was again raised four years later. Finding that the Trade Union Act needed amendment in certain minor respects, a list of the amendments which it was proposed to ask the Government to embody in a new Bill was submitted by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress to that body meeting in Glasgow in 1875.

One of the Scotch delegates squarely raised the question of incorporation afresh by moving 'that an addition be made to the memorial, to the effect that the societies should have a right to sue and be sued.' An animated discussion followed. It is interesting to gather from [the speeches of the delegates on this occasion what in their minds constituted the chief objections to incorporation.

Mr. George Howell, Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, said :

Their Scotch friends seemed to be rather fond of law ; in England they endeavoured, as far as possible, to keep out of the law courts. It might seem a simple thing that societies should have the right of suing and being sued, but it involved trade questions and trade rules which were often so complicated that courts of justice could not possibly deal with them.

Mr. Kennedy

considered that the right to sue and be sued would give to unscrupulous persons the power to drag societies from court to court, perhaps at the instigation and expense of employers, until the funds were completely drained and the societies split up. By introducing such a clause they would be breaking a stick to beat their own back.

Mr. George Odger, the most eloquent spokesman probably that the English labour movement has produced,

was strongly opposed to the principle embodied in the amendment, holding that it would give rise to vexatious prosecutions and endless confusion. It would (he said) be productive of no good, while it would embarrass the societies in every direction.

The proposal was negatived with only three dissentients, and again nothing was done towards incorporating the unions.

The subject of incorporation was discussed at considerable length by the Labour Commission in 1894. History repeated itself. As in 1867, there was a wide divergence of opinion among the Commissioners upon the matter. As in 1867, the question was dealt with in both a majority and minority report. As in 1867, those representing the employers' point of view urged incorporation, and were supported by certain eminent publicists who sat upon the Commission. And again, as in 1867, the minority of the Commission, voicing trade union opinion, expressed themselves as against incorporation. The majority said :

We think that the extension of liberty to bodies of workmen or employers to acquire fuller legal personality than that which they at present possess is desirable in order to afford, when both parties wish it, the means of securing the observance, at least for fixed periods, of the collective agreements which are now, as a matter of fact, made between them in so many cases.

In order to enable trade associations to enter into collective legally binding agreements, with the consequence that in case of breach of contract they would be liable to be sued for damages, payable out of their collective funds, it would not be sufficient to repeal Sub-section 4 of Section 4 of the Act of 1871. Even if that legislative incapacity were taken away, the trade associations would be prevented by their want of legal personality from entering into such agreements, or suing or being sued, except with regard to the management of their funds and real estate.

It would be necessary that they should acquire by some process of registration a corporate character sufficient for these purposes.

They added that

The evidence does not show that public opinion is as yet ripe for the changes in the legal status of trade associations which we have suggested, but we have

thought it to be desirable to indicate what may, as it appears to us, ultimately prove to be the most natural and reasonable solution of some, at least, of the difficulties which have been brought to our notice.

The members of the Commission who appended their signatures to these recommendations were—the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. David Dale, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. T. H. Ismay, Mr. George Livesey, and Mr. W. Tunstill.

The minority, consisting of Mr. W. Abraham, M.P., Mr. Tom Mann, Mr. J. Mawdsley, and Mr. Michael Austin, expressed themselves as strongly opposed to these recommendations.

They said :

One proposal, made to the Commission by several witnesses, appears to us open to the gravest objection. This suggestion is that it would be desirable to make trade unions liable to be sued by any person who had a grievance against the action of their officers or agents. To expose the large amalgamated societies of the country, with their accumulated funds, sometimes reaching a quarter of a million sterling, to be sued for damages by any employer in any part of the country, or by any discontented member or non-unionist, for the action of some branch secretary or delegate would be a great injustice. If every trade union were liable to be perpetually harassed by actions at law on account of the doings of individual members ; if trade union funds were to be depleted by lawyers' fees and costs, if not even by damages or fines, it would go far to make trade unionism impossible for any but the most prosperous and experienced artisans.

The present freedom of trade unions from any interference by the courts of law, anomalous as it may appear to lawyers, was, after prolonged struggle and Parliamentary agitation, conceded in 1871, and finally became law in 1876. Any attempt to revoke this hardly won charter of trade union freedom, or in any way to tamper with the purely voluntary character of their associations, would, in our opinion, provoke the most embittered resistance from the whole body of trade unionists, and would, we think, be undesirable from every point of view.

From this brief historical survey it is clear that hitherto representative employer opinion has been favourable to, and representative organised workman opinion against, the incorporation of the unions. It would also seem that the chief reasons advanced by the union spokesmen against incorporation have not, as some people might possibly have expected, been quite the antitheses of those which have induced the employers to favour the idea.

Without more suspicion than that which the child has of the doctor's jam, we may safely ignore, as an employer's reason for incorporation, their altruistic suggestion in 1867 that it would be 'of advantage to the unions,' and come down to the chief reason advanced in favour of incorporation by the majority of the Labour Commission in 1894. This was to enable damages to be recovered from associations, whether of employers or employed, for breaches of collective agreements by individual members of the respective associations. Now, this right to recover for breach of agreement has not

constituted the chief trade union objection to incorporation. There is no reason why it should, for collective agreements between unions of masters and men are probably broken as infrequently by members of workmen's unions as by members of masters' associations.

One of the chief workmen's union objections, it will be seen, has been to having interference from the law courts in matters of internal management. 'The extreme jealousy on the part of their members of State interference,' said Messrs. Hughes and Harrison in 1867. 'It might seem a simple thing that societies should have the right of suing and being sued, but it involved trade questions and trade rules which were often so complicated that courts of justice could not possibly deal with them,' said Mr. George Howell in 1875. And an almost similar attitude was adopted by the minority of the Labour Commission in 1894. And another chief reason has been the fear of having the collective funds shot at for the wrongs of individual officers. This is clear from our extracts from the Minority Reports of the Commissions in 1867 and 1894, and from the Trades Congress discussion in 1875. In other words, the objections of the unions to incorporation have been chiefly due to their fear of endless litigation over matters of internal relationship, and the danger to the funds on account of torts which might be committed by over-zealous officers without a due sense of their responsibility. And only in a very slight degree has there been objection to incorporation because it meant the legal enforcement of contractual obligations. That this is so is further shown by the highly instructive fact that at present several of the unions deposit sums of money, to be forfeited to employers in case individual members should fail to carry out the collective agreements which have been entered into.

With this risk of constant, costly, and harassing litigation on account of internal management, and possible wrongs committed by officers, presented to them on the one side as the inevitable fruit of incorporation, it is not in the least surprising that the trade unions should have preferred to retain their purely voluntary character, free from great and dignified personality, it is true, but also free from the quicksands of the law courts, safe in its very simplicity, and unburdened with the cankering doubts of immeasurable risks. In a word, the unions adopted the line of least resistance.

Now, however, the circumstances are completely changed. One of the two incidents of incorporation which the workmen's unions so strongly objected to incur voluntarily, even as the price of the admitted benefit of incorporation, has now been thrust upon them involuntarily, without, apparently, any compensating advantage. That is to say, the Taff Vale decision declares that a registered union is collectively liable for the wrongs committed by its officers if acting within the scope of their authority. In arriving at this decision the Law Lords said: 'It is quite true that a registered

trade union is not a corporation.' But while saying this, they also, in the words of the Lord Chancellor, declared that 'if the Legislature has created a thing which can own property, which can employ servants, which can inflict injury, it must be taken, I think, to have impliedly given the power to make it suable in a court of law for injuries purposely done by its authority and procurement.'

Whether the Law Lords have not by this decision created a kind of entity hitherto unknown to the law, and, if so, whether their reasons are good and sufficient in law and equity, are questions of fascinating interest and delicacy, but they scarcely touch our present purpose.

Our immediate concern is merely to ascertain the effects of the decision, and to appreciate the position in which the unions are placed by it. Many estimable persons have taken the judgment as putting an end to what was obviously an anomalous state of things, by a decision which, to their minds, breathed the pure spirit of equity. They have, therefore, comforted themselves with the belief that a great injustice has been removed, that all is now for the best in this best of all possible worlds, and that probably no person of common-sense can reasonably demand fresh legislation in consequence of the decision. I hope to show that facts do not justify this very complacent attitude.

Take the Lord Chancellor's declaration which I have just quoted. As a proposition *per se* it sounds equitable enough. But can it be regarded *per se*? Not when we are called upon to consider the case for fresh legislation. On the contrary, we have to consider it in relation to the particular circumstances of the trade unions. Up to last year it was universally taken for granted that the Trade Union Act of 1871 did not go beyond the expressed intentions of its promoters as reported in *Hansard*. In other words, it was generally assumed that the union officers alone were liable in damages for any wrongs they might commit, and that the unions could not possibly be liable too, 'because they were associations of a purely voluntary character without personal capacity. Upon this assumption all the unions have been organised for the last thirty years. Now comes the bolt from the blue. In a moment the Law Lords reverse the whole conception of the thirty-year-old Act. And what do we find? Unions who innocently exercised the supposed harmless, if slightly advantageous, option of registering upon the faith of their voluntary character are told that 'registered unions are suable legal entities.' Codes of rules loosely framed upon the erroneous assumption of non-collective liability for the wrongful acts of individual officers are seized upon to show a practically limitless authority to such officers. And under the delusion that an Act of Parliament goes no further than its promoters expressly say it goes, union funds are found marshalled and banked together, and therefore attachable whether they are

earmarked for the widow and the orphan, the old and the decrepit, or are designed for the payment of alimony to men on strike. The anomaly and hardship of all this is intensified by the fact that, owing to the express provisions of the Trade Union Act itself, there is apparently no legal power to restrain the over-zealous or indiscreet officer or committee from pursuing a course which may result in pains and penalties being visited upon the union, upon the widow and the orphan, upon the innocent.

Some people may probably see an advantage in all this. They may assume that if unions have not power to legally restrain indiscreet officers and committees from damage-fraught acts, they will exercise much greater care in the selection of their officers and committees. They may also, perhaps, conclude that, as the financial consequences to their organisations of indiscreet acts are so great, officers and committees will be careful to refrain from all acts of doubtful legality in the conduct of strikes. Such reasoning is plausible enough. It will not, however, stand any severe test. The fact is, that owing to several recent decisions in the sphere of strike law, what may and what may not now be done legally in connection with a strike can only with difficulty be determined by lawyers trained to appreciate fine distinctions, and can scarcely be determined at all by a trade union official or committee unversed in the dialectics of the law.

Thus it is not easy for a lawyer to distinguish between what was declared legal in the case of *Allen v. Flood* and what was pronounced illegal in the recent case of *Quinn v. Leatham*, and I have not yet come across a single trade union official who is able to appreciate any distinction whatever. Yet the conduct inquired into in both these cases touches the sphere of essential policy in the pursuit of a strike. If the trade union official, saddled with the responsibility of conducting a strike, is fortunate enough to come down on the same side as Mr. Allen, then all is well—except for the payment of the lawyers' bills. If, on the other hand, the tilt of his conduct should be adjudged rather in the direction of Mr. Quinn, he may see some thousands of pounds damages disappearing from his union exchequer. So with peaceful picketing. He looks to the express provisions of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, and sees what he thinks he may legally do. Then the case of *Lyons v. Wilkins* is put before him. His mental vision, unfamiliarised with forensic finesse, is not clear enough to see that very fine streak which lies between what he may legally do under the Act of 1875, and what may get his union cast in heavy damages upon the strength of *Lyons v. Wilkins*. And so with several other decisions. Taken together, they run nearly the whole gamut of trade union policy in the conduct of strikes. It is safe to say of them that they do disclose a vague shadowy line between that which may and that which may



not be legally done in the conduct of a strike. It is also safe to say that it is well-nigh impossible for the lay labour leader and committee, if they are to conduct strikes at all, to follow this thin misty line as a guide which shall keep their unions from the morasses of the law courts. And yet upon keeping to the true path may depend the very existence of these great social fabrics, which, whatever their faults—and they have been many—have done infinite good, and have taken years of devoted toil and unrequited service to build up piece by piece, under the stress and storm of industrial conflict, and in spite of human selfishness and repeatedly shattered hopes.

There are two important elements of doubt in connection with the Taff Vale decision. Strictly speaking, the judgment only decided that a registered trade union is a legal entity. Is an unregistered trade union also a legal entity? The point is an important one. If an unregistered trade union is not a legal entity, then it would almost seem as if the Taff Vale judgment were a farce, for trade unions might escape its consequences by getting their names expunged from the Register. Even as it is, so lightly are the advantages of registration regarded, that less than half the unions are registered. Pending a formal judgment by the courts that an unregistered union, deriving its legality from the Trade Union Act, is equally an entity with a registered union, it seems probable that a number of the unions will have their names removed from the Register, especially as, without registration, they have legal protection against dishonest officials. But there is, I think, little hope of permanent relief from the adoption of this course, for in the Taff Vale case two of the Law Lords gave expression to observations upon the matter which, though necessarily in the nature of mere *obiter dicta*, were of a fairly strong and definite character, and go a good long way towards deciding that unregistered unions are legal entities.

These observations were to the effect that unregistered unions could be sued in what is known as a 'representative action.' A 'representative action' is an action in which certain persons are selected to represent a large body who are said to have a common interest. Lord Macnaghten said :

I have no doubt whatever that a trade union, whether registered or unregistered, may be sued in a representative action if the persons selected as defendants be persons who, from their position, may be taken fairly to represent the body.

Lord Lindley said :

I have myself no doubt whatever that if the trade union could not be sued in this case in its registered name, some of its members—viz., its executive committee—could be sued on behalf of themselves and other members of the society, and an injunction and judgment for damages could be obtained in a proper case in an action so framed. Further, it is, in my opinion, equally plain that if the trus-

tees in whom the property of the society is legally vested were added as parties, an order could be made in the same action for the payment by them out of the funds of the society of all damages and costs for which the plaintiff might obtain judgment against the trade union.

Assuming, then, as apparently we must do, that unregistered unions as well as registered unions are legal entities, it would certainly seem to follow that employers' associations, joint wages committees, sliding-scale committees, and probably conciliation boards, are as much bound by the Taff Vale decision as the ordinary trade union of workmen. Why? For the very simple reason that all these bodies are trade unions within the definition of the Trade Union Acts of 1871-6. This is the definition :

The term 'trade union' means such combination, whether temporary or permanent, for regulating the relations between

Workmen and masters, or between

Workmen and workmen, or between

Masters and masters, or for

imposing restrictive conditions on the conduct of any trade or business, whether such combination would or would not, if the Trade Union Act of 1871 had not been passed, have been deemed to have been an unlawful combination by reason of some one or more of its purposes being in restraint of trade.

Provided that this Act shall not affect :

(1) Any agreement between parties as to their own business ;

(2) Any agreement between an employer and those employed by him as to such employment ;

(3) Any agreement in consideration of the sale of the goodwill of a business or of instruction in any profession, trade, or handicraft.

The second matter of doubt is whether the Taff Vale decision is reciprocal in its effects. In other words, has a trade union an equal capacity to sue for wrongs as it has to be sued for wrongs committed by its officers? Upon broad legal principles it would seem that it had. Let us assume that it has. Then the very important question arises, Does the legal right to sue balance the legal liability to be sued? Our answer will depend upon the nature of the legal wrongs it is possible for a trade union to suffer. Take a typical case. It seems that an employer can recover damages against a union for its officers and committee having compelled certain of his *employees* to break their contract. Now let us take the converse of this. What would it be? Obviously, action on the part of an employer or employers to compel workmen to break their contract with the union—that is, to cease their membership. For the Taff Vale case to be fully reciprocal in its effects the union ought to be able to recover damages. Can it? Again, upon general principles, one would say, Yes. But when we come to a study of the Trade Union Act there is considerable doubt cast upon the point. The fourth section of that Act says, *inter alia* :

Nothing in this Act shall enable any court to entertain any legal proceedings

instituted with the object of directly enforcing or recovering damages for the breach of any of the following agreements, namely :

(1) Any agreement between members of a trade union, as such, concerning the conditions on which any members for the time being of such trade union shall or shall not sell their goods, transact business, employ or be employed.

(2) Any agreement for the payment by any person of any subscription or penalty to a trade union.

(3) Any agreement for the application of the funds of a trade union :

(a) To provide benefits to members, or

(b) To furnish contributions to any employer or workman, not a member of such trade union, in consideration of such employer or workman acting in conformity with the rules or resolutions of such trade union, or

(c) To discharge any fine imposed upon any person by sentence of a court of justice ; or

(4) Any agreement made between one trade union and another, or

(5) Any bond to secure the performance of any of the above-mentioned agreements.

Now, it is not necessary for present purposes that we should be able to say definitely that, owing to this section, a trade union cannot enjoy the full rights as to torts which a reciprocal application of the *Taff Vale* decision would give. It is sufficient for present purposes to point out that, under even the best circumstances, the *Taff Vale* case places the unions in a condition of harassing and intolerable doubt as to where they are in the eyes of the law. On the other hand, taking something a good deal short of the most pessimistic view, we are compelled to regard that decision as being very disastrous for the unions. So that in either case there is shown to be, at least from the standpoint of the unions, a need for fresh legislation.

Although the trade unions have as yet formulated no definite policy, from what we have seen of their attitude in our brief historical sketch I think that we may take it for granted that many of them would desire simply to get back to the old status of collective irresponsibility. Can this be done? I scarcely think so. Why? First and foremost, I do not think it can be done because, frankly, I do not believe public opinion would support the trade unions in such a demand now that, to the public mind, they have become such great, tangible things. The political strength of the workmen's trade unions is unquestionably very great, but it is not great enough to secure legislation without the support of the general public opinion of the country. Secondly, it is perfectly certain that a good deal of the organised employers' influence would be actively used against a bare proposal to merely wipe out the effects of the *Taff Vale* decision. And, finally, present indications by no means point to all the workmen's unions being ready to unite upon a mere demand to return to the 1871 status of irresponsibility. Some would stand out against such a demand because they believe, if not

futile, it would too indefinitely postpone the legislative redress of the serious anomalies which spring from the Taff Vale judgment. Others would hold out against it because they believe the time has come for clothing the unions with larger legal capacities. Let us, therefore, now proceed to consider the reply to the question, 'Should Trade Unions be Incorporated?'

If legislation were passed enabling trade unions to become incorporated, such incorporated unions would, of course, be the creatures of their constituting statute. In other words, their particular capacities and functions would be just as extensive (no more and no less), as the Act itself provided for. There are, however, 'powers, rights, capacities, and incapacities' which, Blackstone assures us, 'are incident to every corporation.' What are they?

- (1) To have perpetual succession.
- (2) To sue or be sued, implead or be impleaded, grant and receive by its corporate name, and do all other acts as natural persons may.
- (3) To purchase lands and hold them for the benefit of themselves and their successors.
- (4) To have common seal.
- (5) To make by-laws and private statutes for the better government of the corporation, which are binding upon themselves unless contrary to the laws of the land, or inconsistent with their charter, or unreasonable; and then they are void.

Let us consider these attributes as applied to incorporated trade unions. Trade unions already have perpetual succession and certain limited powers to hold land. Incorporation would probably involve the extension of these powers and the attachment of certain further enabling incidents to the right of perpetual succession. We have therefore to consider numbers (2), (4), and (5). It will be more convenient to treat of the corporate rights and liabilities involved in these, and their probable effects on the unions, under the heads:

- (1) Internal relations.
- (2) Torts or wrongful acts.
- (3) Contracts.

(1) At present the members of trade unions have no legally enforceable rights *inter se*. As we have already seen (pp. 243, 244), by the express provisions of the Trade Union Act, 1871, courts of law are precluded from entertaining proceedings for the direct enforcement of any agreements between a union and its members, between one union and another, and between members and members of the same union. Therefore a union cannot recover arrears of subscriptions from a defaulting member. Limited liability companies and industrial provident societies, by their respective Acts of Incorporation, are

empowered to recover subscriptions up to the amount of the agreed-upon shares. But it should be observed that no society with any trade union object can legally register either as a limited liability company or as an industrial provident society. If it became so registered, its registration would be void, and it would simply be left in the position of an unregistered trade union (a position in which the Shipping Federation, Limited, has found itself), without any legal rights against its members. Now, incorporation of the unions would assuredly involve the right of recovering subscriptions from members, although it is fairly certain the Legislature would place some limit upon the amount recoverable. Incorporation would also, as urged by the majority of the Labour Commission, probably involve the right of recovering penalties and damages for breaches of contract against individual members.

There can, I think, be little doubt that the possession of the right to legally enforce the payment of subscriptions, though limited in amount, would by itself greatly strengthen the position of the trade unions. A careful study of the history of the unions shows that their memberships greatly fluctuate. It also shows that after a successful movement for improving the conditions of employment and after the failure of a strike the memberships fall. This is a paradox. The explanations are simple. Men know that once wages are raised they are likely to remain stationary for a considerable time. The meaner spirits among them, therefore, feel that there is no special advantage to be gained by the continued payment of subscriptions to the union until the time when another movement appears imminent, either to secure a further advance or to resist a possible reduction. Hence they allow their membership to lapse. With regard to the fall of membership after the failure of a strike, two sets of circumstances combine to produce this result. Very naturally, failure causes many men to feel disappointed with their union and to take the view, in the moment of despondency, that it is hardly worth while paying to an organisation which is not strong enough to protect them. But probably still more potent than this as a cause making for the diminution in trade union membership is the inducement which the employers hold out to the discontented unionists to leave their society while suffering under the shadow of failure. 'No unionists need apply, but good employment for men who leave the society,' is the common formula of the exultant employer after a strike or lock-out in which the union has been worsted. Incorporate the unions, and give them the right to recover arrears of subscriptions, and men will feel that if they are bound to pay up arrears they might as well retain membership for any of the advantages for which they have paid, and which the union is still able to confer. The 'friendly benefits' will still appeal to the thoughtful unionist, and this legal liability to pay up arrears will carry the discontented unionist over

the period of his discontent and his temptation. In this respect, therefore, incorporation may, I think, possibly strengthen the position of the unions.

On the other hand, the right of the union as a corporate entity to go against the individual member would necessarily carry the correlative right of the individual member to proceed against the union. If the union has the right to enforce the terms of membership, so has the member. If the union is given power to recover penalties and subscriptions, so would the member have power to enforce his benefits and to check the committee from committing or sanctioning the commission of acts, outside the scope of their statutory powers, shown to be manifestly injurious to the general membership.

Such legally enforceable rights, *inter se*, might easily lead to endless litigation. It is this prospect, as we have already seen, which has so largely influenced the trade union spokesmen in their opposition to incorporation of the unions. Now, it is highly desirable that such litigation should be avoided. It is desirable for the sake of retaining the efficiency of the unions, whether of employers or employed, as instruments for the negotiation of those collective agreements which the Labour Commission have clearly shown to be so greatly beneficial to British industry and to the community as a whole. It is desirable so as to prevent the large benefit funds provided, with so much saving to the ratepayers, for the widow and orphan, the old, the sick and the decrepit workman, being frittered away in law expenses. It is desirable so as to prevent bad blood and demoralising discord being created among men toiling beside each other in the same workshop. Finally, it is desirable that such litigation should be avoided lest our law courts be clogged still more than they are with masses of litigation, tedious and highly technical, and pretty certain to be prolific, arising, as they would, out of the strong feelings engendered by the stress and strain of industrial conflict and the friction incident to trade union policy. Assuming the incorporation of the trade unions, can such litigation be avoided? I think it can to a very large extent. How? By the provision of arbitration machinery, more or less on the lines provided in the Friendly Societies or Industrial Provident Societies Acts, for the settlement of internal disputes.<sup>1</sup>

(2) We have already seen that by the Taff Vale decision trade unions are now liable in damages for any wrongful acts or torts which may be committed by their officers while acting within the scope of their authority. We have also seen that this liability places the unions in a very parlous position, for these two reasons: because, owing to their having acted upon the erroneous belief

<sup>1</sup> For example, the Provident Societies Acts provide that the decision of the societies' own arbitration court 'shall be binding and conclusive on all parties without appeal, and shall not be removable into any court of law or restrainable by injunction.'

that they were merely voluntary associations, unclothed with legal personality, their rules have frequently been so loosely drafted as to be pretty easily construed into conferring almost indefinite authority upon officers and committees; and because a series of recent decisions on the law of strikes (out of which torts are likely to arise) has left the line between what is lawful and what is not vague and shadowy. On the other hand, we have seen that there is some doubt as to whether the Taff Vale decision is reciprocal in its effects, and, if so, whether, in face of Section 4 of the Trade Union Act, it would go the length of enabling a union to sue an employer for damages for doing acts to compel members to break their contracts of membership. It is, therefore, clear that in regard to torts the position of the union could hardly by incorporation be made worse than it is. It might possibly be made a good deal better. Incorporation would certainly involve the right to sue employers for doing anything to compel members to break their contract of membership by leaving the union. It would thus put an end to any mere 'union-smashing' policy. It might, too, by the application of the general law of corporations, prevent a union being held liable for the wrongful acts of an officer where such acts were manifestly *ultra vires* of the union itself. It may also be supposed that it would lead to rules being more carefully drafted. Further, it is hardly too much to expect that, with fresh legislation expressly making unions liable for the wrongs of their officers, Parliament would remove the glaring elements of doubt from the great body of strike law. I say this with the more confidence, for it seems to me an obviously monstrous state of things that the vast benefit funds of the unions should be dependent for their safety upon untrained workmen rightly shaping their conduct by a series of legal decisions which even lawyers do not find it easy to harmonise and interpret with certainty.

(3) To clothe the trade unions of employers and employed with the capacity to enter into legally enforceable contracts would be one of the most important and far-reaching incidents of incorporation. As we have seen, it formed the chief ground upon which the majority of the Labour Commission made their recommendations in 1894. Some persons have assumed that because the Taff Vale decision has declared that registered trade unions are legal entities, capable of being sued for the wrongs of their officers, that therefore they are suable for breach of contract. This assumption may possibly be right as to contracts which do not come within the scope of the fourth section of the Trade Union Act. But as to contracts within that section it certainly cannot be so. And we have already seen that under that section no

court is able to entertain any legal proceeding instituted with the object of directly enforcing or recovering damages for the breach of . . .

(1) Any agreement between members of a trade union, as such, concerning the conditions on which any members for the time being of such trade union shall or shall not sell their goods, transact business, employ or be employed . . .

(4) Any agreement made between one trade union and another, or

(5) Any bond to secure the performance of any of the above-mentioned agreements.

It is therefore, I think, quite clear that the collective agreements as to the conditions of employment between a trade union of employers and a trade union of men are not legally enforceable at present, notwithstanding the Taff Vale decision; although, as the result of that decision, it would almost seem from a careful reading of the fourth section as if agreements made, not between members and members, unions and unions, but between a union on the one side and an individual employer on the other, might possibly be legally enforceable. With such a power necessarily made general by incorporation there would be an even greater tendency than at present to seek a solution of labour difficulties in collective agreements between the opposing associations of employers and employed. The suspicious employer would the more readily acquiesce in such agreements if he felt he could make the workmen's union 'pay for it' in case of a breach by individual workmen. And, conversely, the workmen's unions would feel much less inclined to negotiate with the individual employer than they are at present. This power might, therefore, have a certain steadying effect upon industrial relations, without, probably, diminishing the fighting effectiveness of either side.

It also appears pretty certain that to confer upon the unions of employers and employed the power to enter into legally enforceable agreements, and to recover damages for any breach, would give an enormous impetus to the principle of arbitration, by creating greater mutual confidence in the stability of each other.<sup>2</sup>

Our final consideration is one of great political importance. Assume an overwhelming demand from the unions for an end to be put to the present intolerable state of things by fresh legislation. Assume, further, that the promoters of this legislation should incline to the policy of incorporating the unions. Then the question arises, Should incorporation be made compulsory? The majority of the Labour Commission were emphatically of opinion that it should not. They said:

We are anxious to make it clear that we propose nothing of a compulsory character, but that we merely desire that existing or future trade associations should have the liberty, if they desire it, of acquiring a larger legal personality and corporate character than that which they can at present possess.

It must be added that even if trade associations were thus clothed with a legal personality, it would be open to them by express stipulation to provide that any special agreement between them should not be enforceable at law. The further powers of incorporation would not be made a condition of existing registration,

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<sup>2</sup> It is interesting to bear in mind that under the Compulsory Arbitration Act in New Zealand the trade unions are incorporated.



but would be offered as powers to be obtained by registration under a new Act. The motive which would, it might be hoped, influence trade associations to register would be the desire to acquire power to enter into agreements of a more solid and binding kind than heretofore. This might be sufficient in the case of an increasing number of the trade associations.

This recommendation of the majority of the Labour Commission, that the incorporation of the unions should not be made compulsory, I believe to be wise. To attempt to compel the hundreds of trade unions of both employers and employed to suddenly take upon themselves a new and little understood capacity would, I am sure, arouse from both sides an opposition embittered and irresistible.

I think, further, that it would be well if any contemplated legislation seeking to attach corporate capacity to the unions were framed upon the dual lines suggested by the Labour Commission. Let it, on the one hand, remove the anomalous effects of the Taff Vale decision, by re-enacting what the majority of the Labour Commission understood to be the intention of the Trade Union Act, 1871. That is to say, let it declare that those unions, whether of employers or employed, who desire it may become associations of a purely voluntary character. Then, on the other hand, let it provide that those associations who so desire may clothe themselves with the fullest legal personality of a corporation. Such a form of legislation, if accompanied by a straightening out of the doubtful law of strikes, would, I feel sure, not excite the active enmity of the men's unions. And from the representative signatures which are appended to the Majority Report of the Labour Commission we may gather that it would not be displeasing to the employers.

Let me briefly recapitulate. We have seen that several previous discussions have taken place upon the proposal to incorporate trade unions. In these discussions the employers have favoured, and the workmen have opposed, incorporation. We have seen that the Taff Vale decision has, by its far-reaching effects, entirely changed the conditions of the controversy. It has involuntarily imposed upon workmen's unions certain incidents of incorporation which they had resolutely declined to incur voluntarily. We have seen that the probable effects of that decision, in conjunction with the present law of strikes, seriously menace the usefulness of the unions, and that under the best circumstances the judgment leaves them in a condition of doubt, which is hurtful and harassing in the highest degree. We believe, in face of public opinion, that it is not possible for the unions to escape from this intolerable state of things by seeking fresh legislation merely to take them all back to the state of irresponsibility hitherto understood to exist under the Act of 1871. We have, therefore, discussed the incidents of incorporation, and, as a result, urge the legislative adoption of certain specific proposals of reform. We suggest a new Trade Union Act which shall provide for two

categories of unions: (1) Those who wish to be voluntary associations, and (2) those who desire to be clothed with all the attributes and capacities of corporations. And, finally, we urge just, clear, and comprehensive amendments of the present anomalous law of strikes.

These proposals are put forth, not as the only sovereign remedy, but suggestively, in the belief that they offer one possible way out of the present dilemma, a way which is alike in the interest of the great trade union movement and for the benefit of the common well-being, which, after all, is the highest concern of every good citizen.

CLEMENT EDWARDS.

## ART AND ECCENTRICITY

IN that treasury of useful knowledge, the *Diary* of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, will be found a letter from the late Lord Coleridge, the most scholarly of lawyers, complaining that Aristotle's *Poetics* were too technical to be interesting. As a general and sweeping criticism, which is perhaps all one can expect from a Chief Justice, I do not take exception to this remark. What made iambics suitable for lampoons, and why a picture should be less than a thousand rhiles long, are not questions which much concern us. But Aristotle was so great a man that he could not write the most technical treatise without clothing profound truths in picturesque language. He remains to this day the best critic of Homer, though it never occurred to him to doubt Homer's existence. In a passage of singular depth and beauty he says that poetry is a more serious and a more philosophical thing than history. For poetry, he says, deals with the general, and history with the particular. I do not stop to inquire whether Aristotle does justice to history, especially to Thucydides, who was in the highest sense of the term a philosophical historian. What is more important, and quite as important now as when Aristotle wrote, is the conception of poetry which he here expresses. For what he says of poetry is true of fiction, and indeed the 'Mimes,' or prose dialogues, which he distinguishes elsewhere in this work from the Socratic Dialogues on the one hand, from the drama on the other, are the germ of the novel. The difference between the poet and the historian is not, says Aristotle, that one employs verse, and the other prose. You may turn Herodotus into metre, and he will still be an historian. He might have added that the *Persians* of Æschylus is history. What, then, is the function of the poet? It is 'not to tell us what actually happened, but what might happen, and what is possible according to likelihood and necessity.' I wish Professor Butcher, who has made such an excellent translation of the *Poetics*, had furnished us with a commentary also. For his note on these remarkable words would have been most instructive. Not that they are really obscure, but that they require to be amplified and illustrated.

Aristotle is of all the Greeks the most modern. Plato is a

mystery. We cannot tell how much of what he puts into the mouth of Socrates is his own. He himself is hidden behind an impenetrable veil. Dante's 'master of them that know' is still a useful and practical guide in literary matters, and I suppose, so far as method goes, even in scientific. What he says about poetry applies to fiction, and to all imaginative work. The test of truth in fiction is not fact but probability, consistency, and verisimilitude. It is indeed probable, as Aristotle himself says, on the authority of Agathon, that many improbable things will happen. But if they are made to happen so often as to disturb one's sense of the normal, the reader becomes incredulous, and interest departs with credulity. The bishop who read through *Gulliver's Travels*, and said he did not believe a word of them, has been held up to ridicule again and again. Taken literally his remark is absurd enough, and perhaps he meant it to be literally taken. But if, on the other hand, he intended to convey that the book did not produce the illusion while he was reading it, his critical principle was sound, though one may demur to his particular application of it. Swift's genius is so wonderful, and his gravity so imperturbable, that Lilliput and Brobdingnag do become real for the moment. But then, of course, there is the inner and secondary meaning, the satire upon human nature, without which Swift would be far inferior to Andersen or Grimm.

The whole of the realistic school flies in the face of Aristotle's maxim. It is enough for them that a thing has happened. Mean, ugly, disgusting, or rare, it becomes thereupon a legitimate element in fiction. Some of the famous men whom Aristotle recognised as models were not by any means squeamish. The speech which Browning puts into the mouth of Balaustion after she had seen the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes, whether or not it be appropriate to a Greek lady of those times, is certainly what a modern and decent woman would feel if she saw that astonishing piece. But the *Lysistrata* is perfectly natural, and only too human. On the score of delicacy and propriety everything may be said against it; on the score of truth, in Aristotle's sense, nothing. And it is undoubtedly amusing, which M. Zola never is. Charles Lamb defended the comic dramatists of the Reformation and the Revolution on the ground that the life of the stage was a totally different thing from the life of the world. Macaulay, who took up the cause of Jeremy Collier with a warmth almost equal to his own, replied that this would not hold, because society in Dryden's time, and in Congreve's, was as corrupt as the characters in their comedies. The court of Charles the Second cannot be called moral. But in Congreve's time things were different, and Queen Anne cannot be accused of debauching the nation. Apart, however, from the question of fact, Lamb was surely right. A novel is not a law report, a play is not a series of interviews. They describe, or ought to describe, τὰ δυνατὰ κατὰ τὸ

εἰκὸς ἢ τὸ ἀναγκαῖον, which has been translated so often that I need not translate it again. One instance of the contrary may suffice. 'Pray, Mr. Puff, how came Sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?' 'What, before the play began? How the plague could he?'

We have lately been introduced to a legless baronet. The exceedingly clever and accomplished lady who calls herself Lucas Malet has done her best to make Sir Richard Calmady repulsively attractive. But we cannot all be expected to love him because he is horrible, as Helen does. Brainless knights are much commoner than legless baronets, much less disgusting, and quite as well adapted to the purposes of fiction. There will never be wanting a due supply of them, unless (which God forbid) the Fountain of Honour should run dry. No doubt there have been men born without legs. There have been Two-headed Nightingales and Siamese Twins. There must have been cannibals who eat their grandmothers. But it is not the function of an artist to depict such monsters. Physical deformity in real life excites pity; deformity invented for the novel or the stage excites only disgust. In the last generation there was an Irish member of parliament who had neither legs nor arms. He rode and drove. People forgot his deformity, or took it for granted, though they admired his pluck and skill. If his biography had been written, it would have been futile affectation to ignore his defects. Sir Richard Calmady's leglessness is never for an instant forgotten. That is the difference, the Aristotelian and the real difference, between history and art.

In that marvellous scene between the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne, which only Shakespeare could have written, which only Shakespeare would have been allowed to write, there is but a passing reference to the Duke's physical malformation. It is his crimes, not his hump-back, that the widow of his victim throws in his teeth. Richard, moreover, was deformed, or at least Shakespeare believed him to have been so, and *Richard the Third* is an historical play. The same may be said of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which is founded on history. Still, with all my admiration for that eloquent and beautiful drama, set off by M. Coquelin's unrivalled acting, the nose does appear to me unworthy of M. Rostand's genius, and I am quite sure that M. Rostand would not, on the strength of the most authentic evidence, have taken a hero who had no nose at all.

What did Aristotle mean by probability or necessity? Necessity must be probable. Probability need not be necessary. About necessity there need not be much dispute. Aristotle was thinking of what was inevitable, of what a man whose character was known would do in a definite and ascertained set of circumstances. Othello was as sure to kill Desdemona when he was convinced of her infidelity as Hamlet was to hesitate after his conversation with his father's

ghost. It might not have been his father. The message might not have been true. He tried the experiment of the play. Even then he was irresolute. He knew the king to be guilty, but he would not act. When he found him praying he would not kill him, lest he should send him to Heaven. Johnson has on this scene an unusually stupid note. This diabolical malignity of Hamlet's, he says, is too painful to be represented, or even contemplated. It is not malignity at all, it is irresolution. If he had met the king drunk he would have spared him, lest he should destroy body and soul together. Othello, on the other hand, believes his wife's guilt on evidence that ought not to have hanged a dog. He accepts the witness of plausible villainy against spotless innocence. That is the tragedy. All this is τὸ ἀναγκαῖον, and is plain enough. The difficulty arises when we come to deal with τὸ εἰκός.

It may seem a far cry from Aristotle to Sheridan. But there is a great deal of dramatic criticism in *The Critic*, and it is not all clever nonsense. 'A play,' says Mr. Puff (and, he might have added, a novel), 'a play is not to shew occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange that, though they never did, they might happen.' This profound aphorism immediately follows the question how the governor of Tilbury Fort's daughter could be in love with the son of the admiral of the Spanish Fleet. The explanation accepted is that he was the last person in the world she ought to be in love with, and a very good feminine reason too. Mr. Puff expresses without knowing it the law of probability and necessity. *She Stoops to Conquer*, that classic comedy, was nearly failing altogether because the severe judges of the pit would not admit the probability or necessity of Mrs. Hardcastle being lost in her own garden. It is a farcical incident, no doubt. The justification of it is that the difficulty does not occur to one reader or one playgoer in ten. If it ever did, if it was generally felt, no amount of evidence that such a thing had actually happened would be a sufficient artistic defence. On the other hand, critics stray beyond their province, and get into trouble, when they observe dogmatically that this or that incident could not have occurred, unless indeed it be a physical impossibility. I remember reading a clever Australian novel into which was introduced a parliamentary scene. In the colony to which it referred it received general praise, but this particular episode was pronounced to be impossible. It had, as a matter of fact, been taken from the colonial *Hansard*.

I must recur once more to the *Poetics*, from which it is difficult to tear oneself away, so wonderfully clever, so intensely modern, are all the substantial and untechnical parts of it. Speaking of abnormal characters in fiction, Aristotle says that they must nevertheless obey certain rules, that they must be ὁμαλῶς ἀνώμαλοι, regularly irregular, or, as Mr. Butcher translates the words, consistently inconsistent. I do not presume to question Mr. Butcher's rendering,

which is confirmed by the example of Iphigenia. But still I cannot help thinking that Aristotle meant something more than that, and that he had in his mind the permissible limits of the abnormal, if not of the supernatural, in literature. He was the tersest of writers, and seldom enlarged upon any topic. More often he wrote a kind of shorthand, which requires an interpreter as well as a translator. Lear in his awful madness, so much more awful than Hamlet's because it was real, is *ὁ μάλῳς ἀνώμαλος*. He talks as no sane man would talk, and yet he never talks nonsense. No more does the Fool. Shakespeare knew so little, and cared so little, about Aristotle that he made Hector quote the *Ethics* at the siege of Troy. But all principles can be illustrated from Shakespeare if they are sound, and it is a proof of their soundness that they can be.

Shakespeare did not shrink from horrors. But in all his world of life and movement, of thought and action, so wide that it has been called universal, there is no room for the vulgar or the merely odd. Dr. Johnson made the unfortunate prediction that *Tristram Shandy* would not live because it was odd. It has lived, and will live, in spite of its oddity, because it is penetrated and inspired by profound knowledge of human nature. Its oddities are on the surface, like the euphuisms of *Love's Labour's Lost*. From Captain Shandy down to the fat, foolish scullion, every character is 'more real than living man.' In Ibsen's plays, on the other hand, many of the *dramatis personæ* would be the better for silence and medical advice. In *Ghosts*, if I remember rightly, a mother makes her son drunk on the stage. That mothers have made their sons drunk cannot, I suppose, be denied. Everything not physically impossible must have happened before now in this most miscellaneous of all possible worlds. But the object of art is not to represent what has happened. It is to represent what may happen in accordance with the law of likelihood or necessity.

The most hackneyed of Greek tragedies, *Œdipus the King*, has a plot compared with which the enormities of modern drama dwindle into insignificance. But the story which Sophocles dramatised was well known, and belief in it, or acquiescence in it, was part of a Greek's religion as illustrating the power of fate. The delicacy with which Sophocles treats it could not be surpassed. The grisly terror is always in the background, but it never appears. The House of Laius was under a curse, which the tragedian did not impose, and could not remove. And yet, with all that, the *Œdipus at Colonus*, the play of the poet's old age, in which the blind man, blinded by his own hands on the discovery of his unconscious crime, passes away in thunder and lightning, is a greater favourite with the modern reader, just because the worst is at an end. The exquisite calm and peace of Œdipus after his atonement are beyond the power of any one except Sophocles to describe. The most beautiful of all Greek choruses has been admirably paraphrased (it cannot be trans-

lated) by Mr. Edward Stone, of Eton, in a poem beginning 'Stranger, rest, thy toil is o'er.' To a Greek, these strange and sinister complications of blood and marriage were the theme of high tragedy, and nothing else. He would have been shocked, as even the London playgoers of two hundred years ago were shocked, at Maskwell's saying to Lady Touchwood in *The Double Dealer*, 'You know you loved your nephew when I first sighed for you.' Except in these two characters Congreve kept only too close to the social life of his day, and, indeed, if there were many Millamants, it had its redeeming features.

Physical and mental disease in itself, and apart from its consequences, is not a proper subject for artistic treatment. Who does not feel that it is a blemish even in *Jane Eyre* to bring Rochester's wife actually upon the scene? Lear stands alone. It is presumptuous to wield the thunderbolts of Jove. Euripides depicted the madness of Hercules. But Hercules was a mythical figure, and his madness was superhuman. Heroes should have the usual assortment of limbs, and brains not too conspicuously below the average. It will soon, perhaps, be required of them that they should never play games, nor shoot anything except their fellow-creatures. For the married hero Millamant's rules in *The Way of the World* are excellent. 'Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred: let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.' No English dramatist, not even Shakespeare, has come closer than Congreve to the language of ordinary life. It is, of course, a highly artificial life that for the most part he describes, and a society which was anything rather than simple. But, such as it was, it lives in his pages, with nothing added except the superior quality of the author's own wit. There is less eccentricity in these delicious comedies than even in his imitator Sheridan's. Congreve was as true to his world as Miss Austen was to hers. When Macaulay said that, in general, tragedy was corrupted by eloquence and comedy by wit, he came as near talking nonsense as he ever came in his life. Although he was writing about Machiavelli, he was echoing the old scholastic tradition that Euripides 'corrupted' the Athenian drama. When Sophocles said, as we are told on very good authority that he did say, 'I show men as they ought to be, Euripides shows them as they are,' he was not describing a process of corruption, but two equally legitimate forms of art. If there is more literary perfection in one, there is more human interest in the other. The Greeks regarded eccentricity as an evil thing, either in art or in nature. And yet their great eccentric genius, whom, because he was eccentric, they put to death, has been immortalised by the first of Greek thinkers in the most exquisite prose ever written by man. But the fact is that Socrates, paradoxical in many things, was most



paradoxical of all in this, that his eccentricity was concentric, that it led his hearers back to a higher life and a simpler practice than that which it destroyed. If he taught the beauty of truthfulness rather than the beauty of holiness, at least he had nothing to do with the beauty of ugliness, which can claim no more respectable origin than the refuse of the Roman Empire.

'Thou art a blessed fellow,' says Prince Hal to Poins, 'thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine.' The irony is crushing, though Poins probably did not see it. But Prince Hal knew well enough that Poins had his uses, and that the opinions of Poins, though they were no more his own than the air he breathed, could not safely be neglected. There are many Poinses and few Prince Hals. But the supreme genius who created them both (I do not mean the author of the *Novum Organum*) was not ashamed to keep the roadway, the common highway of reason, with Poins. Even the supernatural in Shakespeare, in *Macbeth* for example, is the shadow of evil thoughts or the presage of impending doom. Nothing happens in *Hamlet* which might not have happened without the ghost. Shakespeare's object certainly was not, as Dr. Verrall thinks that the object of Euripides was, to discredit the supernatural. But it equally, we may be sure, was not to get out of the ordinary run, to be eccentric. Men and women were to him a topic of inexhaustible interest, a stream that could never run dry. Eccentricity is the first refuge of the mentally exhausted. Just as authors who are always using French words show without meaning it the smallness of their English vocabulary, so the eccentric novelist proves that he has little or nothing to say about the world he lives in. A man may shoot a pheasant, and nothing may come of it. But if he shoots an angel, there are the materials for a sensation, if not for a story. The incident may be a little out of the common, but it contains that mixture of the slightly revolting with the extremely absurd which has so strange a fascination for some minds. In these matters it is useless to complain of the authors. The public is the great sophist. Apparently, when people are tired of reading what might be true about the war, they want to read what cannot be true about something else. Other popular forms of fiction deal with what cannot possibly be known, such as the social condition of the planet Mars, or the development of physical science in the twenty-first century. How poor and tame after such entrancing theories are mere love-stories, or tales of adventure, or cleverly constructed plots, or humorous and natural dialogue, or the comedy of human nature, or the tragedy of human fate. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them. Ay, there's the rub. It is not the plethora of imagination, but the lack of it, that drives the successors

of Dickens and Thackeray into the twenty-first century and the planet Mars.

Aristotle, whom I now mention for the last time, says in a rather obscure sentence that what is probable but impossible should by the poet be preferred to what is possible but will not be believed. The latter class is intelligible enough. It is possible for the Archbishop of Canterbury to forge a cheque in payment of his debts at cards, or for the Lord Chancellor to treat all his friends unkindly when he has patronage to distribute, and yet nobody would treat these incidents as credible if they were incorporated in a work of fiction. But how can what is impossible be probable? Legal impossibilities are perhaps not always improbable. When the village attorney told the man in the stocks that it was impossible he could have been put there for swearing, and the man replied that he had been, the attorney cursed him for an ignorant fool, and, like the Lady Bausière, rode on. That, however, was not an instance of physical impossibility. It is said to have been physically impossible for the moon to have been seen at Corunna when Sir John Moore was buried, and yet it seems so probable that it spoils no one's enjoyment of Wolfe's perfect poem. It was quite possible that one of Moore's officers should have delivered a short address. But if Wolfe had introduced that improbable episode, he would have spoiled everything. Truth is the object of the physicist, and, so far as it is attainable, of the historian. Verisimilitude should be the aim of the novelist. That is not the same thing as probability, for 'it is probable that some improbable things will happen.' But there must not be too many for the digestion of Poins, the 'blessed fellow to think as every man thinks.' And we must leave angels, or at least angels with wings, in the skies. Wingless angels are admissible, and are preferred by the judicious to legless men.

Everybody knows Ruskin's reference to the 'head—large, inhuman, and monstrous, leering in bestial degradation, too foul to be either pictured or described' on 'the base of the tower still dedicated to St. Mary the Beautiful,' the church of Santa Maria Formosa at Venice. This and similar monstrosities are, says Ruskin, 'evidences of a delight in the contemplation of bestial vice, and the expression of low sarcasm, which is, I believe, the most hopeless state into which the human mind can fall.' 'Idiotic mockery,' he calls it, and the phrase sticks. Ruskin, as Mr. Cook reminds us in the excellent article which he has contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, was made by his mother to read the Bible through with her continually, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the Revelation. She would not allow the omission of a single passage, because, as she said, one function of the Bible was to disgust people with disgusting things. Whatever may be thought of the argument, the fact is incontestable. Nobody

unless his own mind be diseased, can derive from the Bible any feeling for what is loathsome except loathing. Ruskin's charge against the Grotesque Renaissance is that it delights in the low, the degraded, and the corrupt. The teeth in the head on Santa Maria Formosa are decayed, and I suppose M. Zola would say, 'Why not? teeth do decay.' Ruskin himself was full of admiration for what he called the noble grotesque, as seen in Dante, in Spenser, and in Albert Dürer. But the base grotesque, he maintains, has in it no horror, no nature, and no mercy. It rejoices in iniquity, and exists only to slander. Although this language is characteristically strong, it is not a bit too strong for the occasion and the subject. It was written at the height of Mr. Ruskin's powers, before the commencement of that strange, subtle malady which impaired his reasoning faculty even before it brought about his seclusion from the world. If it concerned only ugly heads on the bridges and church towers of Venice, it would not be of much permanent value. But the base grotesque is not confined to Venice, to sculpture, nor to the eighteenth century. I believe that the influence of Ruskin's best writing, of what he wrote in middle life, of his three great books, in fact, is destined to endure. It is probably as much read now as it ever was, and the circle of its readers is likely to be much increased when the copyright expires. For Ruskin was not merely an 'art-critic.' He was familiar with everything that is best, both in ancient and in modern literature. To hear him recite poetry gave one a new idea of what poetry was.

There is a base grotesque in literature as well as in architecture, and the French have no monopoly of it. Ruskin could admire the noble grotesque in Dickens. He was incapable of appreciating George Eliot, whose characters he somewhere likens to the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus. There was nothing grotesque in her books. Ruskin had many personal prejudices, and they have to be removed out of the way before we can get the full value of his teaching. The grotesque without horror or nature or pity is a very low type indeed. Even in such poems as *Barrack Room Ballads* there is nature. Even in such plays as *Mrs. Warren's Profession* there is horror, though of a very squalid kind. Neither Mr. Rudyard Kipling nor Mr. Bernard Shaw is habitually grotesque. Few can be more eloquent than Mr. Kipling, still fewer have more humour than Mr. Shaw. But in both of them there is an apparent delight in depicting ugly things because they are ugly, though in Mr. Shaw it may be mere bravado, and in Mr. Kipling an affectation of manliness. Both perhaps have in them something of Leech's immortal schoolboy, who 'only wished his mother knew how wicked he was.' So, too, Justice Shallow: 'I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them at commandment.' There is everything in Shakespeare, except the purposelessly

ugly and the needlessly vile. Ruskin, who knew his Shakespeare almost as well as he knew his Turner, points out that the language of Iago, witty and amusing as it is, betrays the baseness of his mind. No doubt Ruskin was something of a prude, though he could heartily admire Aristophanes, and even Byron. But the base grotesque, such as

Come where the booze is cheaper,  
Come where the pints hold more,

or

I've a head like a concertina,  
I've a tongue like a button-stick,  
I've a mouth like a cold potato,  
And I'm more than a little sick,

can be condemned on literary grounds without having recourse to morality.

The delectable ditty called 'Cells,' from which I have already quoted a precious couplet, comprises also this eloquent quatrain :

I left my cap in a public-house, my boots in the public road,  
And the Lord knows where, and I don't care, my belt and my tunic goed ;  
They'll stop my pay, they'll cut away the stripes I used to wear,  
But I left my mark on the Corp'ral's face, and I think he'll keep it there.

The exquisite humour with its delicate play upon words must appeal to every cultivated reader, and nobody can deny that the incidents are 'true to life.' Is the picture true to art? The least fastidious audience would hardly care to see a man sick on the stage, which would be the spectacular counterpart of this 'poem,' even if a real pair of boots appeared upon a road in the background. The base grotesque is a form of eccentricity which one need not be an austere moralist to dislike. A crapulous and impenitent soldier, even if he has a wife and family, does not move either compassion or interest. 'Porphyria's Lover,' when it first appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, was named 'In a Madhouse Cell.' It is a terrible and tragic story, a story of murder. But it is dignified, it is impressive, it 'purges' the passions; there are no nasty details. Two great men of the last century contributed to the poetry of war. The 'Charge of the Light Brigade' is familiar to every schoolboy. But there are at least two poems by Sir Francis Doyle—the 'Return of the Guards' and the 'Private of the Buffs'—which I should put above it.

Then from their place of ancient glory,  
All sheathed in shining brass,  
Three hundred men, of the Grecian glen,  
Marched down to see them pass.

And the long-silent flutes of Sparta  
Poured haughty welcome forth,  
Stern hymns to crown, with just renown,  
Her brethren of the North.



## *THE DEMAND FOR A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY*

THE population of Ireland may be taken to be three-fourths Catholic and one-fourth non-Catholic, using the word 'Catholic' here and elsewhere throughout this article to mean Roman Catholic. As, however, we are dealing with University education, it is necessary to bear in mind that the excess of Catholics consists of agricultural labourers, other labourers, and small farmers, since in the other classes of the community non-Catholics equal or outnumber the Catholics; and it has further to be noted that the higher we rise in the industrial, the professional, or the social scale the greater becomes the preponderance of non-Catholics to Catholics. This state of things has sometimes been epitomised by saying that while the muscle of Ireland is predominantly Catholic, its mind is predominantly Protestant.

It is for this community that we have to consider the best type of University education, an inquiry which is one branch of what has been called the Irish Education question. Now no investigation of a difficult problem, whether in science or in practical life, is a genuine investigation, nor can it be expected to lead to correct results, unless it includes a survey of, and an adequate allowance for, whatever are in reality the actual factors that mainly influence that problem. Accordingly it is not possible for any person to understand what has been called the Irish Education question in any of its branches unless he make himself in some degree acquainted with aims that relate primarily to countries outside Ireland, but which have nevertheless for half a century at every turn largely determined the attitude and aspirations of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in reference to public expenditure for education in Ireland.

Chief among these is the urgent demand of the Roman Catholic Church in many countries for a very large supply of clever Irish lads to recruit their priesthood. This is because Ireland supplies the recruits not only for the priesthood of Ireland, but also most of those

for Great Britain, the United States, Australia, Upper Canada, South Africa, and a multitude of foreign stations—in fact, for every place over the globe where English is either the only or the preponderating European language spoken. There are about 3,000 priests in Ireland, and the aggregate number of Irish priests in those other countries must be several times as many, so that the total number of recruits required annually is great.

Students preparing for the priesthood of the Irish branch of the Church are educated at St. Patrick's Collège, Maynooth, mainly out of the public funds conveyed to that College at the time of the disendowment of the Irish Protestant Episcopal Church. But the authorities of the Catholic Church have hitherto been unable to draw upon public funds for the great expense of feeding, housing, clothing, and teaching lads, who are mostly peasant lads, in the numberless ecclesiastical seminaries in Ireland which prepare for 'the foreign missions,' or at the University of Louvain, in Spanish or Portuguese seminaries, in the Irish College at Paris, the Irish College at Rome, or wherever else Irish young men are both preparing for the priesthood and acquiring some European language which will be of use to them in the country to which they are to be sent. The cost of this great ecclesiastical work has to be largely met out of contributions from abroad, and it would be very convenient to transfer the burden to the public purse.

There seems to be no other English-speaking population from which this disproportionately large supply of priests can be obtained, not even from emigrants in America or Australia. Nowhere but in Ireland has the tone of feeling been fostered with sufficient success, which leads an Irish peasant and his acquaintances to think it a high honour to him if his son, his brother, or other near relative is a priest. To keep up this feeling in Ireland in the face of its decadence elsewhere, and to crush any competition, such as that of the 'Model Schools,' which would tend to divert the cleverer Irish lads towards secular pursuits, are two aims that have been conspicuous in the educational policy of the hierarchy for several decades.

But it was not always so. Formerly the Irish branch of the Catholic Church enjoyed liberties of which it has since been deprived by the 'Congregations' at Rome; and it was then predominantly domestic in its aims. The desire of its prelates was to bring about what, in their opinion, would most benefit their own fellow-countrymen; and they had not yet been brought, in the degree that their successors now are, under foreign influence. It becomes, then, of importance to ascertain what they put forward as the best University system for Ireland at the time when their judgment was not warped from abroad so much as it now is.

Most instructive light upon this point is afforded by the evidence

tendered by bishops, priests, and laymen of the Roman Catholic Church to committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons in preparation for the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, and subsequently during the tithe agitation. Of the evidence given on both these occasions by Roman Catholic dignitaries, that of Bishop Doyle was at the time recognised by statesmen as pre-eminently that of most weight, and, in Roman Catholic circles, as containing the best exposition of the aspirations of the clergy and intelligent laity. Dr. Doyle has been described as 'the greatest prelate of the Irish hierarchy.' He was, moreover, himself a University man, and it is implied in the account which he gives of his University experience in Portugal that he was a distinguished one. We have on this account all the more reason to believe that when he dealt with University education he understood what he was talking about in quite a different sense from anything within the comprehension of ecclesiastics who have never themselves breathed the invigorating air of a true University. Being asked (*see* 'Parliamentary Papers of 1825,' vol. ix. 'Reports from the Lords,' p. 243), 'Do you consider it desirable that the Roman Catholic laity should be educated conjointly with the Protestant?' Bishop Doyle replied :

I see no objection whatever that they should be educated together; on the contrary, if by being educated together the harmony of the different sects in Ireland could be promoted I think it would be a matter to be desired. *Q.* If they were so educated at Trinity College, Dublin, must they not have separate professors of their own faith to instruct the young men? *A.* That would not be necessary for those who attend college, as many of those who enter there can lodge in town and receive religious instruction where they please: and even those who reside within Trinity College have sufficient opportunities of obtaining religious instruction abroad on Sundays. *Q.* In point of fact are there not now some Roman Catholic students in Trinity College, Dublin? *A.* I apprehend, some hundreds of them, &c.

All the evidence given at that time, and for a long series of years afterwards—in fact, until the Ultramontane invasion—by Irish Roman Catholics, whether bishops, priests or laymen, was, so far as I have been able to ascertain, on the same lines as the extract given above. Bishop Doyle's own evidence given six years later, and not long before his death, is as follows. Speaking of school education, he said :

I do not know any measure which would prepare the way for a better feeling in Ireland than uniting children at an early age, and bringing them up in the same school, leading them to commune with one another, and to form those little intimacies and friendships which often subsist through life. Children thus united know and love each other, as children brought up together always will; and to separate them is, I think, to destroy some of the finest feelings in the hearts of men.

It is obvious that Bishop Doyle's argument applies with increased force to University education.



This is one type of educational policy. It is the policy of bringing those young Irishmen who are receiving the most advanced education of their time to know one another personally, and to learn by experience that though they may differ by what may be likened to the differences in their heights which are measured in inches, they have far more in common, just as the part of their heights which men have in common has to be measured in feet. The opposite policy, which will be explained farther on, and which, so far as Catholics are concerned, was forced upon Ireland from abroad, has been not inaptly described as the policy of 'separating educated Irishmen into hostile camps, with clerical sentinels pacing up and down between them.'

The University of Dublin contains only one college, Trinity College, the corporation of which consists legally of its provost, fellows, and scholars, and it was long in advance of every other University of the United Kingdom in its efforts to be liberal towards Roman Catholics and Protestant Nonconformists. Thus its degrees, and the few offices which did not make the holders of them members of the corporation, had been, in every faculty but that of divinity, open to all without religious test for more than thirty years when Bishop Doyle gave his evidence. And the great aim of the Catholics of Ireland with reference to University education was, until 1850, to have the remaining restrictions swept away, and the University of Dublin made the National University of Ireland, all its privileges and all its offices being thrown open on precisely equal terms to all Irishmen. This, after many struggles, both of Roman Catholics and Protestants, was finally accomplished in its entirety by 'The University of Dublin Tests Act' of 1873.

That this great nationalisation of the University of Dublin should be effected was what was claimed, as regards University education, by the Roman Catholics of Ireland during Bishop Doyle's lifetime, and for many years after. This is well exemplified in the following extracts from the presentation of the Catholic claim made in Parliament by Sir Thomas Wyse. Sir Thomas Wyse was in his day the chief spokesman of the Catholics of Ireland on educational questions. The speech is reported in the *Times* of the 20th of July, 1844, and in it the following passages occur :

It is said to be impossible to convert the University of Dublin to Catholic purposes : on this point, however, there was much misconception. That University might be opened to *national* purposes, whether those purposes were Roman Catholic or Protestant.

After explaining that the University had been founded by Elizabeth 'for the education of the youth of Ireland, without reference to their creed,' but that subsequently Roman Catholics had been excluded, he proceeds :

By the Act of 1793 Roman Catholics were again admitted to the education of the University, but were excluded from fellowships, and this was now the case. The University was governed by fellows who were obliged to take orders and the sacrament previously to taking their degree [*sic*], and consequently Catholics were excluded; but there was no reason why the fellows should be compelled to take orders or the sacrament. . . . At this present moment there were four lay fellowships; so that the principle for which he contended was not a novel one or injurious to the University.

This Catholic claim—this most reasonable Catholic claim—was at length unreservedly conceded twenty-nine years ago by the legislation which swept away every test in the University of Dublin but that of open competition. This final complete nationalisation of the University had been preceded several years earlier by steps which were taken by the college authorities, who to their great credit advanced as far as they could. They established non-foundation scholarships for those candidates whom, under the law as it then stood, they were not allowed to admit to the scholarships which carried with them membership in the Corporation. Thus every successive step that was taken from the first partial opening of the University in 1793, until its final complete nationalisation in 1873, was progress in one, and that the right direction. But notwithstanding these successive advances, notwithstanding the completeness of the final result, and the length of time that has now elapsed since the University of Dublin was completely opened to every Irishman, the number of its Catholic students has become less. And why? Because statesmen in the past and in the present—chiefly Mr. Gladstone in the past and Mr. Balfour in the present—have not reflected that they were doing a grievous wrong to Ireland when they held out to an Ultramontane hierarchy the hope that if they can for a sufficient time maintain such pressure as will succeed in deterring many progressive Catholics from taking their fair share and right position in the national institutions of their country, they will at length, aided by these statesmen, persuade Parliament to place in their hands more power of oppressing the laity, by transferring to them the resources of the empire wherewith to construct under the honoured name of a University a cage for the laity of their Church and a seminary for its foreign missions.

A recent Roman Catholic writer says bitterly, in reference to the oppression to which his family had been subjected: 'When I myself was sent to a Protestant endowed school and afterwards to Trinity, the vials of clerical wrath were poured over the devoted head of my father; when my brother entered a Queen's College and took his medical degree therein the same consequences followed'; and he adds, 'If the Catholic bishops and priests desired and desire the education of the Catholic youth, which I doubt, they would take

steps which he points out, and which are within their reach (*Five Years in Ireland*, pp. 279 and 280). \*This instance can be adduced because it has been already published by a person authorised to make it known, and is only one of innumerable examples of that oppressive interference with the liberties and rights of the laity which has been for many decades in active operation. Nor is it in reference to the University branch of education alone that intimidation is exercised. The present writer was for some years resident in Galway, where there is a 'Model School.' These Model Schools are public schools of a higher stamp than the ordinary National Schools, and are situated at intervals over Ireland so as to be accessible to the cleverer boys of the peasant class. Here they obtain an education which will enable them to better their position in life. Nothing could be a greater boon to the peasantry of Ireland than these Model Schools; but a short experience showed that lads educated in them usually preferred lay employment to becoming priests. The Ultramontane party made their usual allegation that they were dangerous to faith and morals, and in Galway Bishop McEvilly introduced the practice of denying the sacraments of his Church to the poor people who sent their sons to the Model School. Is the State to become an accomplice of practices such as this?

In Belfast some Roman Catholic gentlemen formed themselves into a society for the cultivation of science and literature under the title of 'The Belfast Catholic Institute,' in which after some time a question arose as to the disposition of surplus funds. Dr. Dorrian, the coadjutor Bishop of the diocese, moved a resolution that they should be applied to ecclesiastical purposes, which, however, the directory negatived, and to this decision both the directory and the society stood firm. The Bishop then addressed a circular letter to each member of the society, in which he made the following announcement:

The following, as conditions of recommendation and approval, I cannot forego. They are essential to my sanction being given to this or any new company into which the Institute may be transformed, as the above condemned propositions prove:

- (1) The approval by the Bishop of such articles of association as he shall judge satisfactory, and their adoption as the basis of any new company to be formed.
- (2) The same right on the part of the Bishop, of approving the rules of management of lecture-hall, library, and news-room.
- (3) A veto by the Bishop on any member acting on the directory, whose morals, religious principles, and habits of life the Bishop may object to.
- (4) The approval by the Bishop, or one appointed by him, of all books and newspapers to be admitted for reading into news-room or library, and the like approval of any lecturer to be invited to lecture for the members.

If these conditions be not made the basis of the Institute, I wish to give fair notice that, by whatsoever name the new association be called—and to change the name, if such be in contemplation, is not a very hopeful sign—I shall consider it

my duty, for the protection of my people, to debar from Sacraments all and every one who may become a member or aid in its construction, these securities for its proper management not being first provided.

This case of the Belfast Catholic Institute is especially instructive, it is so exactly on all-fours with the claim which is now being put forward in reference to University education.

In the later years of the period which preceded 1850, the University of Dublin had not yet been thrown open, and the Queen's University, with its three provincial colleges open to all Irishmen, was founded by Parliament; and in order to meet the views of the Roman Catholic prelates it was provided by the College statutes that students must live in licensed residences under the supervision of deans of residences, *i.e.* of persons appointed by their Church to take religious charge of them. These colleges had just been opened. They were generally welcomed as a great boon by the Catholics of Ireland, and everything was in course of satisfactory adjustment in reference to them when the Ultramontane irruption into Ireland took place, and violently withdrew the provision which the Church authorities had previously made for the instruction of Roman Catholic students.

We have now to describe how the great reversal of Catholic policy, which affected both the University of Dublin and the Queen's University, was forced upon Ireland, to the dismay at the time of clergy and laity. The new policy in regard to education was a part—at the time the most conspicuous part—of a larger Ultramontane design. This design was to bring the Irish branch of the Catholic Church into subjection to a group of ecclesiastics at Rome; and we have therefore to trace the successive steps by which the former liberties of the Irish branch of the Catholic Church have been extinguished. In the Roman Catholic Church the subjection of each order in the priesthood to superiors is so strict that the party at Rome which wished to capture the Irish Church had only in the first instance to get hold of the appointments of the bishops in order to be sure of ultimate success. I endeavour throughout this article rather to let others speak than to speak myself, and therefore recur here to the evidence furnished to the committees that inquired into the state of Ireland before and after the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. When examined in reference to the appointment of Bishops in Ireland, Bishop Doyle explained (*see* 'Parliamentary Papers for 1825,' vol. viii. pp. 177–8 and 221) that originally in the Roman Catholic Church Bishops were recommended to the Pope by laity and clergy conjointly; that this having led to tumult, the right of election was confined to the clergy; that on account of intrigues and cabals the choice was further restricted to chapters; and that afterwards Kings entered into concordats with the Pope, giving them the right to send a *congré*

*d'élire* to the chapters, the Pope undertaking to give institution to the person elected by the chapter upon the royal recommendation, provided he were a fit and proper person. An arrangement of this kind exists, Bishop Doyle said, in every country in Europe, and existed in Ireland in the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, except when the sovereign was a non-Catholic. The right was exercised in Ireland by Queen Mary, and afterwards by James the Second both before and after his abdication, and also by the Pretenders, with the exception of Cardinal York. The last appointment made in this way was that of Dr. Burke, who 'was recommended to the See of Ossory by the late Pretender;' 'but since that appointment there has not one taken place in Ireland, to my knowledge (and it is a matter I inquired into very diligently for some years past), which did not originate in Ireland.' The uniform practice was that the priests, or the parish priests (who correspond to the rectors in the Anglican Church), or the chapter, when there is one in the vacant diocese, met and prepared a list of three names—a *dignissimus*, a *dignior*, and a *dignus*—which was sent forward to Rome with any observations on it that the metropolitan and suffragan bishops of the province thought it right to add; and the person who was by this procedure most recommended from Ireland was *without exception* the person appointed by the Pope. In answer to a further question (vol. viii. p. 211) Bishop Doyle added:

I mentioned on a former day, and I repeat now, that the Pope has in him a naked right of appointing whom he pleases to a See in Ireland; but I added then, and I repeat now, that we are not to suppose that he would attempt to intrude into our Church an individual who was not recommended to him from Ireland. . . . The Committee will be pleased to observe that I recognise in the Pope the naked right to do so; but yet I think the exercise of that right is morally impossible.

Nevertheless (see *loc. cit.* p. 190 and the preceding pages) Bishop Doyle pressed upon the Committee the security it would give to the Irish Church if the Government would enter into a concordat with the Pope, binding him to act always on the recommendation received from Ireland. He added: 'I think such a concordat could be most easily made, and I should be most anxious that it were made, because it would secure to us always a domestic prelacy, and it would remove from us the possibility of the Pope ever interfering more than he now does in the appointments of our Church.' On the whole question he said, 'We would be glad that the right that we now exercise by courtesy or usage were secured to us by a concordat.' How different the whole subsequent history of Ireland would have been if this most wise advice of the Irish Bishops had been taken, and if a concordat of the kind they recommended had been negotiated with the Pope in connection with the passing of the Emancipation Act!

This, however, was not done; and it was by the very interference from abroad with episcopal appointments in Ireland, which Bishop

Doyle so eloquently deprecated, that between 1835 and 1875 the Catholic Church of Ireland has been transformed from being Irish into being Ultramontane.

By 1849 a certain amount of progress in this direction had been effected, when in that and the next year it was made to advance by a bound by the following steps being taken. In 1849 Dr. Croly, Archbishop of Armagh, died. He, like Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, who survived him, belonged to the Irish party. Archbishop Croly had sought to have his diocese chosen as the site of one of the Queen's Colleges. On his death the customary list of *dignissimus*, *dignior*, and *dignus* was prepared in Ireland and sent forward to Rome, with the expectation that the Pope would appoint the *dignissimus* to the vacant see. He, however, was induced to do the very thing which Bishop Doyle thought it incredible he would do, and by an exercise of papal prerogative forced upon Ireland Dr. Cullen, a stranger—practically a foreigner, for he had been about thirty years in Rome, where he had made himself conspicuous as a zealous supporter of extreme Ultramontane pretensions. He was 'intruded' upon the Irish Church, to use Dr. Doyle's forcible expression, as its Archbishop of Armagh, and was further given extra power and a precedence over the Irish Bishops and Archbishops by being made 'Delegate of the Apostolic See in Ireland.' To him, instead of to Archbishop Murray, was in this way entrusted the summoning, arranging, and presiding over the Synod of Thurles, which was held the year after his arrival. At this synod the first struggle for predominance took place between the new Ultramontane party and the Irish party. Under Dr. Cullen's auspices it was held at a time when three bishops were or had lately been ill, and in each case a 'Procurator' or substitute was appointed to exercise at the Synod the vote of the absent prelate. It was said at the time that one of these bishops, who belonged to the Irish party, had recovered his health some time before the Synod was held, but that, though this was duly notified to his Metropolitan, his being reinstated in his functions was held over till after the Synod met. Two of the absent bishops belonged to the Irish party, and were known to be in favour of allowing Catholics to avail themselves of the Colleges of the new Queen's University, but the Procurators appointed to take their place were persons who voted on the other side. A further step was taken to secure a majority: a Mitred Abbot, whose vote could be depended on, was given a seat at the Synod, to the surprise of the Irish bishops. By this manipulation the Irish party were outvoted at this the first serious struggle between the two parties, and in the critical vote against continuing to provide religious instruction for Catholic students attending the Queen's Colleges a majority of one was secured, whereas had the votes truly represented the Irish episcopacy there would have been a majority of four in favour of continuing to provide this religious instruction.

It was by these measures that Irish opinion was overborne, and the hierarchy of Ireland committed to the double policy forced upon Ireland from abroad, (1) of 'withholding' Catholics by ecclesiastical threats<sup>1</sup> from consorting with their fellow-countrymen in the national Universities of their country, and (2) of establishing in Ireland a University College<sup>2</sup> under ecclesiastical control, on the model of that at Louvain, the presence of which latter in Belgium has been the unhappy cause why in that country educated Clericals and educated Liberals, having been kept asunder in hostile colleges while young men, speak and think of one another in after life with more ignorance of each other and with more exasperating uncharitableness towards one another than do the Clericals and Liberals of any other Catholic country in Europe.

Space cannot be spared to do more than glance at the subsequent steps which consolidated the power of the Ultramontane party in Ireland. When a few more vacancies among the bishops had taken place, a majority in favour of Ultramontane views was assured at all meetings of the episcopacy. But the great body of the working clergy still belonged to the 'Old Ireland' party. The working clergy are the curates and the parish priests. So far as the curates were concerned, they were pretty soon brought to heel. In the Catholic Church a curate is not under his parish priest, but directly under his bishop, who has arbitrary power over him; and he is liable by any post to receive instructions from his bishop which may be very disagreeable to him. But under the Canon Law parish priests have a certain very limited amount of independence, though far short of that of a rector in the Anglican Church; and for many years the majority of the parish priests were averse to Ultramontanism. They therefore had to be silenced. This was at length accomplished by leaving a vast number of the parishes of Ireland without parish priests when vacancies arose. 'Administrators' were put in charge of them instead of parish priests. Now these administrators have none of the canonical rights of parish priests; they are curates, subject to the bishop in all things. In this way the power of the parish priests was finally broken, and since then the whole Church in Ireland has been Ultramontane.

We have next to inquire what in fact is the new claim with regard to University education which was brought into Ireland by

<sup>1</sup> 'It will be the business of the Bishops . . . to frame rules to be everywhere observed for withholding the faithful from frequenting those colleges' ('ut fideles ab iis Collegiis frequentandis retrahantur') (Rescript of the 18th of April, 1850, from the *De Propaganda* to Archbishop Cullen). What this 'withholding' meant the Catholic laity of Ireland were soon to learn.

<sup>2</sup> 'Of all things the sacred congregation would deem it most advantageous that the Bishops, uniting their exertions, should erect in Ireland a Catholic Academy, on the model of that which the Prelates of Belgium founded in the city of Louvain' (Rescript of the 9th of October, 1847, from the *De Propaganda* to Archbishop Slattery).

the Ultramontane party, and has since become the official policy of the hierarchy. The best source of information as to this is Cardinal Cullen, as he was the prelate imposed upon the Church in Ireland to push this new policy. He enunciated the claim and stated the ground on which it rests in his letter to his clergy, dated the 26th of November, 1850, which with other documents was in 1873 printed 'by authority' by J. M. Toole & Son, of 7 Great Brunswick Street, Dublin. On p. 216 he informs his clergy that the claim he came to announce to them rests on a 'Divine Commission,' which he maintains was given by Christ 'to the Apostles and their successors, in the following words "Going therefore, teach ye all nations, &c.," Matthew xxviii.' This Divine Commission, he proceeds,

evidently includes the duty of teaching all the dogmas of faith, as well as all the principles of morality. . . . All this is directly contained in the Divine Commission. But the subjects thus indicated must have a direct or indirect connection with the various departments of human knowledge, and the exercise of the Divine Commission must consequently *extend to the supervision and control of every system of education* proposed or instituted for Catholics.

Thus, he maintains, Christ gave to the episcopacy 'a right of inspection and control' and 'of resisting every system by which error may be propagated.' Scholars tell us that this amazing superstructure rests upon a mistranslation of the original Greek; and every one, whether scholar or not, can see in the argument which follows the fallacy which is popularly described as the fallacy of 'being given an inch and taking an ell.'

Everywhere the Ultramontane claim resting on this extraordinary foundation is that persons whose own education never winged its flight beyond the narrow cage of an ecclesiastical seminary have been given by Christ a 'right' to dictate what shall be taught in the Universities of Europe, and where that teaching shall stop; and this claim has for several decades been adopted as the official claim of the Irish hierarchy. Thus a demand signed by all the bishops, and which therefore had obtained the support of the majority amongst them, is to be found in Parliamentary Paper 84 of the year 1866, and claims that the following words shall be part of the Charter of the Catholic University College, viz.: 'That the four Roman Catholic Archbishops for the time being shall be visitors of the said College, and their authority be supreme in questions regarding religion and morals *and in all other things* in the said College.' I have italicised some of the words here and in the quotation from Archbishop Cullen's letter. Would any sane Government yield to this demand?

Several statistical errors are apt to embarrass persons inquiring into the provision made in Ireland for University education. Thus, in comparing the number of Catholic and non-Catholic students, it has not always been remembered that the Catholics are all of them day students, while the non-Catholics include both those intended for



the several lay callings and also nearly all the divinity students of the Protestant churches. Divinity students in the Catholic Church are secluded from intercourse with lay students, and are trained in separate ecclesiastical seminaries. Hence, to make comparison valid, we must add to the Roman Catholics attending the Universities that large number who are preparing for the priesthood in ecclesiastical seminaries at home and abroad. In Ireland the theological students are an exceptionally large proportion of that section of the Catholic youth who are by natural gifts fitted to benefit by an extended education.

Again it must be remembered that the preponderance of Catholics over non-Catholics in the population of Ireland consists of persons in very humble circumstances, who cannot afford to send their sons to Universities, though they supply many recruits for the Church when housing, feeding, clothing, and education are all paid for. Among the large farmers—who are, perhaps, about equally numerous on both sides—many of the ‘possibilities,’ as they have been called, are on the Catholic side drawn off into the ecclesiastical seminaries, while in the lay professional classes, especially in all but their lowest ranks, Protestants outnumber Catholics in a proportion which may be roughly taken as two to one; and these are the very portions of the professional classes which are most likely to send students to a University. The clerical profession must be separately considered. Among Protestants there are no professional men who more value a University education for their sons than do the clergy of the various denominations, while on the Catholic side there is no corresponding contribution; priests have no sons to send to the Universities.

True University education is provided for the young men of Ireland in the University of Dublin and in the three colleges of the late Queen’s University, and in both Universities under the only conditions which make true University education possible in Ireland. In them the rising generation are furnished with the best University teachers that can be brought together, and the education given in them aims at being the best which the twentieth century is able to develop. There is but one way in which this great advantage can be secured for the youth of Ireland, and that is by appointing to each professorship the very foremost man that is available for the chair. This can no more be done if the choice is restricted to those having the *exequatur* of the hierarchy of any church than it could if a rule were enacted under which no one might hold a professorship whose hair is of other colour than black.

In this article little has been said about the three colleges of the Queen’s University. This is because to bring out with any clearness the many bearings of their history upon the questions discussed would occupy the whole space available for such an article as the

present. It was judged better not to make the attempt, rather than to treat of the Queen's University inadequately in an article already too much crowded.

There is no more instructive history of the past than that of the condition of the Irish Church before it became Ultramontane, as presented in the Parliamentary blue-books, extracts from which have been given in this article. It exhibits an extraordinary contrast to the attitude presented in Cardinal Cullen's letter, which has also been quoted. In the former, rescripts from Rome were viewed as advice to be carefully considered in the light of the fuller knowledge which the resident episcopacy possessed; in the latter, as commands which must at once be obeyed, without any scrutiny as to whether they are based on knowledge or on misconceptions. Compare, for example, Archbishop Cullen's letter with the whole tenor of the evidence recorded in the earlier Blue Books, with Archbishop Murray's letters published in the public press, and with the action of the thirteen Irish bishops who sent a remonstrance to Rome after the Synod of Thurles.

G. JOHNSTONE STONEY.

THE YOUNG FRENCH GIRL  
INTERVIEWED

IN the days of the universal interview, the turn of the Young Girl naturally comes, awaiting that of the newly-breeched lad and the child with a doll in her arms. But this is not an ordinary interview based on actuality or vulgar advertisement. It is not even a gratuitous attempt to drag the young girl of France out of the gracious shade to which a delicate tradition of her race has condemned her. In these blatant modern times, when everything, insult and vengeance, is reduced to paper and ink, the knight who takes upon himself to avenge slighted womanhood must perforce betake himself to literature. Not his the glorious and picturesque task to go abroad upon the public place and challenge the base slanderer; not his the sympathetic mission of making him eat his words on the point of the sword. For general slander there remains but the publisher's office, as for private calumny and wrong we have no other resource than the law or police courts.

Some years ago, it will be remembered, the popular writer M. Marcel Prévost damaged remuneratively a freshly-earned reputation in letters based upon a sentimental and graceful study of a woman's autumnal love, by the publication of an infamous study of young girlhood, with its hideous and suggestive title, *Demi-Vierges*. All that is respectable and chivalrous in France was shocked in its finest instinct, for hitherto pornography had passed the young girl by without an evil glance at her. She was recognised as enigmatic and nebulous matter, upon which no judgment should be pronounced. When she married she became fair game, but no sooner. M. Prévost has striven since to redeem his crime, but in vain, for *Demi-Vierges* is still in print and held the boards of the Athénée, where Jane Hading recently offered a very artistic and antipathetic study of the antipathetic heroine. Comes forward now M. Olivier de Tréville with a documented reply to M. Prévost's attack, in the form of a volume of no less than 600 closely-printed pages, called *Les Jeunes Filles peintes par elles-mêmes*, to which several thousands of Parisian and provincial young girls have contributed,

either in the form of interview or written interrogation. The general soul revealed by these thousands of maids is a triumphant assertion of the indestructible purity of girlhood, a radiant recognition of all the old-fashioned virtues of womanhood. There is too much cant, too much conventional piety to be sure, but most of them are convent girls, trained in the cultivation of cant. The piety, too, is of a safe sort, neither exuberant nor hysterical; a nice, comfortable, sustaining, practical piety, which convinces them, without effort or reason, that everything within the Church is perfect, and that to 'modern atheism' may be ascribed all the miseries and ailments of society. But apart the cant, an occasional pertness, inseparable from such immature philosophy as theirs, and priggishness, the ally of their self-conscious virtue, there is little we may not admire. Not a suspicion of the Anglo-Saxon flirt, not a hint of heartlessness or vulgarity, little or no worldliness, all honest, reasonable, slightly sentimental natures, looking forward to marriage with an exalted and honourable conception of its responsibilities and duties. They hold the Cornelian view that a woman's only jewels should be noble sons. True, one of them laments the absence of noble sons in modern France, and fears that the decay of French chivalry may be traced to the degrading taste for British fashions. How can men be noble who send their linen to be washed in London, who are habited by British tailors, and indulge in British sports? Because of all these lamentable tastes, the gentlemen of France conducted themselves vilely at the *Bazar de Charité*, and these guileless maids, convent-bred, blame them severely for allowing Loubet I<sup>re</sup>, as they contemptuously call inoffensive M. Loubet, to throne it at the Élysée. Instead of wearing the futile white pink in their buttonholes, why not charge boldly at the iniquitous Republic and overthrow it? For these young ladies are bred uncompromising reactionaries. Even M. Brunetière would approve their tastes in literature. They ardently admire Bossuet, without, I suspect, having read more of him than I myself was acquainted with—the Funeral Oration of Henriette d'Angleterre—in the far-off days I tasted at the fount of French literature within French conventual walls, and quoted rapturously 'O nuit désastreuse, O nuit effroyable,' &c. They hold correct views on all the burning questions of the hour, the views their grandmothers would assuredly approve of, for they have a sarcastic distrust of what one of them spells *Progrrrrrès*, which they qualify as snobbism. On the other hand, while cordially admitting the thousand charming qualities of mind and heart—for these girls are as naturally intelligent and often as witty as they are 'essentially good—one regrets, with a feeling of alarm, that these 600 pages treating of youth between eighteen and twenty-one should show no trace of wildness, of animal spirits, no murmur of hoydenism, no originality, freshness or breezy candour. The sweet reasonableness

of so many young persons disconcerts and dismays. Is it quite natural? One feels they must all have worn the blue ribbon and silver medal of the Children of Mary at school, which is depressing. Indeed, one of them, in the chapter on convents, does not hesitate to write: 'Sans le pensionnat, plus de vraies femmes, plus de famille, plus de patrie.' The meaning is obscure, but doubtless this young lady believes that the salvation of her country depends upon the conventual training of girls, just as the other is convinced that British tailoring is the cause that the modern 'sons of France' are unworthy of their chivalrous ancestors, the glorious Crusaders. What we believe is of small consequence; the essential thing is to believe.

I have said that most of the moral arguments of these austere young wiseacres are tinctured with cant, which, of course, is the obvious result of their conventual training. Glibly do they assure us one after the other, with Spring on their cheeks and hope in their eyes of twenty, that 'woman was created to suffer and to love;' that 'her rôle in creation is abnegation and unselfish devotion;' that 'the happiness of others, and not her own, should be her object.' When we have white hair, and have plumbed life and its deceptions, we may talk so with some show of sincerity; but not at twenty. Nature at twenty craves bliss, and if it envisages suffering, it must be of the deeply tragic and exceptional kind—the broken heart and swift doom. Its sole notion of abnegation is a romantic silence in the heart's betrayal or in the pangs of unrequited love, in both cases speedily terminated by a beautiful death to soft slow music. Young girls, we know, are capable of unfathomable tenderness and illimitable devotion and self-sacrifice when great calls are made upon these qualities, but not by reflection, by cold and studied rule. Here speaks the voice of cant through their fresh lips. They have been drilled to talk like virtuous marionettes, and so they talk. They have been schooled to pace uncomplainingly along the well-swept alleys of spotless maidenhood, with never a curious glance of youth above the forbidden hedges where howl the wolves and roar the lions, and tame and cheerful walk these maids, uttering placid platitudes about virtue, blushes, abnegation and duty, without apprehension of what may await them beyond, and with unwise intolerance for the stray sheep whose nature and temperament force them from this measured march of docility and rectitude. Hark to them upon such debatable subjects as balls, theatres, novels, scents, jewels and happiness—for M. de Tréville does not spare them; they are forced to discourse on every subject under the sun, even including death and cremation. 'A young girl who frequents *bouffes* and *concerts* is degraded in the eyes of her fellow-creatures, and loses the charm of her sex.' This from a Puritan grandmother, or aged aunt, or maiden lady of sixty would be hard; from a girl of eighteen it is frightful.

'No, sir, a young girl well bred and desiring to remain virtuous should not go to the theatre.' Why, in Heaven's name? This reminds me of the grave of an actress I often passed in charming Norman woods, where the nuns never failed to impress upon me that, being an actress, she was very properly held to be unworthy of burial in sacred ground. Even then I could not understand the nuns' point of view. These young ladies evidently do. 'The best plays are worth nothing,' one sententiously writes, sweeping away the whole modern drama. Another slightly compromises: 'a wise and prudent mother may allow her daughter to see *a few pieces* without immorality.' This is appalling, but here is worse: 'a young girl would gain *nothing* in the theatre, and might lose *much*.' What? her heart to the bland *jeune premier* who breaks his own in such a becoming cravat, or to the fatuous tenor who sweeps the ground with such a lovely feather in his romantic sombrero to such weeping strains? But she would find it next day, or at latest the day after, not a penny the worse for its fugitive absence. Having a weakness, I own, for innocent miscreants, I prefer the girl who, quoting the poet that writes in condemnation of balls—

Elle aimait trop le bal.

Hélas ! que j'en ai vu mourir de jeunes filles—

frankly calls him an ass. She never knew a girl to die of dancing, and though her senior I am of her opinion. 'As well,' she cries, 'warn young men that scores of youths have died victims of their love of gymnastics.' It is always refreshing to come across an honest girl who, seeing through cant (all this stuff pedants and prudes fill girls' heads with against simple and innocent enjoyments, like dancing, stories, and theatres is nothing but cant), goes for it. In a ponderous collection of admirable phrases and sentiments on Madame de Staël's saying that she would not want to open her window if it gave upon the Bay of Naples, but would walk five hundred leagues to talk to a man of mind she did not know (conceive the tempered eloquence of well-bred and virtuous maidens, with only the properest of emotions and opinions at their beck, on the beauties of nature and the value of minds), one such girl writes airily and with delightful concision: 'If I had a window looking on the Bay of Naples I would open it and look out. And if at a hundred leagues distant dwelt "a man of mind," I'd go two hundred leagues further off to avoid his acquaintance, for "men of mind" are like fine pictures: they gain from a distant view.'

Nothing of the feminist about these young French girls; assuredly they are too deeply, inalterably, and proudly *women* for that; but with a long-sighted observation, a natural soundness of view and intuitive judgment of men, not erring certainly on the side of uncritical admiration, and an incapacity for flighty romantic

fervour or insanity of enthusiasm that startle in creatures so young, and explain the complacency with which the marriage of reason in France is accomplished—a wiser institution than Anglo-Saxon taste will admit. They are proud of their sex and its mission, which is perhaps the reason why they are not ready to fling themselves at the heads of men, as their sisters beyond the Channel and on the other side of the Atlantic so recklessly do. Then, too, they know that the duty of mating them lies with their parents and not with them, and this consciousness gives them an exquisite force of dignity and reserve. Have no fear about them. Nothing in them will ever give rise to ‘door-mat’ love literature. They know their value, they are perhaps too assured of it, for many of their pages are filled with magnificent appreciations of woman’s rôle and nature. This is the general sentiment on the question of their rights: ‘The injustice of the laws which enchain women revolt me, but I do not claim the right to vote. For me, woman is above all a soul, which should steep the world in light and love. Let woman therefore merit to be the soul of our laws and institutions and of our public morals; let her insinuate herself everywhere as the vivifying air, as heat and luminous sunlight; but let her leave to men the struggles of speech and action. It should suffice her happiness and glory to inspire speech and action.’ In saluting these high-flown and laudable sentiments from thinkers in their teens, we must allow something for the cant of tradition. It is not to be expected that young minds could escape it. I confess I find a greater ring of sincerity in such arguments as these: ‘Let us stay wisely *at home*, and let the men fight it out for themselves and for us. It is much more comfortable. Lean on them, since it flatters them. That’s the best feminist solution.’ Another satirically thinks it will be time enough for the women to interfere in public when the men have reduced themselves to general softening of the brain through tobacco and absinthe. A great deal of sense amongst all these young persons, but no echo of the generosity, the magnanimity, the bewildering passion and indignation that drove George Sand into revolt. Decidedly the modern young girl is not romantic, or ardent, or disinterested. One would prefer a little touch of anarchy now and then, the utterance of a burning word in behalf of abstract justice. It is surely not altogether admirable that fresh youth should be so seemingly, so unrash, so incapable of an unwise and unprofitable bargain.

Nationalism is the fashionable political *credo* of the hour, and of course these thousands of well-brought-up maids of France are fervent nationalists. They abhor everything English, German, and Scandinavian. The Russian alliance compels them to admit that Tolstoy is ‘a writer of grace and wit’! They wipe out the legend of Northern genius in a contemptuous reference to ‘the Knights of the Fog.’ One girl peeped into Maeterlinck, and was suffocated.

She recalls the anecdote of the exiled Spaniard in London when asked if he had any message for his compatriots: 'Only my compliments to the sun, for since I am here I haven't seen it.' She kisses her hand back to light with her compliments. Light with her, alas! means the poet Coppée and M. Rostand. All these girls delight in the mediocrity of the trivial and sentimental M. Coppée, whom in a thrill of admiration they describe as 'passionnant,' and *Cyrano of Bergerac* is the greatest masterpiece since the days of Hugo. They are judiciously trained in every sort of cant: the cant of the classics, which they profess to adore, without, we may be sure, understanding them, probably having only read what they know of them, as we did in my French school-days, in a volume of well-chosen extracts, *Athalie*, *Esther*, and *Le Cid* being the sole exceptions, those permitted in their dull entirety. In the cant of sentiment, as revealed in all their pretty keepsake phrases about flowers, the beauties of nature, home, the sentimental arts, like music and poetry, and family love (no hint whatever of any other kind of love in all their 600 pages); the cant of religion, betrayed in their dubious enthusiasm for Bossuet, and their conviction that all the modern literature of the whole world is not worth a single page of Lacordaire; and in the cant of propriety, as we see by their constant readiness to blush, not as thoughtless young girls are wont to blush, but with conscious rectitude. For they are dismally penetrated with the sense of their virtue, and would not, as they value their immortal souls, cast a glance of curiosity in the neighbourhood of a newspaper or a new novel. And so they prate with delightful and unlettered priggishness of Ronsard, Vauvenagues, Corneille and Racine (they pretend to dote on Corneille), and the wicked Molière. How is this, one wonders? Have they really read Molière? Lamartine and Chateaubriand are of course their modern deities, and they write very elegantly of Madame de Staël, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset. Can it be that they, who maintain proudly that a virtuous maiden cannot frequent the theatre without the certain loss of her immortal soul, have actually read *Rolfe*, the tale of *Fantine*, *Delphine*, and such improper classics? Of the modern artistic writers, they cry in a body: 'Délivrez-nous, Seigneur; belle tête, mais de cervelle point.'

Their patriotism forbids them to recognise foreign genius, and so they make merry over the Wagnerian craze. They detest Wagner and seem to regard him as a German Godard, rather inferior to the French article. One actually calls him 'la tintamarre d'outre Rhin,' and says the admiration the *brouhaha* he mistakes for music excites is only a *pose*. It is a cacophony worthy of Dante's *Hell*. Twenty years ago her seniors spoke as sillily. The only music for the 'sons of France' are the divine strains of Massenet, Saint-Saëns, and Gounod. We know that they do not read newspapers, or we



might suspect them of an assiduous study of the *Libre Parole* and the *Intransigeant*. And possibly they have been permitted to imbibe the noble patriotism of the organ of the Pères Assomptionistes, *La Croix*. The Père Bailly, who is now treading unmolested British soil, in a patriotic revolt against the laws of his own land, may be responsible for the perfervid hatred expressed unanimously by these young girls for the unspeakable Saxon. They hate his speech, his tailoring, his person, everything about him and his country. They hate him even more liberally and extensively than they hate the American. For while they gird incessantly at 'American education' and the ineffable ways of fast American girls, the Englishman is never anything but *mufle* (the equivalent of 'cad,' and, like it, later-day slang) and the Englishwoman grotesque and rude. The English language is abhorred as an impossible tongue 'which makes you pronounce Liverpool when you want to say Manchester.' This is a mild specimen of their hardy satire, but you perceive something of the tone of the amiable *Croix* and the Christian sentiments of the Assumptionist founder.

And yet, with my good-humoured fault-finding, I would have it understood that on the whole the general impression disengaged from this extravagant collection of universal views—for these girls are invited to discourse on the ideal type of the young girl, her instruction and education, perfumes (nearly all renounce the use of perfumes in virtuous disgust at a symbol of vice and luxury), the demi-maidens, the habit of shaking hands (generally disapproved as an English and therefore anti-nationalist habit), convent schools, balls, conversation, Knights of the Fog, or Northern literature, women's rights, men of mind, beauties of nature, Parisianism or provincialism, artistic style, the theatre, breeding, woman, progress, professional careers, fashion, fortune, the artistic temperament, the French spirit, music, friendship, dress, books, nobility, governesses, country life, cremation, stupidity, the use of English words in French, decentralisation, diaries, old maids, art, happiness, flowers, bullfights, the spinning-wheel, jewels, women-strikers, olden times, scepticism and disenchantment (at eighteen one is such a proper authority upon both !), social play-acting, death, and the young girl of the future—I say the general impression does honour to the race and sex of the young girl of France. One would wish them a little less assured of what 'well-bred and virtuous girls should do' under all circumstances, with a wider view of virtue and a larger outlook upon life; less complacently conscious of their unimpeachable rectitude of judgment and decision; more given to the wholesome dubiety of inexperience, to the charming dread of the unknown, to dreams of elsewhere and beyond, to flights into the vague, into the warm and tender romance of youthtide, with a little more generosity and understanding of error, of failure, of fall; one would like to see them

more spontaneous and less self-righteous, holding, above all, more nebulous views upon what we are agreed to call woman's virtue. Why, so young, should all these terrible moralists have so clearly made up their minds upon the question of proper and improper literature and the drama, always and inevitably modern? They can, by their training, know nothing about either; therefore, why not a little youthful and innocent curiosity to know what it is all about before pronouncing? Why so ready to swallow everything their elders say on, that one single score? It is not natural at twenty. Then, too, why this *intransigence* only on the ground of purity? This, of course, is the result of their Catholic training, by which one would think the Christian soul of woman knew no other obligation than that of chastity. As if lying, slandering, bad temper, selfishness, dishonesty, brutality were not sins as great! It is not in the *Semaine Religieuse* or *La Croix* that they will acquire generosity in the judgment of their neighbours, and in these precious leaflets doubtless they have learnt that the favourable criticisms of foreign art and literature are paid for.

HANNAH LYNCH.

*ON THE  
COLLECTING OF OLD SILVER PLATE*

THE mania, passion, or interest of collecting in its various forms dates undoubtedly from prehistoric ages. The necessary instincts for that pursuit are—the power of selection, the avidity for possession, the solicitude for preservation, and a strong desire that the results of experience should be handed down intact to posterity.

As civilisation gradually grew, it occurred to wealthy individuals to surround themselves with costly objects, pleasing both to the eye and imagination, the idea being perhaps instigated by seeing and admiring the accumulated votive offerings of gold and silver preserved in the temples. Schliemann, in his work on Troy, points to a very high appreciation and standard of craftsmanship in the precious metals existing 1200 B.C. Of this and the Greek plate that followed but little remains; being so easily converted into money for the purposes of war, its destruction was inevitable. The few specimens of Roman silver that have survived are mostly cast, which gives them the sense of solidity that is so apparent in bronzes of the time. The discovery some years ago of a mirror and other silver articles of the second century B.C. in the sarcophagus of a woman proves the value attaching to such things for daily use, besides showing how much they must have been cherished, having been selected presumably to accompany her to a future state.

We know that the Romans of the Empire were ardent collectors; but during the dark ages, ruled by Frank and Norman and decimated by Guelph and Ghibelline, life and property were so uncertain that any form of collecting was rendered impossible; and it was reserved for such men as the Medicis and the artists of the Renaissance, under ecclesiastical and comparatively peaceful influence, to once more bring to light and cherish the wonderful forgotten works of the past. From that time to the present day the patronage and knowledge of the art collector have had an important influence on civilisation. In the fifteenth century the artist or craftsman and the purchaser came into close personal contact, for the intermediate dealer of to-day did not exist; the beautiful works created then by the greatest artists of the

time were intended for a highly cultured class, who keenly watched their progress and enthusiastically competed for their possession.

At the present time every possible difficulty is put in the way of an ordinary purchaser who has a design of his own to be carried out, and wishes to interview the working silversmith. He will probably have to begin operations by going to some fashionable retail silversmith's shop and endeavouring to explain his wishes to an assistant who most likely has no knowledge of sectional or other working drawings, though he has a cultivated, earnest manner that disarms suspicion. Eventually this same assistant will apologise for the incompleteness of the work in the vague terms that 'the man who made it was a genius, but never would do what he was told.' Now this 'man' in the majority of instances has only received the working design and no clear instructions, though these may have been supplied to the heads of the wholesale manufacturing firm who employ him; but these instructions have passed through three sets of hands before reaching this particular workman, and the inference is obvious. These manufacturing firms only undertake work for the trade, and are purposely kept in the background to such an extent that sometimes the silver is stamped with the tradesman's mark who retails it, in place of that of the firm which has actually done the work. There is at this time a strong feeling of dissatisfaction at their treatment amongst the representative craftsmen; but the matter is difficult to reform. Classes may be formed in technical schools, lectures may be given, examples may be exhibited, but until the artist, the craftsman, and the collector once more come together, the mere trader, with his avalanches of meretricious wares and copies, will remain the stumbling-block to this special form of art, and the lover of gold and silver work will have to find his pleasure and form his collection from the products of former ages.

During the first half of the last century the opportunities of the Art-collector in every branch were enormous, and men like Bernal, Fountaine, Franks, and others, who possessed intuitive insight into what was beautiful, in an age when nothing fine but literature was being created, found few of the pitfalls and snares that beset the silver collectors of to-day. Their taste was pronounced eccentric by their contemporaries, who did not appreciate the best things, and they were left undisturbed to select the finest specimens of metal work, and acquire piece by piece exactly what pleased their individual taste.

On looking through the catalogues of the 1851 and 1862 Exhibitions one is struck by the comparatively small number of exhibitors as compared with the exhibits of gold and silver plate. After these two Exhibitions, and when the museums began to acquire specimens by gift and purchase, the public began also

gradually to take an interest in old plate, and dealers in it arose on every side, with the disastrous result that the supply of genuine specimens could not meet the demand, and purchasers were soon surrounded with difficulties that never existed before.

The publication of books of reference on the subject of silver plate has, however, made it more possible to form a scheme for identification and accurate dealing in English silver than any other object of art, for a record has been kept at the Goldsmiths' Hall since the year 1478 of the annual date letters, and, later, of the silversmiths and their marks. One of the earliest and best-known examples of the first alphabet is the Lombardic letter 'D' (consequently 1481) on the Anathema Cup belonging to Pembroke College, Cambridge. It is so called from the inscription 'Qui alienaverit anathema sit,' which the donor, a Bishop of Winchester, caused to be engraved on the base: most effective words they have proved, as the cup still remains in its original place. The English system of dating plate by a variety of alphabets in succession, makers' marks, and official hall marks has not been followed with the same regularity in other countries, and there is no doubt that the facility of being able to accurately date English specimens gives an additional interest to the collector. The books of reference have made it comparatively easy to gain a vast deal of superficial knowledge, but have also, unfortunately, instructed the forger of old silver how to assign the right marks and correct shape of shield to the proper plate of its period.

A neophyte but would-be collector of silver plate will probably ask the advice of some friend or dealer with regard to his first purchases, and all will go well; he will then fancy he can depend on his own taste and judgment, and will go forth armed with newly acquired information and a card of date letters and hall marks in pursuit of bargains. But the judgment of the beginner must always be uncertain, and, however observant and intelligent, he cannot altogether hope to steer clear of the fraudulent and delusive trickery lying in wait for him, and which it takes years of the closest study to discover. His failures in purchase can invariably be attributed to one of two causes: either too much has been paid for an object, *i.e.* out of all proportion to its marketable value, or it is not a genuine piece. Mediocre articles in poor surroundings naturally attract attention, and consequently pieces of most inferior quality are apt to look quite valuable when seen among the heterogeneous mixture in some dark little pawnbroker's shop. Caution is therefore a desirable quality for collectors. Yet from being too diffident many fine and absolutely genuine objects have been passed by as doubtful. Some years ago a certain gold and enamel cup was offered by two nuns to various dealers and private collectors in Paris, but no purchaser could be found certain enough of his opinion to give their

price of about 100*l.* till M. Pichon, the great French connoisseur, immediately recognising the wonderful intrinsic beauty of the piece, at once secured it; at his death it was bought by a dealer, and finally purchased for 7,000*l.* and presented to the British Museum. Another instance is a service of Roman plate, consisting of thirty-six silver vessels and dishes dug up by some peasants in France, which was also a long time finding a purchaser, though offered at a very low price; the extraordinary freshness of condition, with the apparently modern forms, inspired so much doubt in persons not conversant with the arts of the classic age that its authenticity was discredited; it is now also in the gold room at the British Museum, known as the Chaourse Treasure, and is pronounced by all experts as absolutely genuine and of the end of the third century. However, such chances as these are not likely to fall any more to the lot of the ordinary purchaser, as the museums have now an octopus-like system in their research after treasure, with communications reaching far and wide.

Forgery is a large and important question, and the word should include any composition formed out of old genuine pieces as well as any copy cast or wrought purporting to be of an older date. A modern reproduction of an old object will always be found curiously lacking in sentiment, but it is only the close study and recognition of the true sentiment of each period that will give the unerring judgment which frequently enables the expert to decide at the first glance between what is false and what is real. About the middle of the last century many very elaborate forgeries of Gothic and Renaissance designs were produced in Germany, one of which figured prominently in a recent exhibition of silver plate. Fifty years of exposure will give a certain appearance of age to the surface of any metal, but these particular forgeries are comparatively easy to detect, for though there is a great facility of design and execution there is an over-elaboration pervading the whole structure that at once inspires a person proficient in the art of that time with uneasy distrust and doubt.

Recently a much more dangerous class of intellect has devoted itself to false fabrications of these same periods. The French craftsmen have for some centuries proved themselves without rivals for dexterity and accuracy of finish in all branches of metal work; when their strong perceptions of grace and beauty, together with a correct archæological knowledge, are devoted to the art of forging, the deception is not only most difficult to detect but the articles produced are often very beautiful. From these sources some remarkable frauds in silver work purporting to be of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries have in the last fifteen years found their way into both museums and private collections. I purposely withhold names, but the forger, his agents, and the victims, are now fairly well known. As a rule some portion or other

of the object is original and of the presumed date of the whole, the applied ornament is so in many cases, having been easily acquired off some unsaleable ecclesiastical relic. In a cup, the general structure is usually built up out of some small vessel, unimportant in value, but possessing the necessary quality of old hammered silver; after being altered to the desired form, the requisite engraving and decoration are skilfully executed, portions of applied ornament are added, enamelled armorial bearings are introduced and partly obliterated, the whole is gilt after a recipe of the Monk Theophilus, and finally the finished article is either buried in the earth or subjected to certain acids which quickly oxidise and eat away portions of the surface. After clever manipulation the piece has all the appearance of great age; it is then given a bogus pedigree, in which a Duke of Burgundy and a Spanish convent generally figure, and all is ready for the unsuspecting purchaser into whose hands it passes at a very high price and with a great deal of involved mystery. Some of these forgeries are exceedingly beautiful, and prove that the man who made them is capable of executing the finest metalwork, but the exceptionally high prices he can obtain for them as antiques offer too much temptation for him to acknowledge them as merely copies and his own work of the present time.

It is a far easier matter to forge English plate of the succeeding periods, and the amount of spurious silver purporting to be of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries floating about the market is astounding. In some instances the whole piece is cast together with a hall mark; this class of imitation can be detected by an inspection of the inside, which will show by the granulated surface its false method of manufacture. Sometimes the piece will be hammered and afterwards stamped with false punches, or a good hall mark inserted that has been taken from some small worthless bit; this latter is a very common practice, as it can in some instances only be proved by putting the whole piece through the fire, which causes the solder to melt, though it can frequently be detected by breathing on the surface, when the join may show. Gilding also covers a multitude of sins, amongst them repairs and additions. It is comparatively easy to add fresh metal on to a piece of old silver, but to do this in a satisfactory manner it must eventually be annealed, that is to say, passed through the fire more than once, which process materially affects the surface; this to be recovered must be repolished; it will then look so fresh and new that gilding is employed to mend matters, therefore a piece of antique plate recently gilt should be approached with diffidence. When the demand for three-pronged forks arose these were cast by the score; but every genuine spoon or fork should be of hammered metal capable of being bent at the handle, and these cast articles, not being flexible, can be discovered at once. Three-pronged forks made out of contemporary spoons,

with the necessary amount of metal added at the base, are most difficult to tell if they have been subjected to rough usage for some time in order to recover the old appearance of surface; they however generally have a singularly false sense of balance, and prongs in a condition not consistent with the worn state of their hall marks. The Goldsmiths' Company have, among their many prerogatives, a restricted power of fining without recourse to law any person exposing for sale a piece of silver plate below the legal standard or a falsely marked piece; but as this latter jurisdiction applies only to marks of their own Hall, that is London, the forger has endeavoured to circumvent it by conducting his manufactures abroad, the removal of the duty on silver greatly assisting him in the importation of his goods from Augsburg, Nuremberg, and Holland. Much fraudulent plate has consequently come to England in this way, and, with well-fabricated local hall marks, has passed through many hands as genuine Elizabethan and Jacobean. I personally knew a man who affected to absolutely despise hall marks, saying he preferred to be entirely guided by his eye and sense of beauty in form. Under these inspirations he formed a very large collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century silver, which subsequently was found to be chiefly composed of these palpable foreign forgeries, all showy in character and each one doubtfully marked. Originally this man had purchased good plate, but, never having made any thorough study of period or any form of art, he had no standard to guide him in his selection, and as his eye gradually became accustomed to the imitations he acquired and saw daily, his judgment began rapidly to deteriorate.

I do not, however, intend to infer that the absence of a recognised hall mark entirely condemns the authenticity of a piece of plate, but as the fact remains that in many instances it was illegal in former times to expose such wares for sale, it proves the practice was unusual; and therefore though the intrinsic worth of unmarked pieces may be recognised by people of perception and very certain judgment, their marketable value will always be materially depreciated. Hall marks may frequently be absent on perfectly genuine specimens through some blow or necessary reparation, as well as through obliteration by over-zealous cleaning. This absence is often compensated for by a dated inscription or initials of the period, which, if genuine, are a most attractive feature, greatly enhancing the value of any piece, as for some reason the true style of lettering of a former age invariably baffles even the cleverest forger.

In speaking of fraudulent additions these must not be confounded with legitimate repairs and restorations consequent on wear and tear, and which are made in either contemporary or succeeding periods; these are in no way forgeries, and important pieces of plate are frequently found with an additional hall mark upon the repair



itself. The gold and enamel cup in the British Museum, which was originally made in the fourteenth century, underwent considerable alterations and restorations about two hundred years later.

The forgeries of the time of George the Third have been greatly fabricated in England, those of pierced design and complicated ornament easily concealing their modern workmanship; they are the class of imitation that, not having a very ready sale in London, find their way eventually into the smaller towns and seaside resorts in hopes of catching the sanguine tourist. To do the sellers of these wares justice, they are themselves frequently extremely ignorant on the subject, having been imposed upon by some travelling dealer.

I have not made these remarks in any pessimistic spirit, but only in the hope that the enthusiastic, inexperienced buyer may realise how complex the ordinary market for old silver is at this moment. Genuine plate is still to be got, and honest dealers and experts exist whose judgment and advice may be absolutely relied upon.

Gothic and Early Tudor plate so rarely comes into the market that its value cannot be fixed even approximately. Elizabethan and early Jacobean specimens have recently fetched considerably over 20% per ounce, and plate of the following reigns has a similar value proportionate to its date. Even at its present high price it is a most safe asset; nor is the value fictitious, for the genuine plate of England is intimately connected with its history, institutions, corporations, and individuals; it is closely representative of the taste, manners, and customs of our ancestors, and for these reasons it is not probable that the interest taken in it will ever grow less. Appreciation and competition for examples of a lost art have in past times frequently paved the way to its ultimate resurrection; let us hope it may prove to be the case again, and that the silver-workers and artists of this present century will succeed together in raising this craft, from the mediocrity into which it has sunk, to its former high standard of excellence.

PERCY MACQUOID.

## *THE MYSTERIOUS NEW STAR IN PERSEUS*

SEVEN months ago, when discussing the star discovered by Dr. Anderson in the constellation of Perseus on the 22nd of February, 1901, I said:—‘The phenomenon of a New Star is a mystery still unsolved.’<sup>1</sup>

This star has now been continuously observed for eleven months with more powerful telescopes, both reflecting and refracting, and with more delicate and efficient spectroscopes and photographic apparatus, than any of its predecessors. The most skilful astronomers in England and America, in France, Holland, Germany, and elsewhere, have given it their best attention. But the more it is studied, the more powerful the instrumental means employed in its observation, and the more abundant their revelations, the further from us the solution of its mystery seems. Every new fact that we learn with regard to it reveals a greater depth in our ignorance.

Nevertheless, this most remarkable star has of late exhibited features which are so novel, and unexpected, and interesting, that it is desirable to describe them without further delay, although their interpretation remains almost entirely in abeyance.

To appreciate this recent information it is necessary briefly to recall some facts connected with the earlier history of the star from the date of its appearance up to the end of last May, beyond which my previous statements did not go, and rapidly to sketch the course of its observation since.

When discovered it was of the third magnitude. On the next evening but one it rose to its greatest brilliancy, when it outshone Capella. In the course of the next three weeks it fell through four magnitudes to about one-fortieth of its greatest brilliancy. For a time the diminution of its light proceeded at an almost uniform rate. But, instead of this process steadily continuing until the star should have become a faint telescopic object (as was the case with the new star seen in Auriga in 1892, the other most

<sup>1</sup> *The Nineteenth Century and After*, July 1901, p. 46.

notable instance in recent years), a periodic oscillation of light was presently apparent.

This oscillation generally involved a rise and fall of about one and a half stellar magnitudes (so that at each maximum the star was about four times as bright as at a minimum), and the period was one of about three days.<sup>2</sup> This period soon increased, first to about four, and then to about five days; but it certainly seemed, in May, 1901, as if the star might become a member of that well-known class whose light regularly varies in a period of a few days' duration. For the explanation of such a condition we might have been tempted to apply to some of those hypotheses, such as the mutual revolution of a darker companion-star, which are usually associated with such variation of light.

But this extraordinary star, after posing for about ten weeks, in a manner different from that of any previous New Star, as a fairly regular short-period Variable, proceeded to upset any explanations of this phenomenon which might have so far seemed worthy of consideration, by suddenly becoming remarkably steady in its light.

A very slow decrease of light has continued, as was the case, upon the whole, even during the period of variability above referred to, but we find such observations as the following:—On fifteen out of twenty-two nights between the 11th of July and the 7th of August, 1901, Padre A. Müller, at Rome, recorded its magnitude as 6.4, from which it did not vary by more than one-tenth of a magnitude on the other seven nights of observation.<sup>3</sup> From the 3rd of September to the 22nd of October the magnitudes estimated by four different observers at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford (under very different conditions of weather), only varied from 6.5 to 6.9; *i.e.* by less than one-half of a magnitude.<sup>4</sup> Since then, however, the light has fallen to a little below the seventh magnitude.

The mystery connected with the previous comparatively regular oscillation of light remains. Why did this oscillation continue for so long? Why has it now so completely ceased? Was it due to a tidal effect caused by the attraction of one body rushing past another in close proximity? Did it indicate an undulatory movement originated by an explosion, and manifested afterwards by periodic and intensely heated eruptions? Or, if we may suppose that the outburst of the new star was due to the friction and bombardment attendant upon its entrance into a cloud of nebulous or meteoric matter, may some one portion of its surface (as Dr. Halm, of

\* See an excellent Light-Curve of Nova Persei from the 22nd of February to the 25th of April, published in *Popular Astronomy* for November 1901 by Professor H. C. Wilson, of Carleton College Observatory, Minnesota.

<sup>2</sup> *Astronomische Nachrichten*, 3,740 (311).

<sup>4</sup> *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, November 1901, p. 81.

the Royal Observatory of Edinburgh, has suggested<sup>5</sup>) have experienced a more violent and intense bombardment than the rest? Can this have raised that part to a higher degree of light and temperature, and have also developed a motion of rotation by which the 'patch of greater luminosity' would be revealed to us periodically?<sup>6</sup>

No satisfactory answer can as yet be given to such questions as these; nor can this one phenomenon be considered apart from a number of other, and especially of spectroscopic, features, which are at present unexplained. It is certain that its later conduct in regard to the *amount* of its light has only increased the mystery of the New Star.

The same statement is true as to the Spectrum of its light. We saw last July that the spectroscopic observations, made during the first few months after the star's apparition, had a very important bearing upon every hypothesis as to the cause of its outburst. But it was also shown that they would need long-continued discussion, not only because of their elaborate character, but also because of their very puzzling nature.

Since that time, as in the case of some previous new stars, the light of the Nova Persei, in conjunction with the diminution of its intensity, has developed a resemblance to the spectrum of a gaseous nebula.

On the 25th of June, 1901, Professor E. C. Pickering, of the Harvard College Observatory, stated, with reference to a photograph of its spectrum taken on the 19th of June, that 'no marked difference' was to be noticed in comparison with the spectrum of a nebula numbered 3918, except that one bright line was much brighter in the nebula than in the star. He also mentioned a certain other bright line visible in the nebular light, but not in that of the star.<sup>7</sup> Later, on the 24th and 25th of August and the 5th of September, Father Sidgreaves, at Stonyhurst College Observatory, found the former line very much increased in strength, and the missing line present as 'a very prominent band.'<sup>8</sup> Thus it might, at first sight, have seemed that the likeness to the nebular spectrum had very decidedly *increased*. But Father Sidgreaves and other observers found a remarkable and complicated structure of four brighter intensifications situated within the latter of the two above-named lines, as also in two other notable lines in the spectrum; all which lines, from their unusual breadth, might perhaps be rather termed bands. In regard to the breadth of the principal lines, and in the exhibition of this curious structure, the nebular resemblance had *decreased*.<sup>9</sup>

Something similar was observed in at least one of the lines of

<sup>5</sup> *Nature*, July 11, 1901, p. 256.

<sup>6</sup> See also an article by E. Rogovsky, *Ast. Nach.* 3,724 (61).

<sup>7</sup> *Astrophysical Journal*, July 1901, p. 83.

<sup>8</sup> *Ast. Nach.* 3,741 (335).

<sup>9</sup> *The Observatory*, December 1901, p. 439.

the spectrum of the Nova in Auriga in 1892.<sup>10</sup> But the above-mentioned and other recent observations in regard to the New Star in Perseus are too technical for further discussion here. They have only been quoted in order to show the way in which an attempt to explain what may be going on in the star, upon the supposition of an increasing approximation to a nebular condition, while apparently well supported by certain observations, is almost immediately baffled by other indications. Father Sidgreaves, who has given long-continued and most skilful attention to this star, has excellently remarked, with regard to the great width of the bright lines in its spectrum, that 'it remains an uninterpreted word in the language of light.'<sup>11</sup> And again, 'the peculiarities of this spectrum are to us at present an enigma;' while he questions what the physical condition of the star can be 'when its spectrum looks so like, and yet so unlike, that of a gaseous nebula.'<sup>12</sup>

It was very gratifying to find, when the Constellation of Perseus returned to a convenient position for such observations in the latter part of August, that the star was still sufficiently brilliant for spectroscopic work. But the further observations thus obtained revealed, as we have just seen, not only new features of interest, but of such deeper mystery as cannot yet be explained in any way sufficiently probable to obtain general acceptance.

One fact has, however, come out clearly of late. The star's light is now very much confined to certain bright emanations in a few special portions of the spectrum, the intensity of some of which has been of comparatively recent development. As the result of this, a very remarkable effect has occurred, which has led to the detection of those novel, unexpected, and most interesting features connected with the star which it is one chief purpose of this article to narrate.

The effect in question was first noticed in consequence of the nature of the construction of the object-glass in a refracting telescope. The lenses of such an object-glass, when the light of a star passes through them, can only be so arranged as to bring (if eye observations are to be made) *most* of the light that affects the eye exactly to the focus of the instrument; or, in the case of photographic observations, *most* of that which has chief photographic power. But, in either case, there is some outstanding light, derived from certain parts of the spectrum, which is not so exactly focussed. In ordinary observations, this is, however, of little moment, owing to its small amount.

Now some photographs of the Nova Persei were taken, on the 19th and 20th of August, 1901, at the Juvisy Observatory, with a refracting telescope, by MM. Flammarion and Antoniadi, which, to

<sup>10</sup> Scheiner's *Astronomical Spectroscopy*, p. 289.

<sup>11</sup> *Ast. Nach.* 3,758 (197).

<sup>12</sup> *Knowledge*, January 9, 1901, p. 11.

their surprise (as they announced by telegram) showed a 'nebulous aureola with a clearly defined boundary' around the star.<sup>13</sup> They presently further stated that a photographic exposure, for somewhat over three hours, showed both a large and faint outer halo, and a much smaller and brighter inner one; while the inner one alone was depicted with an exposure of about thirty minutes.<sup>14</sup> Two days afterwards, Professor Max Wolf at Heidelberg obtained a similar result.<sup>15</sup> Either the single or the double aureola has also appeared in the photographs of several other observers, amongst which may be mentioned an elaborate series taken by a diligent amateur astronomer, Mr. Alexander Smith, of Dalbeattie, N.B.,<sup>16</sup> chiefly in October and November last; one of which, however, of a date as early as the 16th of August, was subsequently found to exhibit the aureola.

Experiments were soon made by covering a part of the object-glass of the telescope used, which showed that its lenses failed to collect in the ordinary focus certain portions of the light of the star, which formed (as was also indicated by certain bright lines in its spectrum) an *unusually* large proportion of its total light.

The halo, thus photographed, was consequently proved to be no real nebulous appendage, actually attached to, or surrounding, the star; but was only an instrumental effect due to the incapacity of the lenses of an ordinary telescopic object-glass to focus certain unusually intense portions of the star's light.

To obtain as complete an image as possible of the fainter part of the halo, Professor Max Wolf employed a very long exposure, exceeding four hours in duration. The result was that he unexpectedly made an additional, and far more important and interesting, discovery. He found that, besides the telescopic aureola, he had recorded, especially upon one plate, and most notably to the southward and also eastward of the star, some clearly distinguishable, but exceedingly faint, nebosity of a complicated structure.<sup>17</sup> This was not affected, in the same way as the halo was, by the experiments previously mentioned. It was therefore in no wise produced by the action of the telescopic lenses, but was undoubtedly present in the sky. The nebulous streaks or portions also appeared as if they could be traced backwards to the star.

Professor Max Wolf's discovery was very soon not only fully confirmed but amplified. On the 20th of September, at the Yerkes Observatory, Wisconsin, U.S.A., Professor G. W. Ritchey<sup>18</sup> obtained

<sup>13</sup> *Ast. Nach.* 3,735 (237).

<sup>14</sup> *Bulletin de la Société Astronomique de France*, October 1901, p. 423.

<sup>15</sup> *Ast. Nach.* 3,736 (255).

<sup>16</sup> *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*, vol. xii. No. 1, p. 22.

<sup>17</sup> *Ast. Nach.* 3,736 (255).

<sup>18</sup> *Astrophysical Journal*, October 1901, p. 167.

a photograph of the nebulosity in question, on a very sensitive plate, with an exposure of three and a half hours. It was taken with the two-foot reflecting telescope of the observatory.

It should be noticed that there was no possibility, with a reflecting telescope, of the production of a false halo, such as may be formed by the lenses of a refractor. The reflector brings all the different parts of the spectrum to the same focus in any image formed by it.

The negative, when carefully examined, showed various curves and wisps of nebulosity, in an approximately circular space, in which the Nova itself was somewhat excentrically situated. Some of the nebulous appearance seemed almost as if it had started from the star and had then pursued a spiral course outwards. Some of the brightest portions were to the south, or south-east, of the star at the furthest distance from it.

Then other photographs were taken on the 7th and 8th of November, 1901, with the three-foot reflector of the Lick Observatory, constructed by Dr. Common, and afterwards presented to the observatory by Mr. Crossley of Halifax. In these photographs the strongest nebulosity was seen near to the Nova. But, as in Professor Ritchey's photograph, there were various other sprays and curves of nebula quite clearly visible, especially to the south. It was also again noticed that the outermost portions in this direction were the brightest.

On the 12th of November another most startling telegram arrived (which it was at first supposed could hardly be correct) to the effect that Professor Perrine found in the Crossley photographs, as he termed them, 'four principal condensations (of) faint nebula surrounding Nova Persei moved south-east one minute (of) arc in six weeks.'<sup>19</sup>

The news was, however, quite true. It was even somewhat understated, inasmuch as the apparent motion proved to be still greater; viz. about one and a half minutes of arc in forty-eight days, or about one minute (which is almost the same as one-thirtieth part of the apparent diameter of the Sun or Moon as seen by us) in a month. One of the outermost points of condensation was again especially noticeable, and the best for measurement. Two others measured were near to it. The fourth was comparatively close to the star. They all appeared to have moved to about an equal extent, and three of them in nearly parallel lines, but not exactly in a radial direction outwards from the star.

Another telegram from the Lick Observatory followed on the 6th of December, stating that, in a further photograph of the 4th of December, similar movements continued, although with some variation, in the four points of condensation above mentioned.<sup>19</sup>

<sup>19</sup> *The Observatory*, December 1901, p. 467; and *Ast. Nach.* 3,753 (159).

Meanwhile, however, additional very interesting results had been obtained at the Yerkes Observatory by Professor Ritchey, and a telegram had been received (on the 13th of November) saying: 'Ritchey finds the nebula surrounding the Nova probably expanding in all directions.' He had secured, upon a photograph taken on the 9th of November, with only one and a half hour's exposure, after very careful development, an image which showed much additional faint structure. This photograph proved that 'the entire southern half of the nebula had been expanding rapidly and nearly radially.' The date (the 9th of November) being two days before Professor Ritchey received the news that the movements had been perceived at the Lick Observatory, the two discoveries at the two observatories were quite independent and confirmatory.

A further photograph was taken at the Yerkes Observatory on the 13th of November, with seven hours' exposure, which again confirmed that of the 9th of November. Copies of this last photograph made by a photo-mechanical process, and of the earlier one taken with the same instrument on the 20th of September, 1901 (in which copies, however, much delicate detail is necessarily lost), have been published in the *Astrophysical Journal* of last November; accompanied by drawings, made from the photographs, in which some of the finer details are more clearly seen. In these reproductions the general extension of the Nebulosity outwards from the star is certainly very evident; as also the change in apparent position of several of the brighter knots, or condensations, in it. Two of the outermost of these, in nearly opposite portions of the nebula, seemed to have moved most rapidly.

The above statements presently received important additional support from a comparison by Professor Max Wolf of his own earliest photograph of the 23rd of August with Professor Ritchey's of the 20th of September, and with another of his own taken on the 17th of November, which was of excellent quality. He found the outward expansion to have continually increased up to the 17th of November, although more slowly in the latter part of the time.<sup>20</sup> His measures led him to notice a very remarkable fact. It seemed to him that the most distinct condensation, in the outer south-eastern part of the Nebulosity, had moved with a speed which, if it had been continuously going on, would have carried it (at any rate until recently) outwards from the star to its observed position, in an interval closely approximating to that which had elapsed since the first observation of the star's outburst in the previous February.<sup>21</sup>

All these observations are therefore in full agreement. They leave very little doubt that an apparent outward expansion of the Nebulosity in general has occurred, as well as movements in

<sup>20</sup> *Ast. Nach.* 3,752 (143).

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.* 3,753 (161).



certain individual portions of it, the positions of which, owing to their greater brightness, can be observed from time to time with considerable accuracy.

We must now notice how extraordinarily great a velocity is indicated, in several of the preceding statements, if what is seen is an actual onward movement of luminous matter.

The actual velocity involved in any apparent rate of movement of a heavenly body across the sky entirely depends upon its distance from us. If, then, the nebulosity of the Nova Persei were especially near to us, in comparison with most other celestial distances, the apparent movements in it might be due to actual velocities of moderate amount. There is, however, no reason to suppose that it is not as far away as the average distance of an ordinary star.

The distance of any star is calculated from what is termed its *parallax*; that is to say, from the slight shift in the direction in which it is looked at from two different positions of the earth. This shift is most noticeable if the two observations are made at suitable dates, six months apart, when the two positions of the earth are at opposite extremities of a diameter of its orbit, and their distance apart as great as possible, viz.: 180,000,000 miles. But this shift, or parallax, in the case of most of the stars, owing to their immense distance, is found to be so small that it is impossible to measure it. It has been so in the case of previous New Stars. We have only been able to say of them that we cannot measure their distance, but that they must be located among the more distant stars.

Of the Nova Persei, Professor Perrine, writing from the Lick Observatory last November, has stated, in reference both to photographic and visual observations, that 'there does not appear to be any abnormal parallax to the star.'<sup>22</sup> And Professor Bergstrand, of Upsala, has endeavoured to determine the parallax (and thereby the distance) of the Nova, by its positions on photographs taken at dates six months apart, on the 1st and 11th of March and the 1st and 11th of September last. But he has found no indications of a measurable amount of parallax. We are therefore, we consider, justified in assuming that this star is in all probability also situated among the more distant stars. At any rate, we may feel almost certain that its large parallax and corresponding nearness would have surely been discovered before now, if the Nova had been anything like six times nearer to us than the well-known star Alpha in the Centaur, whose distance of 25,000,000,000 miles is the smallest as yet found for any star.

Let us see the reason for mentioning this particular value, 'six times nearer.' It is because the nearly central position of the Nova in the Nebula, and the configuration of the brighter portions of nebulosity around it, as well as their gradual outward extension in all

<sup>22</sup> *Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific*, vol. xiii p. 239.

directions from it, lead us to feel decided confidence that the Nova and the Nebula are closely related in position. We have good grounds, that is to say, for believing that the Nebula is very much, at the same distance from us as the Star, and that we do not see in it some much nearer object, which simply happens to be located between us and the Star. Consequently, if the Nova were six times nearer than Alpha Centauri, whose distance has just been mentioned, the Nebula must be at that distance also; a distance which, as above explained, would have been easily detected by astronomers.

But unless the Nebula be at this comparatively moderate distance from us, or nearer still, the movements, shown in it by the photographs, must indicate velocities far greater than any elsewhere met with in the heavens. If it were at the distance of Alpha Centauri (*i.e.* only as far away as the nearest star), these movements would involve an actual velocity of about 2,800 miles per second; whereas, at present, about one-sixth of this speed, or 450 miles per second, exceeds, we believe, the utmost velocity met with, either in the vast eruptions ejected from the Sun, or in the exceptional proper motions of one or two of the most rapidly moving stars.

This may be illustrated a little further. If the Nebula were at the distance of Sirius, which comes third amongst the stars in distance from us, and is nearly twice as far away as Alpha Centauri, the movements observed in it would mean that we could see matter travelling onwards at 5,200, or more, miles per second; it might even be considerably more, if the whole of the motion were not across our line of sight.

The Nova is, however, as already shown, so wondrous and enigmatical in many respects that it is not well to say of anything connected with it 'This is impossible.' At the same time it must be confessed that such velocities in ponderable matter are contrary to all our present knowledge.

Yet again, if the star be much more distant still, as is in fact most probable, the velocities indicated by the movements of an adjacent Nebula would be increased in exact proportion to the increase of its distance, and the difficulty just stated would be so much the more intensified. If it be, for example, at about thirty-six times the distance of Sirius, which would be quite a reasonable stellar distance (probably less than that of a majority of the stars), then the observed speed in the Nebulosity would be about thirty-six times 5,200 miles, or about 187,000 miles per second.

Such a velocity, almost incredible in the movement of any kind of ponderable matter, is, however, one of constant and daily experience in the onward propagation of those undulations in the ether which produce the sensation of light, or, it may be, are connected with electrical action; 186,000 miles per second is the speed with which light, emanating from the star at the moment of its sudden

outburst, would travel outwards from it in all directions. And such light could be watched and followed in its onward course, if it met with nebulous matter which could reflect it, and if it were of sufficient intensity, as it reached successive portions, to impart such an illumination to them as should render them visible to us; or, as we should perhaps rather say, should enable them to produce a perceptible effect upon our photographic plates.

These considerations, combined with the previously mentioned fact, noticed by Professor Max Wolf, that the rate of movement of the brightest outer condensation would approximately have carried it from the Star to its observed position in the interval elapsed since February last, consequently tempt us to ask:—Can it be that, six to nine months after our first sight of the light of the Star's outburst, we see, in the illumination of this surrounding Nebulosity, some of that same light (or possibly some electrical or chemical effect connected with its onward passage, the details of which we need not discuss) which has occupied the intermediate interval, first, in reaching the Nebulosity, and then in proceeding from its illuminated surface to us? If so, it may also be supposed that such an effect would continue to be seen in the Nebulosity for just so long a time as the light outbursting from the Star was sufficiently brilliant to render it visible.

This thought has doubtless suggested itself to many more astronomers and physicists than have given publicity to it. Among the first to do so have been Professor Max Wolf of Heidelberg,<sup>23</sup> and Professor Kapteyn of Groningen,<sup>24</sup> the latter having put forward some especially interesting suggestions and calculations as to the way in which the observed effect might arise.

We must refrain from such calculations here. But it may be well to notice that an emission of light, even if only of *brief* duration, at the time of the Star's first outburst, might cause the appearance of an illumination extending outwards from it, in the form of a somewhat circular *disc*, to such a distance as is shown in the photographs.

This light, no doubt, would only be visible where it found matter capable of receiving and sending to us a sufficient amount of illumination; but even a brief emission of such light would cause more than a mere circle, or ring, of illumination to be seen at any instant around the Star, at a distance from it equivalent to that to which the light had had time to travel. The illumination produced by the light which had left the Nova at any given moment would, at any subsequent time, lie upon a spherical surface at an equal distance in every direction from the Star. And matter, lying upon such a surface, if seen by us, thus illuminated, would *appear* as an apparently flat circular *disc* surrounding the Star. A part, for instance,

<sup>23</sup> *Ast. Nach.* 3,753 (164).

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.* 3,756 (201).

of such an illuminated surface, lying in a direction nearly behind the Star, would, according to our line of sight, *seem* to be situated very near to the Star, and so on; the effect being similar to that by which the spherical surface of the Sun or Moon (although projecting towards us) appears as a flat disc upon the sky.

More strictly and mathematically it can be calculated that light, originally proceeding away from us, or (as we may term it) backwards from the Star, could not go so far, *before* being reflected to us, as that which might at first go out at right angles to our line of sight, if the illumination resulting from both portions is to become visible to us at the same moment. The calculation would depend upon the condition that all illuminated points, which would become simultaneously visible to us, must be so situated that the whole duration of the passage of the light, from the Star to each of them and thence onwards to us, must be the same. It results that such points would lie at any moment upon a parabolic, or elliptic, rather than upon a spherical surface around the Star; while there might also be other such points (although probably to a less important extent) nearer to us than the Star itself.

Let us, however, pass by all such further details, as the simple fact to be grasped is this: If we suppose the Nova Persei to have flashed into brilliancy, in the midst of a large extent of surrounding nebulous matter, somewhere about three hundred years ago, so that the first flash reached us in February 1901, then, some months afterwards, we might see a nebulous region looking like an approximately circular disc around it, illuminated by the effect of that same *first* flash. The bounding circumference of the illumination of the Nebulosity would extend outwards approximately to the distance to which that flash had travelled from the Star. Within that outside boundary, filling up by the effect of perspective projection the sky-space between it and the Star, there would be illumination caused by light from the same flash, which had proceeded to such shorter distances (mainly behind the Star) that its effect, after being reflected thence, had been able to reach us at the same time.

If so, we may further suppose the process to go on, after the first flash, so long as the light of the Star should continue to be bright enough. Meanwhile there would be comparatively little difference in what we should see, except that the area of illumination would continue to spread outwards from the Star; until presently, with increased distance from it, and with diminished light-emission from the Star itself, the illumination would fade away (especially in its outer part) until inappreciable, even with the utmost possible prolongation of photographic exposure.

Such an expanding effect would certainly be very similar to what has been noticed; and Professor Ritchey states, as indeed is evident at a glance, that the photograph of the 13th of November, 1901,

shows that the outer parts of the Nebula are rapidly fading.<sup>25</sup> It will be very interesting to follow the course of future observation if further photographs be obtained.

According to the usual configuration of Nebulæ we should also expect to find such variations in density as would cause certain portions to be capable of more illumination than others, as is the case in the photographs in question. It should further be carefully noted that light-emanation, expanding in a spherical shell, might not seem in all parts to travel radially outwards, *i.e.* as if moving directly from the star. It might in its own outward radial movement successively illuminate consecutive portions of the lengths of wisps of nebulosity lying in various directions, and thus seem to travel along them. In this way the *apparent* velocity might be altered, as well as by the effect of perspective.

Difficulties, many and great, are doubtless involved in this hypothesis; some immediately apparent, more at present probably unnoticed. It deserves mention because its great interest, its novel character, and its power to explain away what would otherwise seem to be a movement of matter with an incredible speed, render it worthy of very full consideration.

One difficulty at once presents itself. Can it be supposed that the illumination of gaseous or other nebulous matter, by light from the star, could be perceptible, even with very prolonged photographic exposure, if that light had first travelled to a distance so great as the hypothesis would involve? It is true that the star's light may have amounted to about 8,000 times that of the Sun. But the distance in question, according to the last photograph taken, would be not much less than 4,000,000,000,000 miles.

I must confess that my first thought was to give a negative answer to this question. But I prefer to say, that it is so difficult to decide as to what may be the effect of very prolonged photographic exposure, especially in the case of an illumination due to such light as that emitted by the Nova, and that there are so many other uncertain factors involved, that I consider that the question must at present remain open. Professor Seeliger of Munich has, however, recently drawn attention to certain calculations of his own, as to the distance from the earth at which the illumination of surrounding nebulosity by stars of certain magnitudes would be perceptible, upon the supposition that the matter illuminated was within certain limits of distance from the star.<sup>26</sup> These calculations seem to be decidedly in favour of such an effect being clearly evident, if it should exist in the case of nebulosity around the Nova.

So far, however, as can at present be judged, the greatest difficulty involved is, that the clearest patch of illumination, as it appears to

<sup>25</sup> *Astrophysical Journal*, vol. xiv. p. 294.

<sup>26</sup> *Ast. Nach.* 3,759 (255).

travel onwards, in a direction not distinctly radial, retains a pointed form, of a shape somewhat like an arrow-head, the point moving forwards. As I have said, we might see the illumination move along a wisp of nebulosity, in a direction inclined to that of its own expanding course. But it is very difficult indeed, upon such a supposition, to explain how the illumination, as it thus travelled along the wisp or layer in question, could continue, for several consecutive weeks, to exhibit this peculiar arrow-headed shape. Such a shape would be very much more probable in the case of matter which might itself be actually moving onwards. The whole appearance of the illuminated Nebulosity also certainly looks as if it consisted either of matter ejected in a succession of vast waves, or so as to describe a series of spiral curves.

In any case astronomers have learnt one lesson from this most wonderful Star. It is that, upon the appearance of such another, a succession of photographs of its surroundings should be taken without any delay, with the best plates and longest exposures practicable, the overpoweringly bright image of the Star itself being, perhaps, meanwhile concealed by a diaphragm. It would seem likely that much more of the very highest interest might have been discovered had this been earlier done in the present case.

Whether the Star has produced nebulosity by collision; whether it has ejected vast volumes of vapours; whether its outburst of light has been caused by its intrusion into a nebula already existing; whether the Star itself be double or single, solid or nebulous originally, there was clearly an abundance of nebulosity around it when the photographs which we have described were taken. Nor is there any doubt that they must have a very important relation to every hypothesis of the origin of its outburst that may yet be formulated.

If further photographs can be obtained, the apparent movements of the Nebulosity may still be watched. But a comparatively small fall in the light would render this impossible, and also put an end to the observation of the details of the spectrum; although the Star itself would have to descend to something like one ten-thousandth of its present brightness before it would vanish in the largest telescopes.

Meanwhile we have to face a profound puzzle. The discovery of this extraordinary Nebulosity has vastly increased the mystery that awaits solution, while the earlier observations of various kinds also remain almost equally inexplicable.

The many suggestions put forward are exceedingly contradictory. In regard to the interpenetration of a great Nebula, they involve not only the supposition of the intrusion of a single globe, but possibly of many companion-swarms of meteorites, which might produce individual disturbances, presenting a succession of appearances such as are seen in the photographs, in the various regions affected by each swarm. Sir Norman Lockyer has recently said: 'Suppose a nebula invaded,

not by one, but by many swarms'; and again, 'there is probably no question of motion from place to place; we are dealing simply with different disturbances occurring in different places.'<sup>27</sup> Others suppose two great globes to have collided, it may be both dark before the collision, or the one very highly heated and gaseous, and the other in a much cooler state. Others suggest that the near approach of two such bodies has produced disturbances of a tidal nature due to their mutual attraction, with resulting internal explosions, surface-ruptures, and vast outpourings of gas and molten matter, or with a dissipation of much of that matter into nebulosity. And some would attribute subsidiary disturbances and outbursts to the attendant planets of the onrushing globe or globes.

All remains as yet mysterious and unsolved. Even with regard to the recent photographs no more can be said than this: that some movement or transference of brightness, luminous, chemical or electrical, is in itself more probable than an actual transference of matter at the speed which the observations seem most probably to imply. Amid such uncertainty it is of little use, as yet, to discuss this most enigmatical of stars more minutely. It may prove that all our present observations of it must be recorded simply to prepare us the better to study the next similar object which may appear at some future, and perhaps far distant, time.

I feel, however, once more disposed to repeat my closing statement of last July: that the hypothesis of the transit of a star (whether its own constitution be more or less solid, or nebulous) through a nebula may have, upon the whole, more reasons in its favour than any other.

E. LEDGER.

<sup>27</sup> *Nature*, December 12, 1901, p. 134.

## *THE PASSING*

### *OF THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT*

IN literature creative genius is justly ranked above the critical faculty; in the natural organism anabolism means health and increased vitality, and katabolism means decay and death; so in the conduct of human affairs our admiration is compelled by the energy which is devoted to the construction of systems and the making of nations rather than by the energy which is utilised in the direction of destruction. Possibly this is the explanation of the fact that so many of us revere the memory of Warwick the King-maker while so few of us have even heard of Mr. Griffith Rice, and those few do not think of his existence as having been an unmixed blessing. We suggest this explanation with a little diffidence, for there will very likely be found some to say that our estimate of Mr. Griffith Rice's claim to praise or dispraise is founded on a misconception of his work; that, whereas we regard him as a man who undid a dynasty, he had as much right to be termed a king-maker as Warwick himself. We are not particularly concerned in debating the point, but we think it somewhat odd that it should be left to Legitimists to revive the memory of the man who was the majority for the Act of Settlement.

It is a tradition with many people to read the last volume of a novel first, as with many speakers it is a tradition to pay attention in the first place to their peroration. By some sort of analogy it is difficult to write an historical article in strict chronological order, and Mr. Griffith Rice has already made his appearance before he is properly due. The Act of Settlement, of course, was an essential part of the European policy of William of Orange, and it is not a little strange that Macaulay, who was so careful to unfold the motives that prompted the actions of his hero and to expatiate upon the perseverance and consistency with which he did everything and left undone nothing, to further the cause he had at heart, makes no mention of the great parliamentary *coup* of 1701, which was not only one of the last achievements of his life, but without which the whole fabric he had been at such pains to erect would have crumbled away ere the brain that devised it had yet returned to dust. The



Act of 1701 was the coping-stone set upon the building of which William may be said to have laid the foundation-stone in 1688, and very considerable misapprehension exists as to what that building really was.

It must never be forgotten that William was always a Dutchman and a deadly foe to France. He became Stadtholder when Lewis was at the zenith of his power, and that power it was his single aim to crush. In his own words, he could only accomplish this in one way: 'Nothing,' he said, 'but such a constitution as you have in England can have the credit that is necessary to raise such sums as a great war requires.' During the earlier years of his life he did everything he could to enlist the support of Great Britain to the coalition against France; he fêted Monmouth while Charles was King, and turned from him coldly when James ascended the throne; he married Mary for reasons of State, and so long as she was merely his wife and Princess of Orange he persistently neglected and betrayed her; so soon, however, as he realised that the woman he had wronged was in a fair way to become Queen of Great Britain he gave his cheerful acquiescence to the compact she proposed, that he should render love to his wife in return for the obedience she would render to her husband; whereby, it is not impertinent to point out, he demonstrated his political sagacity rather than his moral sense. The primary motive, then, that induced William to act as he did in 1688 was a financial one. To do him justice, he never pretended any affection he did not feel for the country of which he became King. He did not accept the British crown from any love of England; he demanded it from love of Holland. As Prince of Orange he had failed in his attempt to use the English constitution and the English purse in his great duel with the house of Bourbon; as King of England he could and did so use them. But to protest that he landed at Torbay animated only with a desire to prove himself the saviour of this country, is to protest too much. His landing was the first real indication that in international affairs the balance of power was at length about to be readjusted, and his admirers would contribute more to the reputation of their idol if they emphasised his heroism in combating Lewis rather than his altruism in supplanting James.

It is generally admitted that, if England would only have joined the European coalition against France, William would have been content with any Sovereign upon the English throne; but James knew that the policy of the Plantagenets, which it remained for William and his German successors to revive, had brought no lasting benefit to this country; he perceived that our true policy was friendship and alliance with France. In the posthumous memoirs of his life he records his views for the benefit of his son, and it may be said without hyperbole that these views were too enlightened to please

the shallow politicians of the seventeenth century. James says—it must be remembered that he always wrote in the third person :

Notwithstanding his propention to war, his prudence made him ever prefer peace ; he was sensible (though others were not) that the less a King of England loves war abroad, the better it is for the people at home. He considered that the Kingdom had reaped no other advantage from the conquests of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth than a continued occasion of lamenting the vast consumption of blood and treasure which ended always in loss and disgrace ; that all acquisition upon the Continent were like to prove as little successful or advantageous to us as those from the Continent would infallibly prove upon England, and therefore the less to be feared : that the three Kingdoms was a just Empire of themselves, not to be invaded from the Continent nor to be extended upon it. The increase of trade and riches he knew was a more desirable benefit than an empty fame, which was another motive of his for not joining in a war against France, when he considered that if the third part of the charge (which he foresaw the war must amount to) had been expended in increasing the naval forces, it would have made the nation impregnable not only against France, but all the world besides.

It is, therefore, sufficiently obvious that William had nothing to hope from England while James was on the throne ; the two men regarded the world in general, and France in particular, from two entirely different points of view, and if William was to succeed James had to go. It was as if they were playing *écarté* for crowns. William was dealt good cards and, marking the King, won the first game in 1688 ; he won the second in 1690 at the Boyne ; he won the third in 1701 at Westminster. So far as Europe was concerned, it would have been idle for him to have supplanted his father-in-law, unless, humanly speaking, he rendered it impossible for himself in default of issue to be succeeded by his father-in-law's son. It is unnecessary to emphasise our contention that William was not actuated by religious zeal in settling the Crown upon the Protestant heirs of the Electress Sophia of Hanover. Calvinist and religious fatalist as he was, he was no proselytiser, and we are not aware that he ever displayed any particular anxiety as to the ultimate salvation of his English subjects' souls. We prefer to rely upon his undisputed animosity to France, which was the ruling passion of his life and the determining factor in his policy. Had the Crown of Britain reverted to the House of Stuart, his life-work would have been undone, and he was shrewd enough statesman to foresee it.

When the Duke of Gloucester died the question of the succession had to be settled forthwith, and William introduced it at the opening of the session. His speech was brief and to the point :

‘My Lords and Gentlemen,—Our great misfortune in the loss of the Duke of Gloucester hath made it absolutely necessary that there should be a further Provision for the Succession to the Crown in the Protestant line after me and the Princess. The happiness of the nation and the Security of our Religion, which is our chiefest concern, seem so much to depend upon this that I cannot doubt but it will meet with a general concurrence, and I earnestly recommend it to your

early and effectual consideration.' . . . On the 13th of March the Commons resolved That 'for the preserving the peace and happiness of this Kingdom and the Security of the Protestant Religion as by Law established, it is absolutely necessary a further Declaration be made of the Limitation and Succession in the Protestant line after His Majesty and the princess and the heirs of their bodies respectively. And that further Provision be first made for the security of the Rights and Liberties of the People.' . . . March 18. Mr. Conyers reported the further resolutions of the Committee appointed for that purpose, and the House did then agree and resolve that a Bill be brought in upon the said resolutions. . . .

Thus baldly does the story begin in the 'Proceedings of the House of Commons,' but fortunately historical facts are very difficult to suppress. That it was part of the policy of William and his successors to flood the country with calumnies against the Stuarts has been proved up to the hilt. There was a large class of people not given to close reasoning on political questions who were inclined to side with the lawful claimants to the throne, and this class could quite possibly be won over by persistent misrepresentation of the Stuarts and the Stuart cause. At first, as was only natural, the Usurpers relied more upon the swords of mercenaries to maintain their throne than upon the pens of hirelings, but they employed both, and the bill for this assistance has never been adequately exposed. In 1715, for instance, on the outbreak of the revolt, George the First engaged 5,000 Dutch and Hessians at Sheriffmuir, while 3,000 Dutch were landed at Deptford on the 13th of November, 3,000 at Leith on the 4th of December, and another force of Dutch and Hessians arrived in Scotland on the 28th of December. George was the first British Sovereign to reign by the will of the people, and it is a humorous reflection that he was the first British Sovereign who had to employ foreign mercenaries to keep in subjection the people by whose will he ruled. Between the 10th of February, 1731, and the 10th of February, 1741, a sum of 50,077*l.* 18*s.* was paid to writers of pamphlets and newspapers on the Whig side, and Arnold, one of the most scurrilous writers of that time and one of the most savage opponents of the Stuarts, drew in four years no less than 10,900*l.* from the Public Treasury. In spite of all this commissioned authorship, however, there is a considerable mass of original papers in the Record Office and elsewhere which enables us, in an age when people do not have faith in a statement merely because it appears in print, to form our own opinion as to what actually occurred.

It appears, then, that the Tory Government of the day was placed in a somewhat serious dilemma. To refuse to bring in the Bill would be to declare themselves openly against the King in possession, who with the aid of his Dutch guards would have given them a very short shrift. Moreover, if not placed thereby in actual peril of their lives, resistance would not have availed them much,

for they would simply have been replaced by a Whig Ministry more amenable to discipline. The other alternative was to introduce the Bill, to procrastinate as long as possible, to propose as many amendments as they thought might be tolerated, and generally to bring the subject into contempt. Burnet complains that the business bore little marks of sincerity :

it was often put off from day to day, and gave place to the most trifling matters. After a great deal of time had been wasted in preliminaries, when it came to the nomination of the mover, Sir John Bowles, who was then disordered in his senses, and soon after quite lost them, was set on by the Tory (then ministerial) party to be the first to name the Electress Dowager of Brunswick, which seemed done to make it less serious, when done by such a person ; he was, by the forms of the House, put in the chair of the Committee to whom the Bill was committed. The thing was still put off for many weeks ; at every time that it was called for, the motion was entertained with coldness, which served to heighten the jealousy ; the Committee once or twice sat upon it, but all the Members ran out of the House, with so much indecency that the contrivers seemed ashamed of their management. There were seldom fifty or sixty at the Committee, yet in conclusion it passed and was sent up to the Lords, where it was expected great opposition would be made to it. . . .

Sir James Mackintosh, another Whig, remarks : ‘The most important Act of the session of 1701 was passed under curious and rather whimsical circumstances’ ; and comments on the fact of the members leaving the House directly the Bill was brought in. The Whigs, indeed, must have been as indifferent about the succession of the House of Brunswick as the Tories were opposed to it. They were disgusted with William and could scarcely contemplate with pleasure the succession of a petty German prince disqualified by his foreign habits and matured incapacity for governing a free nation like the British. The jesting proposal of the Duke of Devonshire to place the Crown on the head of Long Tom, otherwise the Earl of Pembroke, instead, proves that at least one leading Whig accepted the Act with distaste.

Tindal, corroborating the opinion of Burnet and Mackintosh, carries the account a little further. He records that when at length a day had been solemnly set apart for the motion, and everybody expected that it would pass without more difficulty, Mr. Harley moved that some things previous to it might be considered first. He pointed out that the proceedings of 1688-9 had been conducted with so much haste that many securities which might have prevented much mischief had been overlooked, and he therefore moved that in the present instance they should settle some condition of government before proceeding to the nomination of the person in whom it should be vested. This suggestion won favour, but there were again found some who thought it was merely another specious pretext for gaining time and for introducing such modifications into the scheme as would render the Crown titular and precarious. The

preliminaries finally agreed upon are so important that we give them at length :

I. That whosoever should hereafter come to the Crown shall join in communion with the Church of England as by law established.

II. That in case the Crown and Imperial Dignity of this realm shall hereafter come to any person not being a native of this Kingdom of England, this nation be not obliged to engage in any war for the defence of any dominions or territories, which do not belong to the Crown of England, without the consent of Parliament.

III. That no person who shall hereafter come to the Crown shall go out of the dominion of England, Scotland or Ireland without the consent of Parliament.

IV. That, from and after the time that the further limitation by this Act shall take effect, all matters and things relating to the well government of this Kingdom which are properly cognizable in the Privy Council, by the Laws and Customs of this Realm, shall be transacted there, and all resolutions taken therefrom shall be signed by such of the Privy Council as shall advise and consent to the same.

V. That after the limitation shall take effect, no person born out of the Kingdom of England, Scotland or Ireland, or the dominions thereunto belonging, although he be naturalized or made a denizen (except such as are born of English parents) shall be capable to be of the Privy Council, or a Member of either House of Parliament, or to enjoy any office or place of trust, either civil or military, or to have any grant of lands, tenements, or hereditaments from the Crown to himself, or to any others in trust for him.

VI. That no person, who has an office or place of profit under the King, or receives a pension from the Crown, shall be capable of serving as a Member of the House of Commons.

VII. That after the limitation shall take effect, judge's commissions be made *quamdiu se bene gesserint*, and their salaries ascertained and established. But, upon the address of both Houses of Parliament, it may be lawful to remove them.

VIII. That no pardon under the Great Seal of Britain be pleadable to an impeachment by the Commons in Parliament.

It will be observed that almost every article implies a reflection upon William and his administration, and the provisions as to the non-employment of aliens and the disability of leaving the kingdom were unacceptable to the King; the suggestion that they were designed to raise disputes between the two Houses, and so destroy the Bill, can scarcely be regarded as ill-founded. In the Lords it was only supported by two Bishops—Compton of London and Burnet; the Marquis of Normanby opposed it, and four Lords—the Earls of Huntingdon and Plymouth, and the Lords Guildford and Jeffries—protested against it, while many of the Lords purposely absented themselves altogether. The Duchess of Savoy formally protested, two copies of her protest being sent by Count Maffei to the Lord-Keeper and the Speaker of the Lower House, by two of his gentlemen, with a public notary to attest the delivery.

The only account as to who prompted the bestowal of the Crown on the Electress Sophia is in a 'History of the Ducal House of Hanover,' dedicated to George the First, 1720. It is there stated that it was Burnet who first entertained the idea. The writer says

that the prelate being on a visit to the Elector of Hanover, and finding him disposed to espouse the side of France in preference to that of Great Britain in the war then impending (towards the middle of William's reign), held out as a bait to him the possible reversion of the Crown of England. He pointed out to him the thinness of the British Royal Family, both William the Third and Anne, the only Protestants remaining of it, being childless, while all the intermediate princes and princesses were Roman Catholics; and he suggested that Parliament might be induced to ignore them on that score and remit the Crown to George and his descendants. These arguments convinced George, who espoused the cause of Great Britain, and, as a necessary result, became its future sovereign. Burnet himself corroborates this statement. He says that at the revolution, when the succession was declared to be vested in the issue of Mary, Anne, and William, the latter proposed to him that Sophia, Duchess of Hanover, should be declared the next in succession after them, and that he (Burnet) should moot the question in the House, 'because he had already set it on foot, and the Duke of Hanover had now other thoughts of the war, and was separating himself from the interests of France,' evidently implying that it had been previously hinted to the Duke. Burnet also records that, when the motion was made, the Lords at once agreed to it, but that the Commons refused to concur, alleging that as there were so many nearer the Crown in lineal succession than the Princess Sophia, it would be only fair to them if Parliament refrained from personally naming the next heir. However this may be, her name does not appear in the Act of 1689-90. To whomsoever the credit may be due, the matter was arranged, and in 1701 the Crown was definitely settled upon her and her descendants.

Contrary to expectation, the Lords, or such of them as did not absent themselves from the debate, allowed the matter to go through, those who wished well to the Act being glad to have it passed anyhow and not pausing to examine the limitations in it, thinking doubtless that such examination might be made more successfully from their point of view on some subsequent occasion. When one of the Masters in Chancery was sent down with the Bill to the Commons he was asked what amendments the Lords had made. 'None at all,' was his answer, upon which many of the members cried out, 'The Devil take you and your Bill.'

Of the actual division in the Commons, when the figures were 118 for the Bill and 117 against, there are several accounts. In a MS. note-book, the property of the late W. Thomas, Esq., of Orange Hall, Monkton, there is the following entry: 'On the first of August 1714 the accession of the House of Hanover took place in the person of George the 1st. One vote decided this, viz.: that of Sir Arthur Owen of Orisston, Pembrokeshire, who rode to London on Horseback

to record his vote and only arrived just in time.' Another account, for which Debrett is the authority, is that the Government tried to carry the Bill by a snatch vote late at night. Just at the time the Bill was brought on Sir Arthur Owen and Mr. Griffith Rice, meeting in the lobby, stopped to talk. One of the Opposition, seeing what was being done, rushed out of the House to rally any friends he might find. Seeing these two, and mistaking their views, he called them in. Had he remained in his seat those two votes would not have been given and the Bill would have been lost. In '*Memoirs of the Antient Family of Owen of Orisston*,' compiled by J. Roland Phillips, p. 58, is a third and, we think, a truer version. It is there stated that Sir Arthur Owen, Bart., M.P. for Pembroke Boroughs in the Whig interest,

rendered by his vote a signal service to the reigning dynasty. On that memorable day when the Hanoverian Succession Bill passed the House of Commons, Sir Arthur Owen, member for Pembroke, and Griffith Rice, member for Carmarthenshire, prevented the friends of the present Royal family from being left in a minority. When the House was about to divide, one of the Whig members, seeing a seeming majority in favour of the House of Stuart, exclaimed that the whole was an infamous proceeding. He immediately ran out of the House almost frantic, in search of one of his partisans. Perceiving Sir Arthur and Mr. Rice as he came out, he addressed them thus: 'What do you mean, Gentlemen, staying here when the Hanoverian Succession Bill is going to be thrown out of the House?' 'When I heard that,' Sir Arthur used often to relate, 'I made one step into the House and my vote made the number equal for the Bill—117—and the Tories had no more. Mr. Rice coming with great gravity after me had the honour of giving the casting vote in favour of the Hanoverian Succession.'

Thus the Act passed, and the King sent it over by the Earl of Macclesfield to the Electress with the Garter.

We reckoned it a great point carried (Burnet says) that we had now a law on our side for a Protestant successor, for we saw plainly a great party formed against it, in favour of the pretended Prince of Wales. Many who called themselves Protestants seemed fond of such a successor: a degree of infatuation that justly amazed all who observed it and saw the fury with which it was promoted.

There were various proposals from the Tory side. Lamberty remarks that six lords went to the Count de Briançon and proposed to him that the Duke of Savoy should deliver up one of his sons to be educated in England in the Protestant religion, declaring that in that case the Act for the Hanover Succession should never pass. This is confirmed by Count Maffei in his communication to the Duke of Savoy of the 14th of April, 1701:

The protest of Madame the Duchess Royal has been read in the House of Lords by the Chancellor, and it is commonly said by all that, if your Royal Highness had proposed to send the Prince Royal of Piedmont here to be educated in the Protestant religion, there would be no difficulty in receiving him as nearer the Crown than those of Hanover. But besides the matter of religion, there is very little security of succession to whoever may be named now, but when the

time comes the opinion is that he will succeed who shall then have most power and the strongest party in the country, and the circumstances of the moment will have a great share in deciding the question.

This, we submit, is a fair account of the genesis, gestation, and delivery of the parliamentary title of the Hanoverian Dynasty, and it is not an origin of which anyone can be expected to feel proud. We have no desire to indulge in vituperation of William upon the one hand, nor in laudation of James upon the other. By our own showing we are willing to admit that William was an entirely patriotic Dutchman, and a statesman characterised by prudence, shrewdness, and Batavian pertinacity. He was not a great man, but a dogged; not a genius, but a plodder; and in the environment in which he was placed doggedness and pertinacity were more useful than brilliance and the spasmodic energy which is a not unusual concomitant thereof. James, on the contrary, was a man in advance of his time, and he paid the usual penalty of precocity. That he was guilty of *premunire* and attempted to restore the influence of Rome over temporal affairs in England is a parrot cry which is now discredited. Had he seriously attempted to re-establish Popery the English people would undoubtedly have risen as one man and combined, for the establishment of their Church, to overthrow their King; but this is precisely what they did not do. James may have been impolitic and a visionary, but he was not a criminal. Had he been one, the people, as Lord Beaconsfield has said,

would soon have stirred and secured their Catholic and Apostolic Church, to which they still regularly confessed their adherence, independent of any foreign dictation; and, being a practical people, it is possible that they might have achieved their object, and yet retained their native princes, in which circumstance we might have been saved from the triple blessings of Venetian politics, Dutch finance, and French wars.

But if we have no wish to compare the respective moral characters of these two princes, as being foreign to the subject with which we are at the moment dealing, we do wish to protest against the consistent suppression of the true and suggestion of the false which has been a note of the work of almost all historians. Not a few take no notice whatever of the Royal Family or of the passing of the Act. For party purposes many others have deliberately stooped to misrepresentation with the purpose of confusing the 'difference between the *Lineal Representative* and a *Lineal Representative*.' Halliday omits all notice of the princes and princesses who came in order of succession before the Guelphs, and asserts that the House of Hanover is the representative of Egbert, and, even according to the rules of hereditary succession, has a better title to the Crown than the descendants of Anne of Savoy. Others again, possibly from differences of religion, have systematically vilified every act of James. They have sneered at his courage, which contemporary news places



above suspicion, they have explained away or denied his every virtue. Macaulay, in particular, labours to prove that every kind and every good act of this unhappy King was inspired by some vile or sordid motive, and throughout Macaulay's writings there is not one reference to King James which does not recall to our mind Sir Arthur Helps's aphorism in *Realms* that 'your enemy cannot put his fork to his mouth but you hate him more for the way he does it.'

With the crime of flogging a dead horse we do not think that we can fairly be charged, inasmuch as symptoms of vitality are becoming evident. It is, in our opinion, a healthy sign of the times that, whereas we who hold the political creed of Legitimism were once regarded as so many incarnations of Mr. Dick, amiable possibly, harmless probably, but insane certainly, we are now accorded a courteous hearing and admitted into the society of intelligent men. That we represent but a small minority is a fact that is ever before us, and although we have perused Blackstone's chapter 'Of High Treason and "Herein of Sedition,"' we protest that it is not caution that deters us from proclaiming our opinions from the house-tops so much as the humility that is seemly in a minority. We may be monomaniacs, but heaven forbid we should be bores. We comfort ourselves with the scriptural authority for our belief that a little leaven leaveneth the whole mass, and while we have no desire to trespass upon the hospitality that a generous civilisation affords us, we would fain inscribe upon the cards we subsequently leave some intimation to our hosts of the party to which we belong and of the faith which we profess. And incidentally we would remark that even in an age when expediency is regarded as a political virtue ingratitude is regarded as a political vice, and we wonder why application has not long since been made to the First Commissioner of Works for leave to erect one public statue to Sir Arthur Owen, formerly Member of Parliament for Pembroke, and another to Mr. Griffith Rice, formerly Member of Parliament for Cærmarthenshire, to the latter of whom, as we have already shown, belongs the 'honour of giving the casting vote in favour of the Hanoverian Succession.'

RUVIGNY.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

## *METTERNICH AND PRINCESS LIEVEN*

THE publication in 1880 of Prince Metternich's autobiographical Memoirs was a disappointment alike to the student of history and of character. In accordance with the writer's wish, they were not made known until thirty years after his death, and this reticence had only stimulated public curiosity. For nearly forty years Metternich had played the most prominent part in European politics, and had been the incarnation of the policy which for a time drove back and afterwards held in check the revolutionary spirit of which Napoleon had been the most vivid expression. He had been intimately connected with the chief actors in the struggle which ended in the collapse of more than one dynasty, and in the remodelling of the map of Europe. For these reasons it was hoped that his Memoirs when published would reveal much that was still inexplicable in the diplomacy of his day, and at the same time would throw some light on the personal character of the man who had held in his hand the threads of so many political intrigues. These hopes were not realised, and although the editor of the Memoirs may naturally be supposed to have used some discretion in the publication of the materials in his hands, there is greater ground for believing that the author himself modified his original intention. In the introductory note, written by Metternich in 1844, he expresses his conviction that 'those who make history have no time to write about it; at least, I have not.' This is so completely at variance with the intentions expressed by him in 1819, that we can only suppose that either indolence or policy caused him to abandon the original scheme, or perhaps even to destroy what he had already written. In this letter Metternich writes: 'After my death will be found Memoirs of the greatest interest concerning this man [Napoleon] and *his time*; a perfectly correct term, for the time was his. Many facts will be made intelligible, many doubts removed, many errors corrected by my Memoirs. I have been writing them for the last four years; I am working on them constantly, and I shall bring them to a conclusion, for already they are well advanced. . . . This work is one of my favourite occupations. It will cover the whole period from 1806 to the Peace of Paris in 1815. I know

much about these twelve years, possibly more than anybody. I shall limit my work to the year 1815, because all that has happened since belongs to the domain of ordinary history.' Metternich, moreover, in the same letter expresses his conviction that few men knew Napoleon so well; that he had studied him closely and, he asserts, correctly, as time would show.

This letter, which is a model of style and descriptive power, was written on the anniversary of the battle of Leipsig (the 18th of October) the greatest event of modern times, and which decided the fate of Napoleon. It was published with Prince Metternich's Memoirs, but without any indication to whom it was addressed. It now affords an important clue to the letters to which it is proposed to call attention in these pages, but before dealing with them it may be as well to say briefly what is known of Metternich's private life and habits. His father, who had been in the Austrian diplomatic service, had acquired sufficient reputation to be able to start his son in the same profession, but there is little evidence to show that the latter displayed at first any special interest or aptitudes. He was employed on ceremonious duties which brought him to London, where he witnessed the trial of Warren Hastings, and to The Hague. During his absence his family were busily engaged in finding him a wife, and with such success that almost immediately after his return to Vienna, in the autumn of 1795, he was married at the age of twenty-one to the granddaughter and heiress of Prince Kaunitz, 'the European coach-driver,' who had been the trusted adviser of Maria Theresa and of Joseph the Second. Whether the marriage was one *de sentiment ou de raison* it is unnecessary to inquire. But the terms in which Metternich refers to it certainly do not suggest that in taking the step he was carried away by his feelings:

On my return to Vienna I found my parents were busy in making up a marriage for me. . . . After certain preliminary negotiations the matter was left to the decision of the young people. I was just one-and-twenty, and the thought of marrying at that early age had never occurred to me. However, it soon became evident that my parents were extremely anxious for the marriage. . . . I made acquaintance with my intended wife in the course of the summer, and the marriage took place on the 27th of September, 1795, at Austerlitz.

This is the only reference to the matter which appears in Metternich's autobiography, but he adds that up to this time public affairs had little attraction for him, and that his own tastes would have led him to scientific pursuits. His marriage, however, had brought him into closer contact with those who directed public affairs, and it was the incapacity of these which drove him into politics, although, as he assures us, he was wholly without ambition throughout life. At any rate, his rise in Court favour was rapid, and he attracted the favourable notice of Baron Von Thugut, the

Minister of Foreign Affairs, at whose instigation he was deputed to represent the Westphalian nobility at the abortive Congress of Rastadt. Subsequently he acquitted himself as Austrian Envoy at Dresden and Berlin with so much credit that on the conclusion of the Treaty of Presburg, after Austerlitz, he was sent to Paris to establish harmony between the French and Austrian Empires. Throughout this busy time abroad there was little leisure for the growth of domestic sentiment at home, but, from the rare allusions to be found in contemporary gossip, Metternich's private life was not in any way distinguished from that of his fashionable and pleasure-seeking contemporaries. The code of morals at the Court of Vienna was not especially strict, and so far as we may gather from the notebooks of Varnhagen, the letters of Gentz and Rahel, or even from those of the staid Wilhelm von Humboldt, the young and handsome Austrian diplomatist enjoyed successes other than professional. His whole life, moreover, bore witness to his love for women's society, but to his credit it must be added that his name was almost always associated with the most gifted, artistically and intellectually, of his time. Metternich was an admirable talker, a charming letter-writer, and remarkably well-informed on literary and artistic and even on scientific subjects. In fact, few men were better equipped for social success or for attracting women who were dissatisfied with the frivolity of Court life and its petty intrigues. In the following letters it will be admitted that both correspondents were fairly matched, and were probably drawn together in the first instance by a community of taste and feeling. With the closer relations which may have existed between them we are not concerned—*pereunt et imputantur*. For us the letters are interesting in so far as they reveal the human side of a great statesman's character, and of one who by his own act would seem to have wished posterity to regard him (notwithstanding his protest) as living solely for ambition, and finding no time or no place for love in his life.

Of Metternich's correspondent, the Princess Lieven, it is unnecessary to speak at length. By her correspondence with Earl Grey, edited some years ago by Mr. Guy L'Estrange, English readers were made acquainted with the Russian ambassadress's singular talent for letter-writing and her power of captivating the hearts of those whom she admitted to her intimacy. In a further instalment of her correspondence with her own family, which will shortly be published, the warmth of her feelings and the eagerness of her sometimes passionate attachment to her family and Emperor are not less strongly marked. At the date when the present letters were written Madame de Lieven had been married for nine or ten years to a husband who owed his appointment as much to his wife's Court influence as he did his long maintenance at his post to her tact and ability. In the delicate negotiations which were incess-

santly going on to maintain the friendly relations between the Great Powers Madame de Lieven was appealed to by statesmen of all shades, and if she sometimes shuffled the cards put into her hands to advance the interests, as she believed them, of her own country, it cannot be made a reproach to her.

Socially Madame de Lieven held an almost unique position in London. She found friends both in and outside the Prince Regent's set, among the leaders of the Opposition as well as those of the Ministerial *salons*. She was on good terms with both Lady Conyngham and Lady Jersey. Lady Harriet Spencer, better known as Lady Granville, maintained for her a warm attachment throughout life. Lady Canning and Lady Waterford speak of her with sincere regard, and amongst foreigners she counted Madame Swetchine and the Duchesse Decazes among her friends. By general consent she was clever, and, when she wished it, agreeable; but above all things she was as fastidious in the choice of her intimates as she was inflexible in refusing to relax the restrictions by which admission to 'Almack's' and her own drawing-room were guarded. Almost the only discordant note that we hear in the general concert of praise came from Chateaubriand, who met her at the Congress of Verona, and ridicules the protégés of 'a lady who had the privilege of seeing M. de Metternich in his hours of relaxation, when he put aside State affairs to *effiloquer de la soie*.' But Chateaubriand's judgment must be taken with reservation, for Madame Récamier had followed the French minister to Verona, and her *salon* was the rival to that of Madame de Lieven. It was possibly the feeling that the latter had been only too successful in her encroachments upon Madame Récamier's hitherto unchallenged privilege, and that Chateaubriand took up his friend's and countrywoman's cause. Years afterwards, in writing his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, he describes Madame de Lieven as having a 'sour-visaged, unattractive face,' and as a woman 'commune, fatigante et aride,' whose only topic of conversation was 'la politique vulgaire.' Even of this, however, he would allow that she knew nothing, although she was capable of hiding the poverty of her ideas under a superfluity of words. Her chief occupation, according to the same authority, was to keep up clandestine correspondence with prominent personages, and at the same time she showed herself 'très forte en mariages manqués.' Arrows sped at a venture generally overshoot the mark, and the general verdict of posterity is that in the matter of veiling a lack of ideas under a cloud of words M. de Chateaubriand holds a prominent place among the literary politicians of the Restoration.

It is difficult to ascertain precisely when Metternich and Madame de Lieven first became acquainted, but it is assumed that they probably met for the first time at Vienna in 1814, when she was just entering upon her thirtieth and Metternich upon his forty-third

year. There is no record of the presence of Count Lieven at the Congress, and in all probability he remained in London during the whole of its sittings. In the years immediately following the final downfall of Napoleon there were doubtless opportunities of meeting, of which Metternich and Madame de Lieven availed themselves. It is more certain that they were much thrown together at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818. They again met at the Congress of Verona in 1822, and presumably they were together in Rome during the winter 1823-4. What may have been the course of events subsequently, what lovers' quarrels or political differences may have arisen, or how far prolonged absence may have changed their relations, must be left to conjecture, but there is no doubt that their correspondence lasted until the end of 1825. After the accession of Nicholas and the change in Russian politics the feelings of the Princess towards the Austrian Chancellor, at least in so far as they are to be gathered from her letters to her brother, underwent a complete change, and when the news of Metternich's second marriage in 1827 reached her she dismissed the matter as *un trait de berger*, whilst her apparent estimate of his political character became the reverse of flattering. These letters, however, which will be shortly published, although they throw considerable light upon the personalities so closely interwoven with the political history of the time, give no clue to the actual relations which may have existed between Madame de Lieven and Prince Metternich.

It is far otherwise with the correspondence which M. Ernest Daudet has recently unearthed, and which with his permission is now laid before English readers. The story of its discovery is as interesting as the letters themselves, throwing much light upon the activity and omnipresence of the French secret police after the restoration of the Bourbons. Political espionage, as is well known, has existed from the earliest times of political life. Readers of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* will recall how every secret letter or order written by Philip the Second of Spain was made known to William the Silent before even it reached Alva or Don John. In our own country Cecil and Walsingham were equally well served, and in France the system was further extended by Richelieu, Mazarin, and D'Argenson, although its full development was reserved for Fouché during the First Empire. It must not be supposed that the British Government was at any time more squeamish, although it may have been less methodical than its neighbours. At the time to which the following letters refer the Duc Decazes, then French Ambassador in London, writes to his master, Louis the Eighteenth, to warn him that all his private letters addressed to his representative are opened in the English Post Office. It makes one smile to find the King complaining of such proceedings in the same letter in which he speaks of the amusement given to him by reading copies

of the very letters which had been taken by his own police on their way through the French Post Office.<sup>1</sup> The essential difference between the ways of our neighbours and our own is that not only were copies taken of both important and unimportant documents, but that they were carefully kept and docketed, and are now accessible under certain nominal restrictions to all students of history. If similar papers are existing in our country it might be worth while for the Keeper of our Public Records to apply to the Postmaster-General for permission to transfer to Chancery Lane the contents of the *Cabinet noir* at St. Martin's-le-Grand, for the use of future historians.

With regard to the authenticity of the letters now given, it does not rest solely upon the assumption or assurance of the French secret police. M. Daudet knows full well from recent experience that party prejudice may darken the keenest sight or put the pursuer on a wrong scent. Two years ago he gave notice of his discoveries,<sup>2</sup> carefully veiling the surmised identity of one of the correspondents as 'Une Inconnue,' with the object of provoking a disclaimer from the representatives of one or other family. The article, it is true, appeared at a moment when public attention, in France at least, was centred upon the trial at Rennes, and failed to excite controversy in that country, but it is scarcely probable that the letters were not brought to the knowledge of those interested. Moreover, Metternich's letter to his anonymous correspondent, which has been already quoted, exists in the collection copied by the French police, but in a somewhat different form. In that published in Prince Metternich's *Memoirs* the *tutoiement* of intimacy has been replaced by the conventional *vous*, and the expressions of affection have been omitted, a similar mutilation of the originals being made in two short extracts from other letters. It would seem probable, therefore, that when the ties which had bound Metternich and Madame de Lieven were broken, each returned the letters of the other, and by this means the letter, which well deserved preserving, appears in the autobiography of the former. Her letters, on the other hand, were probably destroyed by Madame de Lieven in 1847, when, as she stated in her letter to the Duke of Sutherland, she was engaged in going through her papers.<sup>3</sup> On the other hand they may have been preserved, together with the famous diary which the Princess kept throughout her stay in England, and presumably in Paris also. In the latter case the public will have to wait another thirty-five years before knowing their contents. Whether public interest in the personality of the makers of history in the nineteenth century will survive until the middle of the twentieth is a matter of conjecture.

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires du Duc Decazes*, vol. iv. *passim*.

<sup>2</sup> *La Revue Hebdomadaire*, 29 Juillet-4 Août 1899.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted by Mr. L'Estrange in his introductory note to the correspondence with Earl Grey.

That the French police believed, or pretended to believe, in the authenticity of the letters there is no room for doubt. The notes appended by them show that they fixed the authorship upon her. Both the King, Louis the Eighteenth, and his Minister, the Duc Decazes, accepted them as genuine, and it is difficult to understand, if they were not, why they should have been preserved among the archives of the *Cabinet noir*. Personally, having been entrusted with Madame de Lieven's correspondence with her brothers, I am not equally convinced. There is a notable difference, not only in the style, but also in the framework of the phrases, which seems to me to throw considerable doubt upon the theory that the letters to Prince Metternich, as preserved in French police archives, are in the same hand as those in my custody. Doubtless in a lover the writer would be inspired otherwise than when addressing a brother, but in both cases Madame de Lieven was using a foreign language, and more or less unconsciously would mould her style upon the same model, and that model was obviously Madame de Sévigné. On the other hand, in her subsequent letters to M. Guizot, of which M. Daudet has given us a small instalment, there are expressions which might be taken as an echo of those presumed to be addressed to Metternich; but the conclusion at which I have arrived, with some hesitation, is that Madame de Lieven's letters were revised and rewritten by the police, and it is with the police version that we are now dealing.

The letters are, it must be understood, only a fragment of what seems to have been a long and active interchange; for in one of the earliest of these reference is made by Metternich to letters Nos. 45 and 46 of his correspondent, and in another, a few months later, they had reached No. 78. On his part the Chancellor seems either to have despatched a daily letter or to have recorded in the form of a journal his feelings, as well as such gossip of the day as might interest his friend. For many reasons, notwithstanding M. Daudet's generous permission to avail myself of his discovery, only extracts from the correspondence are here given, but these will be sufficient to throw a light upon a side hitherto unknown of the characters of two persons who played important rôles at a moment when, perhaps more than any other, the personal element was most conspicuous in political life.

The first letter of the series is dated the 13th of July, 1819, and the last the 29th of December of the same year. Metternich had been spending a part of the summer in Italy, and was now on his way from Florence to Carlsbad:

At Bologna [he writes] I was received by two Cardinals, and much trumpet-blowing. I am delighted to have got away from there and nearer to you. Like the Magi, I know that I am right in following the track of the comet which leads me northwards. Heaven knows that I have not been much alone through.



out my journey, for I have had at least a hundred companions, but their number did not make amends for their quality. You may boast that you alone are worth all the world to me.

Throughout the letters, it must be observed, both writers adhere to the *tutoiement* of intimacy and affection, instead of the more conventional plural form of address.

Two days later Metternich is at Brixen, still following the pathway of the comet, 'which was moving north towards the Great Bear.' He was not above looking to the newspapers for information, and had learnt from them that the Count and Countess Lieven had been present at a ball at the Persian Embassy, that a German judge had been almost assassinated by a 'nouvel amateur de la bonne école allemande,' and that he himself was enjoying life at Florence.

Here I am in Germany. The faces are less animated, the voices less loud; pine woods take the place of orange groves, and snow covers the mountains in the distance. I talk German instead of Italian; but I am thinking at Brixen of what I was thinking on the shore at Cape Policastro, on the summit of Vesuvius, under the arcades of the Vatican, and in the palace of the Medicis. Dear one, everything moves onward, everything changes around me, but I remain immovable. In this I differ from most of my fellow-creatures. I believe that my soul is worth something, because it is immovable; my friends know how to reach it at all times and in all places. . . . If ever you should come to Vienna—and you will come—you will see my study, and take pleasure in it. I might give a *fête* in it. It is filled with good pictures, fine bronzes, and marbles. I adorn my *Temple* as much as possible, and burn incense, but not before the idol. Notwithstanding its attractions, however, it is with no great eagerness that I look forward to the moment of my return. There is not an object on the walls which does not recall a business, a trouble, or an annoyance. Nevertheless I have spent some happy hours there; I have often found myself in the right, but never more so than when thinking of you.

Three days later he is at Munich, where he finds letters and despatches awaiting him, which prove 'that in my estimate of men and things I am seldom wrong.' He is at this moment apparently occupied with the demand for free speech and free teaching which the German Universities were putting forward, as well as with his approaching meeting at Teplitz with the King of Prussia, who was hesitating about giving a constitution to his subjects. Metternich had already won over Alexander to his way of looking at liberal sentiments, and he found no difficulty in bringing Frederick William to his view.

I am delighted that Lieven is of my opinion. I always like to find myself in agreement with a good fellow, and L. is undoubtedly one. I warned you that I should make some little noise. You have not heard the last of it yet, and, whether it is liked or not, we shall do as we like. The men who never swerve from their principles, and come promptly to a decision, are those who in the end, if they do not get everything they want, at all events get everything which in their opinion is beyond compromise. I am so little able to help wishing for what I want, and consequently of following the bent of my own will, that others must end by bending to it also. Be assured of this, dear friend, that if so many things

are not done, it is because they were not insisted upon; there are very few who know how to wish, and who at the same time discredit the object of their wishes. . . . Here I am back in my own country, and I am going to meet those who are fools enough to pass resolutions with a light heart, and then want to repair the follies they have brought about. The world is very sick, my dear friend, and I am not a quack by profession; I do not flatter my patients. I don't tell them that I can do everything; but I am not wanting in the will to do as much as is possible for them. I fancy that in time, perhaps in a very short time, you will hear many howling against me, but it will be the shrieking of the *canaille*, and I regard their abuse as praise. Ever since scoundrels in Germany have taken to assassinating in the name of virtue and patriotism I run the risk of the same fate.<sup>4</sup> You will shed tears, and with you many other honest folk who are not yet gone crazy.

The next scrap of a letter is written from Ratisbon, where the sight of the Danube recalls to Metternich all that he has to get through between the 1st of January and the 31st of December of each year. Somebody has been comparing his style to that of N. (presumably Nesselrode), to the disadvantage of the latter. Metternich dissents:

N. writes better than I do; he is in my opinion one of those who write the best despatches, but I think more firmly than N., and thought, not grammar, makes style. You write well, perfectly well, dear one; your letters are delightful. The only thing which my letters have in common with them are their interruptions; you must have noticed this scores of times: but between us two a single line would hold all that we really have to say to each other. I firmly believe that with the three words *Amour, Constance, et Espérance* we have spent the whole capital of our thoughts and feelings.

Metternich reached Carlsbad on the 22nd of July, and sends only two lines to announce his arrival, but they are worth quoting in the original:

Je t'aime à Carlsbad comme au pied du Vésuve, et dans les ruines de Pestum et aux Champs Elysées. Adieu, bonne amie.

At this moment there is a break in Metternich's letters, which is filled by those of his correspondent in England. She has just returned (September 3) to London from visiting Lady Jersey at Midleton Park, and she begins by telling Metternich the precautions she has taken to send him a packet of letters:

. . . de cette façon, au moins, toi, mon tendre ami, tu auras une lettre, et tu ne seras pas à plaindre comme ton amie.

She foresees that she could not write again for a fortnight; she is sure that he looks for her letters as eagerly as she does for his, and adds:

See, my Clément, how I open my heart to you, and identify you with all my own feelings.

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<sup>4</sup> Kotzebue, the apostle of absolutism and protégé of Alexander the First, had a short time previously been assassinated by Ludwig Sandt.

She then goes on to relate a dream she had had whilst staying at Midleton, in which Metternich had vividly occupied her imagination. She finds London a desert, and is overcome by the feeling of her solitariness and isolation, and by the knowledge that she must remain in England instead of joining Metternich.

What will become of us? [she asks]. Can you support the thought of a still longer separation? If we have managed to resign ourselves to the present way of life in 1819, do you think it possible for 1820? Tell me this, Clément, what are we to do? Have you thought of this?

She adds a few lines on the following day just before she goes to bed, because she would not end it without a word for him:

To-morrow, Clément, I will write to you; to-morrow I will love you as I do every day of my life. It is sweet to me to love you. Good-night.

In less than twelve hours she has again taken up her pen.

It has so rarely happened to me to be able to say to you 'Good-night' and 'Good-morning' in the space of twelve hours, that I am feeling almost happy, as if I were brought nearer to you. Can you guess what alone would give real happiness to me, who have so few sources of enjoyment? A sight of you, my Clément. If you were to leave off loving me, what should I become? I know not why this thought troubles me. Tell me, my friend, have you ever in your life been loved by one to whom your heart could make no reply? Answer me this, I entreat you, and tell me what your feelings then were—anger, pity, or indifference? Dear friend, promise to love me as long as I love you; your life and mine are bound by this promise.

The remainder of this letter is in a less exalted strain, and refers to the visit of Capo d'Istria to England, in terms which suggest that he had the ear of the Russian Government in the distribution of diplomatic posts:

We were talking one day of G. (query, Gortschakoff?) [she writes], and Capo said to me, 'Is that the man who is to hold his own against M. [Metternich]?' To which I replied, 'As you will have some difficulty in finding a man as clever as he, your best way is to send a straightforward one—you will find it answer better.' My husband endeavoured to make him understand that seven years at the same post was enough, and that he would not be unwilling to exchange London for another capital. We shall see if Capo will take notice of these hints. For my own part I count far more on the influence of Ness. [Nesselrode] in the nomination to embassies.

The last of this short series of letters, dated the 6th of September, is only a scrap which ends with the pathetic cry, 'Love me, my good Clément, love me with all your heart, love me day and night, always and everywhere. Adieu, adieu, bon ami!'

The pen now passes to Metternich, who had returned to Vienna, and on the sixth anniversary of the battle of Leipzig (18th of October) indites the admirable letter to which reference has already been made. Its inclusion, together with that of short and garbled extracts from two other letters in the published Metternich Memoirs, is the

strongest argument in favour of the authenticity of his letters, at least in the intercepted correspondence. The next letter, which bears the date of the following day, is written from the house of his daughter, the Countess Sandor, about six hours' drive from Vienna, and near a shooting-box leased by Sir William Stewart, then British Ambassador. After congratulating himself that the weather is too atrociously bad to permit paying a visit to his neighbours, he says :

I am writing to you from a warm fireside, and I love you as if the weather were at its best. My feelings towards you are far beyond the influence of little events, of annoyances, and even of the thermometer. However cold it may be around me, dear friend, the cold does not reach my heart.

His next letter is more occupied with gossip. The Stewarts had been to dine, and Lady Stewart had confessed that she found country life on the borders of Hungary dull and monotonous. She however had made herself generally liked by all who came in contact with her. Metternich then speaks of the approaching marriage of the Duchess de S., which is unintelligible :

Yet the act is natural, for folly is always beyond calculation, although society never seems able to accept this axiom.

As for the bridegroom :

If it be love which has brought him to take this great step, I pity him, because he will be miserable ; if it be self-interest, I despise him, even if he should obtain his object. Why, *bonne amie*, are there so many fools in the world ? The profession must apparently have its attractions, otherwise so many would not adopt it. As for us who do not range ourselves in this vast confraternity, our wisdom outweighs a thousand acts of folly. I am not, however, quite wise enough to console myself altogether for all that is wanting to my happiness.

He goes on to say that he is sending her the music of *Zoraïde* and *Ricciardo*, two operas which he has heard at Naples, and which have haunted him ever since.

I love Rossini's music : he touches one of the most sensitive chords in my nature. Marie (his daughter) plays very well, but not so well as you. When shall I hear you again ?

Two days later he is writing more in his own style about politics, with apparent reference to the 'Central Investigation Committee,' which he had forced upon the Emperor Francis 'for the protection of social order and the tranquillity of the well disposed in Germany.'

There were greater difficulties to be overcome than those of Metternich's own master, but he seems to have grappled with them successfully.

How does it come to pass that everybody ends by agreeing to what I wish ? It would save so much trouble if they would only begin in that way. What has

happened at W.,<sup>5</sup> as you have seen, is in direct opposition to my ideas, my principles, my acts and my intentions. Well! the moon passes into another phase. Why in the name of common sense do men take the moon for their model? The sun is so bright, so beneficent, so easy to see and to follow in its well-defined course, whereas the moon one day is everything, and another nothing at all—one day he points his horns to the right, and a fortnight afterwards they are pointing to the left. To my mind the sun is far better to take for a model than the moon; but to follow it one must prefer the full brightness of day, and the warmth and light which it sheds around. For those who like phantoms, and to guess at things instead of knowing them, the dusk of moonlight is most suitable.

The next batch of letters from Vienna begins on the 2nd of November—'a month of anniversaries' for him and his correspondent:

Nothing is so near to me as last year, nothing so far removed as the months which separate me from it. The memories of the heart are more lasting than those of the head. . . . A being in my place should have three or four heads for the business I have in hand. I do not ask for two hearts.

On the following day he writes in a lighter vein:

Yesterday an accident, at once comic and tragic, stirred the city and faubourg. One of our gentlemen, little liked but well known, thought fit to take a sulphur bath and was suffocated. After having been (apparently) dead for upwards of four hours, he is now better than ever. Don't alarm yourself; I have no intention of taking a sulphuric gas bath. There are doubtless many who would rejoice to see me make the experiment. The numbers of such may be counted by thousands. They include all the *demi-savans*, the entirely mad, the amateurs of other people's possessions, the theosophists, and the theophilanthropists, the Radicals and the assassins in the name of God and liberty.

He goes on to talk about having a house at Carlsbad or at Egra, in place of one which he had hoped to take at Spa, and adds:

How can I manage to buy a house in London? That is the question which occupies my thoughts. The answer is easy enough for those who can pay for post horses. . . . How is it that what is so easy for others is beyond the reach of that *première des puissances*, which so few men can curb, my will?

On the following day Metternich vaguely refers to an incident of which the clue is wanting, and moreover it is not clear from the text to which sex the person referred to belonged. After congratulating his correspondent on her recovery, which he attributes in some degree to his will that she should get well, he adds:

My friends seldom suffer harm, but it is very strange, and the thought of it distresses me, my enemies always die. It is not that I have more enemies than friends, even if I reckon the stupid and the indifferent among the former. But the fact is as I tell you, I have never lost but one being (*être*) who was thoroughly devoted to me. You know who it was. I was both shocked and pained at the same time; as for my grief, it was such as you only now could realise. 'J'ai failli mourir de sa mort.'

<sup>5</sup> Presumably Weimar, where, under the protection of the Grand Duke, Liberal opinions had been allowed free expression.

Next day Metternich gives a humorous account of his daily life :

What annoys me most is that I can never have five minutes to myself in my cabinet. My business is very much like that of a toll-bar keeper. Scarcely have I settled down to one matter when another is thrust upon me; bores and schemers demand audiences, some seeking orders, others advice. The former are quickly despatched, but the latter are maddening, for not one out of twenty intends to follow the advice given. It is therefore my custom to put off writing to you until the evening, when my day's work is done, either before going to the drawing-room or after leaving it. In the former case I shorten my time with my visitors, and I prefer your society to theirs; in the latter I encroach upon my sleep, and I like still better to occupy myself with you, so as not to dream of you. If only it were possible to regulate one's dreams! As a rule I dream seldom, and then only about foolish things. I am worth more awake than asleep, and the same cannot be said of every one.

The remainder of the letter is devoted to local gossip, in the course of which Metternich gives an amusing account of his conversation with the 'Duc de B.' probably the Duke of Beaufort, who had told him that he consumed annually 2,000*l.* worth of coal, that his servants breakfasted on roast beef at 8.30 A.M., dined on beef, veal, and mutton at 2 P.M., drank tea at 7 P.M., and supped on ox-cheek at 9 P.M. Metternich's reflection is that England should be the home of good digestions, and that among the Duke's servants no Radicals were likely to exist, as they were never large eaters.

If we two were together, we should have other things to talk of than sheep and oxen! How would we not forget all about economy, even the most precious of all, that of time! How the time would pass, and how we should remember it afterwards! It only shows how time, which at one moment holds everything, at another holds nothing.

After this there is an interval of some weeks, during which the conference of the German rulers met at Vienna to consider Metternich's suggestion to render nugatory the clause in the Treaty of Vienna which had recognised the granting of constitutions to German States. The five-and-twenty representatives had met without knowing in the least what they wanted, but in a few days they were quite delighted with their own force of will, because Metternich had told them very plainly what he desired. He writes to his friend on the 21st of December, which as the shortest day of the year he thinks ought also to be the last, as the sun rules our system. He asks if the new year which would begin twelve days later would bring with it the fulfilment

of what is more than the wish of my heart? Dear friend, where can we find the reply to so serious a question, so far beyond the reach of our own will? As for my work here [he continues], it will not occupy me beyond the end of February. Everything is going as I had hoped and predicted. We shall accomplish a really good work, but whether it will suffice to give me any rest is another matter. Will

France and England remain quiet? Will the world at large? You can see the little obstacles which lie in our road. Why should it happen that that road should be just the one in which the huge machine, known as the *corps social*, also moves? I will do everything that is possible; to desire what is not is an empty phrase, and assuredly, between us two, none such should pass.

The next instalment of his letter-journal is taken up with an account of the tedious dinners with which the close of the conference was celebrated, but he finds some comfort in his powers of self-isolation:

You have no idea how, in the midst of society, I can live altogether alone, and the greater the crowd, the greater my isolation. I know better than any one how to be alone in the middle of a hundred people. Let my dearest friend rest assured that I cannot then be altogether alone; for I have only to look into my heart to find you there.

The next letter, dated the 23rd of December, touches even more closely upon the feelings which Metternich entertained for his correspondent. In one of her letters she has said that Neumann<sup>6</sup> had expressed to her his surprise that Metternich was so persistent in his letter-writing. To this Metternich replies:

Poor dear Neumann! He has never been able to quite understand me. Did I not warn you of my persistence? If Neumann knew me better he would know that I can only be everything or nothing; everything when I love, nothing when I do not. Are you at length beginning to realise that there may have been occasions in my life and in my dealings with women when it has not been possible for me to say that I was in love with them? I am incapable of lying, and I know how to write, if it be needful to write, without committing myself to write what I do not feel. At the same time, what letters those were! You, my dear, are not in danger of receiving any such, but then you are not one of those who would be satisfied with what we do not know, and would relinquish that which now is our happiness—the only form of happiness possible, considering the distance which separates us.

On Christmas Day of that year Vienna was temporarily isolated from the rest of the world by floods, which carried away bridges, tore up the roads, and submerged the surrounding country. The couriers did not arrive, but Metternich consoles himself with the thought that when they did, they would bring him a double budget of letters.

When will the time come [he adds] when there will no longer be bridges and seas, couriers and riders, between us? When will you, dearest, be able to tell me all that I love so much to hear, and I to repeat to you all that you know already? Millions of human beings can do it at every hour of the day, but we only arrived at it for a few short moments of our life, which already ceases to be short.

When he next sits down to write (27th of December) the courier had arrived with two letters, one of which pleased and the other

\* M. Neumann, attaché to Prince Esterhazy's Embassy in London. He is believed to be Metternich's natural son.—Note by the French police.

annoyed him; but to us the latter is the more interesting as throwing some light upon the two characters. Metternich doubtless had often need of all his skill and patience to calm the suspicions or to allay the reproaches of an impetuous and exacting devotion. The lady's letter has not been preserved, but its purport is obvious from Metternich's reply:

How can you think me capable of playing tricks with you? Is it worth while even to take the trouble of proving what is false? When I do not write, it is because I cannot, and I tell you so plainly. The mere thought of inventing excuses for what is perfectly natural is unworthy both of you and me. You will receive the missing letter as soon as I receive it back from its present hiding-place, but that will not be till next month. It will then give you no pleasure, dear friend, because it will be connected with the thought of the wrong you have done me. The penalty treads close upon the heels of the fault.

At the same time I am grateful to you for having told me what you allowed yourself to think. A mistake having been made, I am glad that you should admit it. So I will not reproach you with having said that you believed me capable of deception, but when I say that I forgive you this thought, it is to prove to you how thoroughly I condemn it. If ever you should meet in the course of your life persons capable of doing what you imagine I have done, I pity you, but do not associate me with them. . . . Now, however, the matter is ended. It is as little in my nature to deceive as it is to retain ill-will. You did me wrong: you acknowledge it. I protest and forgive you. Another time trust me, and we shall be the better pleased with one another.

The last instalment of the series is written in a very different tone, and shows that if Metternich's annoyance was real it was also short-lived:

Well, dear friend, was I not right when I said that I could not dream what I wished? My previous outburst was written just before going to bed, and I passed the rest of the night in quarrelling with you. Scarcely had I fallen asleep when I met you—where, I cannot say—I accosted you, and you turned to a tall man at your side and asked him who I was. Astonished at such a reception, I whispered in your ear, 'What, don't you remember me?' With an air of absolute good faith, you replied, 'Who?' I told you my name and you replied with the utmost politeness, 'I am so glad to make your acquaintance. I have heard about you so often that I am delighted to meet you.' Then you passed on to the tea-table and offered me a cup. I took you by the arm and led you into the adjoining room, where I talked to you of A—, of E—, and of C—. You replied that you had never been to either place; when I spoke of Spa, you said that you hoped to go there next year. Thereupon I gave up any further attempt, being fully convinced that you had lost your reason. I turned to W—, who was sitting in the corner of the room, and asked him if it was not so. 'Ah! I see,' he replied, 'you are not *au courant*; you are speaking of Madame de L—. A year ago she was married to M. N—, and since that moment she has forgotten everything!' With this I awoke. Soon I fell asleep again, and again I saw you, but under another guise, but still, you were not yourself. You found fault with everything I ventured to say, and we ended in a desperate quarrel over Rossini. Then, getting into deeper water and worse misunderstandings, I finally lost sight of you. Altogether I spent a wretched night; nevertheless this morning I love you as if I had passed an excellent one. . . . Good-bye, dearest, I embrace you, although you have married N—. Adieu!



With this the correspondence ends, so far as the existing contents of the French *Cabinet noir* disclose it. Believers in dreams might find in the history of subsequent events the realisation of Metternich's vision. A few years later, as will be seen by her correspondence which will shortly be published, Madame de Lieven had espoused the interests of Nesselrode (presumably the N. of the dream), and had altogether forgotten Metternich and the ties which had momentarily united them. What may have become of the other letters it is impossible to say. So far as we are concerned they have gone *où vont la feuille de rose et la feuille de laurier*. Enough, however, has been left to us to get a glimpse that ambition did not absorb the thoughts of the Dictator of Europe. Whether the letters convey the ring of true or of simulated passion readers must decide for themselves, and whether she to whom they were addressed accepted them as genuine it is needless for us to enquire. One consideration, however, must be kept in view when attempting to understand a character so complex as that of Madame de Lieven. The type to which she belonged, the temptations to which she was exposed, and the influence she exercised have been analysed by Balzac, who understood the 'Femme de Trente Ans' better than any writer. Of the various exalted ladies who flit across the scenes of the *Comédie humaine*, taking but little part in the actual drama, and holding themselves above its intrigues, none can be specially identified with Princess Lieven. Nevertheless the reader cannot but feel that the passions and yearnings which give interest to the characters of his volumes were those of the time and *milieu* in which Madame de Lieven lived, and that in her person she united those qualities which made 'the woman of the Restoration' both powerful and attractive.

One word, in conclusion, is necessary with regard to the value of the correspondence which has been now brought to light. It follows that if the objections to the actual verbal accuracy of one letter can be impugned, there is a consequent doubt thrown upon the whole series, and that into each one the French police may have introduced their own handiwork.

I have already stated in general terms the grounds upon which I am unable to accept, *telles quelles*, the letters of either of the two correspondents. To what extent the system of falsification had been pushed it would be impossible to say without sight of the original documents, but, in one case at least, it is possible to apply a test which, I submit, throws considerable doubt upon its authenticity in its 'police-office' form. It is unnecessary to give a translation of the letter which is dated the 22nd of October, as it contains no allusion to any points of general interest; but although it is concerned exclusively with inquiries as to the state of Madame de Lieven's health, yet it is

in some respects the most important of the series, as it records the genesis of a gross calumny, and I am surprised that it should not have aroused the suspicions of so acute a critic as M. Ernest Daudet. It contains, moreover, expressions which, although they might have been excusable from the pen of the Maréchal de Bassompierre in the seventeenth century, are absolutely inconceivable as having been written to a lady of the nineteenth century by a man of Metternich's distinction and breeding. They are marked, too, by a suspicious fluency which is in striking contrast with his correct but laboured style when writing in French, as was his habit in corresponding with Madame de Lieven, and are absolutely at variance with the general tone of his letters to her.

In this letter Metternich refers to the birth of Madame de Lieven's third child, which had just occurred, and in connection with this event is added in the text, 'il existe donc au monde un être de plus qui a des droits à mon affection.' It is of course possible that these words may have been written by Metternich. If so, they were intended to express his interest in all who were connected with Madame de Lieven. I cannot, however, admit this explanation, and firmly believe that the words quoted were invented by and introduced into the letter by the French police, either to exaggerate the importance of their services, to pander to the King's love of scandal, or to render Metternich ridiculous in the eyes of Louis the Eighteenth and his courtiers, by whom the Austrian Chancellor was not loved, but somewhat feared. In support of this surmise there is abundant corroborative testimony to be found in the recently published *Memoirs of the Duc Decazes*, in which are numerous letters from his royal master, written in the tone of friendly intimacy. From these we learn that even after the Duc Decazes had been sent to London as ambassador in the following year, Louis the Eighteenth diligently communicated to him selections from the unsavoury scandals which the *Cabinet noir* daily provided for the royal writing-table. Decazes, doubtless, was discreet, and possibly may have been inclined to accept as gospel all that the police furnished, hoping that he might thereby understand Metternich better. But it is scarcely probable that the King's confidences were limited to Decazes, and in all likelihood he retailed the same scandals and gossip to courtiers who were less bound by official reserve. Thus to a royal source we may trace many of the odious calumnies concerning prominent people, French as well as foreigners, which are constantly appearing in the published memoirs and correspondence relating to the Bourbon Restoration period. Amongst these none was more persistent or venomous than that in which the names of Metternich and Madame de Lieven were connected, and the scandal went so far as to stigmatise the Princess's child, born in the autumn of 1819, as *l'enfant du*

*Congrès.* That this vile suggestion was without a vestige of truth can be proved by a careful comparison of dates, as furnished from wholly independent sources, Metternich's autobiographical Memoirs (supported by official despatches), and Madame de Lieven's letters to her own brother. From the former we learn that the Congress met at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 1st of October, 1818, and sat until the middle of November. After visiting friends in what was then still the Austrian Netherlands, Metternich arrived at Brussels on the 23rd of November, leaving it on the 26th. Returning through Frankfurt and Munich, he reached Vienna on the 11th of December, and remained there without interruption until the 8th of March, when he started for Italy in attendance on the Emperor, and spent the whole spring and early summer south of the Alps and Apennines. On her side, Madame de Lieven had quitted Aix-la-Chapelle about the same time as Metternich, and gone direct to Brussels, where she stayed a fortnight, and thence went on to Paris, where she remained until the close of the year, reaching London just about Christmas. From this time onward she remained throughout 1819 continuously in England, mostly in London, Richmond, and Camden Place, Kent, which her husband had rented for the summer. These indisputable facts and dates, which effectively dispose of the calumny referred to, necessarily throw considerable doubt upon many other statements and expressions scattered through the letters of both correspondents, suggesting that the familiar *tutoiement* and terms of endearment may also have sprung from the police-office. At the same time the groundwork of the letters is beyond dispute, and it must be admitted that for years there was a sustained interchange of thoughts and ideas between the Austrian Chancellor and the Russian Ambassadress.\* Nothing, indeed, is more probable, for at the period at which this correspondence commenced Metternich's immediate object was to bring Russian policy into line with that of Austria, and he was too keen and correct a judge of character not to have seen that at the Court of St. James's, then the most politically important in Europe, Russia was represented by the ambassadress rather than by the respectable nonentity who had earned in English society the name of 'Vraiment,' the ever-recurring exclamation with which he received all information and parried all questions. That Princess Lieven, with her eager, *exalté* temperament, threw herself heart and soul into intimate relations with a man like Metternich is more than probable. She found in him qualities and attractions such as few of his contemporaries possessed, and her whole life was passed in drawing round her the leading men of her time. Wellington, Canning, Earl Grey, were, amongst many others, for a time at least, her assiduous admirers, and throughout the last twenty years of her life M. Guizot's devotion to her was as exclusive as it was sincere.

Apart from all political aims, her temperament demanded association with minds as active and as superior as was her own to the majority of the women of society with whom her position obliged her to mingle. It was this craving which in the first instance, at least, drew her towards Metternich, and the strength of his will and character stimulated feelings which may have overpowered her judgment. •

LIONEL G. ROBINSON. •

*LAST MONTH**MR. CHAMBERLAIN*

IN spite of the tedious character of the campaign, my soldiers have throughout displayed a cheerfulness in the endurance of the hardships incident to guerilla warfare, and a humanity, even to their own detriment, in the treatment of the enemy, which is deserving of the highest praise.

IN these words, extracted from the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament, one may find the key to our political history during the past month. It has been largely a history of heated reprisals between England and Germany on the subject of the alleged brutality of our troops in South Africa. It seems strange that we should have had to wait so long for the outburst of English indignation at the odious and calculated slanders which the German press, and some part at least of the German people, have seen fit to disseminate not only against the British army, but against the British race. The slanders are certainly no new thing. They have been scattered broadcast ever since the outbreak of the South African war in 1899, and, as everybody knows, they have not been exclusively of German manufacture. For more than two years past it has been impossible to read the continental newspapers, or to visit any continental city, without becoming aware not only of the universal disapproval of our conduct with regard to the war, but of the savage unfairness of continental criticism of our fighting men in the field. At the outset our most furious assailants were the French, and few of us can have forgotten the coarse indecency of some of those Parisian caricaturists whose worst effusions were applauded even by men of eminence in France. But for some time past the French comic prints have almost ceased to spread brutal slanders upon our troops. Be the cause what it may, it is a fact that, judged by the journals of the boulevards, there has been a great assuagement of the bitterness of feeling towards us which prevailed in France barely two years ago. But there has been no corresponding assuagement of the feeling in Germany. It is difficult to know why so many Germans should be anxious to convince themselves that the British army in South Africa is composed exclusively of savages and cowards. Yet this is the theme which has engaged the attention of the writers and artists who do so much to mould public

opinion in Germany, and in support of their contention they have raked together every scrap of evidence, no matter how worthless, upon which they could lay their hands, inventing freely when their industrious efforts to secure such evidence failed. All this, I repeat, has been going on for two years past, and during all that time we have never seen fit to take serious notice of the malice and falsehood of our assailants. But last month the whole situation was changed as it were in a moment, and the hottest war of recrimination in which this country has been engaged since the French colonels presented their famous address to Louis Napoleon in 1859 has suddenly broken out. How is it that this has come to pass? It is not in itself a good thing, as every sensible person must acknowledge. It is always a misfortune when the newspapers of two countries get to loggerheads, and, with a zeal untempered by discretion, try to stir up those national animosities which unfortunately never seem to be wholly extinguished. But sometimes it seems as though no other course were open to the organs of public opinion in a country which has been cruelly misjudged and shamelessly misrepresented by the newspapers of another country. With every desire to see the prevailing ill-will between ourselves and the Germans removed, I find it impossible to deny that in the present instance the English press has acted under the almost irresistible pressure of an unparalleled provocation.

It may be that our patience has at last been exhausted, and the vessel of our wrath allowed to boil over, simply because of the daily accumulating evidence of the determination of the Germans to misunderstand and misrepresent us. But I do not know that even this steady growth of provocation would have robbed us of our usual equanimity if it had not been for the fact that the war of the newspapers and the streets was suddenly transferred to the tribunes. It was Mr. Chamberlain who—inadvertently, as most of us are convinced—was the immediate cause of this change in the situation. Englishmen have long since learned to understand Mr. Chamberlain, and they know what to expect when he speaks on any controversial question in which he is himself interested. From his earliest days, when he appeared upon public platforms as the exponent of socialistic Radicalism, and poured out the vials of his wrath indifferently upon Conservatives like Lord Salisbury and Liberals like Mr. Gladstone, he has always allowed himself a greater licence in speech than that claimed by any other man of our time. Most of us probably dislike his strong language, his sweeping invective, and the bitterness with which he assails those who differ from him. A more measured and decorous style in controversy suits us best. But we have grown accustomed to Mr. Chamberlain's peculiar ways, and nobody really feels hurt because of his use of language which is not always parliamentary.

If he would only confine that language to questions of domestic interest and to his own fellow-countrymen there would be no room for complaint. This, however, is precisely what he has refused to do, and he has in consequence more than once given great and not unfounded offence to some of the nations of the Continent. The curious thing, however, is that in the speech which was the indirect means of causing the tumult of the past month he said nothing of which any reasonable human being had the right to complain. Referring to the military measures taken in South Africa, and to the gross misrepresentation in which so many of our critics abroad had indulged with regard to them, he mentioned that in most campaigns of recent years measures still more severe than those adopted in South Africa had been employed. Among the other campaigns which he named was that of the Germans in France in 1870. It is difficult to understand why, of all the nations alluded to by Mr. Chamberlain, Germany alone should have taken offence. Everybody knows that the German army in 1870 was no less distinguished for its humanity than for its valour; but it is also notorious that while personal brutality on the part of its soldiers was practically, if not absolutely, unknown, it made war in the sternest and most terrible fashion, intent upon bringing the struggle to an end at the earliest possible moment. Those of us who have followed closely the history of the South African campaign do not need to be told that we have not yet adopted some measures of extreme severity which the Germans, acting well within their rights, employed in France in 1870. We have never, for example, treated the Boers who were found in arms without wearing any distinctive badges as the Germans treated the *Francs-tireurs* in Alsace and Lorraine. So far as I am aware, we have not even applied this treatment to the Boers caught masquerading in the uniforms of English soldiers. Mr. Chamberlain was, therefore, literally speaking the truth in the passage which aroused against him such a hurricane of unreasonable indignation in Germany. The truth is that the German people have so long been fed upon the lies and slanders of a reptile press that they seem at last to have been saturated with the conviction that every British soldier was a blackguard, and that the most atrocious cruelties, including war upon women and children, were the daily and universal accompaniments of our struggle against the Boers. In this condition of besotted ignorance and prejudice, they seem really to have believed that Mr. Chamberlain attributed to the German army of 1870 all the incredible atrocities which it has pleased the scribblers and caricaturists of the Fatherland to ascribe to the British army in South Africa. It would, of course, have been better, and more nearly in accordance with justice, if the Germans had turned their indignation against the obscene creatures

in their own country who have been engaged for two years past in the manufacture of odious calumnies against soldiers whose humanity is as well established as their courage. But this is perhaps too much to expect of human nature, even in Germany. It was much easier to raise a cry against Mr. Chamberlain, with whom they were already displeased, and to accept the fiction that he had offered some insult to the German army. The storm raged with violence for a week or two, and our Teutonic kinsmen enjoyed all the relief which comes from the free deliverance of violent opinions. But popular passion seemed to be subsiding when Count von Bülow thought it necessary to intervene in the tribune. He may have acted under some pressure of domestic policy of which Englishmen know nothing, but it is impossible to defend the way in which he performed his task. It can no more be defended than some of Mr. Chamberlain's former references to other countries. There was a sneering air of superiority in his manner of rebuking the Colonial Secretary which doubtless gave great delight to many in the German Parliament, but which was unquestionably calculated to arouse very angry feeling in this country. The worst of it was that the German Chancellor in his statement said nothing whatever to dissociate himself from the atrocious slanders manufactured in Berlin against our soldiers. He confined himself, after a sharp rebuke to Mr. Chamberlain, to the statement that the assurances he had received showed that it was not the intention of the Colonial Secretary to offer any insult to the German army. He had an opportunity on a later day, when he found it necessary to protest against the violence with which a semi-lunatic member of the German Parliament had assailed this country, of repairing this error of omission by saying something that would have freed him from complicity in the libels on our troops; but he confined himself to an expression of regret that attacks should be made upon men who, at least, knew how to die for their country. The expression would have been altogether suitable if it had been applied to the savage and merciless hosts of the Mahdi. Its application to the soldiers of Great Britain was in effect, if not in intention, an insult.

Of course Count von Bülow gave Mr. Chamberlain his opportunity, and the latter was not slow to avail himself of it. Hitherto the people of this country have been very strongly divided in opinion regarding the Colonial Secretary. The German Chancellor, by making him the object of an attack which was at once clumsy and unjust, and by identifying his name with the honour of our army, naturally and inevitably made the nation, without regard to party, rally to his side. Its feeling that in this quarrel it must stand by him was increased by the blunt manner in which he responded to Count von Bülow's words of censure, and flung back at him the sneers in which he had indulged. The net result is that, for the



moment, Mr. Chamberlain is master of the situation, and has been made stronger as a member of the Government than he ever was before. To some of us this does not seem to be in itself a good thing. We have differences grave and deep with the Colonial Secretary, and we do not regard his influence as beneficial either in the councils of the nation or in the administration of South African affairs. But even those who feel this most strongly are driven to admit that the action of Count von Bülow has left them no alternative course to take. When the leading Minister of a great European Power acts so clumsily in a most delicate situation as to make it appear that he endorses the inventions by which it has been sought to dishonour our army in the eyes of the civilised world, and when he singles out one particular member of the British Government as the object of his animadversions, he cannot be surprised if public feeling in this country is overwhelmingly on the side of the Minister thus unfairly assailed. Count von Bülow is hardly to be congratulated upon his diplomatic methods. They are certainly not those of Prince Bismarck.

But the whole incident is a misfortune—a misfortune because the estrangement of England and Germany can only be of benefit to the enemies of both countries. The French Press has shown singular reserve and discretion in its comments upon the quarrel, and in doing so it has displayed its astuteness and tact. No Frenchman could be unaware of the fact that it would be an enormous gain for the Republic if the German Empire could be isolated. Already the fabric of the Triple Alliance seems to be shaken. Where Germany is to look for friends if she should part company with Austria and Italy it is somewhat difficult to see. Her relations with Russia are even now none of the best, and do not seem to be improving. Her advances towards France have been repulsed almost contemptuously. The gallant and praiseworthy attempts of the Emperor to promote a better understanding between his own country and the United States do not seem to be very heartily reciprocated by those who remember the story of Manilla. It would be a very serious misfortune for the Germans if, in these circumstances, there were to be an estrangement between themselves and Great Britain. No sensible Englishman desires such an estrangement, nor can one believe that it is desired by any sensible German. Yet we have been brought perilously near to such a state of things by the events of the past month. Perhaps the most obvious moral taught by those events is the necessity of enlightening public opinion upon each successive 'burning question' as it arises, and of restraining with a strong hand the tendency of the most ignorant class of journalists to secure a cheap popularity by the manufacture of lampoons and libels upon any foreign country which happens for the moment to be unpopular with those for whom it caters. It cannot be said

that we English have shown ourselves unduly sensitive with regard to the slanders of which we have during the past two years been the victims. If we have erred at all, it has been in the opposite direction. Ministers, when the South African War broke out, made no attempt to present the case of Great Britain to the outer world, and they consequently left the Boers in possession of the field of public opinion abroad. As for the cruel and indecent slanders of the French and German press, it was not until the feelings of the whole nation were outraged by the foul lampoons upon Queen Victoria that there was any general expression of indignation. It is far better for nations, as well as for men, to be too thick-skinned rather than too sensitive; but there comes a point when even the miserable pin-pricks of the foreign press may become dangerous by creating in this country a feeling of exasperation which may tie the hands of our statesmen and compel them to make concessions to public opinion that are not in themselves advisable. It is to be hoped that this view will be shared abroad, and that the German Government in particular will realise that its own policy is not likely to be served—provided that policy be not one of deliberate hostility to England—by the continued tolerance of a campaign of outrageous insult and misrepresentation waged against those soldiers of ours whom we at least believe to be the equals of any army in the world.

Some recent official publications have thrown further light upon the way in which Lord Kitchener is conducting the war, and upon his responsibility for measures which have been denounced—unfortunately not in Germany alone—as barbarous. We have now learned from official correspondence how the concentration camps, over which so fierce a controversy has been waged, originated. The real author of this movement was not Lord Kitchener, but General Botha. It was the declaration by the latter of his determination, in the case of those burghers who had surrendered, not only to punish them personally, but to confiscate their property and burn their houses, which compelled Lord Kitchener to act as he did. Before he did so, however, he made an appeal, or rather proposed a bargain, to the Boer commander. He offered, if the latter would spare the farms of neutral or surrendered burghers, to leave undisturbed the farms and families of burghers who were fighting against us. It was a proposal entirely creditable to the humanity of the English General—as even German critics must admit. Botha absolutely refused to enter into this agreement, and reiterated his determination to confiscate or destroy the property of surrendered burghers and to leave their families without food or shelter on the veldt. After this the English Commander-in-Chief felt that he had no alternative but to carry out the policy of ‘sweeping the inhabitants of certain areas into the protection of the British lines.’ He had previously offered,

in response to a complaint from Mr. Schalk Burger, the Acting State President, to hand over to his officials any women or children who were willing to be transferred from British to Boer protection. This offer was not even acknowledged, and Lord Kitchener was in consequence compelled, in the interests of the women and children themselves, to carry out the policy of the concentration camps. The correspondence which has tardily disclosed these facts must have been received by every fair-minded man with a feeling of relief. Nobody can have been insensible to the miseries of the camps and to the privations to which many of the occupants have been subjected. Above all, nobody can have failed to be shocked by the terrible rate of infant mortality in these crowded refuges from the hardships of actual warfare. All along we have known that these painful features of the concentration policy were due to no lack of humanity on the part of British officials. Want of forethought there may have been in some cases, but beyond that nothing is chargeable against our officers and men. Yet, however strongly we may be convinced of this, it is a relief to know that the concentration system, which indirectly led to so much suffering and loss of life among the Boer children, was forced upon Lord Kitchener by General Botha. This fact, it is to be hoped, will stay the pens and the tongues of those people in this country who have used the miseries of the camps as a weapon of attack against the army and the officials in South Africa. But one wonders again why these facts were not made known to us at an earlier date. If they had been, even the most embittered of our continental critics would have found it difficult to maintain the theory that our soldiers were engaged in making war upon women and children.

Heaven knows that the sufferings of the people of the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and a portion at least of Cape Colony have been too real, too terrible, to be minimised. For these unfortunates at least 'the horrors of war' is no mere phrase, but a living and dreadful reality. But do those who criticise our action in the field—and I refer to critics at home as well as abroad—profess that they could have suggested any alternative to the policy actually pursued? This is the question that all opponents of the war were bound to answer before they launched forth the barbed epithets by which they succeeded in making the hostile peoples of Europe believe that there were men in distinguished positions in England who really held that our army was pursuing a course of needless and intentional cruelty in South Africa. Granted the fact that we were engaged in a struggle to the death with an enemy no less brave and determined than ourselves, is there anyone who can tell us how the inevitable horrors and sufferings of the people on the scene of operations could have been lessened? Nothing is more natural than that a great many sensitive people should be moved almost to the verge of

madness by the spectacle of innocent non-combatants suffering the bitterest of pains and penalties in the course of a war for the origin of which they cannot be held responsible. Most of us can remember the wave of passionate feeling which ran through this country in the autumn of 1870 when our newspapers brought home to us by means of the graphic pens of brilliant writers the torture to which France had to submit in that hour of her great agony. There were those in England at that time who thought that it was our business to intervene in the interests, not of any nationality or party, but of mere humanity. But the fact remains that, after all, it is now generally admitted that, even if such intervention had been possible, it would have been a grave mistake. Some critics, I observe, have been sneering at Sir Edward Grey lately because he made use of the 'stale truism' that war must entail a certain amount of suffering upon the innocent as well as upon the actual combatants in the field. A 'stale truism' indeed! It is no more of a truism than the statement that sooner or later we must all die. If only the good, kindly people who have lost their self-command in the contemplation of the horrors of this campaign, and who think that there must be something specially evil in our way of conducting it because the sufferings that it causes are so vast, would try to grasp the fact that these untold miseries, these tremendous facts of widespread pain and anguish, are inevitable in every war of this character, and if only they would try to distinguish between sufferings—cruelties if you will—that are inevitable and those that might possibly be avoided, they would, I think, see the great Calvary of South Africa with different eyes. There are some of us who, when sickened with the thought of the agony through which so many of our fellow-creatures are now passing, do not find relief in puerile and unworthy accusations against brave soldiers, and officials no less brave or humane, but who turn back to the time when the issues of the quarrel between this country and President Kruger were still in the hands of statesmen and diplomatists, and wonder whether on either side in the dispute these statesmen and diplomatists realised all the inevitable consequences that must follow their failure to secure a pacific adjustment of their differences. Most of us, I think, can recall some leading articles which would never have been written, some speeches that would never have been made, if only men had been able in the summer of 1899 to see the things upon which they had to look in the autumn of 1901. It is before the fire has caught hold that we can save the house; not afterwards, when it is wrapped in flames. The lesson we are learning now will be turned to use, one hopes, in many a year to come, long after the troubles in South Africa are over. For the present the most urgent desire of the humane man must be to hasten by every possible means the end of a conflict which is inevitably attended by so much of pain and misery.

Have we made any progress towards this desired end during last month? We know that so far as the military operations are concerned there has been no material change in the situation. Lord Kitchener continues to pursue his slow, steady course of putting pressure on the Boers still left in the field, and one wonders more and more at the colossal patience and endurance, not only of the Commander-in-Chief, but the army under him, in the performance of this tedious and difficult task. We have happily had no recurrence of the tragic episode of Christmas Day at Tweefontein, and we have received every week the reports which show that step by step the enemy is yielding to this squeezing process. But it is here rather than in South Africa that some faint signs of the approach of peace have been most clearly discernible. No one can tell as yet whether they are real or deceptive, but they have not failed to stir our hopes. The suggestion put forth by Lord Rosebery at Chesterfield with reference to past occasions when chance meetings in 'a wayside inn'—vulgarised by one member of the present Government into 'a pot-house'—have led to peace, has stirred the imagination of the country, and has made men keenly alive to any incident suggestive of unofficial or semi-official negotiations between ourselves and the Boers. The incident upon which public attention has been chiefly fixed in this connection has been the hurried visit of Dr. de Kuyper to London in the middle of the month. Dr. de Kuyper is the Prime Minister of the Netherlands, and Lord Rosebery in vainly attempting to elicit some information from Lord Salisbury with regard to this visit on the opening night of the session, remarked that it was hardly likely that the Dutch statesman had come over to see the Old Masters. I may be forgiven for adding that it is hardly likely that Lord Rosebery would have said this unless he believed that there was something more than appeared upon the surface in this mysterious journey to London of a man who is known to have been in close touch with Mr. Kruger and his entourage. The denials which have been given both in London and the Hague to the rumours on the subject count for nothing. Officials in the position of Lord Salisbury and Dr. de Kuyper can always find some way of justifying a denial of this kind, even when the statement which they contradict is substantially true. But if it is unnecessary to attach weight to official denials, the fact remains that we have no evidence that the visit of the Dutch Premier was connected with the war and its termination. For the present we must possess our souls in patience; though there are not a few men in London who believe that, in spite of all statements to the contrary, it will be found when the secret history of the past six months is made known that there has been more than one attempt to bring the representatives of the two opposing forces together, not possibly in a wayside inn, but in some place equally free from the restraints of officialism. Of other

omens which seem to make for peace, perhaps the most important is the growing weariness of the campaign which seems to be felt among the Boers on commando. It may be necessary to treat the reports to this effect which have reached this country with great caution; but they are too general and circumstantial to be ignored, and they encourage the hope that the end of the stubborn struggle is at last drawing near.

The opening of Parliament by the King in person ought, according to the well-established traditions of our public life, to have been the chief event of the month in politics. But as a matter of fact the interest of the public in the resumption by our legislators of their duties has been but languid. Yet the circumstances of the day are such that we might well have expected that the renewal of the parliamentary campaign would have been awaited with almost feverish excitement. Twenty years ago, or even ten, this would certainly have been the case. But now all is changed—temporarily only, let us hope—and though Parliament has met at a most critical period in the nation's history the mass of the people seem to be more deeply interested in 'test matches' between English and Australian cricket teams than in the sayings and doings of our constituted law-makers. The one real point of interest to many persons when the session began was the position which Lord Rosebery would take up and his future relations with the Liberal party. The King's Speech was justly stigmatised by the ex-Premier as a jejune document. The only passage in it that was not wholly commonplace was the sentence quoted at the beginning of this article, in which the King, speaking the mind of the whole Empire, bore simple but unmistakable testimony to the humanity of our troops in South Africa. Beyond that, the only notable feature of the speech was the reference to Bills that are to be introduced—perhaps—but hardly one of which will have the most remote chance of becoming law. For already it is clear that, so far as any ordinary mortal can judge, the House of Commons will be occupied this year exclusively with three great subjects—the war and its prosecution, the education question, and the reform of procedure. The last of these topics is that which will come first, after the debate on the Address is concluded, in point of order. There can be no doubt of its urgency. Even last year, when the Irish party was still disorganised and therefore comparatively harmless, the need for such a reform of the rules of the House of Commons as would restore to that assembly something of its old efficiency was plainly apparent. The new session begins with an Irish party restored to unity and full of fight, and with Ireland in such a state that its representatives in the House of Commons will have innumerable excuses for calling the attention of Parliament to its wants. What proposals Mr. Balfour means to make with regard to parliamentary obstruction and its repression is unknown at the

moment at which I write, though various rumours on the subject are afloat. But they will need to be drastic indeed if they are to be of any use; and the more drastic they are the more stubbornly will they be contested in the House of Commons, not merely by Irish obstructionists, but by those who regard any interference with the old forms and usages of Parliament as being an offence not far removed from sacrilege. It is therefore not a light task to which the Government are thus committed, and it will be strange if no inconsiderable part of the session is not spent upon it. But no friend of parliamentary institutions can deny its necessity, or can refuse to support Ministers in any wise scheme for restoring to the House of Commons its old prestige and efficiency. The cry for efficiency in our public departments has, as we know, been raised. It formed one of the cardinal points of the Chesterfield programme, and has in consequence been ridiculed by some ignorant critics as a mere Tory cry. If the Conservatives were the only political party to whom the efficiency of our administrative departments seemed to be something worth struggling for, then indeed it would be all over with British Liberalism. Happily, we know that this is not the case, and that men on both sides of the House and of every conceivable shade in politics feel the burden of the reproach that is cast upon us by the glaring want of business management in public affairs. The strongest opponent of the war in the House of Commons must feel this reproach as keenly as the warmest supporter of the Government. It would be the worst and most contemptible of blunders if anyone held aloof from the demand for the business reorganisation of the public offices merely because he imagined that it was something of which his political opponents approved. But if ever we are to 'put the Empire on a business footing' we shall have to begin by putting the controlling machine, the House of Commons itself, in order. I have mentioned the almost contemptuous apathy with which the great public out of doors seem to regard the proceedings of Parliament. It is, on the whole, the most melancholy sign of the times, the most convincing proof of our political degeneracy. Many causes have doubtless contributed to this changed estimate of the Representative Chamber, which the last generation regarded as the one paramount authority in all the affairs of the Empire. It would be out of place to enter into any general discussion of those causes here. But one obvious fact must be faced. That is that the decline of the House of Commons in the esteem of the nation has been contemporaneous with its decline in efficiency, with the growth of systematic obstruction, and with the hundred obscure and apparently insignificant acts by which it has made itself a party to its own degradation. It is melancholy indeed for those who can look back to the House of Commons as it was thirty or forty years ago to contemplate its present condition.

One main cause of that condition is without doubt its loss of its old power and freedom of action. This loss has occurred at the very time when the calls upon it have become heaviest and most numerous, and the demands of the vast Empire outside our shores most imperative. If Parliament is to be restored to its old position, if it is once more to become what it ought to be, the master and not the servant of Ministers and permanent officials, it must set its own house in order, and must resolutely free itself from a cumbrous form of procedure which is not only unsuited to the new conditions, but has become an armoury from which the enemies of parliamentary government can always provide themselves with weapons to use against it. How the fight against obstruction will be waged in the present session I cannot pretend to foretell. That it will be long and serious no one can doubt; but if, as one hopes may be the case, the best men in both parties unite in support of sound reforms there should be no doubt as to the issue. The House of Commons can still be saved, though it is in greater peril than most of its members seem to know.

The echoes of Lord Rosebery's speech at Chesterfield have been heard all through the month, and nowhere have they sounded more loudly than in the House of Commons during the debate on the Address. Whether we are to see the Opposition really united once more, and united in support of the policy outlined by the ex-Premier, no one can yet say. There have been symptoms during the month which seem to indicate that the divisions in the Liberal party have been more sharply accentuated since that historic utterance than before. But, whatever other result has followed the re-appearance of Lord Rosebery in the political arena, it is at least evident that his position in the world of affairs has been enormously strengthened, and that he is now undeniably one of the dominant factors in our political life. The debate on Mr. Cawley's amendment to the Address was in the nature of a fiasco so far as the Opposition generally were concerned, but it only served to illustrate and emphasise the victory which was won by Lord Rosebery at Chesterfield. This amendment was intended as the official utterance of the Opposition on the question of the war. Its wording was clearly the result of a compromise, but its general effect was to support the policy of Lord Rosebery. If its authors hoped by means of this carefully drawn amendment to bring the whole Liberal flock into one fold, they were doomed to disappointment. On the first night of the debate Mr. Dillon succeeded in inducing nine extreme members of the Radical section to join him in an amendment to Mr. Cawley's amendment. These gentlemen thus threw over the leadership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on the ground that they were unable to join their fellow-countrymen in providing the necessary means for carrying on the war. Their defection in itself was no misfortune either to Sir Henry



or the Liberal Party. The fewness of their numbers was, indeed, encouraging, for the extreme anti-war section to which they belong have made so much noise that many persons have believed that they were ten times as numerous as they are. But on the following night, when the amendment itself was put, there was a fresh development of Liberal divisions. Not only did most of the extreme left who had joined Mr. Dillon on the previous night abstain from voting for the amendment, but certain prominent members of the other extreme wing of the party followed their example. Thus Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, deserted by pro-Boers like Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Labouchère, and by Liberal Imperialists like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane, could command no more than 123 votes in a House of 460 members. The defection of the Liberal Imperialists when called upon to vote for an amendment approved by their own leaders was certainly mysterious, and it is impossible to say that the excuse pleaded for their action is a sufficient justification.

That excuse, so far as can be gathered, is founded upon the fact that in the course of the first night's debate Mr. Chamberlain stated the ministerial policy in such terms as to secure the approval of Sir Edward Grey and other members of the Liberal Imperial Party. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was, it must be admitted, a remarkable one. It was as clear and able as any speech he has ever made, and it was marked by a tone of moderation and conciliation by no means usual in his utterances. But the most striking feature of the speech was the determination of the speaker to maintain that Lord Rosebery's policy, as set forth at Chesterfield, was nothing more than the policy of His Majesty's Government. This was a daring thesis, and it was presented with Mr. Chamberlain's usual ingenuity. That it was accepted by the House as a whole I greatly doubt, but it seems to have weighed with some of those members of the extreme right of the Opposition who have distinguished themselves by the warmth of the support they have given to the Government in carrying on the war. I do not believe myself that there is the identity which Mr. Chamberlain claimed between Lord Rosebery's policy and his own, and I imagine that a very superficial examination of the subject would bring most persons to the same conclusion. Lord Rosebery, in his Chesterfield speech, so far from adopting the Government position and policy, refused to be drawn as far even as the policy of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. Desperate efforts have, I know, been made to prove that his sentiments are identical with those which were professed by these gentlemen last summer. These efforts are unfair to Lord Rosebery, who has drawn a straight line of his own—a line as clearly distinct from that of the Liberal Imperialists on the one side as from that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on the other. Each side may choose to claim him as its own, but

neither side can do so with any hope of success so long as the Chesterfield speech remains unamended. For Mr. Chamberlain to proclaim the identity of Lord Rosebery's policy with his own is bold to the point of audacity; but his argument seems to have met with a certain measure of success, and, while the great central body of Liberals, including Imperialists and opponents of the war, went into the lobby with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a certain small proportion representing the two extreme wings abstained from voting.

The tone of Mr. Chamberlain's speech was, as I have said, distinctly conciliatory. It has strengthened the belief that, after all, we are nearer to a settlement of the war than any Minister will admit. Indeed, the more bluntly the Colonial Secretary affirms that there have been no negotiations, no overtures from the side of the Boers, the more hardened do many people become in their belief that unofficial negotiations have actually taken place, and that they may be resumed ere long with some prospect of success. The temper of the House of Commons, as revealed during the debate, was on the whole more reasonable and satisfactory than it was in any of the discussions on the war last session. There was less of the war-to-the-knife sentiment on the one side, and less of pro-Boerism on the other. If the war had always been debated in this spirit in Parliament, our policy and motives would have been less liable to misconstruction abroad.

Upon the whole it must be said that the Government have been strengthened—strengthened, that is to say, in pursuit of a reasonable and moderate policy which, while providing for the carrying on of the war, seeks to bring it to a close as speedily as possible—by the opening battle of the session. There have been some features of the debate that seem to show that the Opposition, as well as the Government, have gained something at least in strength and unity. It was curious to see Sir William Harcourt quoting with manifest approval the sentiments of Lord Rosebery, for even Sir William seemed anxious to range himself under the Chesterfield standard. Mr. Lloyd-George, it is true, made a bitter and ungracious attack upon Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for having allowed himself to be captured by the Imperialists. But even Mr. Lloyd-George felt constrained to bless the Chesterfield utterance. Lord Rosebery's speech at Edinburgh has furthermore made it clear that, so far from having 'refused to co-operate with the Liberal Party,' he has chosen a line in which it ought to be possible for every genuine Liberal, who is not afflicted by 'the bias of anti-patriotism,' to join him. The political situation is undoubtedly full of confusion, but it looks as though two facts were gradually being made clear. The first is that Ministers by subtle degrees are abating the aggressive and uncompromising policy which has for some time ceased to command the

approval of many among their own supporters ; while the second is that the foundations of a new combination of the different shades of Liberalism has been laid, and that thus the aspirations of Ministers for the creation of a strong Opposition may yet be realised. But it will not be without a severe struggle that the Liberal Party will be brought together again. Personal differences may vanish, though their keenness can be judged from the tactics pursued by Lord Rosebery's enemies at the Liberal meeting addressed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at St. James's Hall ; but differences of principle clearly remain, as the divisions on Mr. Cawley's amendment prove, and, so long as the war lasts, must form an insuperable obstacle to anything like complete reunion.

A statement by Lord Cranborne, in reply to a question put by Mr. Norman, has thrown an interesting light upon an obscure point in the history of the Spanish-American war. I had occasion recently to note the warmth with which statesmen and others behind the scenes in political affairs at Washington referred to the services which this country rendered to the United States during the war with Spain. We now know from the lips of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs the nature of the most important of those services. The English Government received from certain other Powers a request that they would associate themselves with a movement which involved something like intervention in the quarrel between the United States and Spain, and which had the appearance of putting pressure upon the Government of the former country. Her Majesty's Government refused to listen to the proposal, and in consequence it came to nothing. Every Englishman must be agreed as to the wisdom of this course, the full fruits of which have not yet been seen. It is not surprising that Lord Cranborne's statement should have excited the resentment of certain foreign Powers, who find to their disgust that nations as well as individuals may have long memories, and that the events of the Spanish-American War still exercise an active influence on the politics of the United States.

WEMYSS REID.

# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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## COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

*A PAN-BRITANNIC MILITIA*

SOME excuse is needed for intervening at this moment in the numerous discussions provoked by the South African War—discussions not limited to the defects disclosed in our military system, but extended, under the pressure of hostile opinion abroad, to the fundamental question of organising the defence of the Empire on a sufficient basis. For while it is the duty of all of us, civilian or military, to interest ourselves in a matter involving our very existence as a nation, it may yet be urged that any attempt to force on a conclusion at this juncture is premature; that it is impetuous and premature in face of the deliberate and conscientious attempt which has at last been made to set up a reasoned standard of military strength. Mr. Brodrick, to whose credit this effort greatly redounds, has laid down that we need six Army Corps, of which three are to be available for foreign service.

But in his speech on the subject he hinted not obscurely that we might find ourselves carried beyond the principle of a voluntary Army before we could attain security. 'While the country,' he said, 'is willing to pay heavily to escape compulsion, it is incumbent on the Government to exhaust every means before coming forward with any such proposals.'

This language is surely an admission that our present voluntary system is on its final trial. Why not, therefore, wait and allow this last experiment reasonable time? The answer, and the excuse for this article is that the scheme is doomed to failure. It must break down, though certainly by no fault nor want of strenuousness in the author. The proposal was based on an increase of some 126,000 men to the Regular Army, Militia, Volunteers, and Yeomanry. Will the War Office procure even 11,500 additional efficient men for the Regular Army? It looks as if the answer to be furnished by the Inspector-General's Report on Recruiting may be anticipated. The indications from the districts are bad, and a further lowering of the physical standard, when that standard should certainly be raised, is more than ominous. We have now got down to five feet in 'certain cases' (which will mean as many cases as are necessary to fill the ranks on paper), for the height of an efficient soldier—*i.e.* to the height of a girl of fifteen. The scheme, which scarcely took sufficient account of the depletion of the Army Corps of *efficient men* by India, of the gradual but inevitable use of the Corps themselves as depôts and training-grounds for the foreign battalions, is fated to break down for lack of men. The course of the war, the recruiting difficulty, the lowering of the standard, the resistance of the Volunteers to longer training, are cumulative evidence on this side. And a further consideration is pressing upon people. It is well asked whether the Boer War would have ever broken out if an armed and trained people had stood behind our diplomacy?

Another excuse for rekindling the debate is that this great question, vital as it is, may slip out of the public mind as the war dies out; and, moreover, a great opportunity for embodying our dreams of Imperial Federation in some practical reality may be missed. Defensive organisation, whether national or federal, has rarely been brought about except by external danger and pressure. The magnificent rally of the Colonies round the flag has quickened the sense of common dangers, common interests, and common ideals; while common sacrifices have knit together the British of the United Kingdom, of South Africa, of Canada, and of Australia. But it is not enough to point to the spirit manifested by the Colonies, and to the half-revealed potentialities of the Empire, as a proof that we can 'get along' on our present basis, or defer radical dealing with these problems. Complacency is cheap, but costly in the end. We must provide some permanent organisation for the spirit that has been evoked; we must clothe it with flesh and blood. Is it too much to

believe that the Colonies would now join in discussing the best method of creating some organic scheme for defence, and for establishing some supreme authority which should decide when the whole Empire is to be set in motion? The hour has come for fulfilling the hope expressed nearly twenty years ago by that great student, Professor Seeley, who did so much to reveal the Empire to itself, 'that some organisation might gradually be arrived at which might make the whole force of the Empire available in time of war.'

Nor has the attitude of foreign nations since the Army Corps scheme was introduced encouraged us to await the development of an experiment of whose failure most of us in our heart of hearts have been always convinced. This attitude, though to many people strange and inexplicable, was sufficiently patent to serious observers a year since. But now the newspapers have driven home to the most casual reader the truth that avoidance of conflicts with our Continental neighbours is certainly not due to the good-will of the Continental populations, but to the restraining influence of their Governments—a restraining influence which might at any time be swept away by popular clamour, and *may* be only temporarily exerted until plans and preparations mature. The determined exertions of Germany to destroy the growing amity between Great Britain and the United States which originated in certain circumstances prior to the Spanish-American War is the latest and not least significant event.

The present article will therefore attempt to take some stock of the recent discussions, to try and disengage from them, if possible, some leading principles, and to clear the way to a conclusion. It may be also asked whether the application of any principles so discovered would assist not only the cause of national defence, but help to deal with other recognised evils and weaknesses of our modern civilisation. Recent discussions have covered a great variety of points. Is there not a risk, it is asked, that increased attention to military affairs and increased military expenditure will dangerously affect the importance given to the Navy? Should we concentrate ourselves wholly on the first line of defence, being pre-eminently a sea Power (forgetting that we are a Continental Power in Asia, Africa, and both Americas)? Is a larger increase of the Regular Army by itself the remedy? How far will the popular theory of 'hedged and a swarm of non-professional fighting men' carry us? Ought an attempt to be made to transform the great mass of the Volunteers into Militia? Or should the Volunteers be increased? Will any scheme for augmenting the number of men available for home defence be received with apprehension by the Colonies? Is the Militia Ballot to be extended, in spite of the haphazard nature of the operation and the chance that it may select the wrong material? Perhaps the best way to extricate ourselves from this tangle will be to begin by

considering from a purely business point of view what we now get in return for our military expenditure. We can then consider if the return is sufficiently encouraging to allow us to build up an *edifice of Army Corps* on the existing basis to provide for all our needs.

Let us look at the position in which the South African War found us. What were we paying for? Were we getting what we were paying for? Had the establishment on paper any counterpart in men of flesh and blood? The facts can be set down very summarily, and indeed have been set down before now. But unfortunately they cannot be reiterated too often. How did the South African War, carrying with it, it must be remembered, the possibility of arousing complications in all other parts of the world, find us prepared? We had an Army, on paper, in the United Kingdom of 108,000 men and a First-class Army Reserve of 78,000 men. It would therefore have been natural to suppose that we could have counted upon a large proportion of 186,000 trained and efficient men. Some deduction of course must be allowed—a fact which does not always receive attention—on account of men newly recruited and in process of training or formation into soldiers; a deduction which must be made from every Continental Army in respect of the men who have most recently joined the colours, and are in process of being moulded into efficient. One-fifth would have been an ample deduction. But, when we came to realise our first asset, the 108,000 men with the colours produced less than 54,000 effective soldiers. The deficiency was not even met by using up the whole of the First-class Reserve, promptly as the Reserve responded to the call. We had to go beyond the Army Reserve to the Militia. In other words, an enormous percentage of our forces with the colours was a make-believe; it was not what the country had been paying for. And we experienced, and still experience, great difficulty in even keeping up this make-believe number of men with the colours, in spite of recourse to a progressive lowering of the physical standard.

Behind these two forces there came the Militia. The Militia has for years been seriously below establishment numbers. It was in the habit of being below the numbers, as Mr. Brodrick's predecessor admitted, as if this bad habit of the Militia sufficiently excused himself and other Secretaries of State. Even the enrolled numbers do not really exist; the whole force, as an *independent force*, being what a junior member of the present Government described 'as a patent and recognised fraud'. Of the 100,000 enrolled men of the Militia, to use round figures, some 10,000 men annually enter the Line, and are counted twice over as belonging to the Line and as belonging to the Militia! These are official statistics. At the same time, a considerable number of men belonging to the Army Reserve enlist and serve in the Militia, and are also counted twice

over! Again, the Militia is supported in theory by a Militia Reserve; but the Militia Reserve is not a Reserve at all. It is counted in as part of the enrolled force. Moreover, the Militia officers, in a vast number of cases, are not really Militia officers, but birds of passage on their way to the Regular Army. Was Mr. Arnold-Forster's description of this Militia milch-cow kept up for other forces to suck from too vigorous?

A further force existed in the Volunteers and in the Yeomanry. The spirit of the Volunteers cannot be too highly praised, nor the quality of many of them who came forward for service in South Africa; but the Volunteer force is essentially a home defence force. Has the country any right to expect the Volunteers to step into the 'imminent deadly breach'? Moreover, in spite of the excellence of many of the corps, it is doubtful whether the average physical standard of the whole force is sufficient—there is a temptation to earn capitation fees. The Volunteers, in any case, were without transport or artillery, though the force included 40,000 Volunteer artilleryists—a fault indeed, not of the Volunteers, but of the War Office. In the eyes of the military authorities, moreover, the Volunteers undoubtedly need being brought up to a higher level. But recent proposals to induce Volunteers to undergo longer periods of training with this object are being whittled down one after the other, not, it appears, solely because the War Office is haggling about the additional compensation to be paid. It is clear that, if the original proposals constitute an irreducible minimum, then they are likely to interfere with Volunteering; while, if they are to be susceptible of indefinite whittling down, then they will be reduced to something not worth having. Nor is it unnatural that the Volunteers, who already have given much time and personal exertion, should object to further sacrifices without some very substantial compensation, while the mass of their countrymen make no sacrifice or exertion at all. Both employers and employed are equally likely to object. But if the Volunteers are to go further on the road to becoming an entirely paid force they will lose their 'volunteer' character.

How has our military organisation stood the test of the South African War, conducted, it is true, in an extraordinarily difficult country, but against an enemy that probably never numbered more than 70,000 men? We have had to use up practically the whole of our Regular Army in the United Kingdom, the whole of our Reserve, the better part of the Militia, and we have accepted important contributions from the Volunteers. We have had also to summon into being a new force, created *ad hoc* and paid for above the market wages for military service; while the quality of the men we have sent out has necessitated the return of a considerable number of them who were unfit even to train, has imposed the retention of a large number at the base in South Africa to undergo training before they can be drafted



into the fighting line, and is no doubt largely responsible for the terrible ravages of enteric fever. Yet even all these forces had to be supplemented by assistance from elsewhere, and assistance of the first quality. We might, indeed, have confidently looked for the assistance from one quarter—for the splendid contingents of men trained to ride and to shoot who came to us from the Colonies. But at the same time it is wisdom for a man to depend on his own exertions, and not on the assistance of even the most loyal friends. Most timely assistance also came from elsewhere. The garrison of India is maintained at the figure necessary for the garrison of India. If it is greater than necessary it is not fair to put such an undue burden on India. If it is proportioned to the necessities of India, is it dangerous to reduce it? And, in reality, it was owing to the fact that the Government of India was in the hands of a Viceroy of exceptional force and prestige that the despatch of the Indian contingent was possible. Had the call come to India a few years earlier; had Lord Curzon not successfully remodelled the arrangements bequeathed to him on the North-West Frontier, that rapid reinforcement of troops from India would have been impossible. Natal would have been overrun, and no Boer Army would have been entangled round Ladysmith. To end the story, battalions had also to be sent forward from Egypt and our foreign garrisons and replaced by Militia. We have therefore not got within sight of the end of the South African War without using up the whole of the men trained to arms in the United Kingdom, except the remnant of the Militia, a Volunteer force without guns or transport, and at the most some 5,000 of not the best Regulars. We have also availed ourselves of the Colonial contingents and of assistance from India, which we had no right to expect, have depleted the foreign garrisons, and created in the last resource a special force at an abnormal rate of pay. We shall have only got through the war, in fact, by using up all our resources, by exceptional good fortune in escaping from complications elsewhere, and by a wave of patriotic emotion that swept recruits and Volunteers of every description to the front.

And in what a position were we left to deal with difficulties that might have sprung upon us at any moment in other parts of the world—the Indian Frontier, China, the Soudan, &c.? Nor were complications in distant parts of the world the only thing to be feared. How near we have been, within the last few years, to life-and-death conflicts nearer home is a story that may some day be told. We have not been without hints, and indeed the most solemn warnings, from those who may be in a position to write that story. We have the pleadings and the adjurations of an ex-Prime Minister; we have the emphatic warning of the present Prime Minister, who can certainly not be accused of habitual exaggeration. It was in 1900 that Lord Salisbury used language of deep significance.

Everywhere you see the powers of offence increasing. Armies become larger, navies are founded, railways, télégraphs, all the apparatus which science has placed at the disposal of war become more perfect and more effective, and these things may, by one of those strange currents that sweep across the ocean of international politics, be united in one great wave and dash on our shores.

Has it become more or less likely since 1900 that one of those strange currents may unite in one great wave and dash on our shores? If such a wave had dashed on our shores during the South African War, how could it have been beaten back? How could we have dealt even with a raid? *How could we deal with it now?*

It will be answered that the Fleet is our guarantee against such a catastrophe. It is a great guarantee, the Fleet. It is the great insurance which all Englishmen should constantly insist upon being kept up; but science has bridged the Channel, and the Fleet may be eluded. Nor would the Fleet be a real first line of defence if it is only to be considered *as a line of defence*. Naval history teaches that true defence generally consists in offence—in finding out the enemy's ships and in destroying them. To make the Fleet really useful, to allow it to develop its full effectiveness, two things are needed. One is a well-found expeditionary Army to drive home the attack. It was not Trafalgar that bled Napoleon, but the Peninsular Army resting on a base secured by the sea. The second postulate is to give the Fleet all and every mobility for its own operations without tying it to the shore, to hover over an unarmed population. And this mobility can only be imparted through the knowledge that the Fleet leaves behind it a country full of men trained to arms, organised and equipped, on whose shores no foreign host would lightly descend.

What, therefore, are the requirements imposed upon us by our Imperial and international position.

The first requirement is an irresistible Navy, and a Navy with a real Reserve. At present the Naval Reserve is some 25,000, hardly enough for full complements in time of peace. General service would furnish the Navy with an ample Reserve, and would allow the Fleet full freedom of action. Nor can any military proposal be accepted which would in the least interfere with this first condition of our existence? The second requirement is that of a well-found voluntary Army ready to go anywhere with the co-operation of the Fleet. Thirdly, we need a population of trained men to make our shores safe from attack, and to give us efficient Volunteers capable of providing trained men to replace any gaps in the Regular Army. The wave of enthusiasm that carried men to the front in South Africa would have had a very different effect if it had carried trained men on its crest. Half its force was spent because the men were largely raw material. To say that Lord Kitchener was supplied by the War Office with all the men he asked

for is but a half-truth. Was he supplied—was it possible to supply him—with men of the quality he required? Would the war not have been pressed more vigorously to a conclusion if the generals had been spared the necessity of training *ab ovo* a large proportion of the men sent them? It was no fault of the War Office that it was impossible to send trained men. The country did not hold them.

Does the experience of the South African War therefore allow the belief that Mr. Brodrick's scheme, or any scheme founded on the existing basis, will answer our requirements? Does not that experience rather cry for a reconsideration of the whole basis, for looking resolutely at that contingency which the Army Corps proposal was admittedly designed to avert? It may be answered that the Army Corps scheme, or indeed a progressive enlargement of that scheme, depends upon the expenditure we are willing to incur. Rates of pay, advancing by sixpences and shillings instead of by pence, would possibly get us more efficient men than we can obtain at present. But even the largest expenditure and the largest Regular Army that there is any chance of the country supporting would not provide for those crises in which the Regular forces must be supplemented by the enthusiasm of the whole population. Certainly the Government's proposals do nothing to insure that a wave of patriotism in any dark hour should bring trained men, not raw material, to fill up the deadly gaps in the line.

Efficiency goes with economy. The present system gives us neither. General service would bring universal interest and criticism to bear upon our Regular military organisation, and the existence of some 2,000,000 trained Militia in the United Kingdom would decrease and not increase the expenditure on the Regular Army. What the decrease would be is very difficult to calculate. Various estimates of savings, some of them very large, have been put forward. A continuance of the present system, on the other hand, certainly means vast increased expenditure with no certainty of a better return. Is this business-like?

The problem, therefore, before us, now that Mr. Brodrick has happily put forward the necessity of a standard of military strength, is what force of Regulars it is necessary to maintain for expeditionary purposes, for India and the foreign garrisons, and for the core of a home defence force associated with a trained population. There is here no intention of endorsing the theory of confiding home defence exclusively to 'hedges and non-professional fighting men.' On the Regular force alone would there be liability to foreign service; but, if it needed replenishing at some distant theatre of war, the men who would volunteer to fill up the ranks would be not raw material, but trained men 'whose limbs were made in England.' And they could volunteer without emptying the country of every semblance of an organised unit, and without draining it of trained efficient.

It has been objected that such an organisation would appear to look too closely to home defence, and would therefore dissatisfy Colonial sentiment. It is difficult to see where the supposed Colonial objection comes in? On the contrary, the efforts which some of the Colonies, like New Zealand, now contemplate making for home defence might be related to and dovetailed into such a system. We might have the whole Empire full of trained men, understanding each other's training and methods, and ready to fuse together. The British Empire full of a pan-Britannic Militia would certainly be an enormous influence on the side of peace.

The old objections that such a scheme is 'un-English' and an 'interference with individual liberty' scarcely require resuscitation to be dismissed. New responsibilities need new methods of meeting them; but, as a matter of fact, the proposal reverts to the ancient principle of this country, that every able-bodied man can be called out in defence of the land—a principle actually embodied in the Militia Act. And there is no more interference with liberty in making a citizen serve the State for a term than is involved in making him pay rates and taxes. The proposal will be scouted by the working classes, we are told. Why a slur should be put upon the working classes, who are at least as capable of self-sacrifice and exertion for the common weal as any other class, if the necessity for it and the call to duty are made clear, passes comprehension. Barracks no doubt are regarded with detestation, but compulsory military training, on Swiss lines modified to suit British circumstances, would inspire no disgust. It is not necessary to copy foreign models slavishly. All we have to do is to turn to that force, the Militia, which, although it has been reduced to a shadow of an independent force, yet by its contributions to the Regular Army has proved the backbone of national defence. General compulsory service in the Militia can be advocated as a great democratic measure—compulsory service for a period not exceeding a year between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three and liability to short periods of training thereafter. Training on similar lines for the seafaring population would allow us to embrace the whole nation. The haphazard working of the ballot, which may pick out the bad material and leave the good, would disappear. Ardent defenders of the voluntary system urge that compulsion would sweep in the good and bad. Does voluntarism bring in only the good? No substitutes, again, would be tolerated, nor exemptions except for specific causes, in the case of all classes and incomes.

Such a system would not, it is believed, diminish the national output of industry. It is the conviction of cultivated Germans that what is lost in time by their severe service is amply regained in the better training of their population. This is an opinion which is gaining ground among many of the most intelligent employers of

the country. The objection to it probably proceeds in part from that same unreason that makes us terminate the school age at an earlier age than other countries. Time is not lost which is employed in training a worker or in repairing his strength, and the expenditure on such objects is not unproductive, nor would such a system encroach on the earnings of the working classes.

How would general service assist in coping with the recognised evils of our modern civilisation? Our ears ring with warnings of foreign competition. From what quarters is our commercial and industrial position most threatened? If Germany threatens us, the threat does not come from a country which is superior to us in natural resources. It comes to us from a country inferior in this respect. But the enormous strenuousness of Germany, the deep appreciation of education, the marriage between scientific research and industry, and, above all, the admirable organisation, industrial as well as military, of the German people, make them formidable rivals. German rivalry can only be met by education and by organisation. The competition of the United States, indeed, is primarily due to the colossal natural resources of that country, or rather continent. But the Americans place a value on education only second to the Germans, and, if the talent for organisation is not so conspicuous among them as in Germany, because it is not so strikingly illustrated in a great Army, it is really no less remarkable, and can boast no lesser triumphs in the field of industrial combination.

The faculties of organisation, combination, and quick apprehension are undoubtedly faculties that would be promoted by universal training. The system might also be utilised in many ways in the direct interest of education. There would be a premium on education in any reduction in training that would be allowed to persons proving educational or military qualifications, and this might be employed to brace up the whole of our disorganised, unstandardised secondary education. Military qualifications could be brought by those who had passed through cadet corps. And the proficiency of cadet corps, which have now been started with signal success in several districts, could be promoted by drill becoming an obligatory subject in all schools. The Lads' Drill Association, founded by Lord Meath, can point to signal success since it began its work in 1898. School managers and teachers are unanimous in pointing to the moral and physical results that follow from adoption of the Association's programme. The ugliest blot on our civilisation is the overcrowding in the large cities and the lowered standard of morals and physique in our urban dwellers. About a fourth of our population live about or beneath the poverty line, leading an existence which impairs the health and character of the present generation, and sacrifices all hope of future generations born under such conditions. There is no panacea for this state of things. But at least general training,

temporary transference to country air or sea breezes, temporary care for the human animal, and good food, would do something to impart tone to this population.

Such are some of the advantages, apart from military considerations in the widest sense of the words, to be gained from general service preceded by compulsory drilling in the schools. There are many other benefits we can surely calculate upon. Some of us who are far from being Jingoists, to whom the cheap Jingoism in vogue before the South African War was as repugnant as it seemed dangerous, regard the Empire, on the whole and with every discount made, as a great instrument for good, committed to the British people, and a most solemn responsibility for which they must account. Nothing is more vital than that the whole people should realise this responsibility, and have some dim notion, at any rate, of the ideals for which the Empire stands. Can the mass of the people, whose present unconscious contributions to these ideals are made through the pint pot and the tobacco bowl, realise through such oblations the ideals which they are called upon to support? Is it too much to suppose that personal training and exertion in the interests of the Empire, and the sense of associated fellowship bred by common and universal service, would make the Empire something more immediate, dearer, and more real?

C. E. DAWKINS

*MR. CHAMBERLAIN  
AS AN EMPIRE BUILDER*

*'He has done more to bring the Empire together than any other man in it.'*

I WILLINGLY adopt these words from the editor's invitation to write it, as the text of the following article.

Sir Wemyss Reid's deliverance in the last number of this Review has considerable significance as the testimony of a strongly avowed political opponent to the remarkable position Mr. Chamberlain holds in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen. He attributes the recent unmistakable increase in Mr. Chamberlain's popularity to the German Chancellor's clumsy attempt to give him a lesson in political manners, and to the success of the Colonial Secretary's crushing reply. He says:

The German Chancellor, by making him the object of an attack which was at once clumsy and unjust, and by identifying his name with the honour of our army, naturally and inevitably made the nation, without regard to party, rally to his side. Its feeling that in this quarrel it must stand by him was increased by the blunt manner in which he responded to Count von Bulow's words of censure, and flung back at him the sneers in which he had indulged. The net result is that, for the moment, Mr. Chamberlain is master of the situation, and has been made stronger as a member of the Government than he ever was before.

It is undeniable that the dignity and self-control with which Mr. Chamberlain dealt with a very delicate situation, and administered a grave and severe rebuke without the possibility of rejoinder, reassured the country as to his admirable capacity in a branch of statesmanship about which there had previously been a certain measure of misgiving. The few firm crisp sentences in which he vindicated himself and the army, and instantly arrested the flood of foreign calumnies that had so deeply stung the people of the whole Empire, struck a responsive chord in every part of it. Their (in the best sense) Palmerstonian ring convinced the Empire that it had a minister who could upon occasion speak for it as it would be spoken for. The voice, which some had feared was only potent to raise storms was seen to be equally powerful to allay them. Since Parliament reassembled,

the moderation and strength of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches have only served to deepen this impression. It is hardly to be wondered at if he has gained enormously in popularity and prestige, and has become 'stronger in the Government'—and, what is more important, in the Empire—'than ever he was before.'

But far more interesting and impressive than the tardy admissions of political opponents has been the striking demonstration at the Guildhall, where the Corporation of the City surrounded the presentation of its address to Mr. Chamberlain with all the dignity and magnificence which centuries of experience of such ceremonies have taught it to bestow. Nothing was wanting in the enthusiasm of the crowd in the streets, in the reception accorded to Mr. Chamberlain in the Guildhall itself, or in the words which were spoken, to heighten the compliment and to carry conviction to every mind of the sincerity of the tribute to a great minister.

And yet, favourable as recent events have been to Mr. Chamberlain, they are but passing incidents in a great and progressive career. They are rather the occasion for than the cause of a demonstration of regard. His real claim to the lasting admiration and gratitude of his country must be based upon his services to the cause of Imperial unity. It is for his conspicuous share in the knitting together and consolidation of the Empire that he will be remembered in history.

From the chaos of political parties and the confusion of political aims, which have been so strange a feature of our national life during the last sixteen years, there has gradually emerged one great idea and one striking personality. the idea of a united Empire and the personality of Mr. Chamberlain.

The political ability of Mr. Chamberlain was of course already recognised in 1885. His success in the House of Commons was assured, but his interest had so far mainly followed the line of domestic legislation. Few could have foreseen in him the Imperial minister of to-day. In like manner the desire or aspiration for Imperial unity is no new thing. There were Imperialists and Imperial Federationists before Mr. Chamberlain. His detractors are very fond of asserting that he neither invented nor discovered the Empire. They may be permitted this rhetorical jibe. It would be easy to quote from eighteenth-century writers to show that the idea of 'an oceanic polity' and an 'Imperial State' had even then taken a definite form in the minds of a few political thinkers. In our own times the writings of J. R. Green and of Seeley have probably done more than any others to give definite form and historical basis to the idea. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of Seeley's *Expansion of England* in the history of the evolution of the British Empire. If the phrase can be applied to any book, we may surely say it was epoch-making. Its central idea was at once so simple and so inspiring that its influence



was immediate and profound. It was widely read both at home and in the colonies, and to it may be traced the origin of the ardent propaganda which was speedily set on foot and proved so attractive to the most promising young men of the day. The late Mr. Forster, it will be gratefully remembered, was one of the first among practical statesmen to adopt Imperial Federation as a political creed. He was speedily followed by many men who are now prominent in public life in all parts of the Empire, of whom Lord Rosebery is undoubtedly the most distinguished. Rapid as was from the first the progress of the Imperial idea, it will not be denied that it was for a time almost exclusively confined to the educated. Neither at home nor in the colonies was it grasped by the masses. It needed some strong practical mind to bring it down from the clouds into the street. To Mr. Chamberlain more than to any living man belongs the credit of quickening and vitalising this great principle. To him more than to anyone else it is due that what was an aspiration, or at most a sanguine hope, has become a commanding political fact.

The conception of a united Empire was not his; he would be the last to claim it. As Mr. Bernard Holland says in his *Imperium et Libertas*, it came amongst us like 'a spirit seeking embodiment.' It has, no doubt, appealed to other minds just as strongly as it has appealed to Mr. Chamberlain. But he of all Englishmen has had both the will and the power to use the wonderful opportunities secured to him by his official position and his own personal gifts for the furtherance of this great political ideal.

When he took office as Colonial Secretary the loyalty of the colonies was beyond question, and their desire for closer union with the mother country already showed vigorous signs of life. Statesmen at home of all parties had hitherto observed an attitude of cordial expectancy, but of great and very proper caution. Mr. Chamberlain set to work steadily, persistently, and without for a moment forcing the pace, to keep the idea of the Empire before the minds of his fellow-countrymen in every part of the British dominions. He showed the colonies how much a strong and sympathetic minister could do for them. Whatever his preoccupations and anxieties in wider fields, the smallest colony received its due share of his watchful attention. He gained the confidence of all by his care of their interests and his scrupulous regard for their susceptibilities. Probably for the first time they realised that they were represented in the inmost councils of the Empire by one of the most powerful members of the Cabinet.

Meanwhile he lost no opportunity of educating people at home. His remarkable power of simple and lucid statement has made his speeches upon all colonial and Imperial questions the best possible political training. The meaning of the Empire and the idea of Imperial unity and consolidation began to be widely understood. For every

one who had read Seeley's *Expansion of England* a hundred heard or read Mr. Chamberlain's speeches. Others had made their fellow-citizens conscious of the Empire; Mr. Chamberlain made the Empire conscious of itself.

Nor did he confine himself to speeches. Many object lessons have brought home to the popular mind, far more clearly than any speeches could, the lessons it was of vital importance to teach. The Jubilee procession of 1897 was unique and never to be forgotten by those who saw it as a pictorial representation of the Empire, infinite in its variety but unmistakably one in its devotion to a common Sovereign. The conference of Colonial Prime Ministers, which was held during the Jubilee festivities, marked in a rudimentary manner the opening of a new epoch in the history of the Empire. The offer by Canada of preferential treatment to the mother country, and its acceptance by the Home Government, with the consequent denunciations of our treaties with Belgium and Germany, was a tentative step in the direction of closer commercial union between different parts of the Empire. The federation of the Australian colonies is at once a result of and a stimulus to the spirit of Imperial consolidation which is abroad. Mr. Chamberlain has known how to take advantage of each one of these and numerous other events less important individually but similar in kind. Through them he has sedulously fostered the sense of common interests, common dangers, and a common destiny.

When the war broke out in South Africa he reaped his reward. I do not refer to the outburst of passionate loyalty nor to the generous offers of military assistance which poured in from every colony. Such were to be found in our past history and might have come with equal spontaneity, though in less volume, at an earlier period. What I would draw attention to is the immediate and clear realisation, both at home and in the colonies, of the true meaning of the war. People—not trained politicians, but plain men—in all parts of the Queen's dominions understood at once that the question at issue was not the franchise, not the innumerable evasions, oppressions and provocations of the Boer Republics, not any greed for 'gold or territory,' but the absolutely vital question of maintaining the security and integrity of the Empire. It proved clearly how far their political education had gone that they did not allow themselves to be diverted by side issues from this one central fact. All our colonies were looking on with poignant interest to see how the mother country would deal with so grave a crisis. Failure to maintain the Imperial authority meant a deathblow to Imperial unity, the beginning of disintegration. When they saw that the people of the United Kingdom met the danger with the same unwavering firmness and clear grasp of principle which the Northern States of America had shown in their struggle for the maintenance of the Union, they

rallied to us with redoubled enthusiasm, stood shoulder to shoulder, and assumed their full share of the obligations of Empire.

Everyone agrees that the war marks a new era in our history. The British race throughout the world has made common sacrifices for a common object. We have learnt that we can in future rely upon the whole material and moral forces of the Empire in the hour of trial and danger. The mother country no longer stands alone; she faces the world with her children by her side.

But this accession of strength inevitably brings with it increased obligations. Mr. Chamberlain said at Birmingham in January last :

A new factor has entered into the politics of this country. In future you will have to take account of the opinion of your colonists. You will have to consult them; and, if you wish that they should always stand by your side, you will have to be guided, to some extent at any rate, by their wishes and their aspirations.

These are pregnant words and call to mind others already uttered by Sir Wilfred Laurier. 'If you want our help, you must call us to your councils.' Those who have helped us in South Africa will have to be consulted in its final pacification. It would be an insult to refuse them their share in the settlement for which they have fought as valiantly and as determinedly as we have ourselves. Surely this marks the most solid step which has so far been made towards Imperial consolidation. It is an easy passage from occasional consultation to constant correspondence upon questions of common interest. The exact course which the changes that lie before us will take is not easy to predict, but it is obvious that we are making rapid strides towards far-reaching constitutional developments.

Undoubtedly one of the most remarkable results of the war has been the steady growth of an Imperial public opinion. This has shown itself in many ways, in the practically unanimous approval of the war throughout the Empire, in the identity of views expressed by the different colonial Prime Ministers with regard to its objects, in the support given by every colony to the administration of Lord Milner in South Africa, in the common indignation and repudiation of foreign attacks upon the humanity of the Imperial troops, in the universal determination that the fight shall be fought to a finish and that 'what has been gained by arms shall not be thrown away in negotiation,' and finally in the desire that where all have played their parts in the same spirit of loyalty and co-operation all should be consulted in the final settlement.

This new-born Imperial public opinion seems likely in the future to exercise a far-reaching influence. Already it has declared itself distinctly in favour of Mr. Chamberlain. There is a passage in Mr. Balfour's speech at the Guildhall which is well worth quoting :

I believe that the more you consult colonial opinion, the more it will be brought home to the minds of every one of you that in those outlying and most

important portions of our Empire it is to my right hon. friend that they look as the man who, above all others, has made the British Empire a reality, not only to those who live in these islands, but to every subject of His Majesty the King.

To the colonies and indeed to the great majority of people at home Mr. Chamberlain emerges as Minister of the Empire in the widest sense of the word. No statesman ever before had so strong an Imperial backing. And when the war has been brought to a conclusion, the Empire will turn to him with even stronger recognition. It is difficult to believe that henceforth any man can be Prime Minister of Britain-within-seas who has not gained in equal measure the confidence and support of Britain-beyond-seas. Such is the inevitable consequence of the new development of our Imperial life. Our great Prime Minister of to-day—Lord Salisbury—can claim this wider suffrage. His immense services and the unique weight of his influence on the world's politics are truly an Imperial possession. In future neither the choice of the House of Commons, the necessities of party discipline, personal popularity and distinction, nor any of the various conditions which have till now marked out a Prime Minister for the Sovereign's approval will alone suffice. It is a commonplace to say that the public has lost much of its interest in the proceedings of the House of Commons. The fault scarcely lies with the House; rather is it to be found in the fact that political interest has been transferred to a wider theatre. The questions which to-day seriously affect people's minds are more fitted for treatment by the Executive than by a deliberative and legislative Assembly. Hence the increase in the power and importance of the Cabinet and the decline in the practical power of Parliament. If there is any truth in the tendencies already referred to, the future will see the progressive increase of the authority and influence of the Prime Minister in the Cabinet itself. Coming into office with the Empire behind him, his position must necessarily be one of peculiar strength. No doubt our truly British practice of allowing old institutions to adapt themselves to new situations and 'muddling' on is pretty sure to take its course. We have in our own time seen the power and importance of the Crown increase with the growth of the Empire, silently and steadily by the force of circumstances, without any formal effort on the part of the Sovereign beyond that of finely fulfilling the part allotted by the constitution. Until time brings that change in the political fabric of the united Empire for which we are all looking, we may, I think, expect to see a gradual and corresponding change in the representative character and imperial influence of the Prime Minister.

There are of necessity few statesmen who command the confidence of the whole Empire. The ordinary Minister, to whichever party he belongs, has few opportunities of gaining an Imperial reputation, however important his duties may be. Leaving out of the question the

Marquess of Salisbury, whose services his grateful fellow-countrymen cannot hope to retain for a very lengthened period, two men at once occur to every mind, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery. After these Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, and, in another way perhaps, Lord Cromer, appeal most strongly to the King's subjects over sea.

As between Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery the immediate advantage obviously lies with Mr. Chamberlain. He has had unique experience. He has spent himself and been spent in the Empire's cause. He has proved both his capacity and his strength. He has passed through the fire and has come out more finely tempered for the Empire's work than any living statesman. Lord Rosebery, though his patriotism and devotion to the Imperial idea are well proved, and though his personality and remarkable gifts have always appealed to his fellow-countrymen with peculiar power and charm, is in many respects untried. With all his fascination and possibilities he must still be regarded as a great but somewhat speculative reserve asset of Imperial politics. It is difficult to see why these two statesmen should not work together to the great and lasting advantage of the Empire, contributing, as they would, powers which are largely complementary. If that may not be, and a choice has to be made, then it is probable that the Empire will demand that he who bears the scars shall be the first to wear the palm.

With Mr. Chamberlain at the helm British policy would no doubt become more markedly representative of the Empire, inasmuch as the principles and ideas which inspired and guided it would be more distinctly Imperial. It is useless to deny that there is a lurking fear in the minds of many, who are in no sense hostile to the Colonial Secretary, lest the expression of that policy might at times be too downright and outspoken. So far as there are any grounds for this fear it must not be forgotten that Mr. Chamberlain's extreme frankness has often been carefully calculated, and has been exceedingly successful in its results. Few things about Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, have proved more attractive to the Empire at large than his personal *abandon*, his willingness to step into the breach and to say what was in every one's mind but what none of the older-fashioned statesmen was willing to express. It is likely that as the influence of the outlying States increases in the councils of the Empire we shall see a considerable change, but not necessarily a deterioration, in the methods of diplomacy. The younger peoples are less fastidious than the older ones. They are inclined to resent extreme reserve and to mistake it for the absence of a policy. If a minister is strong and resolute they like him to express his views with perfect candour, and are more willing than perhaps we are at home to forgive him occasional bitterness of speech and undiplomatic frankness.

Again, under Mr. Chamberlain we should have some guarantee of

that efficiency of administration which Lord Rosebery is never weary of asking for and which the country so ardently desires. His advent to real power would probably be followed by the infusion of fresh vigour into every State department. The character and success of his administration of the offices he has held are the best proof of his personal energy and efficiency. Combining as he does the training and experience of the man of business with the ripe judgment and wide outlook of the statesman, he is of all men best fitted to put our Imperial administration upon 'business lines.' No one has ever held him responsible for that curious 'slackness' in the present Government which has unmistakably disappointed and to some extent depressed the country. Certain ministers have, of course, shown commendable vigour, as, for instance, Mr. Brodrick, but in the main the impression conveyed to the people is that of an Administration which has failed to make the most of its opportunities.

After all a ministry only reflects the people from whom it is chosen, and we have no right to be hard when we consider how much slackness there is in many departments of the nation's life. For years the press has been lecturing the traders of this country upon their apathy and upon the faultiness of their business methods in face of the enormous increase of foreign competition. One of the messages which the Prince of Wales brought from our distant kinsmen to the City of London referred to this very point. His Royal Highness in his famous speech at the Guildhall said: 'I venture to allude to the impression, which seemed generally to prevail among our brethren across the seas, that the old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competition.'

I do not doubt for a moment that these words of warning are both wise and necessary, but it is desirable to point out that there is a remarkable similarity between our political and our commercial position in the world. We no longer possess the monopoly of Empire-building any more than we hold the monopoly of foreign trade. In both cases we are threatened by powerful rivals, and in both, though we have lost our monopoly, we still retain a predominant position the maintenance of which is absolutely vital to the future of the Empire. When we traders are told we must shake off our apathy, must abandon old prejudices and preferences of antiquated methods, must adopt a new and more enterprising policy all along the line, when we are reminded that markets which were won in the past with much toil can only be retained by great sacrifices, that, in fact, we must realise once for all that times have changed and the methods of monopoly are not the methods of competition—we are, I think, entitled to retort upon the politicians, to whatever party they may belong, that if statesmen are to retain for us our Imperial predominance, they too must throw off all apathy, must relinquish their

prejudices and preferences of antiquated policies, must realise that an Empire which came into existence at great cost can only be retained and consolidated by great sacrifices, must learn, in fact, that for them too times have changed, and that in Empire-making as in trade the methods of monopoly are not the methods of competition.

The sleepers who need arousing are not of one class but of all. What is wanted is a national awakening to the consciousness that we must put forth all our strength if we are to hold our own in the ever increasing struggle of the world. The fundamental elements of vigour and efficiency are plainly visible throughout the Empire. The war has proved that the spirit of our people never ran higher. Courage, doggedness, discipline, self-sacrifice are still the qualities of our race. Individual enterprise has lost none of its daring. Our trade retains its old vitality and shows every sign of continuous expansion, if we can avoid the dangerous pitfall of mistaking finance for industry. To all, the Empire offers an almost boundless field for expansion, and nothing is calculated to stimulate the British people more powerfully than this new sense of unity, the fellowship and co-operation in peace as in war of kindred peoples, bringing into a common stock the youthful vigour of some and the accumulated experience and immense material resources of others.

The Empire only needs a leader who will really lead, who will call forth its latent enthusiasm and give the right direction to its forces. No Government can do for a people what it cannot do for itself, but a strong Government can set a standard of strenuousness and efficiency which the people will not be slow to follow. History proves the incalculable dynamic value of a great leader's personal character and example. His quickening spirit pulsates through every branch of national life with vitalising power.

Mr. Chamberlain has already infected his fellow-countrymen with his own ardent patriotism, his enthusiasm for the unity of our race, and his buoyant trust in its future. Is he the leader men seek for the Empire, whose confidence he has gained, and which he has done so much to unite? The present writer knows of no other.

HENRY BIRCHENOUGH.

## *THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND JAPAN*

*Fulgur exit ab Oriente et perit usque ad Occidentem.* No words could more truly sum up the first effects of the new agreement between the island empires of the East and West. That we, who have so long cherished certain insular prejudices as a child cherishes the relics of her ugliest doll, we who have shunned alliances and gloried in the fancied freedom of our isolation, should join hands with the youngest and most distant of the Powers, divided from us by faith and face and wide stretches of land and sea, is sufficiently surprising; but that surprise has been intensified by the dramatic way in which an accomplished fact of such importance has been announced to a public whom no parliamentary discussion nor inspired communication nor striking solitary event had prepared for the disclosure. Yet we may easily believe, as Viscount Cranborne said in the House of Commons, that if any one 'imagines that the agreement itself has been hastily concluded he labours under a complete misconception,' and that, as Baron Hayashi on the same day told a representative of Reuter's Agency, the new agreement 'has been a very considerable time in negotiation, and in fact has been in contemplation for over a year.' It would indeed bode ill for both countries concerned if such cautious and necessary deliberation could for a moment be considered superfluous. But these significant statements are chiefly valuable for the clue they may afford to the true interpretation of a document which, though the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs says its purport 'cannot possibly be misunderstood by those concerned,' is nevertheless not fully eloquent to those who have hitherto concerned themselves but languidly in the political problems, not only of the Far, but of the Farthest East. Many curious things were happening a little over a year ago. In the first place, a great shifting of actors took place on the diplomatic stage. In May 1900 Baron Hayashi left Japan to represent his country at the Court of St. James's. Baron Hayashi was one of the batch of students, including the late Dr. Toyama and President Kikuchi of the Tokyo Imperial University, who many years ago visited England. Since then he has often



revisited this country, has occupied himself in familiarising his countrymen with English literature and science, and, as Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs during the China-Japan war, and again at the time of the Treaty revision, he distinguished himself by the friendly relations he contrived to preserve with ourselves. That friendship and Baron Hayashi's share in cementing it have not been forgotten in his own land. In October of the same year Mr. Takaaki Kato, a great admirer of English institutions, became Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet which Marquis Ito formed in succession to that of Marquis Yamagata. Mr. Kato, one of the most brilliant of Japan's younger statesmen, was but little over forty years of age, and, though as yet untried, he had long been marked out for the post which he was now given. The highest hopes were entertained of him. Speaking in April last, Count Okuma stated that while the Premier was the undoubted genius of the Cabinet, he was but a cipher with regard to foreign affairs, in which department Mr. Kato was supreme. 'No man,' he added, 'is so indifferent to all attacks and criticisms as the present head of the Foreign Office, and I think Japan may be congratulated on having secured his services.' Marquis Ito doubtless smiled at the first portion of this statement; his own act approved the rest. In the same month Sir Ernest Satow, our Minister at Tokyo, left for Peking, to be replaced later by Sir Claude MacDonald. The general election here was over by the end of November, and in the reconstructed Ministry few appointments gave rise to more comment and speculation than that of the Marquis of Lansdowne to the office so long and profitably held by the Marquis of Salisbury. Perhaps the present Secretary of State was of all men little likely to forget the story of Navarino, being, as he is, the grandson of one of Lord Göderich's Ministry of 1827. He may well have heard from the lips of his distinguished ancestor how in 1826 the Duke of Wellington pointed out the danger of allowing Russia to act alone against an Eastern State; how in the spring of that year an opportune visit to St. Petersburg resulted in the signature of an Anglo-Russian Protocol relating to Turkey; how, when Canning had succeeded Lord Liverpool, this Protocol was developed by the Treaty of July 1827, establishing a Concert between the three Powers, Russia, France, and England; how Canning died in August and the engagement at Navarino was fought in October; and how England then folded her hands in sleep while Russia, our ally, declared war against the Porte with a view to furthering interests antagonistic to our own. To those who are familiar with the events of the years 1826-9 there is no need to point out the historical parallel suggested by the affairs of 1900-2, and, after all, historical parallels, in spite of Metternich's saying, are apt to prove too much.

Such were some of the *dramatis personæ* who occupied the

diplomatic stage a little more than a year ago. Mention must be made also of three others. In January 1901 our late Queen died, and in the same month was literally worried to death an important, though infinitely less important, actor in the world's politics, Li Hung-chang. In September, after the fall of the Ito Cabinet, Mr. Kato was succeeded by Mr. Komura at the Japanese Foreign Office, a man little older and scarcely less brilliant than his predecessor, and a diplomatist who in Peking had already acted with England, not altogether unsuccessfully, in blocking a Convention which threatened the common interests of the two nations. No one need doubt that in all essentials Mr. Komura has loyally carried on the foreign policy of Mr. Kato, or that Baron Hayashi has been as sympathetically and strongly supported by the one Minister as the other.

If we now turn to the condition of Far Eastern politics at the period of the reputed inception of the new agreement, described in the covering dispatch as 'the outcome of the events which have taken place during the last two years,' we are confronted with an appalling tangle of conflicting or competing interests. We can scarcely estimate our own position in China by seeking shelter behind trade statistics; to sum up our trade at some nine or ten million sterling is to touch only the margin of the subject. Such statements give no indication of whether it is north, south, east, or west China that contributes most to that imposing total. Is it the stricken field of Kuangtung on which we have fought, or the Yangtze valley for which we have made treaties, or Manchuria, watered with the tears of our diplomatists, that concerns us most deeply? It suffices to acknowledge that our general interests in China are very great. If we look more closely into the matter and examine the various Customs and Consular reports, we find that we cannot lay our finger on any part of the map and say, 'This district is worth so much to us, and that so much.' We may discover, as is indeed the fact, that in Manchuria, for instance, it is the province of Fengtien that most closely concerns us; but if we proceed to examine the figures relating to the trade even of this one province of a single region, we find that, owing to a host of complications and differences in the method of making returns, the most cautious interpretation of available statistics rests largely on conjecture. In June of last year Mr. Andrew Carnegie stated in the pages of this Review that our annual profit from the China trade does not exceed six or seven hundred thousand pounds, and that it was not likely to increase very much. Yet we know also that before the Boxer outbreak representatives of British firms obtained vast concessions in China which may some day have a solid value, and even since that period of tumult Englishmen have acquired in North China alone the very valuable Kaiping coal mines, with a fleet of steamers, depôts at six ports, including Ching-wan-tao, and much valuable property, to say

nothing of the control of the whole of the minerals of Chili and Jehol and the coalfield west of Peking. Such interests are not unimportant. But we have to think also in this connection of our dependencies. The trade of India with China is at least a third of our own; nor is this surprising when it is remembered that India was trading with China while the English race was yet unformed, and that our first commerce with the Chinese was the monopoly of the East India Company. India and Burmah are commercially interested in Tibet and Yunnan. When Peking is disturbed Bombay suffers acutely. Darjiling is only eighty miles from Yatung, and the trade through Sikkim, valued at a million rupees in 1895, was nearly doubled in the ensuing five years.

As time goes on we shall be more and more forced to realise that China, Japan, and Korea bristle with strategical problems of vital interest to Australia, where, as in Canada, matters are unfortunately complicated by the Asiatic immigration question. Hong Kong, too, once misunderstood, speaks for itself plainly. And the new agreement may serve to remind us of the importance of Korea. There also Englishmen have valuable rights, notably those in the Gwendoline gold mine and Unsan mineral concessions, owned by Mr. Pritchard Morgan's syndicate. Shortly before the China-Japan war the trade of this country with Korea was roughly half a million sterling. It is difficult to calculate it now, since returns are only available for the open ports and they represent but a portion of the entire trade. Taking these alone, and selecting the four imports of shirtings, sheetings, yarn, and drills, the value of these goods imported from Great Britain amounted in 1900 to 171,000*l*. This may not seem a very striking figure, but Korea is commercially young. The Hermit Kingdom was opened to European trade by treaties forced upon her as recently as the years 1880-5, and if it be true, as has been stated by a critic of the agreement, that she is an 'unstable country,' it must be remembered that these treaties of amity and commerce were little to the taste of a generation of Koreans still actively engaged in the intrigues which pass for statesmanship at Seoul. In fact, one of the earliest results of the Korean treaties was the anti-foreign rising of 1882, and three years later Earl Granville, being convinced that Russia was about to intervene, telegraphed to Vice-Admiral Sir William Dowell: 'Occupy Port Hamilton, and report proceedings.' When on the 10th of May, 1885, the Russian volunteer ship *Vladivostock* was sighted, the Union Jack was run up on Observatory Island and Port Hamilton became British. The history of Wei-hai-wei was then anticipated in every detail, with this difference: Russia threatened retaliation and we quitted the place. The lamentable diplomatic farce accompanying our retreat need not here be described, but the incident is referred to for two reasons; in the first place, it illustrated the acknowledged importance of Korea to us even in those

days, and in the second a study of the events connected with it should prevent our thinking that Russia does not regard Korea as a fair field for her activity, and should make us cautious of charging Russia, as Sir Edward Grey did in the House of Commons on the 10th of July, 1894, with having pledged herself on our withdrawal from Port Hamilton 'not to take Korean territory under any circumstances.' Sir John Walsham spoke, indeed, to the Korean Government of a 'formal guarantee,' but Lord George Hamilton, in answering Captain Colomb on the 3rd of February, 1887, made no allusion to it, and on the 24th of March of the same year Viscount Sidmouth having asked if Russia had given any written pledge, Viscount Cranbrook replied that we were not concerned with Russia in this matter. Those who are interested in judging for themselves as to the foundation for Sir Edward Grey's remark may find much to enlighten them in *China*, No. 1, 1887. As Mr. Brodriek truly said on the 24th of May, 1900, Russia gave this country no assurance, and it is an obvious inference, which ought to be a superfluous one also, that we cannot hold Russia bound by reported verbal assurances to third parties. As for her conventions with Japan, none know better than the Japanese that Russia holds them binding precisely to the extent Japan can enforce them.

The interest of Japan outside her own domains lies chiefly in three districts—Korea, Fokien, and Manchuria. In this Review of May last year the present writer very fully entered into the position of Japan with regard to Korea, and the conditions described in that article are substantially true to-day. There are still between twenty and thirty thousand Japanese colonists; it was estimated last September that Korea was easily able to take six million more, and Japan has urgent need of such a region for her surplus population. It may be said roughly that all Korean exports go to Japan, and about 70 per cent. of these are foodstuffs for man or beast. The proverbial glance at the map is more informing in this case than such glances are usually found to be as to the vital importance to Japan of a neutral or friendly Korea from a strategical point of view; it will show, too, that it is the southern coasts that count, not the 'Tumen frontier, as to which Russia is so studiously polite in explaining the movements of her troops and the raids of border bandits. With regard to Fokien, Japan has obtained from China a pledge of non-alienation, partly on account of strategical considerations and partly because Amoy is the clearing house of Formosan trade. This province, therefore, is one in which Japan has a 'special position,' and for some years it has been carefully explored by Japanese military and scientific experts. In Manchuria the internal commercial interests of Japan are not great, but much of the carrying trade is in Japanese hands. Japan imports beancake for manure from Manchuria to an extent which renders it of some consequence,

and the imports tend to increase. Japanese residents there are few, and their prestige among the Manchurians is low. The concern of Japan in Manchuria (with which Shing King may be included) centres mainly in its geographical position with regard to Korea; if an impassable wall could be erected from Wiju to Possiet Bay, Japan would gracefully acquiesce in any number of Manchurian Conventions to-morrow. Circumstances, of course, might arise which would make any of the coastal Chinese provinces as interesting to Japan as Fokien. A new grouping of the Powers, for instance, might render Shantung formidable, but at present Japan has no apparent reason to be alarmed in that quarter. While the three districts named are of keen present interest to Japan, China as a whole and her trade possibilities naturally engage much attention. Very quietly, very carefully, and with little fuss, Japan is pushing forward in many parts of that bulky Empire. She sends the Southern Viceroy's military advisers to drill and instruct; she establishes Japanese schools; she encourages Chinese students to reside in Japan; she sends delegates to China to report on silks and lacquers. In the early part of 1900 there were two expert Japanese exploring parties in Kiangsi; two others were in Fokien at the same time. The Japanese maps of important parts of China are considerably better than our own. In the Yangtze Valley this activity of the Japanese steadily increases. It is almost impossible to take up a Toyko newspaper without finding some fresh instance of the methodical way in which the Japanese are interweaving the interests and the welfare of the two nations.

There remain to be considered Germany, France, and Russia. Of these countries Germany is perhaps in the weakest position. As is well known, she has large and ill-defined powers in Shantung, and she pushes her small trade in the rest of China with the energy, the perseverance, and perhaps it may be added the short-sightedness familiar to those who have studied German commercial methods. Until she forms some new alliance or enlarges her navy beyond her present means she holds her province on sufferance or by her strength in Europe alone. Jealous of England and afraid of Russia in the Far East, she accidentally treads on our toes while carefully blacking Russia's boots, and this with surprising frequency. Perhaps her tactics may change.

France, as the possessor of Indo-China, claims a special interest in the three provinces of Kuangtung, Kuangsi, and Yunnan. In 1900 the trade of Indo-China with China was six million sterling (Indian yarn constituting a large portion of the imports), and France owned property in China valued at two and a half millions. As to the provinces named, we ourselves have exacted a pledge from China, and the Tsungli Yamen, on the 10th of April, 1898, gave M. Dubail the assurance, '*Notre Yamen considère que les provinces chinoises*

limitrophes du Tonkin, étant des points importants de la frontière, qui l'intéressent au plus haut degré, devront être toujours administrées par la Chine et rester sous sa souveraineté. Il n'y a aucune raison pour qu'elles soient cédées ou louées à une Puissance!' The Yellow Book from which these words are quoted (*Chine*, 1894-8) embodies the Gérard Conventions of the 20th of June, 1895, and recounts the history of some of the concessions acquired or desired by France in these provinces. From this publication it is clear that the *province limitrophe* has its *hinterland*, and perhaps even its sphere. Be that as it may, France can claim to have a peculiar, though not exclusive, interest in Southern China, where her possessions, if costly to administer and develop, yet soothe her national pride without perhaps adding as yet materially to her national strength or wealth. As the ally of Russia in Europe she has been more willing than able to help that country in the North, and since the spring of last year it is supposed that even closer relations have been established. At any rate the *Figaro* of the 8th of May, 1901, definitely declared that M. Delcassé had arranged with the Russian Minister to support Russia in 'Manchuria and against Japanese aggression in Korea. The Foreign Editor of the *Figaro* was less well informed than M. Valfrey usually showed himself to be if this statement was untrue.

Russia's interests in Northern and Western China and Tibet are obvious. They have been so much discussed in England that even the briefest recapitulation of them here would be tedious. As for the Korean question, it lies in a nutshell from the Russian point of view. Korea divides Port Arthur from Vladivostock for naval purposes, and the Japanese fortress of Tsushima threatens ships passing through the Korean Strait. On the other side of that strait extends the south-west coast of Korea, on which it is all-important for Russia to establish herself if she is to be able to use her navy effectively in the Yellow Sea. Peter the Great proclaimed his desire for ice-free ports, and Russia still desires them on, or perhaps just off, the Pacific. It is not on account of her existing trade at Hankow or elsewhere that she is so keenly interested in all that relates to Far Eastern affairs.

If the reader has not resented this memorandum of conditions which appear familiar the moment they are set out, it will be found to render the events now to be considered far easier to appreciate. It will be remembered that during the struggle for concessions in 1897 Germany, by a startling process of political chemistry, converted the blood of her martyrs into a little place in the sun. Russia, without martyrs, obtained Port Arthur, and Li Hung-chang returned to power. In May 1898 we took Wei-hai-wei, but, whatever may have been said or thought in London, this helped us but little in the Far East. Japan was seriously alarmed at our weakness,

and her public writers mocked at England's splendid isolation. The comments of the Japanese press on English prestige in the autumn of 1898 were more candid than polite. Yet when the Peking disturbances of that year took place the *Yomiuri* warmly advocated joining hands with England. Shortly after this Mr. Chamberlain made his speech at Manchester, in which he alluded to the 'cordial friendship' of Japan and England, and stated that England had not done badly in China. 'Ninety-nine out of a hundred Englishmen living in China will, however, pronounce a different verdict,' wrote the *Japan Times*, and proceeded to make light of his allusions to friendship. In January 1899 Lord Charles Beresford reached Japan, having already spoken in China of a possible quadruple alliance of England, Japan, the United States, and Germany. The *Yomiuri* warmly welcomed the idea. Lord Charles Beresford's visit had a great, though transient, effect on the Japanese public. The *Jimmin* began to hold up England as a model to the nations. Day after day the *Yomiuri* harped on the same theme. It even called upon the Japanese Government for an official declaration of its acquiescence in Lord Charles Beresford's views. The *Niji* at the same time declared that united movements by the two countries in the Far East had become a matter of necessity to both. 'But it does not follow,' continued that journal, 'that the Anglo-Japanese alliance is practicable. The countries are as two lovers, betrothed, but finding hindrances to the consummation of their happiness in the matter of settlements and in the opinions of relatives and friends.' The *Jimmin*, commenting on the fact that Lord Charles Beresford had been more enthusiastically received than any previous English visitor to Japan, attributed it to his coming, as the apostle of alliance. Unhappily, the glamour soon faded; public men such as Mr. Hoshi told the public that England was 'willing to secure as many allies as possible;' the public press explained that 'England's position in China is declining, and the recent backing of Italy's Sannun claim must have still further impaired her influence.' There were not wanting those who insisted that an Anglo-Japanese alliance was fraught with danger to Japan. The new editor of the *Sekai-no-Nippon* pointed out in a remarkable article the guarantees Japan would require to exact in order to guard herself against being involved in England's world-wide troubles; he suggested that England would make a mere catspaw of her weaker ally. This was the first warning of any importance. But it was quickly appreciated. 'Such doubt,' wrote the *Japan Times* six weeks later, in March 1899, 'is but natural, and even justifiable, when we remember how fickle and changeable is the attitude of English statesmen on the question of Far Eastern politics.' It was almost on the same day that Mr. Brodrick, speaking in the House of Commons, proclaimed our consistency and declared our Government

entitled to the 'gratitude of those whose interests were largest in China. There followed the Manchurian railway agreement with Russia of the 28th of April, 1899, 'taking into consideration the economic and geographical gravitation of certain parts' of the Empire of China. The *Kokumin* at once signalled this as an unfriendly act on the part of England towards Japan, and in May following the *Mainichi* declared that 'if under certain circumstances conflict with any European Power might ever be apprehended it will be with England or France.' In September a writer in a military magazine, *Heiji Zasshi*, once more emphasised the danger of England's friendship, her selfishness, and the fickleness of her public opinion. Those were days of humiliation for Englishmen in the Far East, and of confusion and weariness for those at home who but half understood the new problems so suddenly forced upon their attention; days, too, of impotent, uninformed blundering which it is depressing to look back upon. Then came the Boer War, with its bracing preliminary revelations. Immediately a curious and generous revulsion of feeling manifested itself in Japan in favour of this country. A few months earlier, indeed, we had shown our friendliness in facilitating the introduction of the Revised Treaties, and whether for this reason, or because, to carry on the *Jiji's* metaphor, the estrangement of feeling had only been after all a lovers' quarrel, there was an outburst of dignified sympathy in the Japanese press. The few Japanese who, misled by French or German residents, tried to echo the howls of joy with which our disasters were greeted in Europe, were warmly rebuked by every influential paper in Japan. They were told by the *Nichi Nichi* that they were 'disgracing their country,' and that 'the English character is best manifested in times of difficulty;' when at last the tide turned, the Emperor took occasion to send a message of congratulation to Queen Victoria, which was appropriately acknowledged. Yet the Transvaal War produced a certain dismay among thoughtful Japanese, though, as the *Nippon* observed early in 1900, 'the external marks of friendship manifested towards us by England are too many, and the anti-Russian sentiments of our politicians are too deep-seated, to make it probable that any permanent change can be made in our foreign policy in these waters.'

Thus the event which has surprised Englishmen so much has for years been estimated and discounted by the man in the Tokyo street. Seeing, as he did, the things that were happening under his own eyes, he felt that this alliance was as desirable as it was inevitable. He had before him the everlasting intrigues of the Pavloffs and Alexeieffs and Rosens whom Russia employed in Korea. Week after week these continued, and still continue, to menace the tranquillity of Japan; week after week they were, and are, successfully foiled. To us the interest of Korea may not seem great, but Franco-Russian predominance there means disaster to Japan, 'a friendly country,



the obliteration of which by a coalition of Powers we could not in any circumstances tolerate,' as the Marquis of Lansdowne expressed it. The *nexus* is therefore simple. Then there were the events in China, patent enough to a Japanese: Germany settled in Shantung, Russia in Port Arthur. There was the Boxer outbreak of the summer of 1900, when the Japanese had an opportunity of studying Russian soldiers and were not impressed. There was Russia herself, supposed to be acting in concert with England and Japan, creeping over Manchuria behind a foggy cloud of assurances, advised by Prince Ukhtomsky, secretly backed by Germany, openly backed by France, and posing all the time as the friend of China. The record is remarkable. On the 7th of August, 1900, the Russian flag was hoisted on the right bank of the Amur by 'the Christ-loving warriors of the Czar' on the site of Sakhalin, burnt by the same warriors, and opposite Blagovestchensk. Priests blessed and consecrated the spot; on the 11th of September a cross was erected, a military post established, and a name conferred, 'Ilinski.' On the 19th of September General Matsiefsky was permitted to publish the Czar's assurance that no part of China should be annexed by Russia, and the St. Petersburg *Official Gazette* of the 1st of October said the consecration of Ilinski was only a temporary expedient 'intended to frighten the Chinese insurgents.' Then on the 6th of October the Russians seized the Niuchwang railway terminus. At the end of October Admiral Alexieff offered Li Hung-chang Russian 'protection' over the whole of Manchuria, for which the latter telegraphed his thanks to the Czar; and while the Christ-loving warriors were thus playing fast and loose with the Concert, the Russo-Chinese Bank was making Manchuria Russian with funds supplied by the Russian Government. Prince Ukhtomsky accomplished his mission before the end of the year, and Manchuria was fully occupied. But Russia had also to play her part as the friend of China. Therefore on the 28th of September she hastened to withdraw the bulk of her troops from the Legation in Peking; she restored the Tsungli Yamen to the Chinese; and Count von Waldersee, lost in admiration at Russia's magnanimity, divided between that country and himself the control of the Tientsin railways, built, owned, and worked by our own countrymen. Next month Russia, 'actuated by sincere friendship for China,' withdrew her assent to the Joint Note concerning the punishment of the guilty Boxer leaders, and the same friendship led her to disclose systematically to Li Hung-chang the confidential statements of the Ministers of the concerted Powers. France loyally supported her, though France too was of the Concert. In the case of the Preliminary Treaty, discussed by the Ministers at the beginning of November, the French and Russian representatives opposed the wishes of all the rest on the two important points of the revision of the commercial treaties and the punishment of officials.

When the indemnity question came to be discussed in May last year M. de Giers showed such tenderness for Manchu pensions and Imperial privileges that he was anxious to spare them at the expense of those countries of the Concert who import most goods into China. Throughout June and July he contrived to block proceedings in connection with the indemnity by making concerted action impossible.

The Concert, it is clear, was not a very harmonious one, but it served to show why it was so important to Russia to befriend China, and it proved that Japan and England could at any rate work harmoniously together. They were soon called upon to do so in regard to the Manchurian Convention. How many Manchurian Conventions before and after the Cassini Convention of September 1896 have been discussed, secretly or openly, between Russia and China, or between certain Russians and certain Chinese, it would be difficult to say. But a host of intricacies vanish if we confine our attention to the simple fact that the essential part of any Russo-Chinese Manchurian Convention, made without intervention on the part of any other Powers, is that Manchuria shall belong to Russia. All the rest is merely an attempt to get a little more than the surrender of that region on the part of one country, and an attempt to make it appear on paper a little less than complete surrender on the part of the other. The Manchurian Convention to which reference is now made was the Tseng-Alexeieff Agreement, of the 11th of November, 1900, of which versions were telegraphed to the *Times* of the 3rd of January and the 25th of February, 1901. It related to Fengtien, the province of Manchuria with which our own interests are most closely connected. These Conventions mark the beginning of what may be termed Russia's post-Navarino policy. Taken in connection with Baron Hayashi's remark quoted at the commencement of this article, the date is significant.

It was probably of the nature of a coincidence that, although on the 6th of February our Foreign Office knew that Russia was pressing for the immediate ratification of the Manchurian Convention, a Blue Book was issued on the 7th in which Count Lamsdorff's assurance, together with a pointed reference by him to the Czar's pledge, were sent out at length. It was an irony that Viscount Cranborne should have been driven to recount the Russian assurances in his speech of the 18th of February when we and other Powers had just been busily protesting against the imminent breach of them. But the *Times* correspondent at Peking continued to pour forth details of the new Convention, and no explanation has to this day been forthcoming either of the Czar's promise or of Count Lamsdorff's declarations. Perhaps no explanation was needed of the value of an assurance from the country in which Anna tore up the

Constitution ; which admitted the independence of the Crimea in 1774 to annex it in 1783 ; which continued to fight Turkey in 1828 ; which in 1873 distinguished so nicely with regard to Khiva between a promise and ' the communication of an intention ; ' which lavished upon us Imperial assurances—they were soon to become mere ' views '—relating to Port Arthur and Talienwan in 1898 ; to say nothing of Batoum, that ancient cudgel of the Anglo-Russian journalist. It is not suggested that Russia is to be blamed for making such promises or communications of intention, for if they conflict with her obvious interests who really supposes they would bind her ? The most solemn treaties will not bear that strain, and it is supposed to be the duty of statesmen to look through words to facts. In that respect Japan has consistently had the advantage of us in dealing with the Far Eastern question, and now England began to realise, as perhaps she had never expected to do, the value of Japanese assistance.

There is no doubt that the frustration of the signature was mainly due to Japan, aided by the Southern Viceroy, though the United States also joined us, not for the last time, in warning China not to sign the Convention, and Prince Ching, in March last year, openly expressed his thanks to the three Powers. He does not appear to have thanked Germany, though Germany, while making no mention of Manchuria, had been one of the first to protest. On the 15th of March the German Chancellor said to the Reichstag : ' As regards the future of Manchuria—really, gentlemen, I can imagine nothing which we regard with more indifference ! ' He had previously explained that the Anglo-German Agreement, signed also by Japan, did not cover Manchuria. These extraordinary statements—consistent, nevertheless, with the Waldersee transactions—were met by an official interchange of declarations on the parts of England and Japan to the effect that Manchuria was included in the Agreement. Vaguer statements of a similar nature were made, and repeated the other day, in Parliament. The counter reply is perhaps to be found in the *Figaro* communication of the 8th of May already mentioned.

Thus France, Germany, and Russia were combining to consummate the alliance which Baron Hayashi was negotiating in London. How the Convention was eventually redrafted and withdrawn, and how on the 6th of April the St. Petersburg *Official Gazette* was instructed to announce that the immediate evacuation of Manchuria had turned out to be impracticable, and that Russia ' *attendra avec calme la marche ultérieure des événements*, ' is within the memory of all. Meanwhile, in answer to Japanese inquiries, Russia had sent an official reply refusing to discuss Manchurian affairs, adding that the Convention was of a temporary nature and would be published when concluded. In June the Russian Minister at Peking informed

the Chinese Envoys that the Concert would end directly the Agreement had been signed, and that then China must treat with Russia alone. The Protocol recording the Agreement of the Powers and China was signed on the 7th of September last; within six weeks the *Times* correspondent was able to telegraph an outline of the revived Manchurian Convention. The text was published in the *Times* of the 11th of November, somewhat earlier than Russia had anticipated, for it had not yet been concluded. Marquis Ito reached London on the 24th of December. On the 27th of January of this year the *Times* announced that two Manchurian Conventions, one nominally on behalf of the Russo-Chinese Bank, were about to be signed; simultaneously on the 7th of February it was known that England, Japan, and the United States were jointly opposing the signature; and on the 11th of February the Anglo-Japanese Agreement of the 30th of January was published. The 11th of February—Kigensetsu—is a memorable day to the Japanese. It is the anniversary alike of the accession of their first Sovereign; of the promulgation of the new Constitution; and of the announcement of the betrothal of the Princess Sada-ko to the Crown Prince. A fourth event will henceforth swell its wealth of happy associations. That the secret was well kept in this country we have reason to be aware; it was equally well kept in Japan; for in November, when perhaps the Agreement may have been almost completed, the usually well informed *Japan Times* wrote: 'Japan does not believe in any understanding or alliance with Great Britain, or, for that matter, with any other European Power. Not that we distrust their good faith, but simply because we know that the Asiatic interests of European Powers, not excepting those even of Russia, are but secondary, whereas to us the Far East is everything.' It was not altogether surprising that the Japanese—who had supposed, like the Earl of Rosebery, that we might long ago have seen the inevitable drift of events as clearly as they themselves did—should have begun to despair of an alliance with this country.

If the foregoing narrative is sufficiently clear, it affords an answer to many of the somewhat shallow criticisms to which the Agreement has been subjected. Passing over Sir William Vernon Harcourt's debating society dilemma, it will be seen to be unnecessary to regard it as a threat to any particular Power. Such an Agreement is not a threat, but rather a joint delimitation of diplomatic boundaries. It will be seen that Korea, a country with which our trade is small, is of vital consequence to us because it is of vital consequence to Japan. It will seem, too, that, provided the door is kept open and no further aggression takes place, neither this country nor Japan will feel inclined to say officially rude things to Russia about Manchuria. That may give the clue to the meaning of the phrase *status quo* in ministerial explanations, and also to Baron Hayashi's statement that the Manchurian question is not acute. Further, it appears that the

alliance was inevitable. To those who complain that henceforth Japan can involve us in war this retrospect suggests a consolation. She could have done so before the alliance. For our own sakes, however such a war might have arisen, we must have intervened, and at the end of it we might have deemed it wise to exact terms from the country we had rescued. By the new Agreement we forego that privilege, and in return for this and some additional risk too slight to be estimated, Japan, to our great gain, takes upon herself in respect to us an obligation we already bore in respect to her. In a dark hour we may hope that light has come to us from the Land of the Rising Sun, while our star once more rises in the East :

Redit a nobis aurora diemque reducit,  
Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis  
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

Happy will it be for the Japanese and us if in the future men shall couple with these lines, as Pitt on that memorable April morning of 1792 did with the last two of them, this other passage from the same poet :

His demum exactis, . . . .  
Devenere locos laetos et amoena vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.  
Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit  
Purpureo.

H. N. G. BUSHBY.

## THE TREATMENT OF UNTRIED PRISONERS

IN Mr. Barry O'Brien's *Life of Lord Russell of Killowen* special interest attaches to the story of the early struggles of the future Lord Chief Justice. So friendless and unknown was he when he came to London as a law student that he had to appeal to a stranger, an East End Irishman, to 'sign his bond' for admission to Lincoln's Inn, and at that time it was that the following incident occurred. I give it in the biographer's own words :

One evening Russell was at the Haymarket Theatre. On the fall of the curtain he stood at the corner of the pit to have a look at the house. Two men were near him. Suddenly someone cried out, 'I am robbed; I have lost my watch, and these three men have it!' The idea struck Russell, 'If one of these men has the watch, he may slip it into my pocket.' He put his hand behind, pressed his pocket, and exclaimed: 'Good Heavens! they have done it; there is the watch!' The police arrived upon the scene; the two men and Russell were walked out. 'What can I do?' thought Russell; 'no explanation that I can give will get rid of the fact that a stolen watch is in my pocket!'

The trick which Russell dreaded is a common one with thieves. Some years ago at a church bazaar in Lincoln, held under Episcopal patronage, the alarm was given that a thief was at work, and two of the visitors had lost their purses. Neither the thief nor the stolen money could be traced, but the empty purses were afterwards found in the Bishop's pocket. Now, in the case of any person of name or fame such an episode would be matter only of amusement. But not so with a friendless and impecunious stranger; and, if Mr. O'Brien has the soul of a novelist, it must have cost him a pang to be obliged to write the sequel: 'He put his hand into his pocket and found—his snuff-box! One of the other men had the watch.' I resent such a prosaic ending to such a dramatic incident, and I picture to myself the young law student at Vine Street Police Station contemplating the wreck of all his dreams of wealth and fame when the police searcher dives into his pocket and produces the incriminating watch. And as, albeit I am romancing, my object is most practical, I abandon at once the Russell date of 1856, and suppose the event to happen in this present year of grace.

Here, then, is an innocent man charged with a grave offence, and seemingly compelling evidence of guilt is found upon him. 'Compelling evidence,' I say; for, though the facts are similar to those of the Bishop's case, the circumstances are wholly different. Poverty is no crime, but, human nature being what it is, it tempts to crime; and, therefore, facts that would carry no weight in the case of a man of means and of known position or character, have a terrible significance in the case of one who is penniless and friendless.

And let it not be forgotten that there are offences of such a kind that to plead the possession of a balance at the bankers', and of a wide circle of friends, affords no answer to them. I here recall an incident that happened to myself two-and-thirty years ago. Being detained in London by official business far on into the summer, I took rooms at Norwood. Arriving late one night at the Crystal Palace station, I made for my lodgings 'at the double.' I soon discovered that I was being pursued by a constable. Two ladies who had travelled in the same train accused me of having grossly insulted them. I hurried back to the station, and there my accusers identified me as the delinquent, but absolutely refused to prosecute the charge. They were in such an hysterical condition that they could scarcely be induced to look at me at all, and then after a hurried glance they said they knew me by my clothes. As I had travelled in a compartment by myself, there was only my own word against theirs; and if they had pressed the charge I do not see how I could have escaped being locked up. In any case, my position was a perilous and painful one; and, but that a happy accident enabled me to put the police upon the track of the real offender, the stigma of the accusation might have rested on me to the present hour.

This digression will assist to enforce my warning that there are charges to which neither money nor friends can supply an adequate defence. But I return to my impecunious and friendless law student, from whose pocket a stolen watch has just been extracted. He protests his innocence of course; but every thief does that, and one who has studied the part does it with special plausibility. He appeals to Lincoln's Inn and his East-End surety; but the Inn and the surety know nothing save that he is an indigent Irishman, and that could scarcely be accepted as a defence in a case of felony. The charge is taken as a matter of course, and in the circumstances no police officer who knows his business would hesitate for a moment to lock him up.

Now, up to this point he is merely the hapless victim of untoward circumstances. No human wisdom or foresight can prevent such blunders. Here is an innocent man charged with a serious crime in circumstances which demand his being detained until he can be brought before a magistrate. Where, and how, is he to spend the four

and thirty hours from Saturday night until the sitting of the court on Monday morning? At this stage we must distinguish between the legitimate requirements of the law and the manner in which these requirements are carried into effect. If we could foresee that he is a Lord Chief Justice in embryo it is hard to say what heroic action might not be taken; but, the facts being as they are, a police-station cell is his lodging for the two nights and the whole of Sunday. Now, were I writing a romance, my changing the date to 1902 would be a stupid blunder. If Charles Russell had been really locked up on the night of his adventure, his account of the Vine Street cells of those days, and of the way in which prisoners were treated, would have been indeed a thrilling story. But in all these matters we are greatly in advance of half a century ago. The question here, however, is a far wider and more important one than that of the actual condition of the police cells and the 'lock-up' houses of this country. If we might assume that they were generally equal to the best of them, and in keeping with our modern ideas—a wholly baseless supposition—it would only clear the ground for a discussion whether modern ideas take account of cases of the kind I have indicated.

The difficulties of the problem are undoubtedly very great. Ordinary police cells are fairly suited to ordinary cases, and the vast majority of cases are ordinary. Then, again, we are confronted here, as in almost every question of penology, with pseudo-maxims that are supposed to be an end of controversy. For it is not merely in the religious sphere that the minds of men are governed by venerable errors and superstitions. Among these sham maxims a prominent place must be given to the pretentious aphorism that the law presumes every one to be innocent till he is proved to be guilty. As a matter of fact, this is either a useless platitude or a mischievous error. An error, because it is in opposition to the Prevention of Crimes code, to which we owe so much in our present-day war with criminals; and mischievous, because in claiming equality of treatment of all untried prisoners it operates to the prejudice of the really innocent, just as promiscuous charity hurts the deserving poor. This will come up again. Suffice it here to say that the common-sense of the community is on the side of the growing practice of discriminating between those who have been previously convicted and those who have no criminal antecedents.

And, even within the former class, equality of treatment may be a practical outrage. I recall a Dublin story about a man whom I knew by repute long ago as being both a dandy and a scamp. Locked up over-night for some after-dinner escapade, he found himself next morning in the police van beside a fat and dirty 'drunk and disorderly' female, who lurched heavily against him with every jolt of the conveyance—in those days the vans were not fitted with



separate compartments. Roused at last by his indignant and peremptory remonstrances, she hiccupped back, 'Shure, I've as much right to be here as you !' A verminous tramp, or a chimney-sweep fresh from his work, has 'as much right' to be in a lock-up as the cleanest and best dressed man that ever knocked down a policeman ; but whether it is right to compel the dandy to rub up against such neighbours is another matter. The plain fact is that fear of the well-known taunt about one law for the rich and another law for the poor is responsible for much injustice and wrong. *Summum jus, summa injuria*, is a genuine maxim that may be diverted to help us here. Perfect equity is impossible in human punishments, but our efforts should always tend in that direction ; and an environment which may be to one person so commonplace as not even to interest him may be a cause of real torture to another.

But all this, though it bears upon my main subject, is none the less a digression. The fact which claims our attention is that absolutely innocent persons are sometimes charged with crime. Such cases are happily rare, but that is no reason for ignoring them. And we have the further fact that in a considerable number of cases accused persons are entitled to be regarded as innocent until their guilt has been legally established. I have already noticed that the Prevention of Crimes Acts practically shift this presumption in certain cases. In one sense, of course, and for certain purposes, the presumption always obtains. Indeed, one difficulty in promoting a reform such as I am advocating will be the strong prejudice which certain minds always feel against anyone who is brought up on a criminal charge. I remember an Irish Bar story of a provincial jury to whom the Judge left a hopelessly shattered case with the remark that he presumed they would have no difficulty in dealing with it. Without a moment's hesitation they found the prisoner guilty ; and when the Judge asked them with amazement what they meant, the foreman exclaimed, 'But, whatever would he be here for if he wasn't guilty, my Lord ?'

There are some people who are ready to lynch anyone who is charged with crime, just as there are other people whose maudlin sympathy for criminals seems to be only increased by proof of their guilt. But the question here is whether our present arrangements and methods in dealing with unconvicted prisoners commend themselves to fair and sensible men, who view the subject without prejudice or passion, and with full knowledge of the practical difficulties of dealing with it. We may clear the ground at once by admitting that, if there must be equal treatment for all untried prisoners without distinction, no important changes are practicable. But it would be in harmony with the principle of the Prevention of Crimes Acts to hold that an accused person shall be presumed to

have no criminal antecedents unless there be reason to believe the contrary. And this 'unless' involves no serious difficulty. Questions of the kind, which a dozen faddists round a table would spend a week over, are daily decided wisely and well by experienced police officers in the course of their ordinary duty. Mistakes will occur of course. But the risk of a few unpreventable blunders is no valid objection to important reforms.

An actual case is always apter than a hypothetical one. Some years ago complaints of watch-snatching in the neighbourhood of Bond Street led to special measures to deal with the offence. I sent a couple of men there, made up for the part, to catch the thieves. Within a day or two one of these officers heard a 'hue and cry' in an adjoining street, and met a man bolting round the corner. He joined the fugitive, and in thieves' slang asked him the cause of his flight. 'I've sneaked a red 'un,' he promptly replied; which, being interpreted, meant that he had stolen a gold watch. As a true, 'pal' the officer offered to keep it for him, and the offer was gladly accepted. All this was a matter of seconds, and the sequel does not need telling. But will anyone outside an idiot asylum suggest that the thief should have been regarded as innocent until his guilt was proved in a Court of Justice? You might as well hold that the police are to assume that a man who is locked up for drunkenness is sober until a magistrate has decided upon the evidence that he was drunk. If common-sense is given scope it makes short work of doctrinaire maxims and theories. They remind one of that very old story of the man who was wounded in a sea fight and pronounced by the naval surgeon to be dead. He recovered consciousness just as he was about to be thrown overboard, and, taking in the situation in an instant, he exclaimed that he wasn't dead. 'Just like you,' said the petty officer who had charge of the job—'just like you; as if *you* knew better than the doctor!' There is sometimes a direct way of getting at facts which brings more moral certainty even than the authorised way.

In all ordinary cases where a person is accused of crime there is no moral doubt that he committed the offence charged, and the only question open is whether legal evidence is forthcoming to ensure his conviction. But cases of another kind are not infrequent. From time to time persons are charged with crime in circumstances which entitle them to be regarded as innocent until their guilt is established, but which require also that they shall be detained pending the decision of a competent court. And ought not the imprisonment of such persons to be so regulated as to avoid all unnecessary suffering or humiliation? To which question I will bluntly add another: Will any well-informed person pretend for a moment that our present methods comply with these conditions?

My experience in prison and police administration ought to be a

guarantee that I realise the difficulties of making any adequate reforms in this connection. But difficulties are not insurmountable. In rural communities the chief difficulty would be in making and maintaining provision for cases which would be very exceptional and rare. But in great centres of population difficulties of this kind would be of no account. In London the whole problem would resolve itself into a question of expense. There is no reason why first-class police stations should not contain suitable accommodation for such cases. And if after the police-court hearing, the accused, though remanded in custody, is still found to be entitled to the presumption of innocence, there is no necessity for his being carted to gaol in the same van with felons and 'drunks,' and still less reason why, when he reaches the gaol, he should be immured in a punishment cell.

This last word opens up a wider question than the treatment of untried prisoners. As a matter of fact, with some few exceptions, our prisons contain no other kind of cells. It is not that the cells are not large enough. They are larger and far better ventilated than the 'study' rooms provided for our boys in the older buildings of some of our public schools. But what distinguishes a prison cell from every other sort of apartment designed for a human habitation is that all view of external nature such as might soothe and possibly elevate the mind is with elaborate care excluded. The treatment of prisoners in former times was barbarous, but it was at least intelligent. Its whole purpose was punishment, and the punishment was thorough and drastic. But in this shallow and conceited age we pride ourselves that we are not as our fathers were. Our great aim in prison discipline is the reformation of the offender; and with a stupidity that would be amusing if the matter were not so serious we wantonly deprive a prisoner of the good influences that God's world of nature is so well fitted to exert upon him. 'The heavens declare His glory, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork;' but our prison cells are specially designed to shut out their testimony; and with the smug Pharisaism so characteristic of the age we pride ourselves on our philanthropy, and we boast of supplying our criminals with goody books and religion (turned on like the water and the gas) to elevate and reform them.

I am no advocate for pampering and petting a criminal. It is right that the very furniture of his cell, and the routine of his daily life, should unceasingly impress on him that crime brings punishment. But to shut him up in a cell where he cannot look out upon land and sky is on a par with flogging him. I would place him in a punishment cell, and flog him too, if he deserved it and some competent authority directed it. But to make this his daily discipline is unworthy of an enlightened age. I suppose there are men so constituted or so brutalised that the want of a window would

be a matter of indifference to them. As for myself, I think it would drive me mad. I have already committed the indiscretion of telling how near I came to being locked up on one occasion. I will cap my indiscretion by narrating how I was actually locked up upon another occasion. It is one incident in a story that may not be told just yet. When the Irish Fenian outbreak occurred in March 1867, and the Special Commission which followed it was approaching, the case for the Crown against the principal offenders was found to be weak through want of certain technical proof which our law of evidence requires. The Government sought my aid in the matter, and I set myself to the task of obtaining the necessary evidence. Armed with a permit to see all the prisoners without any restrictions, I repaired one morning to Kilmainham Gaol. I took the Governor into my confidence, though no one else was in the secret; and after visiting a number of the men, and taking notes of their complaints or appeals, I left the prison as openly as I had entered it. But, returning by the Governor's house during the officers' dinner-hour, I was smuggled unobserved into the cell of the man I indicated. I remember well the Governor's remonstrance when I enjoined upon him not to come back until after locking-up time. I was determined that neither the public, nor even the police, should get an inkling of my mission; and so I refused to listen to the Governor's warning that I was entering on an ordeal of a kind I little realised. So long as I was occupied with the task that had brought me there, I was quite indifferent to the surroundings. But my work was done three hours before the time I had myself fixed for my release; and for those three long hours I had experience of a prisoner's lot. The cell was larger than a compartment of a railway carriage, and my seat was no harder than in those days the L. & N.-W. Railway Company provided for their second-class passengers; as I had often proved in my trips to London to 'keep my terms' for the Bar. Why, then, were three hours in that cell such an ordeal? For a real ordeal the experience proved; and it required all my powers of self-command to dissemble my delight when my friend the Governor re-appeared. The one and only thing which distinguished that cell from any other barely furnished closet room was that the aperture that passed for a window was, as in every prison cell, placed high up near the ceiling, and obscured glass prevented even the sight which it might otherwise have given of a few square yards of sky. I fancied as I sat there that if only it were night, and I had artificial light, I could forget that miserable window and be at my ease; but in the daylight I could not get away from it. I seemed to be in a pit. There was no want of air, and yet I felt smothered. My nerves would not have long stood the strain of it.

And yet in my case there were none of the elements which add bitterness to imprisonment. I was not a prisoner. My thoughts

could dwell on my position not only without misgiving or alarm, but with the utmost satisfaction. My mission had succeeded beyond my expectations. My prisoner had given me not only all the evidence required to make the coming trials a success, but he had made a full disclosure of all he knew about the Fenian leaders in America. He had come to Ireland in good faith, relying on the truth of all they had told him, and his indignation was deep at discovering that they were a set of lying swindlers. Instead, therefore, of having any cause for depression, I had good reason to feel elated; for I had in my pocket not only a satisfactory brief for the Law Officers, but a very valuable report for the Government—a report which the Chief Secretary brought with him to a Cabinet Council on the following Saturday. And notwithstanding all this, I suffered from a feeling of depression which deepened as the time went on, and which in my case at least would have ultimately become unbearable.<sup>1</sup>

Now on what ground can we justify the use of cells such as I have described, in the case of those who are entitled to the presumption of innocence? Indeed, I might go further and ask whether it be politic or right to make use of them for the imprisonment of those who, though convicted of crime, are committed expressly with a view to their amendment and reformation.

When a few years ago I went the round of all the Paris prisons, nothing so impressed me as the manifest lapse from humanity and common-sense to stupidity and barbarism which marked the transition from the oldest of their gaols to the newest and most modernised. In the latter, the cells were built on the plan with which we are familiar, and of which we are so proud in England. The whole structure pays homage to the stupid punishment-of-crime cult, together with the old Pagan gnosticism which men once mistook for a transcendental phase of Christianity, and which ensnared them by the delusion that asceticism meant saintship, and that the means by which it was obtained was complete isolation from the external world. Once I left the Governor's apartments I never got one glimpse of the open sky until, my visit over, I passed from the prison into the glorious sunshine of a summer day. In the older prison, which was then devoted to females, I came upon groups of young women sitting at their appointed tasks. Through the open

<sup>1</sup> As malicious tongues are glib, I ought not, perhaps, to turn away from this incident without saying, first, that my position in the matter was that of a barrister, called in to assist the Crown in a confidential capacity. When the outbreak occurred I was on circuit, and a telegram from the Attorney-General recalled me to Dublin. But I did not hold a brief at the trials which followed. And, secondly, I should like to add that the prisoner referred to regarded me ever afterwards as a true friend. He used to write to me at intervals, and the last letter I had from him gave proof that the lapse of years had not lessened his gratitude to me. I am of opinion that if a criminal becomes penitent, his chief duty is not to his fellow-criminals, but to his fellow-citizens and the State, and I never despise a man who acts on this principle.

windows, which were heavily barred of course, but wide and large, the inmates looked out on trees, and grass plots, and flower beds, bright with sunlight, and enlivened with more birds than I ever saw in any other open space in Paris. And I should add, with each group there was, in addition to the prison officer, a lady visitor who read to them as they worked. It chanced to be one of the hours set apart for that special relaxation.

Here I anticipate an outcry in certain quarters against making prisoners too comfortable, and making prisons attractive. The danger is a real one, and care must be taken to avoid it. But anyone who supposes that in the case of the young, for example, detention in a prison can be anything but bitter, knows little of human nature. And further, there are other ways of making prison life a punishment than by shutting out light and sunshine. Moreover, I maintain that to punish criminals by deliberately depriving them of influences fitted to soften and humanise them, is not only false in principle, but practically barbarous. If sensible people had sense enough not to be swayed by sentimental nonsense, legitimate punishments of a wholesome kind would be used more freely, especially with the young; and prison discipline might be modified with a view to benefit the prisoner and to make him more fit, instead of, as so often at present, less fit, for his return to liberty.

But behind these general controversies there looms a question of a most definite and practical kind which should be kept steadily in view in regard to every commitment: With what object is the accused sent to prison? It cannot be deemed unreasonable to expect that any man who holds the important and responsible position of a magistrate or a judge shall be prepared to answer that question in the case of every prisoner who leaves his court for a gaol. And according to the answer given the treatment of the prisoner should be regulated. I do not mean, of course, that each individual should have a separate discipline any more than that he should have a special diet; but that prisoners should be classified according to the main purpose with which they are committed, and that the discipline should be aimed at the realisation of that purpose. I am not overlooking recent changes in this direction, especially in regard to youthful offenders. On the contrary, the knowledge of them leads me to the belief that official sanction would be gladly given to still more thorough reforms if public opinion could be educated to the point of demanding them.

And I would add in perfect sincerity that when it comes to working out the details of such reforms, the present Prison Administration contains men who are better fitted for the task than I can pretend to be. In these matters the hindrance to reform is not what it used to be, the *vis inertiae* of a heavy and stupid officialism. The difficulty depends largely upon the way the public allow themselves to be

drawn this way or that by petty cliques of noisy agitators—the advocates of unreasoning severity on the one hand, and of unreasoning leniency on the other, those who are indignant at any suggestion to alleviate a criminal's lot, and the humanity-mongers whose maudlin sympathy is unbounded for every scoundrel who gets some little share of his deserts. I am not pleading for heroic measures of any kind either in the one direction or the other. All I ask is that reason and common-sense shall prevail in this matter.

If experienced criminal judges were appealed to, they would indicate specially certain classes of criminals in regard to whom their wishes and intentions are thwarted by our present methods. Among these there is, first, the hardened offender who is sent to prison in order to protect the community from his depredations. A sentence of penal servitude must bear some reasonable relation to the prisoner's crime; but if in such cases it were lawful to impose a definite term of penal servitude, to be followed by an indefinite term of detention in what I have called an asylum prison, a Judge could give effect to his desire to protect society without undue severity to the criminal. This I have dealt with in previous articles; and the notable confirmation of my views contained in Mr. Justice Wills's letter to the *Times* of the 21st of February 1901 makes it unnecessary for me to pursue it. But a similar element obtains in cases of a wholly different kind. There are cases in which a Judge reluctantly passes a sentence of imprisonment because the nature of the crime, or possibly the circumstances of the criminal, are such that he does not feel justified in adopting the merciful course of handing him over to the care of a philanthropist. Now, in passing sentence in cases of this character, the governing thought in the mind of a humane Judge is not punishment but reformation. The element of punishment cannot be ignored; but it should be regarded not as an end but merely as a means to an end, namely reform. The main object which the Judge has in view in sending such an offender to prison is that he may be brought under influences fitted to affect his character and change his course of life. And this being so, will anyone defend the practice of immuring such a prisoner in one of our modern and approved prison cells? Our aim should be to raise him out of himself and above himself; and the way we go about it is to lodge him in a cell which is specially constructed to turn his thoughts back upon himself, and to set him brooding upon all that is morbid and evil and impure in his nature.

I am prepared to find that others will not share the strong opinion I personally hold upon this general question. But when I turn back to the special subject of this article, who will be found to justify the incarceration in such cells of innocent persons wrongly accused of crime, or of persons who admittedly are entitled to be looked upon as innocent? I maintain dogmatically that no one should

ever be sent to prison in the aimless and unintelligent way in which so many offenders are at present committed. Every committal should be with some definite and justifiable object; whether it be the prisoner's punishment, or his reformation, or merely his detention, or some combination of these. But in the cases here in view the principle I thus contend for is universally accepted. An untried prisoner who is entitled to the presumption of innocence is locked up for no other purpose than to ensure his presence to answer a pending charge and possibly to prevent his taking any action which would prejudice the result. This last consideration, though often lost sight of, may be of great importance. There are cases, for example, in which bail is refused, not so much to prevent the accused from absconding, as to prevent his dealing with the property involved in the charge. And in such cases the main purpose of the commitment would be thwarted if the prisoner were allowed free intercourse with his friends. But this only lends emphasis to the general principle I contend for, that the purpose of the commitment should govern the treatment of the prisoner, and therefore that in these cases every unnecessary indignity and hardship should be avoided.

What possible justification, then, I again demand, can there be for immuring such a prisoner in one of our existing prison cells? If access must be refused to his friends, there is all the more reason for giving him the relaxation of light and air, and a sight of nature or life beyond the prison walls. The Civil Service clerks of the last generation used to beguile the tedium of their many idle hours by counting the cabs that passed up and down Whitehall, or the horses of one colour or another. But even this recreation is denied to an unfortunate prisoner who is supposed to be as innocent as a Government clerk. And let no one suppose that this is a class question. Of course the treatment of an untried prisoner ought in certain respects to depend on his ordinary habits of life. But in this matter it is not a question of distinguishing rich from poor, but the innocent, whether in fact or by presumption of law, from those who have been convicted of crime. Under our present system, money can obtain for untried prisoners some, at least, of the comforts they are used to in ordinary life, and a supply of books may afford a cultured mind not only relief but enjoyment. But what of those who have no such resources? I have known of prisoners who cared so little for the discipline of a *real* 'punishment cell'—a cell absolutely dark, and with no furniture but a plank to lie on—that they have pretended to be sorry when their punishment term expired. But there are many among the toiling classes who have active brains and highly-strung nerves; and to those incarceration in a semi-dungeon would be more maddening even than to persons who could find the relief which a well-stored mind affords.

There are only two practical questions involved in the reform



I am advocating. The one is the expense of the necessary structural alterations in our prisons; and the other the safe custody of the prisoners. The former question does not concern me here. And, as for the other, no one can imagine that there would be any difficulty in furnishing a window with bars that would baffle even an expert prison-breaker. Indeed, I might press the point to a grotesque extreme, and suggest that a prison window might be made a model of æsthetic art. On one occasion, when the House of Commons prison rooms were being got ready for use—it was Mr. Bradlaugh who was expected to qualify himself for residence in them—the late Serjeant-at-Arms brought me with him to inspect them. I was surprised and charmed at finding a prison that had nothing of the prison about it. And Sir Ralph Gosset told me that when he was first appointed to the House, his official residence not being ready, he lived in the prison rooms for months, and found them very comfortable. But this by the way. There are thousands of windows in London that would defy a trained burglar, and where a man cannot break in he cannot break out. The plea that the safe custody of prisoners can be assured only by the use of cells is simply preposterous. And in the case of a prisoner of the class here in question, if it be unnecessary it is unjustifiable.

Any orthodox treatise on the treatment of criminals should begin by recounting the barbarities of bygone days. Though I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I predict that the time will come when the writers of such treatises will score a point by describing the prison cells in use in England at the beginning of the twentieth century. It is by no means certain that a more enlightened age than ours may not return to capital punishment for crimes of a certain sort, in respect of which it is now discarded. I commit myself to no prophecy on that score. But I am confident that in the prison of the future cells like those in vogue to-day will be used only as 'punishment cells.' One of the horrors of war in ancient times was the practice of putting out a prisoner's eyes. Our method of shutting out from a prisoner the external world is not so barbarous; but the difference is one of degree. Some who will read these pages know nothing of the structure of a gaol. When next they find themselves upon a Calais steamer, let them glance up at the disused prison on Dover Cliffs, and realise that all those rows of cells are so designed as to prevent their inmates from seeing the English Channel. If this were entirely on a par with depriving them of beer and tobacco—if it had no hardening effect, and if Nature had no voice, no message for the human heart—then it would be entirely justifiable and right. There may be gaols, moreover, where no outlook could be given that might not be deemed unsuitable. But this is a purely incidental difficulty. Here in Dover Prison, if the cells on the southern side were fitted with

windows extending from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling, the prisoner could look on nothing but sea and sky, and, in Nature's brighter moods, the far-off coast of France. And the prospect might well make him pine for liberty with moistened eyes, instead of with clenched teeth and knitted brow.

Just as the leaders of the Reformation in Germany and England were unconsciously under the spell of the very superstitions they condemned, and against which they revolted, so the minds of the enlightened men who built our modern prisons were warped by the traditions of other days. It behoves us to shake ourselves free from those traditions, and to prepare the way for wise and liberal reforms in prison construction and in the treatment of our prisoners. Such reforms will certainly come. Let us anticipate them by just and generous changes in our treatment of those who have such special claims for consideration. They are comparatively few in number, and yet numerous enough to demand attention. It would be easy to promote an agitation on their behalf by sensational appeals to sentiment. But the appeal I wish to make is addressed not to the sympathies of philanthropists of the hysterical order, but to the judgment of thoughtful sober-minded men. And to them I submit my theses: first, that prisoners of the special class I have indicated ought not to be subjected to any avoidable element of suffering or indignity or even discomfort; and, secondly, that if this principle be accepted our present treatment of them is indefensible.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

*THE APOSTLE OF MEDIOCRITY*

THE great name of William Makepeace Thackeray recalls a whole literature. His place is assured, if not defined, and the ready mental classification which passes with us for criticism has at least decided that Mr. Thackeray's works must be placed in the same room, if not on the same shelf, as the works of Shakespeare. The two men have much in common. Both matured late, and both died early—at the age of fifty-two. Both men took all mankind for their study. It is as fair to speak of the 'pell-mell of the men and women of Thackeray' as it is to speak, as Matthew Arnold did, of the 'pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare.'

We are permitted to criticise Shakespeare and other giants, but we are not permitted to criticise Mr. Thackeray. We may say that Milton had no sense of humour, or that Michael Angelo was no colourist; we may limit the empire of Tennyson's genius by saying that his dramas will not move; we may say that Guido Reni was an uninspired expert; and that Turner could not draw the figure; but we may not criticise Mr. Thackeray. In all provinces of his art he must be admitted to be as perfect as the strolling players of *Hamlet*. Yet one hesitates to accept the judgment which two generations of Mr. Thackeray's adorers have imposed on mankind. Milton and Turner and Michael Angelo were as great men in their way as Mr. Thackeray, and we have found some limitation to the genius of each one of them. Let us, then, find some point of view from which we can regard Mr. Thackeray with complete mental detachment, and see if there be any bounds to the empire of his genius; not that we may admire the less, but that we may admire the more; that we may renounce gaping and inarticulate astonishment, and exchange it for intelligent admiration and intelligent delight.

It being already postulated that Mr. Thackeray is perfect, it will naturally be denied that such a point of view exists. So we cannot even take up our point of view without a struggle. But if Mr. Thackeray is perfect, his artistic perfection will be apparent from any point of view. Let us, then, place ourselves in the twenty-second century, and, looking back, inquire, 'How far did Mr. Thackeray represent the social life of his century?' This question is highly

contentious, for, if Thackeray was nothing else, he was a keen social observer, and, inasmuch as his narrative style was as near perfection as possible, all the conditions would appear to be fulfilled. Let it be so; we will, then, contemplate perfection from the distance of two hundred years, and see how it looks.

The social life of any century is made up of men and women and institutions. In any century of English history an early question, if not the first question, must be, What was the position of the Church? We can hardly do better, to begin with, than inquire how far Mr. Thackeray's presentation of the Church is trustworthy. There are many clergymen in his six novels. These are some of them: the Rev. Mr. Crisp (fresh from Oxford), the Rev. Otto Rose, the Rev. Mr. Shamble, 'an erratic Anglican divine, hired for the season at places of English resort, and addicted to debts, drinking, and even roulette'; the Rev. Tufton Hunt, of whom we read, 'the tipsy parson reeled from bar to bar'; the Rev. Mr. Muffin, the Rev. Mr. Flowerdew, the Rev. Bute Crawley, the Rev. Silas Hornblower, the Rev. Mr. Tuffin, the Rev. Mr. Trail (Bishop of Ealing—note the suggestion of crawling and wriggling), the Venerable Archdeacon Trumper (a great whist player), the Rev. Laurence Veal, the Rev. Felix Rabbits, the Rev. Mr. Muff (travelling on the Continent with Milor Noodle). Nonconforming creeds have their representatives: the Rev. Giles Jowls, the illuminated cobbler, and the Rev. Luke Waters, a mild Wesleyan. One might extend the list considerably, but it is safe to affirm that there are no clerical names (except that of Laura Bell's father) in Mr. Thackeray's novels that do not carry a meaning either ludicrous or discreditable. We have incidents producing the same effect, such as 'turtle and champagne fit for an Archbishop,' or the delight which Fred Bayham's uncle the Bishop took in hearing his nephew imitate people being sick at sea; but we have no incident reflecting anything but dishonour on the Church, except perhaps in the 'Haunt' there was a 'fellow of very kind feeling who has gone into the Church since.' It will be rejoined that these are trifles—straws; granted, although there are a good many straws, and they all blow in the same direction. But we have, in addition, six full-length portraits of clergymen. The Church of the nineteenth century is represented by the Rev. Charles Honeyman and the Rev. Tufton Hunt. Charles Honeyman was the perfect type of the clerical humbug. He was untruthful, shift, luxurious, and half-educated. To associate the idea of sacred functions with such a man, or with any of the other five men whose portraits Mr. Thackeray has given in full, is mere profanation. The Rev. Tufton Hunt was a criminal, a blackmailer, and a drunkard. The Rev. Bute Crawley, an underbred, ignorant man, noisily vaunted his birth and position, drank too much, backed his foolish opinions on horseflesh and lost heavily. He could not have been anything but a

burden to his family and his parish, and a discredit to his calling. The Church of the nineteenth century sprang from that of the eighteenth century, which is represented by Parson Sampson, domestic chaplain to the Castlewood family. Parson Sampson was everything that a priest ought not to be. He was a gossip, a gambler (not a very honest gambler), a sycophant, not without good nature, but wholly a worldling—a clumsy English version of the pre-Revolutionary Abbé.

The Church of the seventeenth century is represented by the Reverend Robert Tusher, an even more unworthy priest than Parson Sampson. Dr. Tusher was a boorish creature, clumsily and unsuccessfully amorous, pompous, ignorant, and underbred. His son (who was at Cambridge with Henry Esmond) had a long and successful career owing to his undignified complacency in consenting to marry a lady of high birth but damaged reputation. His character is given in one matchless touch: 'he accepted the Thirty-Nine Articles with all his heart, and would have signed and sworn to other nine and thirty with entire obedience.'

If, then, we are to imagine (say) a candidate for examination replying (some time in the twenty-second century) to the question: 'What was the status of the English Church in the nineteenth century as seen in Mr. Thackeray's works?' his answer may be not unreasonably foretold in the following words: 'The English Church in the nineteenth century was officered by incompetent and underbred men. The prelates were men destitute of taste, of gross habits and worldly ideals (examples—the Bishop of Ealing, the Bishop of Bullocksmithy, Fred Bayham's uncle), and the rank and file were either foolish drudges or men of second-rate capacity who entered the Church with the view of advancing themselves in life (examples in plenty). The Church of the nineteenth century is further represented as springing by natural development from the disorderly institutions of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries. Charles Honeyman is the feeble descendant of the Sampsons and TusHERs, who were themselves the last expression of sturdy vulgarity.'

Now let us imagine that the candidate is being examined orally upon his own paper. 'I perceive, sir,' the examiner may be presumed to say, 'that you have studied Mr. Thackeray's novels with some attention. I infer from your answer that the Church in the nineteenth century was in the last stage of decadence. It probably maintained a sort of position by expending the revenues laid up for it in pious times, but was wholly without influence on the life of the nation?'

'By no means. It was probably never more flourishing. Countless new and beautiful churches, with at least one beautiful cathedral, were built.'

'That may be, but from what resources?' 'From the subscriptions of the faithful.' 'Do you mean that the English people supported the English Church?' 'Enthusiastically.' 'They must have been a pitiful set of hounds?' 'Not at all; whatever else was lacking to the Englishman of the nineteenth century, he was not lacking in vigour and in courage.' 'Explain yourself, sir, pray.' 'I merely state the facts. There were two great centres of spiritual life in England in the nineteenth century—Oxford and Clapham. The devotees of the Clapham school of thought had a burning sense of the intimate relationship of man and his Creator. They held firmly to the responsibility of man, for every action of his life, to the Almighty. This perfectly genuine conviction produced a strenuous attitude in the affairs of daily life, which gave rise to the sneer that piety and profit went hand in hand. (Mr. Thackeray is careful to point out that Mr. Newcome refused a baronetcy because the Quaker connection would not like it.) They were ardent supporters of missionary effort. Perhaps those efforts were not always very successful, but they represented much honest Christian endeavour. Mr. Thackeray was aware of all this, and has given, as usual, all that was ludicrous or discreditable in missionary effort in his allusions to the mission to the Cocoanut Indians and to the Quashyboos, to the society for providing the Fiji Islanders with warming-pans, and in the parodied hymn:—

Lead us to some sunny isle  
Yonder in the western deep,  
Where the skies for ever smile  
And the blacks for ever weep.

The Clapham devotees were little sensible to external beauty; they worshipped in ugly buildings, and derided the Apostolical Succession. The tendency of the age gradually told against them, and in favour of the Oxford school, which was of a different type, though not possessed of greater fervour.

'The Oxford school maintained the tradition of divinely descended gifts through the episcopate from the Redeemer Himself. Consequently it had a proud and vivid consciousness of the bygone glories of the Church, and gladly studied the record of deceased and almost forgotten saints. (Mr. Thackeray chooses as illustrations the funny names of Botibol and Willibald, and alludes sarcastically to the "Feast of Saint So-and-so or the Vigil of Saint What-d'ye-call'im.") It believed, even more fervently than the Clapham school, in the efficacy of prayer. (We are informed that Lord Rosherville's daughter turned her cupboard into an oratory.) It pressed into the service of God every art and every talent of man; calling for the best from all men. The consequence was a revival of many arts. Working in stone, marble, and wood, and in the base and precious metals, stained glass, architecture itself, received from the Church an

incalculable impetus. The officers of the Church of all schools were worthy of inspiring so many and great efforts. Illustrious contributions to every branch of knowledge were made by Churchmen. Kingsley and Arnold influenced profoundly the lives of millions of English-speaking people: Stanley probably influenced as many. The unsung devotion of thousands of town and country clergy often merited canonisation itself.

‘There is nothing of all this in Mr. Thackeray’s novels.’ ‘Nothing whatever: there is nothing there except what was ludicrous or discreditable.’ ‘I infer then, sir, that so far as the Church is concerned Mr. Thackeray’s work is not in your opinion representative of the nineteenth century?’ ‘What he wrote was true; very likely his characters were portraits. But if we ask “Does he represent the century?” we can only conclude that his picture of the Church is one of those half-truths which are so much more damaging than downright falsehoods.’

If the Church is the only institution of the nineteenth century which receives damaging treatment at the hand of Mr. Thackeray, it would be fair to conclude that this great man had some special animosity to the Church. Before accepting this conclusion, however, let us see what Mr. Thackeray’s views of other nineteenth-century institutions may be. In contrast to the Church question (which is always highly controversial) let us consider the British Empire in India. There is very little controversy possible about this, the most romantic and astonishing episode in history. It is the work firstly of the Army, and secondly of the Covenanted Civil Service of India. The work of the latter body of men is totally misunderstood in England: and not unnaturally misunderstood. The eminent men who labour in the ranks of the Civil Service leave England early in life. They are immediately saddled with duties of overwhelming importance. They spend their lives in discharging these duties, and return to their native land in early middle life. Conscious of abilities far above the average, with a record of great work behind them and a lifetime ahead, they nevertheless find themselves completely out of touch with life. They speak almost a different language from the men around them. Unrecognised by the State or by society, they subside soured, yet pathetic, into insignificance. Yet these inarticulate and unromantic aliens in the land of their birth have been the conservators, and in some cases the architects, of the British Empire in India.

Mr. Thackeray was in a position to interpret the mighty Civil Service to the public which owes it so much, for he himself sprang from a great Anglo-Indian family, and he has presented the world with two immortal portraits. To the immense majority of English-speaking people the Civil Service of India will for ever be identified with the figures of James Binnie and the Collector of Boggley Wollah.

Let us consider them. Jos Sedley would be a disgrace to any service. Gross, cowardly, vain, ignorant, and awkward, he is a figure at once ludicrous and discreditable. James Binnie is, assuredly, not a discredit to his service. But there is something extremely ludicrous (as Binnie himself used to say) in the investiture with solemn judicial functions of a genial cheery little Scot fond of his dinner and his rupees, who might just as well have been in any other profession, and who (as a matter of fact) very nearly went into the Church. If the mighty British Empire depended on the support of Binnies and Sedleys it would, assuredly, rest on very feeble foundations. It is here as in the case of the Church. There were plenty of incidents and figures in both of these great institutions that were ludicrous or discreditable, or both. But there were countless others which were neither one nor the other. We are not permitted to assume that Mr. Thackeray's range of observation was limited in either case. For the last fifteen years of his life he was a great social figure; everybody was proud to know him, and felt justly honoured by his company: while as for Anglo-India, it was in his very blood. It must be concluded that in both cases he did not care to portray what was noble or illustrious: it must have passed before his eyes, but it did not interest him.

Let us approach the Irish Question: a sad series of misunderstandings. The Irish Question produced a long line of tragedies in the England of the nineteenth century; from the first year of the century to the last it was an embarrassment and sometimes a terror. There never was a year during those hundred years when some orator was not calling for 'Justice to Ireland.' There never was a year when the brutal, blundering Saxon was not denounced as the oppressor of a gentler and higher type. There never was a year when Englishmen were not given to understand that sympathy and not force was the true solution of the relation of Celt and Saxon. How far this is true is another question. There are those who maintain that there is no race more capable of taking care of itself than the Irish, and that the century-long howls of self-pity have, in point of fact, resulted in the transfer of many millions of property from brutal, blundering Saxons to tearful, poetical Celts. But however that may be, the Irish Question was eminently one worthy of the best attention of a great artist, and there were few greater artists than William Makepeace Thackeray. Moreover, this great man was never weary of decrying reason and upholding the impulses of the heart as the more trustworthy guide in human affairs. Essentially sympathetic to sentimental natures, because a sentimentalist himself, Mr. Thackeray might confidently have been expected to do work which could help England to understand Ireland.

A brilliant Irishman, descended from a historic Catholic family,



a member of a learned profession, and a life-long student of men and books, once remarked to me: 'Thackeray had the contempt of the *Cockney* for everybody who was not exactly like himself.' It was his opinion that Thackeray's works had irrevocably embittered the feelings of Englishmen and Irishmen each for the other. This is but one man's conclusion, although (in point of fact) it is the conclusion of one better entitled to pronounce judgment than all but one in ten thousand. But of whom do we think when we try to call up Thackeray's Irish? Of whom indeed but The Mulligan, Captain Costigan, and Mrs. O'Dowd? If these are typical Irish, then most rightly would the Irish nation be relegated to a secondary place in the life of the Empire (a place which, in point of fact, it does not occupy). Such besotted vanity, such imbecile pretentiousness, such lack of solid qualities deserves nothing but contempt and neglect. Here, again, as in the case of the Church and the Civil Service of India, Mr. Thackeray's types incontestably exist and existed. But so many other types existed as well.

If we resume the place of the student of history in the twenty-second century, and look back on Ireland as it appears in Mr. Thackeray's works, we shall see nothing more than a remote and fragmentary resemblance to the actual state of things. Here, too, we observe the omission of all that is distinguished and attractive. The brilliant Irishman does not exist for Mr. Thackeray, any more than the illustrious Civil Servant or the high-minded Churchman, of whom there were so many. There is no doubt about the excellence of the portraits actually provided for us. Their place is recognised: and they have passed into the catalogue of those things which are indispensable to the mental equipment of any English-speaking person pretending to culture or even to education. The question is whether we have not, by now, discovered the boundaries of Thackeray's empire? If in the case of three wide provinces of human life we find that nothing appeals to this mighty artist except what is ludicrous or discreditable (or can be made to appear so), have we not grounds for forming a conclusion which may be tested by further observations? In effect Mr. Thackeray hated excellence. This appears to be a hard saying; but is it not more and more justified the more we study the types he has drawn and the teaching which he obviously desires us to absorb from the fate of his characters?

'Would you be great?' says one of Mr. Disraeli's characters, obviously speaking Mr. Disraeli's own mind, 'Would you be great? Nurture your mind upon great thoughts.' Not only is there no such noble incentive to effort discoverable in Mr. Thackeray's works, but greatness does not exist there, except that Mr. Thackeray may fling vitriol at distinction, at success, or at grandeur.

All this time we must remember that we are speaking of a

consummate artist, a conspicuous social figure, a distinguished man of the world. We cannot advance the author's ignorance or inexperience or carelessness as counter-considerations, when a given effect appears regrettable, or even of evil example. He knew many, if not all, social strata; he saw everything; his powers of narrative and exposition were unrivalled. And yet one cannot rise from the study of his works without a sense of gasping depression. The man is so great and convincing, his atmosphere so captivating, that one reads and re-reads him fascinated, and does not stop to examine or criticise. As Mr. Thackeray says, so must it be. There are surely very few young readers who can be proof against such an influence. Perhaps Mr. Ruskin was thinking on these lines when he denounced Mr. Thackeray's works as 'poison.' Schopenhauer, too, wielded an admirable prose style, and he taught pernicious nonsense with so grave a face and in so convincing a manner that he wrought inconceivable mischief. Mr. Thackeray, the apostle of mediocrity, did not in so many words enjoin middling ways of life and thought. He adopted a far more dexterous and telling plan of campaign. He carried the war into the enemy's country, pursued excellence, fastened on it, flung vitriol in its face, and trampled it under foot. He has been widely and attentively read, and timidly criticised—as might well be expected in the case of so mighty an opponent. Mr. Disraeli (by way of contrast) loved the large, full life, whether as a living companion or as a subject for romance. The middle classes did not interest him—a singular reflection when we remember that the whole of his parliamentary career was spent in the days when no man could hope for success who did not appeal successfully to middle-class ideas and (perhaps) prejudices. The strong, successful character attracted him. He loved to portray men who followed full and vigorous and varied careers. Mr. Thackeray hardly ever draws a successful character without bespattering it with abuse or derision.

Let us take this description. It is not from either Thackeray or Disraeli; it is by the late Sir James Paget. It is not concerned with greatness as typified by rank or the marks of a sovereign's favour, or by success in the fighting services. It is but the sketch of a prosperous city merchant:—

He was a truly admirable man; an example of that admirable class, the rich merchants given to good works; men who make money with great care, and give it away with as great liberality; men who are exact and orderly in business; sometimes even exacting when those they deal with are not needy; winning money as keenly as others would win games at cards; counting their money as the fairest estimate of their success in a difficult and honest competition; but, once counted, giving it freely, and with it giving their time and strong will and knowledge to the management of great charities. Mr. Bentley was the best among them; rich and still making money as if he wanted it for himself, generous,

pious, rigid, requiring everyone's whole duty to be done, resolute for everything that he thought right.

No man can read this without thinking the better of commerce as the occupation of a life. When a genius of the inflexible probity and calm sagacity of Sir James Paget can write thus of business, there is no man who is worth his salt who would not wish to go into that fray, take the rough with the smooth, succeed, and glory in his success. This it is to dignify life.

For a young man the estimate is, perhaps, too calm and measured to be altogether attractive. There is, perhaps, over-much insistence on piety and altruism—qualities which are, as a rule, abhorrent to healthy young men—and there is, perhaps, a lack of all mention of dash and adventure, without which life looks less attractive to a young man entering upon his career. Mr. Disraeli supplies the want in his portrait of Mr. Milbanke, the cotton-spinner, whose career might have been in Sir James's mind when he recorded the good life of Mr. Bentley. In addition to being a prosperous manufacturer, Mr. Milbanke was a keen politician, rejoicing in the growing importance of commerce, and proud of his own position in the throng of the rich. 'My father has often told me that in his early days the displeasure of a peer of England was like a sentence of death to a man. . . . I defy any peer to crush me, though there is one who would be very glad to do it.' In this fighting temper Mr. Milbanke achieves, and rejoices in, success: rejoices in it none the less that it enables him to avenge a wrong put upon him in his youth. Yet generous withal, and readily forgiving, even beyond the point which most men would esteem the limit of endurance. Even more pointedly, in the higher and gayer temper of Lord Hainault, Mr. Disraeli contrives to let us know that success is creditable: that success is compatible with goodness; may be borne without arrogance, and even with grace—that success is the legitimate objective of a full and vigorous nature. On the other hand, there is no man worth his salt who would not rather be poor than rich if the condition of being rich was to resemble Mr. George Osborne, senior. Barnes Newcome, with his ready arrogance for the weak and his ready subservience to the strong, presents a disgusting picture of the arts by which wealth may be acquired. And Mr. Thackeray furnishes no portraits of wealthy men except those which tell, on their face, how discreditable is the process of acquiring riches.

Thus we see that even the humble capacity which goes to turning a shilling into half a crown must not be possessed in a marked degree, or employed successfully. Pursuing our examination of the nineteenth century from the point of view of the twenty-second, let us now see what the 'Lords of the Council and all the nobility' achieved, and whether or no, according to Mr. Thackeray, or, in fact, they were endued with 'grace, wisdom, and understanding.'

'De l'Angleterre tout est grand,' wrote Victor Hugo, 'même l'oligarchie.' Somewhat inconsistently he added (writing after the second Reform Bill) 'l'aristocratie agonise.' Hardly, though it may well have been so imagined by anyone who did not take note of the command it still retained over the fighting services and its systematic annexation of the wealth acquired in commerce. It marked the middle classes for its enemy, and 1885 avenged 1832. Writing of the contrasted peerages of England and France in the seventeenth century, M. Hugo produced a passage new thirty years ago, classical to-day:—

Les pairs de France étaient plus hauts et moins puissants, tenant au rang plus qu'à l'autorité, et à la préséance plus qu'à la domination. Il y avait entre eux et les lords la nuance qui sépare la vanité de l'orgueil. Pour les pairs de France, avoir le pas sur les princes étrangers, précéder les grands d'Espagne, primer les patrices de Venise, faire asseoir sur les bas sièges du parlement les maréchaux de France, le connétable et l'amiral de France, fût-il comte de Toulouse et fils de Louis XIV, distinguer entre les duchés mâles et les duchés femelles, maintenir l'intervalle entre une comté simple comme Armagnac ou Albret et une comté-pairie comme Evreux, porter de droit, dans certains cas, le cordon bleu ou la toison d'or à vingt-cinq ans, contre-balancer le duc de la Trémoille, le plus ancien pair chez le roi, par le duc d'Uzès le plus ancien pair en parlement, prétendre à autant de pages et de chevaux au carrosse qu'un électeur, se faire dire *monseigneur* par le premier président, discuter si le duc de Maine a rang de pair, comme comte d'Eu, dès 1458, traverser la grande chambre diagonalement ou par les côtés; c'était la grosse affaire.

Such, according to M. Hugo, was the mighty peerage of France, extinct to-day, precisely because it considered that these things really mattered and were essential to its existence. Now, what does M. Hugo say of the British peerage?

La grosse affaire pour les lords, c'était l'acte de navigation, le test, l'enrôlement de l'Europe au service de l'Angleterre, la domination des mers, l'expulsion des Stuarts, la guerre à la France. Ici, avant tout l'étiquette; là, avant tout l'empire. Les pairs d'Angleterre avaient la proie, les pairs de France avaient l'ombre.

The same qualities which gave to the nobility of England the control of the State in the seventeenth century restored to their successors the control of the State in the nineteenth century. It is not necessary to state the case extravagantly. No very high intelligence was brought to bear on the problem—no very high intelligence was necessary. No very lofty qualities were displayed, for nothing very lofty was aimed at. But courage, energy, persistence in the pursuit of one object—the recovery of power—these were needed. Further, by the punctual discharge of daily duty and the use of considerable subtlety in recommending themselves to the electorate, by these and humbler arts, the nobility of England have effected the transfer to themselves of all—and more than all—of the authority wielded by their grandfathers.

It is clear that the peerage of England was a serious and even

a formidable institution; what Mr. Thackeray thought of it we shall see. But meanwhile it may be useful to remember his famous sketch of Louis le Roi, in three pencil drawings. The first represents the Great Monarch in all his magnificence; the second represents the man without wig or shoes, and is entitled 'Louis'; the third represents the wig and high-heeled shoes alone, and is entitled 'Le Roi.' This is very funny, certainly, and clearly (for Mr. Thackeray) royalty was merely an affair of clothes. It was not, altogether, for M. Victor Hugo. And when we remember what Bacon mildly and suavely wrote—'Clothes do not make a gentleman, but we cannot think of a gentleman without clothes'—have we not in considering Mr. Thackeray's 'Louis le Roi' something of the sensation we should experience if we saw a mountebank side by side with an orator?

Just as in the sixteenth century we have the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation, just as in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries we have the Revolution and the anti-Napoleonic Revolution, so throughout the whole course of the nineteenth century we have the Reform movement, which tore power from the aristocracy, and what (for the sake of a name) may be called the Counter-Reform movement, which restored it to them at the expense of the middle classes.

The spirit of the Counter-Reform movement is all given in *Coningsby*. Lord Monmouth is addressing his grandson:—

These are not times when young men should be out of sight. Your public career will commence immediately. The Government have resolved on a dissolution. My information is from the highest quarter. You may be astonished, but it is a fact. They are going to dissolve their own House of Commons. Notwithstanding this, and the Queen's name, we can beat them; but the race requires the finest jockeying. We can't give a point. Tadpole has been here to me about Dartford; he came specially with a message, I may say an appeal, from one to whom I can refuse nothing; the Government count on the seat, though with the new Registration 'tis nearly a tie. If we had a good candidate we could win. But Rigby won't do. He is too much of the old clique; used up, a hack, besides a beaten horse. We are assured the name of Coningsby would be a host; there is a considerable section who support the present fellow who will not vote against a Coningsby. They have thought of you as a fit person, and I have approved of the suggestion. You will, therefore, be the candidate for Dartford with my entire sanction and support, and I have no doubt you will be successful. You may be sure I shall spare nothing; and it will be very gratifying to me, after being robbed of all our boroughs, that the only Coningsby who cares to enter Parliament should nevertheless be able to do so as early as I could fairly desire.

Much talk follows on the state of parties in England, and then Lord Monmouth concludes:—

What is the use of lamenting the past? Peel is the only man suited to the times and all that; at least we must say so, and try to believe so; we can't go back. And it is our own fault that we have let the chief power out of the hands of our own order. It was never thought of in the time of your great grand-

father, sir. And if a commoner were for a season permitted to do the detail, there was always a secret committee of great nobles to give him his instructions.

Here we have the inside of things. Mr. Thackeray saw nothing but the courtyard, the liveries, the little side door, and the supper room. Or, rather, he chose to record nothing but these things: for he must have seen everything. The result is that if we examine the position of the nobility of England in the nineteenth century as set forth in Mr. Thackeray's novels we shall find that the picture has very little relation to the facts. The peerage would appear to have consisted entirely of fops and rakes. No doubt there were fops and rakes in its ranks, as there were in every other class of the community; just so many (in proportion) and probably no more. But the fops and rakes, by judiciously employing their considerable leisure and resources, re-transferred to themselves the power of which they were deprived in 1832. This is a political movement of very great importance: a movement perfectly unintelligible if Mr. Thackeray's work is to be taken as representative. It is no more possible to imagine Kews and Dorkings and Highgates effecting a revolution than it is to imagine Binnies and Sedleys governing India, or to imagine a great nation committing its spiritual interests to Charles Honeyman and the Bishop of Bullocksmithy.

It so happens that the same man served as a model both for Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Disraeli. The Marquis of Steyne and the Marquis of Monmouth were both drawn from a well-known social figure of the early and middle nineteenth century. Nothing could be more instructive than to place the two portraits side by side. But without taking so much trouble let us compare the very short account of the death of Lord Steyne with the even shorter account of the death of Lord Monmouth:—

Lord Monmouth had died suddenly at his Richmond villa, which latterly he never quitted, at a little supper, with no persons near him but those who were amusing. He suddenly found he could not lift his glass to his lips, and, being extremely polite, waited a few minutes before he asked Clotilde, who was singing a sparkling drinking song, to do him that service. When, in accordance with that request, she reached him, it was too late. The ladies shrieked, being frightened: at first they were in despair, but, after reflection, they evinced some intention of plundering the house. Villebecque, who was absent at the moment, arrived in time, and everybody became orderly and broken-hearted.

Here is nothing extenuated or in malice set down. This is the portrait of a man at the age when, as Talleyrand said, one is best occupied in preparing to die. Perhaps a little supper was Lord Monmouth's notion of preparing for death. But what a picture of dauntless courage, iron nerve, and imperturbable polish; of the strong nature smiling in the face of death, and bidding the King of Terrors wait while a lady finishes her song!

The same event is thus narrated by Mr. Thackeray :—

Lord Steyne's barouche, blazing with heraldic devices, came whirling along the avenue, borne by the almost priceless horses, and bearing Madame de Belladonna, loling on the cushions, dark, sulky, and blooming, a King Charles in her lap, a white parasol swaying over her head, and old Steyne stretched at her side with a livid face and ghastly eyes. Hate, or anger, or desire, caused them to brighten now and then still ; but ordinarily they gave no light, and seemed tired of looking out on a world of which almost all the pleasure and all the best beauty had palled upon the worn-out wicked old man.

Everybody knows the melancholy end of that nobleman, which befel at Naples two months after the French Revolution of 1830 : when the Most Honourable George Gustavus, Marquis of Steyne, Earl of Gaunt and of Gaunt Castle, in the Peerage of Ireland, Viscount Hellborough, Baron Pitchley and Grillsby, a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, of the Golden Fleece of Spain, of the Russian Order of Saint Nicholas of the First Class, of the Turkish Order of the Crescent, First Lord of the Powder Closet and Groom of the Back Stairs, Colonel of the Gaunt or Regent's Own Regiment of Militia, a Trustee of the British Museum, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, a Governor of the White Friars, and D.O.L.—died, after a series of fits, brought on, as the papers said, by the shock occasioned to his lordship's sensibilities by the downfall of the ancient French monarchy.

The extra scenery and machinery employed by Mr. Thackeray tell us nothing more than Mr. Thackeray's private opinion of Lord Steyne's future life. Why all this brutal invective? Disorderly behaviour in a man of mediocre rank would have hardly attracted Mr. Thackeray's attention. It is not because Lord Steyne was wicked, but because he was a marquis, that Mr. Thackeray denounced him. Exalted rank, like high character, and lofty aims and noble achievements, must all be attacked and denounced, and until life is reduced to a desert of colourless drudges Mr. Thackeray will continue to disapprove. Even so, as Mr. Trollope observed, Mr. Thackeray worked himself into such a state of mind that a man could not mount his horse or put on his gloves or order his dinner without being called a snob. Even in so small a matter as dress Mr. Thackeray must needs have his fling at what is excellent. The stately traditions of the English Court exact that no man shall make his bow to his Sovereign save in becoming costume. Mr. Thackeray must needs denounce the velvet and steel of the ordinary civilian as 'astounding.' Why 'astounding'? It is nothing like so 'astounding' as the costume which Mr. Thackeray himself put on every morning of his life. It is comfortable and convenient, and (if beauty be any object in life) it is beautiful. There is no reason for sneering at it except that it is donned by royal command.

'J'ai souvent remarqué dans le monde,' wrote M. Octave Feuillet, 'cet influence étrange qu'exerce par sa seule présence l'homme vraiment distingué . . . on se sent vivre davantage.' Precisely. 'Life is more intense' in the presence of great spirits. Mr. Thackeray introduces us to one great spirit—the Duke of Wellington. "How do, Pendenis? Fine day" were his Grace's remarkable words.'

They are not remarkable words, and the incident is only introduced for the purpose of jeering at Major Pendennis. The jeer seems to fall rather flat. Major Pendennis is much uplifted by being publicly recognised and addressed by the Duke of Wellington. And this is to his credit. There is no reason why Metternichs and Talleyrands and Palmerstons should be uplifted because the Duke of Wellington spoke to them. But that a man of small parts and humble rank should so have borne himself while he served the King that a mighty soldier should know and remember him is a legitimate source of pride for a man of small parts and humble rank. It is not a very important incident from any point of view, but so far as it goes Mr. Thackeray would have us understand that it is to Major Pendennis's discredit to recognise greatness.

The name of the Duke of Wellington reminds us of the considerable number of soldiers introduced to Mr. Thackeray's readers, and of the sorry figure they cut. Let any student hold a levée, so to speak, in his own mind of the Ralph Spurriers, the Michael O'Dowds, and the George Tuftos and their likes, and then ask himself: 'Does this collection of boobies and fops and gluttons really represent the mighty British Army?' Of course it does not; it merely represents what is ludicrous and discreditable in the ways of the British Army. There was much that was both; but there was more that was neither the one nor the other. The exception usually quoted is Colonel Newcome. In this case Mr. Thackeray has himself produced an excellent type. He has created an immortal character, and endowed him with all manly virtues. Furious at the sight of excellence, even when it is his own handiwork, he must needs bespatter it with ridicule—make his creation a goose when he marries and a perfect idiot in business.

Not to labour the point to excess, let us take one more calling—that of diplomacy—and then make an end. Her Majesty's Envoy at the Grand Ducal Court of Pumpnickel was Lord Tapeworm, of whom one of the attachés remarked: 'Look at that infernal sly-boots of a Tapeworm; wherever there is a pretty woman he always twists himself in.' Very disrespectful! But then comes the author's comment: 'And I wonder what were diplomatists made for but for that?' For a great many other things, as Mr. Thackeray very well knew. For did he not live in the days of Stratford de Redcliffe, 'who was the voice of England in the East'? But here, as everywhere, Mr. Thackeray tells the damaging half-truth. It is true that social duties occupy a great deal of a diplomatist's day. Rightly. A man may make a considerable income at the Bar and be quite unknown to society. He may travel up every morning by the 8.57 and return by the 6.50 for twenty years, and will prosper in his calling all the more for not knowing his way to Grosvenor Square. But a diplomatist cannot do that.



If a man, and especially a young man, cannot contrive to make himself agreeable to important people (women mostly, as they constitute the larger and by far the more important part of Society), he is in the wrong trade as a diplomatist, and will probably end his career as First Secretary at Bahia Blanca.

If, then, we find that in all great walks of life—in the Church, in war, in commerce, and in diplomacy—Mr. Thackeray has nothing but abuse and sneers for success; if we find that he loves to portray the ludicrous and the discreditable only, is it unfair to say that he is the Apostle of Mediocrity? Mediocre ways of life, mediocre thoughts, mediocre inclinations (miscalled passions); mediocre achievements—these, if not positively enjoined, as they sometimes are, are in effect all that is left to one who takes Mr. Thackeray for his guide. For the rest, never had a mean gospel so doughty an Apostle.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

## *WHERE THE VILLAGE GENTRY ARE*

THE insertion of an article in this Review naturally endows it with a certain authoritative value. It will surely claim the attention of readers interested in the ground it professes to cover, and not improbably may serve as material for future history. When, therefore, any article, written no doubt with honesty of purpose, can be shown to be founded on imperfect knowledge, and to advance inadequate reasons for phenomena, it seems excusable to ask the favour of a few pages in order to correct statements which are certainly unfit to serve as the groundwork of an argument.

The subject of Colonel Pedder's article 'Where are the Village Gentry?' in the issue of January 1902, is little less important than the kindred one—already well threshed out—of the exodus of the rural labourer. It is eminently deserving of attention, but treatment of it which is to be of any value must be framed on more complete knowledge than the writer seems to possess. It is an undoubted fact that, in various parts of England, many country houses, ranging from the 'big place' to the mansion of the squire of a few hundred acres, are empty or let to shooting tenants or partially occupied by the shrunken *ménage* of a tenant farmer; but it is incorrect to assert that this untoward symptom is peculiar to our own time. For the first half of the last century there was little change in the general aspect of rural life, and little improvement of the labourers' condition. As Colonel Pedder remarks, up to the Macadam era each village was a sort of island, and according to his belief the resident squire was a sort of beneficent despot whose influence softened manners and helped to preserve an Arcadia, the existence of which has somehow escaped the notice of the social investigators of the period in question. If he is to be trusted, the newer race of squires has completely changed its ideals, for he describes it as dominated by a desire to rush off to South Kensington in search of culture or recreation, and delicately fastidious of the life and duties which satisfied its predecessors. While lamenting the disappearance of the old type, he admits that the increase of transit facilities and the spread of education have affected all classes

alike, the cottage perhaps even more than the hall; but apparently he cannot realise that the maintenance of his squire of the twenties in contemporary village life, with its parish council, its school board, and its memories of Joseph Arch, would represent an anachronism as flagrant as the flail in the barns or the dibbler in the fields. The country squire—and he is really not yet quite extinct—still fits fairly well into his surroundings, changed as the conditions are; indeed, in cases where he frankly recognises the birth of the new order, the class relations of village life are quite as pleasant as ever they were and a great deal healthier. The squire, as I know him, is in no hurry to rush off to the cheerful precincts of the Cromwell Road. In cases where the chief house of the village is deserted by its owner it is seldom owing to the lures which Colonel Pedder imagines to be so potent. The reasons of its relinquishment are nearly always owing to the claims of the mortgagee, the burden of death duties falling due in seasons of rents diminished 60 per cent., or of a dower calculated in the cycle of fat years. A certain number of unfortunates, dispossessed by the causes aforesaid, tread mournfully the brick walks of South Coast watering-places, out of season, or potter round the golf links—and happier here than others in Swiss or German pensions—but the members of this class whom I have met have never impressed me as being voluntarily absent from their villages and their round of duty, which in most cases would be a pleasure as well. No doubt they are soured and embittered in spirit, and this humour is a proof of their regret over the past. I have never left the presence of one of them without recalling Macaulay's beautiful lines on the Jacobite who—

Heard on La Vernia Scargill's whispering trees,  
And pined by Arno for the lovelier Tees.

But Colonel Pedder's experience in this matter seems to differ from my own. Doubtless his observation is correct, as far as it goes. I only wish to maintain that all contemporary absentee squires are not of the type he describes.

Again, I am convinced he has enormously exaggerated the extent of the desertion of the rural districts by their natural leaders, and that he has specially charged the present era with a characteristic which is to be found in the annals of every country and of every age. Ammianus Marcellinus in his strictures on the inordinate luxury of the Roman nobles deplores this tendency to crowd into the city, and Mr. Matthew Bramble writes in the same vein when he describes to Dr. Lewis the sort of company he met at Bath. My own experience of country life lies in various parts of England. One of these is in East Anglia in a district of less than average amenity. I will take a ten-mile radius from the town of A, and review briefly the condition of the residential houses as compared with the past.

The houses in question range from some of the great historic seats in England to those of the smaller squires. They number eighteen, a small number for so large an area, but the existence of great estates accounts for this. In 1875 eleven were inhabited by the owners, two were let to permanent and four to shooting tenants, and one was empty. At the present time ten are inhabited by the owners, three are let to shooting and five to permanent tenants. These figures do not point to anything like a general exodus; indeed, in one parish the son of a small farmer who made a fortune in trade has come back to his native place, bought two or three farms which were in the market, and built for himself a house of some consideration. In another village one good residential house has been built and three farmhouses, formerly unoccupied, or inhabited by labourers or small farmers, have been thoroughly put in order—one, a Jacobean building, has been beautifully restored—and are now occupied by permanent residents.

In this particular district the class which has fallen off most in number is that of farmers occupying 200 to 400 acres. Arable farms of this size seem to have failed most completely to stand the strain of the new conditions of agriculture, and they are now hired, three or four together, by men of capital at exceedingly moderate rents, the owners in most cases being ready to accept these rather than undertake the thankless task of farming. The derelict farm-houses do not add to the gaiety of village life; but there is one compensation: the large farmer is a shrewd man of business, keeping himself well abreast of the times, and ready to take his share of public work on district and county councils and on the magisterial bench, where he is no bad substitute for the clerical justice or the squire to the manner born. Colonel Pedder paints the farmer of this type in very dark colours, but I have the pleasure of knowing one or two who differ entirely from the gallant gentleman's sinister presentment; so he may be assured that this is not a class to be described by universal statements.

The next district to be considered is a good residential one situated in Wessex. It includes two estates of some magnitude, but almost every village has its gentleman's house. I can count thirty-two easily. Of these, one is and has been empty for many years, four are occupied by permanent tenants, and the remaining twenty-seven are inhabited by the owners. In addition to these, one fine mansion is being built, and an old manor-house, which has been a farmer's dwelling for more than sixty years, has just been restored by a new purchaser at a large cost; moreover, envious eyes—as I happen to know—are cast-upon other old houses of the same class by would-be restorers. There are no middle-class houses vacant, and if new ones, with a fair amount of land attached, were built they would let at once. Therefore it seems to follow that, if artificial restraints were

removed by the landowners (who still resent the advent of new residents), the country would be more thickly populated by people of leisure and competence than it ever has been.

One other instance to be noted is that of a somewhat remote district in the West country. The radius here is larger, fifteen miles or so from a good town, and it contains about thirty-five houses of the sort under consideration. Of these, five are let to tenants whose residence is more or less continuous, and five to shooting tenants. It may be remarked that the proprietors of most of these live in other houses which they own in the district. The others, twenty-five in number, are inhabited by their owners. Here again there is scarcely a residential house vacant, and a tenant is always found for any one which may be to let.

Thus it would appear that in none of the districts quoted is there any dearth of independent residents: there is, indeed, a manifest tendency for them to increase. Colonel Pedder admits that the condition of the labourer is better in villages so favoured; therefore a few square miles of England are still free from the curse of absenteeism. It would be better, no doubt, if all landowners resided more continuously on their estates, and did their duty after the fashion of the late Lord Wantage; but this would mean a state of society well-nigh ideal. Rural England has certainly never known anything like it; it is doubtful indeed whether, taking the population as a whole, it has ever fared better than it is faring now.

Up to 1850 the wealthier classes certainly had things more to their taste, their rule over the peasantry was well-nigh absolute, and it is to be feared they sometimes abused their power. At any rate, it is hard to see why anyone should lament their deposition. In dealing with this part of his subject, Colonel Pedder affirms that, in the last generation, the farmers have gone up and the poor have stayed where they were—a statement in direct contradiction to what he writes elsewhere concerning the conditions of modern village life. The farmer may have gone up in intelligence—it is to be hoped he has—but can anyone seriously maintain that the labouring classes are none the brighter for all the money spent on them in education? In one respect the farmer has gone down, and rightly: that is in the culpably extravagant style of living affected by too many of them in the fifties and sixties. I venture to make this assertion in spite of Colonel Pedder's Welsh farmers who were too fat to pass through the turnstiles at the Agricultural Show.

The Crimean War brought high prices. Men rushed for farms, and rents naturally went up. With five men clamouring for one farm it could hardly be counted to the landlord for unrighteousness that he increased his income: in any commercial bargain it would have seemed quite in order. On this point Colonel Pedder sets forth some curious facts. One is that the tenants recouped themselves by

reducing wages to make up for the advanced rent (they were being compensated by the increased price of corn), and another is that six shillings a week was a usual labourer's wage up to the establishment of the Agricultural Labourers' Union in the early seventies. That these statements were true generally, or to any large extent, at the time in question, I absolutely deny.

In the East Anglian district, where I resided at this period, a rise in the price of wheat invariably led to an increase of wages. The rate of pay was regulated by a rough-and-ready rule which worked as follows. When flour stood at eighteen pence per stone of fourteen pounds, wages would be half that number of shillings per week—viz. nine shillings; with flour at two shillings, twenty-four pence, wages would be twelve shillings weekly. Thus the price of flour and the rate of wages went up and down together. This rule, I may add, no longer holds good; if it did, the labourer's wage would be seven shillings a week at most. With regard to the statement that six shillings a week represented a man's average weekly earnings when Joseph Arch came upon the scene, Colonel Pedder would find it hard to produce an instance of such a rate even from Dorset. In East Anglia the ordinary wages were then eleven or twelve shillings—the minimum weekly wage, be it observed—the wage which is always cited as the man's actual weekly earnings all the year round by economists with an axe to grind, and amateurs who sit down to write without knowledge. No mention is ever made by these writers of the extra daily pay for various special jobs: for hay and muck carting, for hedging and ditching, for sowing corn seeds and artificial manures, or for the high earnings during hay time, turnip hoeing, and harvest. A labourer with a weekly wage of eleven shillings would have averaged in 1870 fourteen or fifteen shillings a week from extra pay.

The English country parson is not without his faults and weaknesses; he is also well off for censors and advisers. But of all the strange judgments ever passed upon this familiar figure, his office and position, the one formulated by Colonel Pedder is the strangest. Under certain circumstances the parson becomes, by a process the nature of which is not revealed, 'the farmer's man,' a status left also unexplained. This, it seems, is a new feature in village life, a result of the shirking of their duty by the village gentry, enchanted by the Circe spells of South Kensington. But stranger revelations follow. As soon as the farmer has dominated the weakly parson, we are told, 'Dissent decays, and the Sacrament is well attended;' but by way of compensation the whole parish gets roaring drunk every Saturday night. The omnipotent farmer, working in covert alliance with the subservient parson, drives the labourer out of the chapel into the church, and the village, forgetting its ancient virtue, becomes a nest of corruption, skulking chicanery, and dishonesty.

What purpose can be served by the publication of such a grotesque misrepresentation? Anyone who knows the English peasant at all will know that he is the most suspicious of mortals. The most transparent scheme of philanthropy will suggest to him that, in spite of fair words, he himself is to be exploited for the benefit of the schemer. He suspects both parson and farmer, and, if he were to see these two bound in close alliance, the spectacle would certainly not induce him to forsake that ugly Primitive Methodist chapel, where every Sunday he gets a savoury mess of Radical politics along with his religious teaching, and go to church to say his prayers beside those who are supposed to be his natural enemies. He would rather be confirmed in the dissidence of his dissent. It may be urged that he may go to church for the sake of what he can get; but that this motive is not universally operative is proved by the fact that a large proportion of the country labourers have always gone and still go to chapel in preference to church. Nowadays they can please themselves in religious matters without much fear of petty persecution or material loss, which I believe many of them would willingly incur rather than forsake the community of their choice.

It would be hard to find a form of religion which suits the rural labourer's tastes better than the Primitive Methodism which has given him what political knowledge he possesses, poses as the agency which gained for him the franchise, and by its democratic origin and rules allows him a finger in the religious pie. The preaching of Joseph Arch is indissolubly connected with the grant of the labourer's right to vote, and it would need a wise charmer to win him over to any other denomination. So far from Dissent being on the wane, I should say that many new chapels have been built within the last five-and-twenty years. Toryism and Radicalism are diffused universally, and opposing elements now meet and clash in every village. They were equally existent in the days Colonel Pedder laments, but some of them were inarticulate. Now the ground is fairly kept, the combatants are learning to respect one another, and village life, in the free play of opinion and equal rights for all, has quite as much of amenity and much more of healthy spirit than it had in the days of the irresponsible squire, whose defunct power seems to represent to Colonel Pedder's mind the one element needed to perfect our English Arcadia.

W. G. WATERS.

## WHERE THE VILLAGE GENTRY ARE

### II

LIEUT.-COLONEL D. C. PEDDER, in this Review for January, in his article *Where are the Village Gentry?* applies to the whole surface of England a criticism that does not seem to be everywhere attributable—indeed, one might go further and assert that he draws his conclusions on somewhat incorrect premises. His argument is that the village gentry are ‘steadily drifting into what we may fairly call pleasure cities. . . . The consequence is that all over rural England, village manor-houses of the smaller sort are occupied by farmers or land-agents, while the people who used to and ought to inhabit them are pursuing amusement in the only places where they are now capable of finding it—that is, where they are in sufficient numbers to call themselves society.’

This may possibly be correct in the matter of certain districts; but in Cornwall, Devon, Surrey, Herts, Sussex, Lincolnshire, Shropshire, Bucks, Oxford, and Berks, with which counties the writer is to some extent acquainted, it might be shown that Colonel Pedder’s article is not based on the best information. The writer has lived for some years in Berks, and can assert that not a single manor-house anywhere in the vicinity of his residence has been given over either to farmer or land-agent. He resides in a village pure and simple, in which there are some dozen people of his own rank in life, with a squire, who spends several months of the year, when not engaged in his Parliamentary duties, in his comfortable mansion. There are several well-to-do farmers in the parish and in adjoining parishes, and their farmhouses have been farmhouses for many generations back.

It may be urged that living near the river is no test, because naturally people throng there. But there are two sides to that argument, for, except in the few summer months, existence is not exceptionally cheerful in out-of-the-way villages on the Thames; and yet all up the course of the stream may be found communities who manage to get on very well during the duller seasons of the year. As in Berks, so it is in Oxford and Bucks, where, as a rule, it will be found there is hardly a house left long untenanted.



On the other hand, there are remote villages in each of these counties, which for centuries, like villages in Yorkshire or Dorsetshire, have never had any resident gentry; the parson being the sole representative of the upper classes. In Lincolnshire and Shropshire, counties which the writer does not know so thoroughly, he has seen a resident gentry in every place that had houses that were suitable, though of course there are hamlets which have never been inhabited by any but farmers and labourers. But the argument of Colonel Pedder is, that the manor-houses and better-class houses are deserted and given over to farmers and land-agents; and if there are no manor-houses, &c., the absence of the minor gentry does not assist his side of the case.

Shropshire is an agricultural county, and here there are villages and homesteads miles apart, but in his rambles in that beautiful county, and the writer has seen most of it, he only recollects seeing one manor-house vacant. This was miles from any village, but, though then unoccupied, it had just been secured by an M.F.H.

In fact, the really extraordinary thing is the number of small gentry that reside in the country. In Herts, Berks, Bucks, Surrey, and Oxford they are to be found in abundance. Go further into the midlands and to the south and west of England, and you will light on the same pleasant little communities. It is true that most of the younger men have their work to do in London or the adjacent town, but the girls are *en évidence* in district work and other parochial business; and nearly all these places have their hockey or golf clubs, so that in out-of-the-way hamlets you suddenly come on a party of young people engaged in some heady contest, and naturally wonder at first where they could have sprung from.

Colonel Pedder asks if the labouring class are leaving the land, because so many of the smaller gentry have left it already? The reply might be made, that, as the smaller gentry have not deserted the villages, the flight of the labouring class must be sought in other reasons.

Colonel Pedder is evidently no friend to the farmers, who have, as he says, 'the dominating influence in our villages.' But is that so? In a village where the farmer is the biggest man, there probably and very naturally would be this influence, and in certain counties what Colonel Pedder asserts may be correct; but certainly this rule is not one of universal application.

Colonel Pedder inquires:

How many of those who realise a small competence return to spend it in the country? Perhaps one in a hundred. Look at the army and navy. Retired officers used to be a familiar figure in our villages. Watering-places have swallowed them up. What becomes of the well-pensioned officials, cultivated and superior class whom India is perpetually returning in the prime of useful life to England? They drift together in places like South Kensington or Cheltenham.

Certainly some do so, but there are many who prefer the village country life. When the writer retired from the Service, and went to the village in which he now resides, Colonel Pedder will be surprised to learn that he found no fewer than nine retired military officers within a mile of his house; and much the same may be said of most of the villages on the banks of the Thames. But the real truth is, such collections of naval and military officers are to be met with everywhere, and not merely in the suburbs of London and seaside resorts; for it is a certain fact that there are a considerable number of men from the Services who much prefer the quiet of the country to the bustle of the town.

To those who are not in agreement with Colonel Pedder it has always seemed that the great, the very great difference between England and the Continent is that, whereas across the water there is absolutely no French, or German, or Italian society except in the larger towns, such collections of the upper middle class are to be met with in hundreds of localities in rural England. Indeed, it may be asserted for many counties that there is hardly a parish of over two hundred souls that cannot boast of two or three families of the minor gentry. Just as such people live their lives in the vicinage of Guildford, Slough, Wantage, Newbury, Ascot, Sunningdale, Weybridge, &c., so are they to be found in the outlying villages of many other parts of England. Any one who has eyes to see cannot but remark as he advances by rail into the heart of the country that those of the minor gentry class—to use Colonel Pedder's term—both leave and enter the train at nearly every station and that it is an exception to pass a station where there is not a private trap of some sort standing waiting. One could mention fifty places offhand such as are here referred to, which goes to show that the minor gentry have not as yet taken their departure from the country.

Colonel Pedder has little to say in favour of the farmer, nor does the parson fare much better at his hands, if his view be the correct one, it being a junta of farmers who rule in parishes, while the parson 'nine times out of ten becomes their man.' The writer holds no brief for either farmer or clergyman, and he raises a protest against the dictum because he has lived ten years in the country and his experience is exactly the contrary of Colonel Pedder's. The few farmers in his neighbourhood are hard-working men and kindly good fellows, who have no thought of dominating the parishes in which their lot has been cast, and do not in the slightest degree approach to the brutal, animal type Colonel Pedder seems to have come across. But surely it is somewhat ungenerous to make these charges against any class; and when Colonel Pedder asserts that 'the infrequent families of the middle class take their opinions *en bloc* from the parson,' there are not a few who reside in the country who will reply that the speaker must be imperfectly acquainted with what he is talking about.

Colonel Pedder declares at the conclusion of his paper that the Church has not even a few of its clergy who have the courage to speak their minds when it becomes a necessity to repress evil. Surely nothing can more completely show that he is not in touch with English rural life.

In certain districts it is perfectly true that the population is purely agricultural, where the only persons above the labouring classes are the farmers and the clergy; but even here it will nearly always be found that there never has been a resident gentry. But even in such instances where there have been owners of the old manor-houses situated in the heart of the country, which happen now to be sub-let, the removal of the proprietary family has in all probability nothing whatever to do with a desire to plunge into the dissipations of South Kensington and Cheltenham, but has been brought about by the stern necessity of the pressure of pecuniary circumstances, which compel families to remove to some place where education can be found for the children. Surely it is going too far to lay down as a rule that those who 'used to' inhabit these manor-houses 'ought to' inhabit them still, when the situation is so changed. If Colonel Pedder can show—which he probably cannot—that in certain centres fifty years ago there was a small minor gentry society which is now no longer existent, he would to a certain extent prove his point; though not even then would he do so completely, because for one such local centre deserted by the minor gentry there could be brought forward a very great number of cases of mere village centres which have their full complement of the class in question.

A. F. P. HARCOURT.

## *THE INCREASING EXPORT OF ENGLAND'S ART TREASURES*

FOR the last twenty years or more the gains of England in masterpieces of painting and in works of art generally have been greatly overbalanced by her losses. Italy, too, continues to bleed slowly but surely, though her wounds are carefully bound up, and the aggressions of the invader are repelled with such weapons as are to hand. France has known severe losses, but through the zeal and energy of a number of new collectors has been able to make them good in other quarters. The acquisitions of the Rothschild family have not been many of late years over there; but such dilettanti and connoisseurs as M. Rodolphe and M. Maurice Kann, Madame Edouard André, the Marquise Arconati-Visconti, and M. Léopold Goldschmidt have rivalled each other in the acquisition of works by the old masters; securing some of them in Italy, but by far the greater number and the more important, alas! in that richer and better supplied market—England. Austria has remained about stationary, the Imperial Gallery of Vienna making few if any acquisitions, and the National Gallery of Buda-Pest buying not altogether wisely, and certainly much too expensively. The great princely house of Liechtenstein and an art-loving Pole, Count Lanckoronski, have been the chief buyers of pictures; but the other great galleries—the Czernin, the Harrach, the Schönborn—have at any rate remained whole and unpillaged. But it is Prussia among the European nations that has advanced with giant strides and enriched the Berlin museums with a whole series of masterpieces by which the British collections and the British nation are the poorer. Brussels and Antwerp, the Hague and Amsterdam are buyers, when occasion offers, in the English market, but not on a large scale, or so as to constitute a growing danger. This comes from the other side of the Atlantic; and if the flow of works of art westwards is as yet a moderate though already a menacing stream, it threatens soon to become a cataract, then a mighty river, then an ocean—so astonishing is the lust for pictures, good, bad, and indifferent—but above all expensive—that has developed

itself, partly, it is true, among genuine connoisseurs of the higher order, but in the main among those who regard the possession of great and much-talked-of canvases as a form of ostentation, a convenient method of announcing to all whom it may concern—or not concern—the possession of great wealth and unbounded enterprise. It would be an absurdity and an impertinence to say to a great and friendly nation, bent on pre-eminence in all things, and backed up by resources seemingly limitless, growing from day to day, too, as the snowball grows, that they shall not develop and complete their collections by the acquisition of such masterpieces of art as are still in private hands, whether in England, in Italy, or elsewhere. The American millionaires have their own arguments, unanswerable from their own point of view. The nobler and more large-minded among them with a splendid and discerning generosity desire to give to the American nation as a whole the benefit of their vast accumulations of wealth; to afford them every means of perfecting the higher education, the artistic as well as the practical. The Metropolitan Museum of New York is almost wholly made up of bequests, donations, and loans from private individuals, prominent among them being the collection presented to the city by Mr. Henry G. Marquand, and the group of three famous Rembrandts temporarily deposited in the municipal gallery by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer. Mrs. John S. Gardiner of Boston is about to convert into a private museum, regularly visible to the public on certain days, as are the Roman and the Viennese galleries, her collection of old masters of all schools, the most remarkable in point of quality in the United States. It is generally understood that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will ultimately erect in New York a museum of his own for the housing, and the regular exhibition to the public, of his treasures. To stock these private galleries, these museums, no efforts will be spared, no price will be considered excessive. And to give zest to the contest, not only with us poor Europeans whose armour the golden shafts so easily pierce, but American against American, there will be the desire to educate and delight the great nation, no doubt, but above all the desire to defeat one's brother American in a friendly battle, to possess the highest-priced or the most hotly discussed picture in the world. We may not blame the stronger for exercising his strength, for using to the full those weapons which the turn of Fortune's Wheel has for the moment—and apparently a very long moment—placed in his hands. But before this new Pactolus has, growing to gigantic and unmanageable proportions, irreparably undone us, sweeping to the very foundations the palaces and the country seats of our fair land, and leaving them naked, shorn of their most essential beauties, dishonoured by paste jewels and imitations, where lately glowed the soft radiance of priceless gems—before one of the essential glories of England has departed, let us gird up our loins and see what we can

do to put a dam across this stream, to fence and guard the palaces and citadels of art which with mighty onrush it seeks to overwhelm. The power of gold to unlock all doors, to break open and tear from their hinges those which resist, or even those behind which parley is attempted, reminds me of Élie-Delaunay's wonderful conception 'The Plague of Rome,' in the Museum of the Luxembourg. Upon the magnificent bronze doors of a palace of marble and porphyry, pale under a lurid sky, the Angel of Destruction descends with flaming sword, and guides an awful figure, the livid Plague-Death. With one thrust of its mighty weapon, wielded with a force against which no resistance of man avails, this nameless horror dashes down the doors and enters, carrying with it the pestilence that is corruption and annihilation. This Plague-Death may stand for the brutal might of gold, like it unseeing, unconscious, maleficent, all-shattering. The stream, weighted and discoloured with its world-compelling dust, gathering a power immeasurable as it goes, now moves the wheels of the world ; but in moving stains, and distorts, and poisons its loveliness.

Let us draw in for a moment, and see a little what England's losses have been during the last twenty years. That she has a clear conscience with regard to the past, it would be idle to pretend. The 'Milord Anglais,' when making the obligatory Grand Tour in Italy in the eighteenth century and the earlier part of the nineteenth, swept away masterpieces with the aid of his toadies and advisers as ruthlessly as the American threatens to do in the present day. Only that a thorny hedge, not easily penetrable, now surrounds the remaining private galleries and collections of Italy ; while those on the whole much richer ones of England which have not yet been scattered to the four winds have no wall to protect them from insidious or overt attacks, from the constant undermining of the onrushing golden stream, but that of patriotism ; that of a noble pride in great possessions, of a sense that the actual owner is after all—morally if not legally—but a trustee for his country in the first place, and then for the whole civilised world, of the masterpieces of the past which he holds.

It has been said that our own sins, our own shortcomings, have not been small in the past. Let us make haste to avow them, lest they be cast in our teeth. Memories surge up of Mantua peacefully sacked and robbed of its chief treasures by the agents of Charles the First in 1628-1629 ; of the town threatening to rise in revolt against the Gonzaga, who had thus betrayed them to the wily dealers and their royal master. Then came the Commonwealth as Nemesis, and after the execution of the hapless Stuart king, forthwith, by a hasty and ill-organised sale, scattered and cast out of England the finest collection of paintings and works of art that the world had yet seen together ; the brutality of the proceeding being only equalled by its futility. To Cromwell's sense of the dignity of art, and of its didactic

if not its æsthetic mission in life, we owe it that two of the greatest treasures of the British Crown—nay, of the world—were saved to us. I refer, of course, to the 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar' by Mantegna, and to the Cartoons of Raphael. Another terrible loss was sustained when the art-loving Catherine II., Empress and Autocrat of All the Russias, acquired from Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, for 35,000*l.* sterling, the whole of the Houghton Hall collection, consisting of 198 pictures, among which were the exquisite 'Judith' of Giorgione, which may claim to take its place with the very few things unhesitatingly to be ascribed to him; the beautiful 'Vierge aux Perdrix' and 'Philip, Lord Wharton' of Van Dyck; the wonderful series of designs in oils by Rubens for the Triumphal Arch erected by the City of Antwerp upon the occasion of the solemn entry of the Cardinal-Infant Ferdinand; and the great 'Sacrifice of Isaac' by Rembrandt.

Upon the burning question of the spoliation of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, it is impossible here to enter at any length. It is too vast, and has too often and too angrily been discussed already. The great point against us is that here were the noblest, the most distinctive examples of Greek art at its zenith, not disinterred from ruins, not dug from the bowels of the earth, like those of the Mausoleum of Caria or the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, but detached from world-famous buildings of Athens, still standing, still showing, marred and shattered though they were by time and the violence of the barbarian, Greek architecture and Greek art at their highest point of perfection; still recalling, too, in the reticence and the aloofness of their beauty the supremacy of Attic culture and civilisation and a point in the world's history which can never again be touched. I could not in conscience undertake to defend the action of those who carried off the unmatched treasure in ships, did the audacious deed still remain to be done. But if we have not our defence to hand, we have our excuse in the great results achieved. The marbles of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, as they are shown in the great halls of the British Museum, have been and are still the school, the training-ground of the world. They have for ever set up the canon of a lofty and solemn beauty, which is more nearly akin to worship than to voluptuousness. They have shown, to those who knew but Greco-Roman and Roman art before, and thus had to divine Greece through a disfiguring veil, to what heights she could soar, with what an atmosphere of serenity, of radiance too solemn for joy, she could enwrap her greatest creations. It is not too much to say that the whole current of art and archæology has been changed by the opportunities thus given for leisurely study of the pediments, the metopes, the friezes of the Parthenon. And it is for this that we rightly stand forth unabashed, and both avow and maintain an act theoretically

indefensible, but which has unquestionably proved to be for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

If we turn first to the public and private galleries of Europe, then to those of the United States, we shall see how Italy and England, but above all England, have been the happy hunting-grounds for the museum-director, eager to deserve well of his country, on the one hand, for the millionaire-collector, playing the game on his own account, on the other. We shall see how improvidently already masterpiece after masterpiece has been allowed to slip away, and we may divine—what must not be told—how the citizen within the gate, oblivious of public claims in the eagerness for private gain, has helped the keen and adroit foe without.

In France the great buyer was the Duc d'Aumale for his museum of Chantilly, and it would be churlish overmuch to mourn over his acquisitions, made, as it turns out, not only for France, but for the world. It was a great and glorious act to win back the 'Vierge de la Maison d'Orléans,' and above all the forty-two leaves of Jehan Fouquet's *Livre d'Heures d'Étienne Chevalier*, the most wonderful extant monument of the art of the limner as practised in France in the fifteenth century. Neither did he deserve less well of his country when he bought from the Duke of Sutherland and the Earl of Carlisle the great series of French portraits of the sixteenth century which constitute the chief glory of the collection of drawings at Chantilly. We rejoice less that that little jewel of Raphael's earliest time and manner, 'The Three Graces,' was sold by the late Lord Dudley to the French Mæcenas for 625,000 francs, still the most colossal price paid for a picture of these miniature-like dimensions. Another loss for ever to be deplored is that of the 'Giovanna Tornabuoni' portrait, by Domenico Ghirlandajo, which, after having hung for so long in the National Gallery as to be deemed by all who frequented it one of the most covetable among the national possessions, was suddenly, and, as the Trustees allege, without notice to them, sold by the owner, Mr. Henry Willett, to the noted Parisian connoisseur and collector, M. Rodolphe Kann. The Dresden Gallery, which had as far back as 1860 previously obtained a superb Piero di Cosimo (erroneously classed as by Luca Signorelli) from the Woodburne collection, bought from Lord Dudley in 1894 a celebrated Murillo of vast dimensions, 'The Death of St. Clara.' One of the gems of the Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna is a 'Portrait of an Ecclesiastic,' by Quentin Matsys—perhaps his finest work of the kind—which years ago came from Fonthill Abbey. But by far the greatest gainer by our losses, not only in its beginnings, but in its present phase of development, is the Berlin Gallery. Let us pass over the Solty collection acquired in 1821, before the foundation of our National Gallery, and comprising the Van Eycks, the Roger van der Weydens, the Holbeins, the Filippo Lippis, the Botticellis, the Signorellis, the Giovanni Bellinis, the Cimmas, the great altar-



pieces, unrivalled even in Italy, by Cosimo Tura, Lorenzo Costa, and Alvise Vivarini. This is ancient history; and we are concerned not with the irreparable past, but with the lamentable present, and the future full of uncertainty and menace. The finest Fra Angelico in England was indubitably the celebrated 'Last Judgment' in Lord Dudley's collection; and this passed in 1884 to Berlin. At the sale to the same museum, from the same notable collection, of the great polyptych by Carlo Crivelli, 'The Virgin and Child with seven Saints,' one is less entitled to carp, seeing that the National Gallery is if anything overstocked with examples of Crivelli, and that this weird and strangely pathetic Veneto-Paduan is, moreover, finely represented in the Jones collection at South Kensington. The interesting profile, 'Portrait of a Lady,' ascribed to Piero della Francesca, but more probably—like the similar portraits in the Poldi-Pezzoli collection at Milan and in the Uffizi—by Baldovinetti, was until lately in the Ashburnham collection. One of the greatest prizes secured in England by the acute Berlin gallery-directors was the celebrated portrait from the collection of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, once called 'The Fornarina by Raphael,' but now, like the 'Fornarina' of the Tribuna, and the Sciarra 'Violin Player,' recognised as one of the admirable Veneto-Roman performances of Sebastiano del Piombo, in his time of transition. The 'Jean Arnolfini' of Jan Van Eyck was acquired in London in 1886; the quaint 'Madonna and Child with the Carthusian,' pretty rather than great or incisive in characterisation, was until 1888 the chief treasure of the Marquis of Exeter's collection at Burleigh House. It was sold as a Jan Van Eyck, and is still catalogued as such, but it should rather be ascribed to his imitator, Petrus Cristus. To those who pause to consider that we possess at the National Gallery no specimen of Albrecht Dürer's work, and shall now, in all likelihood, never acquire anything that may worthily represent him as a painter, it is doubly galling to be reminded that more than half the panels and canvases which rightfully bear his name in Berlin came from England. Those which had this provenance are the tempera 'Frederick the Wise' from the Hamilton Palace Collection; the 'Madonna with the Goldfinch' from that of the Marquis of Lothian at Newbattle, near Edinburgh; a wonderful 'Portrait of a Girl,' in the Venetian mode, painted about 1506, and a less remarkable 'Portrait of a Lady.' The only authentic painting by Dürer now in a public gallery in England is the little 'Portrait of a Young Man' dated 1506, now at Hampton Court. Who will come forward to defend the pusillanimity which allowed a Holbein of the very first order, the 'Portrait of an Elderly Man,' once in the collection of Sir John Millais, to be acquired by the *Kaiser-Friedrich-Museums-Verein* for considerably less than 4,000*l.*? This society constitutes

a sort of half-way house to the Berlin Gallery, where the picture, esteemed at its true value, now is. Looking round, I see nothing, save at Windsor Castle, that could worthily take its place at the National Gallery, which—apart from the subtly exquisite ‘Duchess of Milan,’ lent by the Duke of Norfolk—contains only ‘The Ambassadors,’ a piece profoundly interesting as an historical and philosophical puzzle, but as a picture, formal, stolid, and wholly uninspired. From Blenheim came further a superb ‘Bacchanal’ by Rubens, and with it one of the Antwerp master’s very finest things, the ‘Andromeda’ (Hélène Fourment), deemed, according to rumour, too nude for our gallery. The very last purchase made on behalf of the Berlin gallery in England was that of the two great Van Dycks which were the most important things among the so-called Peel heirlooms. For these sombre, dramatic portraits of an aged Genoese senator, and of his consort, also in the sere and yellow leaf, belonging to the young painter’s earliest Genoese time, something like 20,000*l.* was paid, and very properly paid. But it is when we come to the Rembrandt Room, one of the great glories of the Berlin Museum, that our losses make themselves most deeply felt. Rich as the National Gallery, the Wallace collection, and the royal collection at Buckingham Palace are in Rembrandts, we have none satisfactorily to replace these here that we have for ever lost. ‘Susanna and the Elders’ was in the Lechmere collection, as was the wonderful ‘Vision of Daniel,’ perhaps Rembrandt’s most poetic and mysterious creation. Assuredly the Amsterdam master’s most wonderful achievement as regards colour is the ‘Joseph and Potiphar’s Wife’ from Sir John Neeld’s collection. From a distance it appears a mass of sombre yet lucent gems, glowing from the depths of that transparent darkness which is light, each with a flame at its heart. Then we have the remarkable chiaroscuro piece ‘St. John the Baptist Preaching,’ from the Dudley collection; and last, not least, one of the most important Rembrandts in existence—the ‘Pastor Ansloo Consoling a Widow.’ This last came to Berlin in 1894 from the Ashburnham collection, which it should never have left—except to pass into the National Gallery. I say nothing on the present occasion of the ‘Portrait of a Lady’ by, or ascribed to, Velazquez, which was also at one time in the Dudley collection; or of those two jewels of the Francis Hope collection, the priceless Vermeer of Delft and the Adriaen van de Velde.

With these acquisitions those of the American millionaire collectors cannot as yet compare. But if present fabulous prices maintain themselves, or even advance—as they probably will do—the market will be at their feet, and what in the future is to be bought will be bought by them, unless indeed some counter-influence be brought to bear on our great owners, drawn against their will by the irresistible golden magnet; desirous it may be of doing their duty

to themselves and their country, yet wavering and trembling under the fascination of great figures, as the doomed creature does under the gaze of the serpent.

Mr. Henry G. Marquand acquired in 1887, from Lord Methuen's collection at Corsham, the superb 'James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox,' one of Van Dyck's finest performances of the English period, and a still greater rarity, the 'Joseph's Coat' painted in tempera on canvas by Lucas van Leyden, and authenticated by Van Mander's description. Here, then, is a painting which is of little or no use where it now is, with the rest of Mr. Marquand's pictures, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, because it is there isolated, with little or nothing to back or to explain it. It would, on the other hand, have been invaluable in the National Gallery, which as yet, like so many of the great European collections, can show no genuine Lucas van Leyden. Mr. Whitney's rich and ever-growing collection includes—to mention only his most enviable possession—the enchanting full length, 'William Villiers, Viscount Grandison,' by Van Dyck, which used to hang almost unnoticed in a quiet English country-house; then suddenly took not only Van Dyck students but the world by storm when, as the property of Herr Hertzog of Vienna, it appeared at the Commemorative Van Dyck Exhibition of Antwerp. Of all the great full-lengths of splendid young Cavaliers it is perhaps the finest. A peculiar charm is given to the picture by the joyful surprise, by the naive self-admiration, expressed in the face of the young nobleman, who looks out upon life and finds it full of beauty. It is but seldom that Van Dyck added to the characteristic *hauteur* and melancholy which were the outcome of his own peculiar temperament such a subtle touch of objective characterisation as this.

By far the best chosen, and to the true connoisseur and student the most valuable collection in America, is—to repeat what has been said already—that formed within the last few years by Mrs. John S. Gardiner of Boston, U.S.A. It is this enthusiastic lady who has proved herself the most dangerous because the most intelligent rival of the public picture-galleries both at home and abroad. To enumerate a few of her treasures is, or should be, to cause heart-searchings, both in England and in Italy. She owns, among other things of price, the 'Death of Lucretia,' a characteristic Botticelli of passionately dramatic type, which was in the Ashburnham collection; the so-called 'Chigi Botticelli,' to which, in my opinion, an exaggerated importance has been attached; the 'St. George and the Dragon' of Carlo Crivelli, from the Leyland collection; two 'Triumphs' by Pesellino, which, as the property of Mrs. Austen, were exhibited at the New Gallery in 1894; the famous 'Christ,' an early example of Giorgione, which used to draw all worshippers of the master to the Casa Loschi at Vicenza; the 'Portrait of Inghirami' from Volterra, of which I can only speak by hearsay, but which Giovanni Morelli

held to be the original of the better-known picture in the Pitti Palace. The greatest blow England has suffered since the notable Ashburnham Rembrandt was quietly borne off by the victorious Prussian is the acquisition by this collector of the 'Rape of Europa,' a masterpiece of Titian's old age and latest manner, in perfect condition, which was the chief glory of Lord Darnley's collection at Cobham. I have told elsewhere how this superb work was in the first place offered by the late Lord Darnley to the National Gallery for 3000*l.* less than he afterwards obtained from a noted London dealer, who ultimately made a large further profit on the sale to America. Here the owner, compelled, as may be inferred, to part with a picture of exceptional interest and value, did all that patriotism and a true sense of his great position could prompt, and the blame must accordingly attach in the right quarter. Another great loss is that of the magnificent 'Portrait of the Earl of Arundel' by Rubens, which, however tastefully enshrined and surrounded, cannot possibly mean as much at Boston, U.S.A., as it did at Warwick Castle. A splendid early 'Portrait of Rembrandt in a Plumed Hat' is not the least of Mrs. Gardiner's many artistic possessions.

The most tremendous, the most overwhelming buyer of pictures lately has, I need hardly say, been Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Judging by the canvases which, with unflinching liberality, he lends to the London exhibitions—whether those of the Royal Academy or the Guildhall—he has on occasion exhibited more generosity than discretion in his purchases. No sigh of regret would be heard if the celebrated, or rather the notorious, 'Duchess of Devonshire,' whose face Gainsborough never saw as we now see it in its crude and vulgar brightness, were once more to wander into exile, and acquire a permanent domicile in the United States. The vast 'Holy Family,' ascribed to Titian, and as such lent to the present exhibition of old masters at the Royal Academy, is a work wholly beneath criticism; it would be an outrage to ascribe it to any great Venetian of the sixteenth century. It is one of those things which anywhere else it would be best to pass over in silence. '*Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*' To the credit side are, however, to be set many exquisite things. A great loss to Raphael students and lovers of Italian art is the 'Madonna of the Nuns of S. Antonio,' the vast altar-piece of Raphael's early time, which hung for so many years, comparatively unnoticed, with the Cartoons, in the Raphael Gallery at South Kensington, but has suddenly become an object of general interest because Mr. Morgan is said to have paid 100,000*l.* for it. This is a work invaluable in the history of art as showing, to those who know how to read, the whole history of Raphael's early training, first in Urbino, next in Perugia, and then in Florence. In no private gallery can it, apart from the schools which it unites in itself, be seen to the best advantage or, indeed, be understood. Great

possessions of the American multi-millionaire—to 'use a vile yet expressive phrase—are also the lovely Fragonards of Grasse, that beautiful decoration of the Salon Malvilain there, which shows the very flower of his brilliant, joyous, passionate art, and is therefore not easily appreciable at its true worth by those who persist in looking upon it as so much wall decoration, and as that only. Then there are in the Morgan collection a genuine Velazquez, 'The Infanta Maria Teresa,' the superb Genoese Van Dyck, 'A Lady and Child,' now at the Academy; several Sir Joshuas, including the beautiful portrait group, 'Lady Betty Delmé and her children' (acquired from Mr. Wertheimer), and 'Mrs. Payne-Gallwey carrying her child pick-a-back'; Gainsboroughs far finer in quality than the much advertised 'Duchess'; the exquisite Romney known as 'Emma Lady Hamilton reading news of Nelson's Victory'; the popular and often reproduced 'Master Lambton' of Sir Thomas Lawrence; and celebrated landscapes by Turner and Constable.

And now, what can we do to protect ourselves, without undue injury to the individual, from the rising tide, the Napoleonic invasion and annexation by the force of capital, with which we are threatened in the near future. In France they have a charming *Société des amis du Louvre*, a union of patriots and passionate art-lovers which in a modest way does much to help the great central museum of France, already so overwhelmingly rich as to need little help from without. With revenues which do not amount to 50,000 francs per annum they have brought into the Louvre, among other things, the beautiful 'Virgin and Child' ascribed to Piero della Francesca, but really by Alessio Baldovinetti, and, more recently, a magnificent Flemish tapestry of the fifteenth century. A much more serious and redoubtable organisation is that of the already mentioned *Kaiser-Friedrich-Museums-Verein* of Berlin, a society of Berlinese connoisseurs and collectors in close touch with the royal museums of that city, and whose chief rôle it is to step forward and help those establishments when they have in view some work eminently desirable, which their resources may not for the time being permit them to acquire direct. They have done good service already, and to us in a corresponding degree disservice. I have already shown how the 'Portrait of an Elderly Man,' by Holbein, from the Millais collection, was acquired by this *Verein*, and then in due course passed on to the Berlin Gallery. Some such society as these two, which flourish, and vindicate their right to existence, in Paris and Berlin, would be of manifest utility in England. There have indeed been temporary organisations of the same type over here: as when a group of noblemen and gentlemen with splendid generosity assisted the nation to purchase the Longford pictures for the National Gallery; and again when a similar group stepped in to co-operate with the British Museum in the purchase of the so-called

'Pichon' cup of gold, adorned with translucent *basse-taille* enamels, an altogether unique example of French goldsmith's work of the end of the fourteenth century. But let us not deceive ourselves. Such a society as this, though it would undoubtedly render great service—even more effectually in the part of the watchful sentinel at the gate, ready at any moment to give the alarm, than in that of the David prepared to do battle with Goliath—such a society could not stand unaided against the weak within the realm and the strong without. For every Gretchen, possessed of a jewel of great price, is now assailed not only by the eager Faust, who covets the treasure and will not be gainsaid, whatever the price to her or to him; she is solicited, fascinated, and in too many instances undone by the Tempter, whose business and profit it is to do the bidding of the overpowering and in his haste wholly ruthless wooer. The good angel who should back up the weak-kneed Gretchen, and with flaming brand drive from his prey the Mephisto of the occasion, must be an official good angel, armed with the necessary powers of offence and defence; or, in default of these, with a weapon of the same character as those with which she is assailed—with sword and shield of gold. It has been shown how the Hamilton Palace Collection, the Blenheim Palace Collection, the Dudley Collection, the Ashburnham Collection, the Francis Hope Collection, among others, are things of the past; how too many others have been marred and diminished; how single masterpieces have been uprooted and carried off by the compelling force of capital, which is in itself a kind of violence. There remain to Great Britain many other noble galleries, many other great artistic possessions, in the maintenance of which as part of the appanage of great houses, and in another sense as part of the national treasure, as part of the national glory, every art lover, nay, every British citizen, is, or should be, vitally concerned. I need hardly refer to the collections of Bridgewater House, Dorchester House, Grosvenor House, Panshanger, Althorp, Petworth House, Wilton House, Longford Castle, Gosford House, Chatsworth, Lockinge, Kingston Lacy—to name only a few of the most important in quality as in magnitude. The collections of the great house of Rothschild at Waddesdon, at Tring Park, at Halton, and in London are for obvious reasons on a different footing, and as to these, so rich in the finest English pictures, no anxiety need surely be felt. We owe a debt of gratitude—relatively if not always absolutely—to another group of collectors, who are by degrees replacing those of former generations: to Mr. George Salting, Mr. Ludwig Mond, Mr. R. H. Benson, Mr. Julius Wernher, Mr. Alfred Beit, Mr. E. J. Taylor, and others of the same stamp, who have on many occasions come forward when otherwise a great work would have been sucked in and carried out of the country on the crest of the gigantic wave. But in respect of these collections the same stability cannot be claimed or expected as we

may legitimately implore, if not demand, as regards the famous historic galleries some of which have been above enumerated.

There exists in England no legal power that can prevent a man, if he be so minded, or if his necessities compel him, from bartering a great picture or work of art against a great price, whether offered by his fellow-countryman or the alien. And, alas, it would seem, judging by the experiences of the last twenty years, that there is no moral power! And yet, is there *no* way? It were mere midsummer madness to expect that the Legislature should impose restrictions and penalties similar to those which Italy has enacted; and now, to meet the odious and in many instances criminal machinations of the principal and the agent, finds herself compelled from day to day more rigorously to enforce. This much, however, we may surely claim from the gentleman, and the *civis Britannicus*. There are certain great works which under no circumstances should ever again be allowed to leave our shores—works in respect of which, it can never be too often repeated, the owner is morally, if not legally, the trustee for England, and in a larger sense for the world. If the owner of any of these be resolved, or by his necessities compelled, to sell, let him still be mindful of his trusteeship. Let him not surreptitiously, in the hushed quiet of dark closets, make his bargain with the agent of the foreigner, offering the biggest price, and with it the promise of a secrecy that can never be maintained. Let him boldly come forward, and offer his treasure in the first instance to the Government for a national museum, or to that museum direct; or failing this, to a municipal or provincial gallery; or, if there be no response in these quarters, then to an Englishman, or a collector permanently domiciled in England. This is a case in which patriotism and a sense of the responsibility tacitly undertaken with the ownership of a great masterpiece should prompt even the needy owner to accept a lower price from the nation than he would claim from the individual—especially from the marauder attacking from without. He who, regardless of his manifest duties in this respect, either procures or accepts such secret bargains as are to the detriment of the nation and in defeat of its moral rights, must, in my humble opinion, be deemed a citizen who has forfeited his claims to citizenship by preferring the private good to the public weal.

But, if we cannot with any hope of success ask the Legislature to make enactments and impose penalties, may we not legitimately hope that, before it is too late, the Government will seek to obtain from Parliament powers large enough to enable it to meet a great and ever growing danger, with which, swelling as it is daily to wholly unmanageable proportions, the patriotism, the zeal, the self-sacrifice of the individual are manifestly not able, unsupported, to cope? The sums needed for an effectual intervention of this order would doubtless be large. But would they amount in all to more than half

the price of a single battleship of the first class? And the great works of art which would be in question—those to retain possession of which is a matter of vital moment—are much more, at this stage of their existence, than merely great creations of the painter or sculptor. They are the very essence of the time to which they belong, greater and more enduring landmarks in the inner, the truer life of a nation, than the wars, the political disturbances, the civic upheavals, than all the strife, the storm and stress that lies on the surface. They are of the time out of which they issue the great and permanent expression, stripped of what is accidental and ephemeral—the strong, clear flame soaring high above the sordid realities which the many accept as the essential facts, the essential truths of existence. They are the very heart, the very soul of the nation, as of the individual; without which there must be spiritual death, for the one as for the other.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



## THE MASQUE OF 'ULYSSES'

It is always more interesting to discuss a subject still under debate than to adduce fresh grounds for a foregone conclusion. As a poet, Mr. Stephen Phillips stands beyond question. Critical opinion varies as to the worth of his work, but he has been accepted by the mass of readers as were only half a dozen or so of poets by the English race in the last century. 'No man,' said Swift, finely, 'was ever written down but by himself,' and Mr. Phillips shows no leaning in that direction. There is perhaps nothing in *Ulysses* equal to the fused and glowing splendour of the last act in *Herod*; but as a whole the composition seems to me to stand higher than either of its predecessors. As a stage-play we have not yet the same means of complete comparison: but it pleases me infinitely better than *Herod*, and as a stage-play chiefly I propose to consider it, because on the position of Mr. Phillips as playwright minds are not yet fully made up. And here a certain humility is imposed upon the amateur, ignorant of all but one in every score of the theatrical pieces which are produced in London, when he finds himself at variance with the great bulk of expert opinion. Broadly speaking, those gentlemen whose business or inclination leads them to make an exhaustive study of contemporary drama, to see and appreciate not only *the Gay Lord Quex* and *Mrs. Dane's Defence* but also such masterpieces as *Kitty Grey*, *Are You a Mason?* *The Sign of the Cross*, *Sherlock Holmes*, and *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, together with the pantomimes, musical farces and comedies, and those scintillations of talent which alternate with biographs and acrobats in the music halls—all these gentlemen were either puzzled or bored by *Ulysses*; and if they did not unanimously describe it as dreary or tedious, they were perfectly agreed that it was undramatic. Two things embolden me to express my dissent, and to justify the keen pleasure derived from the performance which they censure. The first is that in their capacity of prophets these critics have seemingly been at fault. *Ulysses* is being played to crowded houses, whose temper cannot, I think, be mistaken (though the first-night audience, which I should have called enthusiastic, was described by the critics as cold and listless). This is a vulgar test, and I only insist upon it because

the criterion always proposed in dramatic criticism is that of success or failure before an average audience. The second circumstance which gives me courage to differ openly from men of such wide experience is the thought that the very experience which renders them so respectable may perhaps unfit as well as qualify. Say, for example, that there existed a committee who day by day reported upon the liquors proposed for consumption at public bars : if there were suddenly submitted to this body a claret of some fine vintage, would they not be apt, comparing it each man with his own conception of what a bar drink should be, to shake disappointed heads and murmur : ' It is not brandy, it is not whisky, it is not hollands, it is not gin, it is not rum ; ' and would they not unite in one damning verdict, ' Whatever it is, it is dull ' ? And yet for all that, it might be good claret, and for many of us good claret is the wine of wines, though it may lack the dramatic quality of gin and bitters.

What, after all, is drama ? The critics summoning up the heavy artillery of their scholarship will reply that it is in essence action ; and by action, they will insist, is meant conflict, a struggle. But no one judges comedy by this standard. So long as comedy amuses, we get along very well ; and a man is always at liberty to make up by prodigality of wit for the lack of intricate construction—witness the success of Mr. Oscar Wilde. The critics would probably go so far as to allow that an author trusting to wit might legitimately avoid situations so tense that in them wit would be almost an impertinence. Why not give something of this latitude to the serious drama ? It is admitted, indeed, that in such drama scenic beauty is an end that may be sought after, a resource that may be relied on, though the admission is generally made grudgingly, as if the spectacular element in drama had something puerile or unworthy about it. Yet for the beauty of poetry, that appeal at once to the pleasure of the ear and of the whole imaginative faculty, the critics make no allowance. They have, and it is no wonder considering the history of our modern stage, forgotten what poetry is, forgotten its power. The question which Mr. Phillips, with the help of Mr. Tree, has set himself to answer is this : Has the public also forgotten ?

The modern conception of serious drama is something that addresses itself to the logical intelligence : to the faculties called into play by a spectacle of conflict. But, consider for a moment those plays of Shakespeare which still hold the stage. Let us admit, if need be, that the highest achievement is a drama like *Hamlet* or *Othello*, which, stripped of all that makes it poetry, would still lend a stage carpenter the material for a good prose melodrama ; plays in which we follow throughout the evolution of tense, violent action, and the interplay of forces. But what are we to say of the half-dozen others, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to *The Tempest*, in each

of which a story is set forth, possessing in itself the elements of interest, but in each of which the real attraction lies not in the evolution of the story, but in the beauty of certain scenes and the opportunity given for plastic and spectacular effect. In all of them you see the work of a dramatist who is gifted with a supreme stagecraft, but is working to produce not so much the excitement, the thrill, as the beauty that is appropriate to the stage. All of these plays, but especially the two I have named, approximate to the type of the masque—a form of entertainment on which Ben Jonson and Milton gladly bestowed their genius, and in which Inigo Jones was willing to collaborate. The scenic resources at Shakespeare's disposal were small, but I am confident that either in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *Winter's Tale* or *Tempest*, he employed them to the utmost. For their deficiency he made up with a copious use of comedy; but the primary appeal in all these plays is to the sense of beauty, to the feeling for poetry, rather than the feeling for drama, in the narrow sense of that term. Just in the same way, Mr. Phillips, who wrote in *Herod* what was undeniably drama, has in this new venture leant rather to the masque. If *Herod* is a tragedy, *Ulysses* is a tragic masque; he has blended his tragic scenes with comedy in a poem that is pageant as well as play. Nothing of the kind has been attempted for centuries, and I do not wonder that the critics misjudged it, applying the conventions of Sardou and Dumas fils when they were inapplicable. Mr. Phillips is reverting to a type long disused, and he must be judged by the standard proper to that type.

This is not to claim for him the license of the Elizabethans. Stage technique has definitely developed, and it would be absurd, in the face of Mr. Phillips's two earlier plays, to deny that this dramatist understands the modern convention. I do not say that he is faultless; England has never been the home of impeccable dramaturgy; I do say that he knows his business. The action in *Herod* was, if anything, over-condensed; and, when in *Ulysses* Mr. Phillips takes more time and more scenes in developing his story than is absolutely necessary, it is fair to assume that he does so on a theory, which one may express by saying that he is writing, not a tragedy, but a masque, into which the element of pageantry enters as of right.

The essential drama of *Ulysses* as it is set forth in the play comes just to this: How Ulysses came home and saved Penelope from the Suitors; and practically that drama is contained in four scenes. The first two of these—making Act I. of the play—contain the exposition: Scene the first shows Penelope beset by the Suitors, and at the point to yield, since they urge upon her the plea that she keeps Telemachus from his kingdom. Scene the second shows Ulysses free at last to make his choice, of pleasure and immortality

with Calypso; or of the arduous adventure homeward.<sup>1</sup> A third scene (in Act III.) shows his landing on Ithaca, and his meeting with Telemachus: the fourth represents the consummation of his hopes. All moves under the compulsion of the gods, there is no conflict of wills, but the evolution of a story through its main phases. To these four essential episodes Mr. Phillips has added two more, which are structurally dispensable: the prologue, presenting the council of the gods, and the descent into Hades. These amplify the narrative interest of the play, the first helping the audience to realise the scheme of things, in which Ulysses is conceived as standing; the second showing, in the concrete, his resistance to terror, as the scene with Calypso showed his resistance to seduction, in the struggle to win home. About the former I incline to think it a mistake. Practically, it added unnecessarily to the length of the production (though it serves to play the audience in). Æsthetically, I cannot bring myself to believe in the gods when they are represented in conclave. Among mortals, masquerading as mortal, I accept them gladly, and more than gladly, when any one can be found to represent the part so admirably as Miss Collier played Athene. *Vera incessu patuit dea*. Taken in a batch, they were too evidently mortal, and spoilt the spectacular value of a scene which Mr. Phillips had adorned with many fine lines here and there, but not with real poetry. Once you dispense with the dramatic thrill, spectacle will not save you; you must produce poetry that dazzles—you must command the imagination. And in the Hell scene that is what Mr. Phillips has done; he has squandered poetry with both hands. When I read him he has me captive: the swimming, vaporous, clinging dark is about me with its chill, full of unsubstantial presences, that call ineffectually with thin voices. When I saw it played for the first time, the opening scene at hell-gate seemed wholly admirable; a thrill of terror came up from the steaming cavern with the wail of strange sounds, and Athene standing in her radiance pointing the way had come to life off some old vase where the Greek artists caught all the movement of Japanese art with a dignity that no Eastern attains. In the Hell scene itself, curiosity marred my perception of the poetry till I was caught by the pathos of the child ghosts—an inspiration from Virgil—and then by the effect of names ringing through the hollows of hell—'Ithaca'—'Penelope.' A second sight of the performance, when the pageant was completed by the tableaux of Tantalus, Prometheus, and Sisyphus, still found me doubting, but increasingly caught by the spectacle. As a pageant of the stage I suppose the like has never been seen. The fight upwards through the 'whirling dead' was very wonderful: and I believe that I should

<sup>1</sup> The order of these scenes is now inverted, a decided improvement.

enjoy the whole thing better at a third seeing and hearing than at a first.

Against these two episodes then—the prologue and the Hell scene—it may be urged with reason that they mar the strict unity of the action. On the other hand, it can hardly be denied that the Hell scene is dramatic, in the sense of being highly effective on the stage, by the power of the poetry and of the spectacle. The strictly dramatic motive of a struggle in the heart of Ulysses against terror and against doubt, though Mr. Phillips does his best to keep it in view, appears only intermittently and then with little force. But as regards the rest of the play, I defend every line of it, from any standpoint. The first scene in Ithaca plays immeasurably better than it reads, and it reads well. I would say the same of the passage between Ulysses and Athene, when the hero awakens on his own shores: what follows was spoilt by a misjudgment, for Telemachus, over-acting the terror caused by his pursuers, somewhat alienated sympathy by a display of weakness. As for the closing scene, I do not see how there can be any question of its merit. It has infinite variety of movement, and long-drawn suspense, all leading up to a clear cut result, and with what moments of contrast! Antinous—whom Mr. Asche made in look, gait, gesture, and tone the very embodiment of that *ἄβρις* which the Suitors exemplified to all ages—rises to urge his plea with Penelope. What does she wait for? for whom? A husband, dead long since, ‘drowned in the ooze.’

Or if he be not dead, what is he now?

A shambling shadow, a wrecked, mumbling ghost,

A man no more; no better than yon beggar

That huddles to the fire: so bowed, so worn,

So ragged and ruined, and so filthy and fallen.

Look on that beggar! There thy husband see.

And he points to Ulysses, crouching in his disguise by his own hearth.

But I have a quarrel with the last act, as it is played at present. On the first night, owing to a variety of hitches, the performance lasted for three hours and three-quarters (rather less than a French audience expects for its money, but a French audience really cares for the theatre). Quickening in various ways would probably have brought it down by half an hour, but there was an outcry, and cuts were made. Now, in the last act, as we may read, the principal Suitors urge their different claims to Penelope and to each Penelope makes appropriate answer. Finer examples of what one may call the rhetoric of poetry it would be hard to produce, but the pencil has gone through two of the speeches, and they are transferred, by no means in their integrity, to the first act. As they were spoken on the first night they produced to the full that effect of dramatic

poetry which the Greeks delighted in, and which the French (witness M. Rostand's triumphs) still enjoy. But the critics denounce them, for if there is one precept characterised in the bosom of the English dramatic critic, it is 'Cut the cackle and come to the 'orses' (whatever the momentary equivalent of 'orses' may be). On the same time-honoured principle they condemned the opening scene between Ulysses and Calypso as not dramatic, though allowing that it might perhaps have literary merit: but upon this last question most of them refused to pronounce till they should have read the book. Well, in the sense of another scene by Mr. Phillips, where Mariamne taxes Herod with the murder of her brother, and he, admitting it, tries to win her to his arms, certainly this scene of Calypso is not dramatic. It is not exciting, not heady, except for the effect of the poetry. Reduced to common terms, it is simply a summing up of the situation that arises when a man is tired of his mistress and wants to get back to his work and his home: yet, unwilling to hurt one who has been kind, he puts her off with excuses, till at the last, as she presses him, he breaks out into the truth. It would make a scene of modern comedy, being in its essence subtle not violent, and there is more than one hint of comedy in the admirable dialogue which will recall to every scholar the spirit as well as the form of the *στίχομυθία*. I extract a brief passage: Calypso is questioning of the wife who draws Ulysses from her.

*Cal.* And can she set a rose in bosom or hair?

*Ulys.* She hath a wisdom amid garden flowers.

*Cal.* Doth she sing sweet?

*Ulys.* The songs of my own land.

*Cal.* She hath forgotten thee, so long away.

*Ulys.* I would remind her with what speed I can.

*Cal.* Remember she is mortal: she must die.

*Ulys.* Therefore I flee the faster to her side.

*Cal.* Oh, what an end! You two will sit in the sun

And challenge one another with grey hairs.

*Ulys.* And so to spare your eyes I would be gone

Ere this my head to such a greyiness grow.

But as the scene develops, Mr. Phillips suddenly lifts it out of subtleties, when the exile speaks out an exile's longing (already suggested in the pregnant answer—'Doth she sing sweet? *The songs of my own land*').

Then have the truth; I speak as a man speaks;

Pour out my heart like treasure at your feet.

This odorous, amorous isle of violets,

That leans all leaves into the glassy deep

With brooding music over noontide moss,

And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee,—

Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers,—

Falls on my heart. Ah, God! that I might see

Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,

You lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crágs,  
 The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud :—  
 To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,  
 To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,  
 To spring alive upon her precipices,  
 And hurl the singing spear into the air ;  
 To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,  
 And plunge into the midnight of her pines ;  
 To look into the eyes of her who bore me,  
 And clasp his knees who 'gat me in his joy,  
 Prove if my son be like my dream of him.  
 We two have played and tossed each other words ;  
 Goddess and mortal we have met and kissed —  
 Now am I mad for silence and for tears,  
 For the earthly voice, that breaks at earthly ill,  
 The mortal hands that make and smoothe the bed.  
 I am an-hungred for that human breast,  
 That bosom a sweet hive of memories  
 There, there to lay my head before I die,  
 There, there to be, there only, there at last !  
*[Calypso weeps. Ulysses comes and touches her softly.]*  
 Remember, Goddess, the great while it is,  
 How far, far back, alas how long ago !

I admire the prudence of the dramatic critics who were not going to be taken in by appearances. This might seem to be poetry ; but they would like to see it down in black and white first. Would a merchant, I wonder, continue to employ a tea-taster who declined to pronounce without resort to chemical analysis ? Surely the appeal of all poetry is to the ear, not to the eye, and this is doubly true of dramatic poetry. You cannot judge fairly of the verse which Mr. Phillips writes in his plays when you know it only in cold print ; it is designed to be spoken, and spoken to a crowd. The point is worth stressing, for it affects the estimate of him as a poet, and I think that the critics who pin a narrow meaning on to the word 'dramatic' are equally narrow in their conception of poetry. \* It is significant, this assumption that poetry must submit to be judged by the eye, which after all plays only a mechanical part in the business. In a recent book called *The Beginnings of Poetry*, Professor Gummere, an American critic, instituted a distinction, new to me and very suggestive, between poetry which is communal and poetry which is individualist. It is needless to go into details, but any one will see that, for instance, Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge expresses the mood of an individual, and can only be enjoyed in seclusion. And the whole tendency of modern literature has been to make poetry more and more a matter of expressing the solitary emotion, the highly individualised turn of thought. Poetry has grown esoteric, and the beautiful verse which Mr. Yeats writes in his most recent play, *The Shadowy Waters*, would be unintelligible to an average audience, and pushes its avoidance of rhetoric and of

the obvious rhythm to a point at which it is apt to seem, to the normal person, either incoherent or unmelodious. Now the strongest quality in Mr. Phillips is that he has no fear of the obvious. He trusts to his own fire and force, as Byron trusted, to lift out of the commonplace a common emotion or a common thought. With him we escape from the tyranny of the over-subtilised; his poetry is communal, not in the sense that it descends to the level of the crowd, but that it can lift the crowd to its own; and that is why he has got into touch with the great body of readers, as no poet has done since Tennyson, save possibly Mr. Swinburne in his earlier work. He has reached a point at which criticism can do little for or against his books, but the case is different with a play.

A play can ill afford to wait upon the slow effect of oral commendation, the press can always make itself felt, and specially when the thing attempted is something of a novelty. For that reason I deplored the unsympathetic attitude of the newspapers towards *Ulysses*, and am overjoyed that the public, in spite of it, seem of my inclination. For, in plain words, I am sick to death, and so are many other people, of the stale sordid atmosphere with which modern comedy, and modern tragi-comedy, surrounds itself. I recognise the cleverness, the talent both of actors and of dramatists, in such plays as *Lord Queen* and *Mrs. Dane's Defence*: I see them once, and I go away, interested and slightly disgusted, without the least desire to see them again. Even when the clean breath of real tragedy is brought into these surroundings, as it was by Mrs. Clifford in *The Likeness of the Night*, still I depart unexhilarated. There is a thing lacking, and that is beauty; the beauty which can inform either tragedy or comedy, which keeps Shakespeare imperishable. It is the beauty of poetry, and you may drive out poetry with a pitchfork, she will always come back in triumph. Your cleverly constructed play, lacking poetry—that is, lacking not verse, but the touch of imagination which lifts the listener out of finite limitations and curiosities—has only the charm of clever talk, or clever anecdote that palls on repetition. Poetry which is not tied down in a narrow appeal to the logical intelligence, but is, as Milton said, 'simple, sensuous, and passionate,' has the elemental pleasure in it of a spring day, or of autumn sunset. And I hold, as the Greeks held, as the French hold, that perhaps the fullest enjoyment of that pleasure is to be got from poetry on the stage, where it dominates and uses to its own end the beauty of sight and sound at once, the grace of gesture, the richness of colour, the music of song and instruments, the melody of verse, and the glory of splendid words. When so much is attempted there must always be defects, but it is ignorant criticism that can see only the flaws. The wise man, seeking enjoyment, fixes his attention on what pleases, not on what detracts from pleasure. For my own part, if I may for a moment



pose as the wise, I would say that, allowing for all shortcomings, the enjoyment which I got from *Ulysses* was ten times more than I got from any modern English drama (excepting parts of *Hérod*); it was not only greater, it was different in kind; it was not amusement, it was pleasure.

If a critic is bound to indicate the flaws as well as the excellences, I would classify them into three kinds: faults of acting, faults of management, faults of writing. It is not in the nature of things that all the actors in a large cast should approach the standard set by Mr. Tree himself, and by Miss Collier, Mr. Asche, Mr. Brough, Mr. Kemble, and I would add Mr. Fulton. The tradition of our stage in the matter of speaking verse has become deplorable; though if the impulse given by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Tree continue, this may be quickly reformed. Concerning the management, I would say that there is too much limelight everywhere, but especially in the Hell scene; the more dimly seen the whole of that wonderful spectacle, the stronger its effect. But chiefly I censure Mr. Tree's concessions to a narrow time limit and to criticism. Mr. Phillips's instinct was sound, in my judgment, when he put the set speeches of the Suitors into the final scene. There is in that act, as it is now played, too ceaseless a movement, we cry out for the repose given by these measured orations. I quote the end of the speech of Eurymachus:

Sea-gazing consort of a hero dead,  
Reign thou with me and find in rule relief.  
That thou no longer art a girl, and green,  
Troubles me not; rather, I prize thee more  
For that long suffering and sleeplessness,  
And the sweet wisdom of thy widowhood.  
Thou hast caught splendour from the sailless sea  
And mystery from many stars out-watched;  
Rarer art thou from yearning, and more rich.  
Humbly I would entreat thee for my answer.

Of these lines only the first two are now spoken, and this is only a part of the omissions. If you are going to rely on poetry, you must trust poetry, and I cannot imagine an audience so dull as not to be affected by such lines as these. No one questions the charm of eloquence in pulpit or on platform, and poetry like this is eloquence sublimated.

But it is an ungrateful business to cavil at the work of a man who has staked money and reputation on what seemed the quixotic attempt to bring back poetry to the modern stage. And, however one may dissent on points of details, there is no mistaking the high order of intelligence that has been shown by Mr. Tree in these two productions. He deserves to be written high among the benefactors of those who love the drama. Nor should Mr. Alexander's name be omitted here, since without his encouragement Mr. Phillips might probably never have attempted the stage. There

remain a few words to be said by way of criticism on the writing of the play. Mr. Phillips should keep a tight hand on himself in the use of alliteration; an indispensable device which should not be allowed to grow palpable. On points of detail, I would ask, first, why Calypso, clinging to Ulysses and striving to keep him back, should say:

Now by the time I thought eternity  
By long sea evenings when all words would cease,  
By all the sad tales of thy wanderings,  
Sad tales which *will* be happy to remember.

That is surely not the moment for a *hæc olim meminisse juvabit*, for the courageous forecast of a pleasure. I would ask again why Mr. Phillips has chosen the worse of two reasons supplied by Homer, when Ulysses has to furnish a pretext to Telemachus for removing the weapons in the hall. Smoke would not tarnish them that day more than any other day, but on the day when Penelope was to make her choice there was specious reason for fearing a quarrel, *αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα σιδηρὸς*. My list of objections is longer, but I curtail it. I commend *Ulysses*, whether as poem or as play, to all who love poetry or the drama, and I would urge upon them a liberal interpretation of both words. Poetry should not be limited to the exquisitely turned phrase or the subtilised emotion that needs to be enjoyed in silence and solitude; nor does drama consist merely in 'situations' which awaken kindred emotions to those which are roused at best by the spectacle of two cocks sparring or, at worst, of a cat playing with a mouse.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

## IS THE CROWNED KING AN ECCLESIASTICAL PERSON?

NOWHERE, it may readily be admitted, have liturgical studies been pursued of late years with greater ardour than in this country, and nowhere has more excellent work been done in the publication of important liturgical texts than by certain members of the Henry Bradshaw Society who are prominently identified with High Church principles. Continental scholars have not been slow in recognising the fact. The Abbé Ulysse Chevalier, himself a distinguished liturgiologist, discoursing not very long since on *la Renaissance des Etudes Liturgiques* before the Catholic Congress at Fribourg, took occasion to remark, 'In this list (of liturgical publications), which I do not put forward as complete, our neighbours on the other side of the Channel hold the first place, and there seems every probability that they will long retain this position in the study of the ancient liturgies and those of Great Britain in particular.' Similarly Dr. Adalbert Ebner, in the bibliographical sketch with which he has enriched the second edition of Thalhofer's *Liturgik*, declares that 'incontestably the Ritualistic movement in England must count as the most important factor amongst the influences which have led to the modern development of liturgical studies.' And such testimonies might easily be multiplied.

With regard to the Henry Bradshaw Society in particular, which is now the focus amongst Anglicans of most of this excellent work, the Committee and Editors have for some time past devoted special attention to the Coronation ritual. The English Coronation Orders in the course of the last few years have been published with a completeness which no other country can rival. And there is a peculiar appropriateness in the prominence thus given to the subject. No document setting forth in detail the ceremonial of a royal sacring is probably<sup>1</sup> so old as one of English origin, which

<sup>1</sup> The possible exception is the *Benedictio ad ordinandum Regem*, which has recently been published by Dr. M. Magistretti with the rest of the text of the Ambrosian *Pontificale* of the ninth century. The codex itself is probably older in date than either the *Pontificale Lanatense* of Rouen or the copy of Egbert's *Pontifical* at Paris, which contain the English order.

was used for English kings before the time of Charlemagne. I mean, of course, the 'Benedictio super regem noviter electum' of the Egbert Pontifical. Moreover there is no country in which the rite has passed through so many modifications, and tells in consequence so interesting a story. These various developments may now be traced with great fulness in three Bradshaw Society publications, for two of which Dr. Wickham Legg is responsible, and even more conveniently in the handsome volume of *English Coronation Records* edited by his son, Mr. Leopold Wickham Legg. No one could wish to speak otherwise than favourably of the learning and research exhibited in these various works. As contributions to liturgical science they deserve the gratitude of all serious students. But there is, I venture to suggest, almost in this very fact a special danger when such researches come to be popularised for the use, not of serious students, but of that *profanum vulgus* the public at large. The authority which most justly attaches to the opinion of Dr. Legg and his fellow editors when there is question of the facts of liturgical history does not by any means necessarily extend to the theories and conclusions which they may deduce from that history. There is a very natural tendency amongst all earnest partisans, whether their interests be political or religious or scientific, to make controversial capital out of the results of special knowledge, and that tendency is liable to be exceptionally great when, through the existence of what is practically a monopoly, the restraint of competent external criticism is almost entirely withdrawn. Neither Low Churchmen nor Broad Churchmen nor those who are indifferent to all Churches take much interest in the liturgical conceptions of the Middle Ages. Our High Church rubricians are consequently left, as far as the past goes, to settle things very much their own way; and, as might have been expected, they are all in a tale. Further, the authority which they deservedly enjoy in such questions as the reading of a manuscript on the provenance of a prayer is extended by admiring sympathisers to theories and interpretations often very slightly connected with matters liturgical. In books addressed to scholars, a little rash theorising is of no great importance; it is discounted as soon as read. But when these theories are popularised in newspaper articles and tracts, and are moreover quoted as the scientific conclusions of experts who are alone entitled to have any say in the matter, it seems permissible to ask for a discussion of the evidence on which their conclusions are founded. The general attitude of the High Church party in such matters may, I think, be fairly inferred from a series of articles on the 'Sacring and Crowning of the Sovereigns of England' recently published in the *Church Times*. The keynote is struck in such a passage as the following:

It is impossible to overestimate the valuable services which have been rendered to all liturgical students, as well as to general historical accuracy, by the three works on this subject put forth by the Henry Bradshaw Society, particularly the recent one on 'Three Coronation Orders' from the scholarly pen of Dr. Legg. With these volumes at hand there will be no excuse for blunders or omissions on the part of those officials, both ecclesiastical and civil, who will have the control and regulation of the ceremonials of next June.

It is not, of course, through the Bradshaw Society publications that Dr. Legg's views are made known to the public at large. But, without speaking of such articles as the series just cited, confessedly based on his researches, Dr. Legg has himself published a popular tract on the subject; and still more recently his son, Mr. Leopold Legg, adhering closely to the same lines, has issued a pamphlet of *Suggestions for the Reconstruction of the Coronation Ceremonies, together with a Revised Form and Order of the Coronation Service of the Kings and Queens of England*. It would be impertinent for me, an outsider, to offer any criticism upon the internal organisation and discipline of the Anglican communion, but I confess I should be astonished if I heard that a young Russian layman, fresh from his B.A. degree, had constructed of his own private authority an improved programme and liturgical text to be used for the coronation of the Czar; and I should be more astonished still if I found that the pamphlet of suggestions had been published by an important religious association in Russia, which included amongst its committee several prominent members of the Holy Synod.

That Mr. Leopold Legg's *Suggestions*<sup>2</sup> are of a most detailed and practical kind may be gathered from the following:

On a day following the coronation the King would take his seat in Westminster Hall, surrounded by the rest of the Royal Family, with the Queen on his left at a chair two steps lower than the King's. The ceremony of homage would then be performed, and it might be made the occasion on which the feudatory chiefs from India and elsewhere would take part in the coronation ceremonies. As they are non-Christians it is useless admitting them into the church, for it would be necessary to expel them at the introit,<sup>3</sup> practically before anything had happened, and an exodus of people would create some confusion and delay.

Finally it would be better not to allow eighteen months to pass between the accession and the coronation. Latterly it has been desirable to have the coronation in the summer, but when all the ceremonies from first to last will probably

<sup>2</sup> There is a short preface by Professor W. E. Collins, of King's College, in which it is stated that 'the scheme is of course the author's own, and he alone is responsible for its details;' but the pamphlet is 'published under the direction of the Tract Committee,' and a further notice on the cover states that 'those (tracts) prepared by the Committee of the Church Historical Society are approved by the Episcopal referees—Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham, Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Browne, Bishop of Bristol.' I am not quite sure whether I rightly understand the drift of this note, for these names seem hardly consistent with the date of the pamphlet and preface, i.e. January 1902. The publishers are the S.P.O.K.

<sup>3</sup> Non-liturgical readers may welcome a definition from Murray's Dictionary. 'Introit—an antiphon or psalm sung while the priest approaches the altar to celebrate Mass or Holy Communion.'

be over in three hours [that is, if the form and order of the coronation service provided by Mr. Legg be adopted] the short days will lose their terror. A pageant of three hours' duration has been known to be performed in the winter months, and therefore in future let the Court of Claims be asked to finish its business with despatch, the Office of Works be made to prepare Westminster Abbey without dilatoriness, so that the King may be king in his full right with as little delay as possible.

The drift of these last words is readily seen from an earlier passage in which Mr. Leopold Legg lays stress upon the ecclesiastical 'character' conferred by the sacring, and argues strongly that in former days 'the prince was not king until he had been anointed.' But it will be better here to cite the words of Dr. Wickham Legg, *père*, for it is to that learned liturgiologist that the dissemination of the doctrine I desire to call in question seems to be immediately traceable.

Long before the Reformation it was claimed for the King of England that he was of the clergy as well as of the laity; and that this sacred *character* (to use a theological expression) was impressed upon him at his coronation, when he was anointed and consecrated king. The coronation was in fact consecration, and this was the old name for the service. It was held as part of the common law of England in King Edward the Third's time that the king anointed with holy oil was indued with spiritual jurisdiction. And at the coronation of Richard the Third it is said that justice to the clergy was symbolised by the third sword carried before the King on his way to be crowned, just as justice to the temporality was signified by the second of the swords.<sup>1</sup>

I postpone for a moment the consideration of the foot notes in which Dr. Legg offers justification for these statements to remark that the doctrine so formulated of the ecclesiastical character of an anointed king has not been allowed to pass unchallenged even among High Churchmen. The rather trenchant criticism contained in a series of letters to the *Church Times* has elicited an equally vigorous reply from Dr. Legg, in which an interesting light is thrown upon the standpoint of that writer and of his numerous sympathisers. Referring to his tract on the *Coronation of the Queen*, Dr. Legg writes:

Perhaps I may be allowed to say why I ever thought of putting such a tract together. Ill-informed persons frequently tell us that the present Church of England is the creature of Henry the Eighth, who made himself its governor. It seemed as if it might be a useful thing if it were shown that so far from the claims of the king to govern the Church beginning with Henry the Eighth his rights began much earlier, almost with the introduction of Christianity into these islands. And with this, that the king was a minister of the Church, consecrated to this special office by the Church herself. The Church would be in a better position to reply to the taunt of Erastianism, I foolishly thought, if it could be shown that for centuries the king had governed the Church, and had been hallowed to this office by the Church itself.

Without this extremely frank statement one would have been

<sup>1</sup> *The Coronation of the Queen*, 'Church Historical Society Tracts,' pp. 6-7. S.P.C.K.

prepared to argue rather elaborately perhaps that Dr. Legg's pamphlet was motivated by an *arrière-pensée* of reconciling the Continuity theory with the Supreme Governorship attributed to the Sovereign by Anglican Formularies. But Dr. Legg has saved his critics the trouble of arguing the point, and has at the same time proved to us by implication how undesirable it is that Coronations should be postponed. For if the rightful exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction depends upon the Sovereign's ecclesiastical character, and if that character is only given in his anointing, the exercise of jurisdiction before the Coronation would appear in some way maimed, not to say invalid. Be this as it may, Dr. Legg has confessedly written to explain to 'ill-informed persons' that 'for centuries' before the Reformation 'the king had governed the Church and had been hallowed to this office by the Church herself.' It may be prejudice on my part, but I should be inclined to suspect that among the 'ill-informed persons' who were unaware of these important truths would have to be reckoned a good many able students of mediæval institutions—authorities like Professor F. W. Maitland and Professor Rashdall, for instance, not to speak of others that it would be possible to name.

But let us look at Dr. Legg's proofs. He first appeals to Lyndwood, and it may readily be allowed that Lyndwood, the one great English canonist of mediæval times, is a witness of supreme importance. Now when Dr. Legg first broached this matter he was addressing an audience of the Royal Archæological Institute in the Jerusalem Chamber on the 12th of July, 1893. The first sentence of this paper ran thus: 'The King duly anointed, says Lyndwood, the English canonist, is no mere layman, but a *persona mixta*, one in whom the characters of clerk and lay are combined.' This paper was published some time afterwards in the *Archæological Journal*, with a foot note in which Dr. Legg quotes Lyndwood<sup>5</sup> as using the words 'quod Rex unctus non sit mere persona laica sed mixta.' Unfortunately Dr. Legg by some oversight left out the qualification *secundum quosdam* (according to some), and he also failed to perceive that the opinion was one which Lyndwood, far from adopting as his own, was at some pains to refute.

It is perhaps a little unkind to press the point when Dr. Legg himself has told the readers of the *Church Times* that this earlier statement of his in the *Archæological Journal* was a 'blunder.' But Lyndwood so clearly says and assumes the exact contrary of the view which Dr. Legg attributes to him that the rectification of this 'blunder' by simply introducing the omitted clause *secundum*

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Maskell also quotes the passage, but quotes correctly '*persona mixta secundum quosdam*,' *Monumenta Ritualia*, vol. ii. p. xvi. From Dr. Legg's further reference to Lyndwood's remarks upon the King's Chancellor he would seem to have had Lyndwood open before him and not to have borrowed from Mr. Maskell.

*quosdam* seems somewhat inadequate. Why does not Dr. Legg plainly say that Lyndwood himself denied that the king was an ecclesiastical person, and that he appeals to the text of the *Corpus Juris* and to canonists of repute who equally deny it? As the tract now stands, nine readers out of ten will still go away under the impression that the theory of the *mixta persona* was advocated by Lyndwood, while Mr. Leopold Legg in his recent *Suggestions* quietly states, 'By the consecration and unction an ecclesiastical character is imparted to the king,' and for all proof gives a bare reference to this same passage of Lyndwood in a foot note. But enough of Lyndwood for the present.

Over Dr. Legg's second proof, which is drawn from Richard the Second's use of the word *character* in connection with the royal unction, it does not seem worth while to linger. Surely the figurative use of the word is natural enough. In its strict and technical sense character is essentially associated with such a rite as baptism or confirmation, which cannot be repeated, whereas nothing can be more certain than that the royal unction was held to be reiterable. It was quite the common practice for the Emperor to be anointed more than once.

Next Dr. Legg states that 'it was held part of the common law of England in Edward the Third's time that the king anointed with holy oil was indued with spiritual jurisdiction.' In proof of this his foot note alleges that 'Skipwith, a judge in 1359, said, "*Reges, sancto oleo uncti, sunt spiritualis jurisdictionis capaces*"' (Fitzherbert, *Graunde Abridgement*). The first part of this statement in its literal sense is no doubt accurate. Skipwith was a judge in 1359. If we may trust the *Dictionary of National Biography* he was made a judge on the 25th of October of that year. Moreover, there is no reason to doubt that the words attributed to him were really his. But they were used in a case which came on in the Hilary Term, 33 Edward the Third, i.e. at latest in February 1359, while Skipwith was as yet only a serjeant at law. Anyone who will examine the reports of this or similar cases will at once perceive that the observations of counsel pleading for and against the indictment are summarised side by side with those of the judges who pronounce upon it. It is surely quite unwarrantable to interpret the maxims which may be cited by counsel in these reports as if they were judicial decisions. Moreover, even if a judge chanced to hold the view specified, it would not follow that he regarded the principle as 'part of the common law of England.'

But perhaps the most conspicuous example of the attempt to strain, as I think, unduly, any point that can be made in favour of the view under discussion may be found in Dr. Legg's allusion to the three swords. Here again, as in the case of Lyndwood, Dr. Legg begins by a rather sweeping statement, never, so far as I know,



retracted. 'The claim to spiritual jurisdiction,' he writes in the *Archæological Journal*, 'is made at the time of the coronation of the king of England by the bearing before the king of the three swords: one, blunted, is the sword of Mercy; another, borne on the right hand of the king, shows his claim to spiritual jurisdiction; a third, borne on the left, shows his claim to temporal authority.' That this view has not in any way been modified by Dr. Legg may be seen from his *Three Coronation Orders*, published in 1900, where he speaks (p. 132) of 'the King's justice exercised through the Courts Christian.' What legitimate meaning can attach to such a phrase I leave to anyone to determine who has studied Professor Maitland's *Roman Canon Law in the Church of England*. However, for the moment be it only noted that Dr. Legg's justification for his view is found in a MS. of Richard the Third's day, in which it is stated that the *Curtana*, or pointless sword, is symbolic of mercy, that the second sword signifies 'justice to the temporality,' and the third 'justice to the spirituality.' But surely justice to the spirituality may exist without any claim being made to spiritual jurisdiction. The whole idea of the Holy Roman Empire was based upon the fundamental conception that the Emperor should be the protector, the champion, and in some sense the executive and executioner of the Church, without thereby claiming any jurisdiction over her tribunals. Most assuredly the Pope consecrated the Emperor 'to govern the Church of God' ('ad regendam Ecclesiam tuam Sanctam'), but the sense in which that phrase was universally understood was very different from that which Dr. Legg endeavours to impart to it.<sup>6</sup> The Emperor was consecrated according to the conception of those days to exercise temporal sway over all Christians, and hence over the whole Church, but he was never understood, I submit, to be a source of spiritual jurisdiction. In the light of the mass of legislation which the mediæval Popes have left behind them Dr. Legg's view seems to me a paradox almost without parallel in its boldness. That the Church of the Middle Ages should be reproached for exorbitant pretensions to authority in temporal matters I can readily understand. But that it should be held to have acknowledged in its formularies the spiritual jurisdiction of a temporal ruler seems to me strange doctrine indeed. And what the Church did not concede to the Emperor she will hardly have conceded to the king of England. Had the principle really obtained that the king owned spiritual as well as temporal jurisdiction, and that the courts of Christianity were

<sup>6</sup> 'At Rome,' says Dr. Legg, 'it is plainly admitted in the coronation service of the Emperor that the Emperor governs the Church.' If any scholar in Europe is competent to pronounce on such a theory, it would be Dr. Otto Gierke, Professor of Law in the University of Berlin, and assuredly no Romanist. A glance at his *Political Theories of the Middle Age* (Eng. Trans.), pp. 11-17, would suffice to show how little sanction the great jurist can find for Dr. Legg's contention.

the king's courts, much of the litigation which fills the year books of the fourteenth century would have been entirely superfluous.

It is not a little remarkable that Dr. Legg and his son, who, as I gladly admit, possess such an intimate knowledge of the Coronation ritual in all its stages, seem never to have thought of connecting with the three swords a prominent feature which is found at the conclusion of the earliest order of all, but which is more clearly shown in the so-called *Ordo* of Ethelred, and in that third order also which was certainly in use when the three swords first made their appearance in history. Taking this last rite, we find that at the beginning of the ceremony the king is required to make three promises, which were sufficiently matter of common interest to be quoted by the great lawyer Bracton (c. 1256) in his *De Legibus Angliæ*, and which appear thus in the translation of Sir Travers Twiss :

For the king ought at his coronation, having taken an oath in the name of Jesus Christ, to promise three things to the people who are placed under him—in the first place that he will enjoin and, as in his power lies, take care, that a true peace shall be maintained for the Church of God and all Christian people at all time; secondly, that he will interdict all rapacities and other iniquities in all grades; thirdly, that in all judgments he will enjoin equity and mercy, so that a clement and merciful God may indulge him with His mercy, so that all persons may enjoy a firm peace through his justice.\*

At the end of these promises, as the Coronation Order tells us, the people answered, 'Amen.'

Now that this feature should appear in slightly varying forms in every English Coronation Order down to the time when the carrying of the three swords was introduced into the ceremonies is certainly a suggestive fact. The *curtana*, or truncated sword without a point, which in the fifteenth century was called the sword of mercy, obviously corresponds to the terms of the last promise. The two other swords appear in J. de Waurin as *lespee de leglise* and *lespee de justice*, showing, as I think, very clearly that the sword of the Church was not a sword of justice in the proper sense, even though at a later date we find these two swords described as the sword of justice to the temporality and the sword of justice to the clergy. There can, I submit, be little doubt that the one corresponds to the second royal promise of the early ages, while the clergy sword represents the king's first engagement, not that he would do judgment upon the Church, but that by all means in his power he would afford her protection and immunity from interference.

\* The text of the first promise in the Coronation Order is not easy to translate :  
 'In Christi nomine promitto haec tria populo Christiano mihi subdito: in primis me precepturum et opem pro viribus impensurum ut ecclesia dei et omnis populus Christianus, veram pacem nostro arbitrio in omni tempore servet.' Probably *servet* should be rendered 'retain' or 'enjoy.' In Bracton (ii. 171) however, we have  
 'ut ecclesie dei et omni populo Christiano vera pax omni suo tempore observetur.'

It would be tedious to discuss in detail the various other pleas which Dr. Legg advances in favour of his thesis. I must confess that in almost every case the argument seems to me to be strained beyond its legitimate import.<sup>8</sup> Dr. Legg makes much of the resemblance between the form of consecration of a bishop and that of the sacring of a king. But has he duly allowed for the imitative tendency which is such a potent factor in the evolution of all ritual? The rite of the blessing of a bell is closely analogous to the rite of the baptism of a child. The consecration of a nun follows the ceremonial of the sacrament of holy orders, while in the case of all four—I mean the consecration of king, bishop, priest, and nun—many features, and those externally the most striking, are identical. No one would wish to deny that a king or emperor in the Middle Ages was often spoken of as *a kind of ecclesiastic*. The imagination of courtly flatterers played round the idea of anointed king and priest; the clergy felt that a compliment was paid to their order by this sort of honorary membership, and certain puzzled canonists seeking to justify the high-handed action of princes in regard to the *droit de régale* and similar claims hit upon the happy idea of the *mixta persona*, which got rid of many technical difficulties. But the theory, I submit, remained a mere theory, a matter of speculative opinion, and was felt to be as much a make-believe as the pious fiction which allowed the laymen who wore the Carmelite scapular to rank in some sense as if they were really Carmelite friars. Undoubtedly the rite of unction was believed to bestow supernatural graces to enable the king to discharge his high functions, just as the vigil and blessing of a new knight was not looked upon as a mere empty form; but the king could receive all these necessary graces without becoming an ecclesiastic, and the common sense of the majority of the canonists<sup>9</sup> led them, like Lyndwood, to treat the *mixta persona* theory as at best a serviceable legal fiction.

It will, however, be only fair to Dr. Legg to give him the benefit of a passage which, as coming from an English Lord Chancellor of the fifteenth century, seems to me to lend weightier support to

<sup>8</sup> I may instance Dr. Legg's reiterated allegation that the Emperor sang the gospel at Mass. I submit that there is not a scrap of serious evidence for this. It could not possibly have failed to be mentioned in some of the detailed ceremonials printed by Waitz or Diemand. The solitary authority is an unknown French writer whom Martène happens to cite for a quite different purpose. So too Dr. Legg's conclusions with regard to the insignia, e.g. the *armille* or still more the *pallium*, seem to me to be very far from being satisfactorily established by evidence.

<sup>9</sup> Cf., for instance, N. de Tudeschi ('Panormitanus'): 'nota quod laici etiam reges non possunt aliquid donare de jure ecclesiastico nec possunt possidere jus spirituale. Ex quo infertur quod reges sunt puri laici, ita quod per coronationem et unctionem nullum ordinem ecclesiasticum recipiunt. De Decimis, cap. *Dudum*. Selva, De Benefic. II. q. 23 nn. 32: Reges licet ungantur non tamen recipiunt potestatem super iuribus ecclesiasticis, nec recipiunt ordinem ecclesiasticum sed laicorum numero continentur.'

his view than any authority which he has himself adduced. As this interesting pronouncement seems to have been overlooked by the many writers who have treated of the Coronation ceremonial I trust that the length of the extract will be pardoned. The writer, Sir John Fortescue, was an ardent champion of the Lancastrian cause during the wars of the Roses, and was here presenting a legal refutation of the Yorkist claim, which was derived through two female descents. Fortescue even went so far as to deny that any woman could succeed to the English throne.

Again, many duties are incumbent upon kings of England, in virtue of the kingly office itself, which are inconsistent with the nature of a woman, and kings of England are inspired with certain power by special grace from Heaven, wherewith queens in that country are not inspired. A king of England, for instance, is held by authority of the Church to be a *persona mixta*, and accordingly, during the vacancy of bishoprics, the kings there confer upon whom they will all vacant prebends of cathedral churches so vacant, and make those collations by virtue of their royal briefs, by which briefs the said prebendaries are, in point of law, sufficiently instituted and invested in their prebends, and in the said cathedral churches are, by virtue of such royal briefs aforesaid, incorporated as canons, and thus in this and in other divers cases which might be shown, a king of England may exercise the functions of a bishop, which power is not fitting for women, nor ever was granted to a woman. Likewise the kings of England are, by reason of the kingly office itself, subject to many obligations which are opposed to the nature of women. The kings of England, in their very anointing, receive from heaven such infusion of grace that by touch of their anointed hands they cleanse and cure those that are infected with a certain disease commonly called the 'king's evil' (*qui vulgo regius morbus appellatur*), who are said to be otherwise incurable. Epileptics also and persons subject to the falling sickness are cured by means of gold and silver devoutly touched and offered by the sacred anointed hands of the kings of England upon Easter Day during divine service (*divinorum tempore*), according to the annual custom of the kings of England, even as by means of rings made of the said gold or silver, and placed upon the fingers of such sick persons, the same hath been in many parts of the world by frequent trial experienced, which grace is not conferred upon queens, inasmuch as they are not anointed on the hands. Moreover the queen is anointed on a lower part of the head than the king, in token that the latter is superior; and not anointed on the arms like a king, because she is not to exercise the power of her own will, nor bear the sword, as the king doth; and not without cause, as saith the apostle, seeing it would be against the rule of nature for a woman to mix herself up with the business of a man.<sup>10</sup>

Similarly in his *De Natura Legis Naturæ* Fortescue, writing in the interests of the House of Lancaster against the House of York, had based his argument upon the contention that a woman could not lawfully be sovereign of the land of England, and this he proved from the fact that the sovereign of England owned no superior, while woman by the divine law and the law of nature was bound always to be the 'inferior of man. In the retractation which Sir John was eventually compelled by Edward the Fourth to make as a condition of the reversal of his attainder he refutes his own

<sup>10</sup> Fortescue, *Works*, vol. i., p. 514. Lord Clermont's translation.

argument in this form: 'That every woman is under the power and lordshippe of some one man, which is alle she is arted (constrained) unto by the forsaid juggement in Genesis,<sup>11</sup> may not be denied, for every woman is under the power and lordshippe of the Pope, which is a man, and he Vicare of Christ, God and man.' Neither does Fortescue limit this to subjection in spiritualities. 'Every king,' he says, 'as a member of Holy Church is subjecte to the Pope. Thanne whether this subjeccione be only of his persone, or also of and in his persone and his kingdome, which both be temporals only, now remaineth to be proved. And to prove that he and his kingdom, and also he in his kingdome and in all other of his temporalities beth subject unto the Pope, I procede in this maner.' Fortescue draws his proof mainly from Scripture, but there is no ambiguity as to his conclusions. He says, for instance—

Though the Pope take not from the kings their goods and possessions withouten cause, yet he ought compelle theym to rule justely thaire subjects and els to punyshe theym for thaire neglygens and defaults. Thus Moses hanged the princes that punished not thaire subjects whanne they had offended. Thus have Popes punyshed Emperors and Kingis, when they have mysrulyd thaire subjectes, as we rede in chronicles of olde dayes. Christ (he says further) gives both swords into the handes of the Pope His Vicar, for which he is called *Re. et Sacerdos*, and compelleth all princes, as well spirituall as temporell, to come to his gret councelles. By which matters and by many moo, which wolde aske grete trait of tyme yf they shulde be specified, it may undoubtedly appeare that there is now noo kingdome in the erthe of Christen men, of which the king is not subjecte, also well in temporaltes as spiritualtes.

These words are strong as coming from a Chief Justice of England and former Lord Chancellor, and what makes them stronger is the fact that they were written, not for Henry the Sixth, but for Edward the Fourth, in a document which, from the very necessity of the case, could contain nothing offensive to the monarch whose pardon was sued for.

Such theories of course have nowadays only an historical interest. No modern theologian of any school, so far as I am aware, would defend Fortescue's doctrine of the subjection of sovereign princes to the Holy See in temporals. But I quote these passages to show how very far the point of view of the English Lord Chancellor is removed from that of Dr. Legg, in spite of their agreement as to the ecclesiastical character of an anointed king. Practically Fortescue's view as to the king's claim to collate to a prebend without further episcopal institution did not differ greatly from Lyndwood's. Lyndwood regarded the practice as irregular, seeing that the king was a *persona secularis*, but he tolerated it on the ground that this special privilege was conceded at least tacitly to the sovereign by the Pope, the *Dominus Universalis*, and in this way the act of collation

<sup>11</sup> 'Eris sub potestate viri et ipse dominabitur tui,' Genesis iii., 'Thow shalt be under the power of man, and he shall be thy lorde.'

became virtually the act of the Pope himself. Fortescue, on the other hand, regarding the king as a *persona mixta*, believed him to exercise of right such an episcopal function as the collating to prebends during the vacancy of any see. None the less in Fortescue's view the king was the subject and functionary of the Holy See, and in the case of flagrant misconduct it was for the Pope to punish and depose.<sup>12</sup> But neither to the Lord Chancellor nor to the great canonist, pious men both and loyally devoted to their sovereign, would it, I submit, ever have occurred that a mediæval king was consecrated to govern the Church in any but temporal matters. Perhaps I am wrong, but I venture to ask for stronger evidence than any which has been so far produced by Dr. Legg and his fellow editors.

HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

<sup>12</sup> It may perhaps be permissible to point out that the alleged mediæval conception of the king's ecclesiastical character does not convey to all students of the past quite what it conveys to Dr. Legg. In Dr. Gierke's view, 'the offices of Kaiser, King and Prince' were judged by the canonists to be 'ecclesiastical offices,' not because these temporal rulers govern the Church, but, on the contrary, because 'the temporal government, when it has been constituted, remains a subservient part of the ecclesiastical order'—or, in other words, 'because the temporal power is subject to and should obey the spiritual' (*Political Theories*, p. 13). This is the interpretation of the teaching of the mediæval Church party, propounded by the great Berlin jurist. It can hardly be supposed that Dr. Legg would wish to import this conception into the ceremonial of a modern coronation.

## THE YOUNG ENGLISH GIRL SELF-PORTRAYED

THE 'MONKEY MAGAZINE'

THIS Review has been lately privileged to give to the world the opinions on life and conduct of a number of French young ladies brought up for the most part in convent schools. Almost without exception their sentiments indicate a high standard of virtue, and may be studied with edification. Without any desire to draw an invidious comparison, it may not be unamusing to the reader should like hospitality be accorded to extracts from the writings of some English girls, who, though younger than their French sisters, have also given their views on things in general with an outspoken candour certainly not restrained by fear of conventual or other supervision.

One of the young editors of a magazine, bearing the not inappropriate name of *Monkey*, lately honoured me by entrusting to my care a collection of back numbers, with permission to select from their pages such portions as appeared likely to appeal to a larger public than that for which they were originally intended. The magazine in question was written by over twenty girls in the school-rooms of their respective families, each number being composed of drawings and of stories and essays inscribed on detached pages; these were sewn into a cover by one of the joint-editors—not always an easy task, to judge by pathetic appeals for care occasionally interspersed amidst other matter, 'important pages' being sometimes lost in transit. The completed number was then circulated amongst the members, with blank pages left for written criticisms. These, as will be seen, were given with the utmost candour; it has been whispered that 'we praised our friends and abused those we did not like'; but surely such conduct was unknown amongst critics who had not yet failed in literature and art. Moreover, what was the use of the pseudonyms with which the contributions are rigorously signed, if any girl had a suspicion of another author's identity? A system of prizes allotted by vote, and of fines for failure to contribute, aided to keep up the interest, which was maintained for several years; in fact, till many of the contributors had left the schoolroom and 'come out.' The claims of a giddy world are, alas! found too exacting for the

regular exercise of literary and artistic talent, but most readers will agree that it would be sad if a few plums could not be rescued from a feast of which only intimate friends have hitherto been allowed fleeting glimpses. Nor need the discerning editor on the search for budding genius despair; these maidens are still in the first flush of youthful enjoyment; in a year or two the pen or brush may again reclaim them, and the promise which he will here perceive may be amply fulfilled.

Meantime the magazine exists only in manuscript, or occasional typescript, none of the numbers having as yet been printed. The illustrations, unfortunately, cannot here be reproduced, but a few of the accompanying criticisms may give an idea of their motive. A lady is represented cycling. 'Fairly good,' says critic number one; 'where is the lady's left foot?' 'Good,' adds Dragon, 'though the lady's right hand looks rather big.' 'Criticisms should not be so captious. EXCELLENT!' remonstrates the third judge.

Some children in a basket, very prettily drawn by Edendough, are pronounced by one to be 'quite inartistic'; but another promptly throws herself into the breach with the query, 'Where does the inartisticness (*sic*) come in?' The Gorilla and Cinderella have several clever drawings, while Rhesus contributes a pretty sketch for Mary Queen of Scots, of which the Gnome cruelly writes, 'Rather hard luck on Mary Queen of Scots. Rhesus might have called it something else.'

A great controversy rages over two pencil drawings of Bruges by a young lady signing herself Chimpanzee, who rather draws down upon herself the flashes which she hoped to avert by writing underneath her sketches, 'Out of a rough sketch-book. We had one quarter of an hour to do these little things.'

'Not good,' says Tommy Atkins; 'Chimpanzee must have a great contempt for the M.M. if she only contributes scribbles out of a rough sketch-book.'

'I am so sorry,' apologises Chimpanzee; 'I thought they weren't so very bad' (they are not), 'but I'll never contribute again if T.A. doesn't like—anyway not drawings.' Tommy Atkins was editor, but she does not seem to have secured military discipline, for another contributor ventures to write: 'Very good indeed. Why should Chimpanzee be so sat upon by the first critic? It shows all she knows about it.'

And so they continue; but we must turn from the artists, and give a slight idea of the efforts of the novelists.

Be it remarked in passing that the girls seldom indulge in poetry. A comment on this reticence elicited the explanation that when they did they were 'so awfully cut up' that they could not stand it. Would there be any advantage in starting a *Monkey Magazine* for older rhymesters?



Fear of a like ordeal may account for a general absence of the sentimental style; the stories for the most part are rapid in action and very sensational—duels, burglaries, and sudden deaths predominate. A detective story is begun, and the various contributors are invited to supply endings according to fancy. In one a mysterious murder is thus explained by a faithful servant: 'I must tell you that madness is in the Seymour family. It is supposed to come out in one member in every third generation, and my poor mistress was no exception to the rule.' The madness in her case took the inconvenient form of killing 'the idol of her heart,' and Jane, hearing 'weird laughter,' arrived just in time to see this done and to lead the culprit back to bed. Fortunately her speedy death enables the servant to explain matters to the family, and as they decide to keep the secret the police are apparently accommodating enough to ask no further questions.

In another conclusion to the same story we are told how a young man was captured by banditti; he escaped, 'and while wandering in the mountains came upon a secret society for the overthrow of the Italian Government, and secured one of their papers . . . recognising the importance of the paper,' he kept it carefully, and left it to his son; the society made several offers for its recovery, 'which of course,' says the wife of the man who secured it, 'we refused.' It does not appear what advantage accrued from its possession, but after the lapse of years, murder, and other catastrophes, 'the paper was given up to the Italian Government, but as no key could be found to the cypher its contents remain unknown.' Could Mrs. Gallup help the Italian Government? Criticism on this chapter should, however, be disarmed by the note appended by the author. 'I hope that the mems. of the M.M. will not think this solution too full of blood and murder, as I have made it end in the happiest manner I could.—BABOON.' Most of the critics are merciful and even laudatory, but one, presumably from a spirit of contradiction, pronounces, 'It is neither sensible nor probable, neither amusing nor tragical. It is indeed quite worthy of a Baboon.'

Another story, called the 'Wolf in Sheep's Clothing,' introduces a hero, son of a parsimonious peer, who, being landed in pecuniary difficulties, adopts the suggestion of his valet, who 'confided to Leslie that years ago he had been a burglar in a small way. . . . And so Horace Leslie became a burglar, and becoming also rich after two or three successful attempts, he once more went into society, and soon became one of the most popular members thereof,' utilising his opportunities to further his nefarious designs. One of the comments on the first instalment of this romance is, 'So far, so good. I hope it won't be too long, as one always forgets the first part if the story continues for months.'

In one cheerful tale a Professor leaves his child shut up with a

skeleton, and returns to find her a gibbering idiot: in yet another, a young lady, warned by a dream, gallops off on an early morning visit to her betrothed, and arrives to find that he has suddenly expired. She unhesitatingly adjourns to the roof of his castle, and commits suicide by throwing herself from the battlements.

Apparitions and ghostly presentiments are frequent enough to annoy 'Jacko,' who writes, 'What stupid subjects for this month! Can't the monkeys have a more interesting subject than ghosts and murder stories?' 'Will Jacko kindly suggest a better? I think ghosts a most interesting subject,' retorts Jenny Wren.

Probably the acrimony of Jacko was caused by the suggestion 'Do Ghosts Exist?' as subject for an essay. This is discussed by the girls with gravity befitting members of the Psychical Society rather than monkeys. On the whole their arguments are fairly well balanced, and Spes reasons the matter out with care, though she elicits the comment, 'We have almost enough to do with natural affairs, without too much endeavouring to understand or explain the supernatural.' Another philosopher plunges into the subject thus: 'It is almost wrong to say that ghosts do not exist, because we have so many sound proofs that they do; but all the same I do not believe in them, and shall not till I have the misfortune to see one, which I hope I may never do. . . . I have heard there is a house,' she continues, 'where there is a haunted bedroom. Here no one will sleep, because every morning there is the impression as if some one had lain there! Once a maid was put there to sleep, and in the morning she was dead.' 'How tiresome of the maid to die and not tell why,' says a practical critic.

'Places I have seen' are well described by more than one contributor. Ythan becomes poetic in Genoa and Florence, and we may hope remains uncrushed by the remark, 'Fairly good; much the best thing Ythan has written in this "poetical" style, which personally I hate,' since other critics pronounce her essay to be exceedingly well written. Jenny Wren gives really entertaining accounts of Aden and Colombo, and wins the sympathy of at least one critic by concluding that no place ever looked so fascinating as Plymouth Harbour when she first saw England again after two years' absence.

'My Ideal Sitting-Room' gives occasion to several writers to mention their favourite authors and artists, amongst whom Ruskin, Walter Scott, Tennyson, George Eliot, Thackeray and Jane Austen, Burne-Jones and Rossetti hold honoured places. 'Can animals communicate with each other?' was plainly a congenial topic, and one can but admire the candour of the reasons for holding the affirmative view. 'To us human beings,' writes Elk, 'who are so fond of talking, it would be difficult to realise that animals have no power of communication, but perhaps "the wish is father to the thought."'

'O fellow-monkeys!' exclaims Cock-a-doodle-doo, 'do not let us doom the animal world to the misery of "no communication with one another." No busy talk, no confidential chats, no idle gossip—heigho, but what a world it would be!'

The 'Ideal Gardens' are very pretty indeed with their trellis walks, yew hedges, roseries and sundials—summer-houses are not in favour. No one seems to recommend such additions, and Pegasus writes, 'I would allow no summer-houses, as I think they are the most draughty, catch-cold spidery places in existence. If people want air and shade let them sit under a tree, and if they want warmth they should stay indoors, as they certainly won't find it in a summer-house.' Ythan, who was condemned for her 'poetical' description of Florence, has her turn at criticism here. 'I am afraid Pegasus is not romantic, since she so dislikes summer-houses; the essay is very matter-of-fact.'

An essay on toffee-making has a dubious reception. Chimpanzee tells us, 'You may manage to mete out correctly the amount of sugar and butter and lemon and other ingredients, but the difficulty is to get these things to make toffee. People who have never tried (if there are any) could not imagine what strange mixtures can be made out of butter and sugar. In fact, I believe you can make anything you don't want to out of butter and sugar, but it takes a real genius to make toffee out of them.' After describing the process of mixing and heating, and of testing the boiling mixture by pouring it into a cup of cold water at infinite risk to 'the fingers of the person who is holding the cup,' Chimpanzee concludes: 'The last operation is eating it, and this is the most difficult of all, and in most cases had better be omitted. If you do succeed in making really good toffee, you may resign yourself to the conviction that you are a genius and will die young, that is, if you eat the toffee.'

'I must be a genius,' says one, 'for the first time I made toffee it turned out beautifully'; but Scrag agrees that all her experience in making toffee is burning her fingers and scorching her face; and Powder Monkey writes with an evident sigh of sympathy, 'I quite agree with Chim Panzee (*sic*) that toffee is very, very difficult to make, mine generally goes to sugar.' Others think 'these kind of things' should be kept for private correspondence, and 'like a receipt without foolish remarks from the author.'

Plainly all the girls had made (or tried to make) toffee, but several considered it rather below the dignity of pen and ink.

To these the answers to the problem, 'State what special talent you would choose if you had the choice, and give your reasons,' must have been more satisfactory. Three or four desire a beautiful voice, for the valid reason that this talent is the one which gives most 'real pleasure to oneself and to others'; but the practical Elk suggests that 'the disadvantage of a beautiful voice is that so little would make it a

bad one, such as a cold, etc. etc. I,' she adds, 'should choose a more hardy talent.' Marmoset thinks that 'Music is a very useful talent to possess. If one was asked to accompany any other instrument on the piano, how nice it would be to be able to read off any piece at a moment's notice.' Pegasus wishes 'to be able to write books clever enough to "live," so witty that they would win a smile from the gravest of the grave, and so pure that they could not harm the most innocent reader.' 'I must say,' comments the toffee-making Chimpanzee, 'I think there are almost enough novels in the world, but I wish more of them were of this sort.'

Tommy Atkins is divided between wishes for a beautiful voice and for the power of writing, but seems almost weighed down by the sense of responsibility which the latter would entail. She truly remarks that 'to use a power, capable of such infinite good, to bad ends, as sometimes happens, seems to me really a sin.' She concludes with the modest aspiration, 'Give me any talent you choose so long as it be the very best of its kind.' May her wish be granted! Akin to this discussion is one on the best profession for a woman. Type-writing, journalism and shopkeeping are all discussed. Cock-a-doodle-doo sums up her desires as follows: 'To *know* a certain amount to begin with, write letters, read good books, amuse myself at balls, and be a help at home would be the sum of my profession,' which strikes Spes as 'extremely and charmingly feminine,' but is pronounced by Powder Monkey to be 'rather expensive and unprofitable.'

The choice of a profession elicits one curious essay, in which White Clematis indulges in a vein of probably unconscious but almost painful cynicism. 'Professions,' she says with perfect truth, 'are limited in which one could hope for success without having been educated to such an end,' and she imagines herself forced to select one under such conditions. 'I sometimes think I should like to see whether the governess's life is quite as bad as one always hears it is. . . . With one girl to teach, I imagine I could abstain from taking offence at everything I should be asked to do by the parents. As to the long and technical words, I might with application hope to gain a considerable knowledge of them. English grammar, which I cordially dislike, would offer no difficulties. My pupil should write out large portions which she should commit to memory. I would then find questions which should occupy her for fully an hour in answering them. . . . Languages are perhaps rather more difficult, but these can be mastered by means of grammars. With the latter, no knowledge of the pronunciation is necessary. . . . The music is, perhaps, the most easy thing of all. . . . The theory can very readily be learnt and committed to memory and afterwards written down. I would have two or three pieces to play on the piano with which to deceive the parents, and unless the child was very discerning she would uphold and believe in me for a long time. . . . Whilst my pupil wrote,

I could always write letters, do needlework, or read. I would not allow my work to become too hard. The governess's secret is to kill time in an imposing manner. Without, however, descending to such depths of laziness or ignorance as I have described, I think this is the only profession which I could make up my mind to engage in.'

What a painfully true portrait of many a poor half-educated governess forced to earn a livelihood half a century ago, but how did White Clematis find her in these days of high schools and colleges for girls?

The other Monkeys are by no means unanimous in their approval. While several think the essay 'very amusing,' Marmoset exclaims, 'What a dreadfully unprincipled governess White Clematis would make! I am glad I'm not her pupil'; and Cock-a-doodle-doo remarks, 'I don't think White Clematis has any right to abuse the worst of governesses after she has told us what a one she would make.'

This remonstrance has probably reference to a previous number, in which 'governesses' were given as subject for an essay. It is to be hoped that this number was carefully hidden from the eyes of those who were unwittingly compelled to sit for their portraits, or the most angelic tempers would hardly have been improved by its perusal. White Clematis was on this occasion retrospective, and instead of imagining herself in the position of one of these unfortunate ladies, recounts her experiences with several who had lived in her family. 'Personally,' she says, 'I have had five real governesses and two stop-gaps,' and of these she confesses to having liked two. Of the others, one was 'capable as a whole, but irrepressible as an india-rubber ball. . . . She had wonderful theories; one was that rabbits and hares give the cholera. This was a little inconvenient in the country.' This poor woman ended by suffering from hysteria, and having to be carried downstairs by the butler and footman. Another went quite mad as the result of influenza; the last was 'the permanent Fräulein who to my mind was quite unequalled for apathy.' A long and not very flattering account of her ends with, 'She has gone, and now we are looking for the ideal governess. Can any of the Monkey members help us to find her, or do they want her themselves? She must play beautifully on the piano, speak and teach French and German, and she must also be a nice sensible woman.'

Governesses are a subject on which the contributors feel fully competent to arbitrate, but opinions on the above essay differ as usual. 'Amusing and well written,' says one. 'Very good; I quite agree that governesses are the most awful nuisances that have ever existed on the face of this mortal world,' adds another. On the other hand, Scrag thinks that 'all the members of the M.M. are very spiteful against their unhappy governesses,' and Ythan asserts that 'it is all

bosh about all governesses being awful; I have an English one who is very pretty and a perfect darling.'

Simple Sue next contributes her experiences, which she does not claim to be 'particularly large,' although she says 'I should think I have had about two or three dozen, with whom I have squabbled and fought.' The worst in this young lady's opinion are the Germans. 'For the German language and for the people I have always had a great dislike, why, I don't know. But generally all the German governesses make themselves look such awful frights and so dirty. Their hair, for one thing, is, as a rule, pulled back and then oiled till it is so shiny that one could see one's face in it. The back part is done up with one hair-pin, which looks as if it had been picked up out of the street. Their faces are generally wrinkled; and then, unless they squint, which they probably do, they wear spectacles which are generally blue.'

A young lady who cautiously withholds any signature partially endorses this sketch, but adds, 'I am sure all governesses are *not* ugly; we had a beast who was not in the least ugly'; and Jenny Wren goes further. 'I have had at least a dozen,' she says; 'some I disliked but most were not bad, and the one I like best is a German, very pretty and well-dressed (not a bit like S.S.'s description), and everyone likes her.' Dragon asserts that governesses 'always try to sit on one. I don't think they succeed much with me,' she adds, and continues with a complaint which must be allowed to evoke sympathy: 'The climax of everything is when they correct one at luncheon. This I maintain is not their business. Ours does it, and when it happens I feel I could murder her or at least throw something at her head. It makes me *boil*, and if it is possible I never take any notice. . . . They hardly if ever love or even like dogs, and this I think is a great test of anybody's character.' Edendough contributes exceedingly clever drawings of 'The suitable Chaperon,' 'The Family Treasure,' and other types.

The last essay on governesses is by an 'honorary member,' who, having been for some time emancipated from their sway, endeavours to take a somewhat judicial view of the relations between them and their pupils; but it is hardly a cheerful one, as she thinks that the governesses are sometimes very disagreeable and the pupils generally perfectly odious to them. One of her own instructresses 'was very prim and always expected us to make polite conversation to her and each other. In fact, she never even allowed my sister and I (*sic*) to call each other beast! But in spite of everything we rather liked her.' 'Even nice governesses,' says a critic, 'did not allow us to call us (*sic*) beasts till we told them it meant darling.'

Looking back on these extracts it seems as if I had rather abused my trust, and owe an apology to the Monkeys. I am conscious that the selections have been made rather with a view to the amusement

of the reader than to the display of the best gifts of the young writers. I humbly crave their forgiveness. Some of the longer stories are really interesting and well-written, but it was impossible within the limits of an article to give any idea of their merits. Many of the essays—for example, those on ‘Spring,’ by Orang Outang and others, and on ‘Beautiful Sights’—are very pretty indeed, but the girls are clever enough to realise that originality is more likely to find universal favour than smooth periods and pleasant descriptions.

I wish that it had lain within my province and been within my power to give an account of the Monkey tea-parties, but those, alas! were gatherings from which parents and guardians (not to speak of governesses) were rigidly excluded, and only those entitled to wear the badge of membership (a miniature monkey) admitted. Wit and wisdom doubtless there found play of which an older generation was all unworthy; one thing is certain, that generosity there forgave the most scathing criticism.

Legends have already collected round the *Monkey Magazine*. There is a tale of one contributor who was expelled from membership for failure in the matter of fines and correspondence, and who has nevertheless met with literary success in the outside world, proving to demonstration how high was the standard necessary for a ‘Monkey,’ since even one who fell below it was accepted elsewhere. I personally know a statesman whom his sovereign and country have delighted to honour, and who nevertheless asserts that all his hopes of literary distinction have been blighted since the ‘Merry maidens’ refused him a place on their staff. Surely such testimony as this will convince the most sceptical that treasures yet unpublished lie within the covers of the *Monkey Magazine*.

M. E. JERSEY.

## CONCERNING GHOST STORIES

LAST Christmas Day I had the pleasure of dining with a number of charming and accomplished people, who proceeded, after dinner, to tell ghost stories. It is, I believe, a not uncommon way of honouring the festival of Christ's Nativity, and I resigned myself to it, or endeavoured to do so, with a good grace, as to one of the inevitable incidents of the holy season, like waits, Christmas-boxes, and pantomimes. I did not, however, make my contribution to the narratives, and possibly my face, less under control than I had hoped, betrayed that they but moderately interested me. At all events, a brilliant lady, who had just finished a thrilling tale, turned to me with a look of surprise, and observed, 'You don't seem to care about ghost stories?' I replied, 'Well, no; I never tell them, and I would not go out of my way to listen to them; still, I have no wish to mar your innocent—or perhaps not quite innocent—amusement.' The lady rejoined, 'But surely many ghost stories are quite well authenticated—the one I have just told is; and, if so, what can be the harm of telling them?' I thought it best to follow the example of the Chancellor in *The Day Dream*—the occasion was hardly suitable for a serious discussion—'and smiling put the question by,' promising, however, to write something about it when I should have leisure to do so. And now I proceed to redeem my promise.

The question, indeed, which my fair friend put to me divides itself into two. 'Are not many ghost stories true?' and, 'If they are, or may be, true, what can be the harm of telling them to beguile an after-dinner hour or to enliven a tea-table?' Let us consider both these questions a little.

I take the phrase 'Ghost Stories' in a large sense, and include in it not merely tales of apparitions, but generally accounts of phenomena not referable to the action of any natural laws at present known, and therefore presumed to belong to the supernatural sphere. Now, that many of these accounts are true, I do not for one moment doubt. It is, of course, quite easy to deny them upon *a priori* grounds. The affirmation that there is no order beyond the physical, of course implies that there can be no communication from the supernatural. And this is really the argument—to give a



classic example—of Voltaire in his article ‘Apparitions’ in the *Philosophical Dictionary*. The first sentence strikes the keynote: ‘It is not at all an uncommon thing for a person under a strong emotion to see that which is not.’ (‘Ce n’est point du tout une chose rare qu’une personne, vivement émue, voit ce qui n’est point.’) The proposition is unquestionably true. As unquestionably, it is not conclusive. It would be just as true to say, ‘It is not by any means uncommon for a person in a normal state of health and nerves, and not under the influence of any strong emotion, to be conscious of the presence of one who is dead.’ The evidence for this second proposition is just as abundant and overwhelming as is the evidence for the first. The *a priori* argument against apparitions of the departed resolves itself into the ancient Roman dictum that there is nothing beyond death, and that death itself is nothing—‘Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.’ Of course a man may believe that, if he likes. I use the words ‘if he likes’ advisedly, for it is, in nine cases out of ten, our inclination which determines our creed. There are those who, to any form of faith in the supersensuous, prefer a crude disbelief in all that lies out of the senses’ grasp: but upon such, evidence of the supernatural is thrown away. And just now I am not writing for them.

But I suppose that thanatists, as it is the fashion to call them, are really not very numerous. At all events, I will take it that most of those who do me the honour to read this paper will be of the opinion expressed by Cardinal Newman in a striking passage of his sermon ‘The Invisible World.’ ‘The dead, when they depart hence, do not cease to exist, but they retire from this visible scene of things, or, in other words, they cease to act towards us and before us *through our senses*. . . . They remain; but without the *usual* means of approach towards us and correspondence with us. . . . We are in a world of spirits as well as in a world of sense.’ To Newman, the phenomenal universe was but a veil, hiding from us spiritual realities. The question is, Can any communication reach us from beyond that veil?

It is a question of fact, and, as I have before observed, the evidence for an affirmative answer to it, seems to me overwhelming. I am well aware that this evidence can seldom be tested as evidence is tested in an English court of law. The narrator does not speak, as a rule, under the sanction of an oath or a solemn affirmation. Nor is he, as a rule, subjected to the sifting process of cross-examination. Still, I do not hesitate to say that the testimony upon which many histories of apparitions rest is so clear, so concrete, and so cogent, as to leave no room for doubt in a candid mind—a mind, as the phrase is, open to conviction. ‘If,’ Lord Chief Baron Pollock told the jury in the trial of the Mannings—‘if the conclusion to which you are led be that there is that degree of certainty in the case that

you would act upon it in your own grave and important concerns, that is the degree of certainty which the law requires, and which will justify you in returning a verdict of guilty.' Such was the degree of certainty which this very learned judge, expounding, I need not say correctly, the doctrine of English jurisprudence, held sufficient for the hanging of the Manning couple. But the degree of certainty produced by the evidence in support of many well-known apparitions—for example, the Wynyard-Sherbrooke, the Brougham, and the Weld—appears to me to go far beyond that, and to leave no room for incredulity, except in a mind dominated by a first principle which blocks belief. I may say the same of the account of St. Ambrose falling into a trance during Liturgy, and being seen at the funeral of St. Martin of Tours, and of the apparitions of St. Philip Neri, both during his lifetime and after his decease, to Cardinal Baronius, his disciple and friend.

I have been writing without special reference to the Christian religion. But it must be perfectly clear to any student of its Sacred Books that if communications from the unseen world, such as those which we are considering, are impossible, and do *not* take place, these venerable documents lose all claim to credibility, so closely are stories of visions and revelations interwoven with their very texture. We must say the same of the 'Lives of the Saints.' And, as regards the more recent Saints, we are often in a position to criticise closely the evidence upon which the alleged supernatural facts rest. In many cases that evidence seems amply sufficient for certitude, unless we discredit it on the *a priori* ground which I mentioned before: as, for example, in the following incident in the life of St. Alphonsus Liguori:

On the morning of the 21st of September, 1774, after Alphonsus [he was then Bishop of St. Agatha] had ended Mass, contrary to custom, he threw himself into his armchair; he was cast down and silent, he made no movement of any sort, never articulated a word, and said nothing to any one. He remained in this state all that day and all the following night, and during all this time he took no nourishment and did not attempt to undress. The servants on seeing the state he was in did not know what was going to happen, and remained up and at his door, but no one dared to enter it. On the morning of the 22nd he had not changed his position, and no one knew what to think of it. The fact was that he was in a prolonged ecstasy. However, when the day became further advanced, he rang the bell to announce that he intended to celebrate Mass. The signal was not only answered to by Brother Francis Anthony, according to custom, but all the people in the house hurried to him with eagerness. On seeing so many people, his Lordship asked what was the matter, with an air of surprise. 'What is the matter!' they replied; 'you have neither spoken nor eaten anything for two days, and you ceased to give any signs of life.' 'That is true,' replied Alphonsus; 'but do you not know I have been with the Pope, who has just died?' . . . It was looked upon as a mere dream. . . . However, before very long the tidings of the death of Pope Clement the Fourteenth were received. He passed to a better life on the 22nd of September at seven o'clock in the morning, at the very moment when Alphonsus came to himself.

I should here observe, as in fairness I am bound to do, that well-authenticated stories of this sort are by no means confined to Christian hagiology. Thus, in Esâkî's well-known work, *Menâqibu 'L'Arifin*, the Acts of certain Islamite saints of the Mevlevi order of Dervishes, many similar instances of supernatural facts are vouched for by the historian—a man of undoubted intelligence and probity—as seen by himself; while others are related upon the authority of witnesses whose names are generally given, and whose piety and veracity were known to him.

But the reader must not suppose that narrations of this kind find credence only among the professors of Christianity or Islâm. They are received with equal readiness by exponents of the newest schools of philosophy, to whom Christianity, or any of its rival religions, would appear 'a creed outworn.' Thus, Schopenhauer, who, however we may feel towards his speculations, certainly ranks amongst the keenest and subtlest intellects of these latter days, profoundly believed in them, and would not reject even the wildest stories of supernatural manifestations as unworthy of examination. Whether the dead ever *actually* appear he does not indeed undertake to determine; but he will not deny that they may have the capacity of manifesting themselves to, or communicating with, the living. Death, as he judged, though extinguishing the intellect, which, according to him, is merely a function of the brain, has, he considers, no dominion over the will, whereof the brain is only a manifestation. And the fact of apparitions of the living he believed to be established beyond all reasonable doubt. He gives many instances in support of his belief. I have before me, as I write, his most fascinating paper, 'An Enquiry concerning Ghost-seeing, and what is connected therewith' ('Versuch über das Geistersehn und was damit zusammenhängt'). He observes that belief in ghosts is born with man, that it is found in all ages and in all countries, and that probably no one is altogether free from it. The great multitude of men, he continues, in all times and in all lands, draw a distinction between natural and supernatural, as two essentially different orders of things, ascribing to the supernatural order, miracles, divinations, ghosts, and enchantments, but yet apprehending that nature itself rests upon the supernatural. And this popular differentiation (*Unterscheidung*), he goes on to say, essentially agrees with the Kantian distinction between phenomenon and the thing-in-itself; although Kant regards nature and the supernatural not as two different and separate kinds of being, but as one, which, taken in itself, may be called supernatural, but when manifested in the world of sense, and apprehended by the intellect, and assuming the forms prescribed thereby, is termed nature. What Kant calls phenomenon (*Erscheinung*) Schopenhauer denominates intellectual representation (*Vorstellung*); and Kant's thing-in-itself is named by him Will. In

ordinary circumstances, Schopenhauer teaches, we know this Will only as manifested under the forms of space, time, and causality. But there are states of the brain in which we penetrate beyond those forms and come into direct contact with the ultimate, the one reality, Will, transcending the intellectual illusions which are the realm of physical science, and reaching the sphere of absolute truth. To this sphere of absolute truth, curious as it may seem, he refers animal magnetism, sympathetic cures, magic, second sight, presentiments, apparitions, and visions of all kinds.

But I must not linger further upon these fascinating and far-reaching speculations. That they are Schopenhauer's, is enough to entitle them to a respectful hearing. What I have said may suffice as to the first question which I have proposed: the truth, actual or possible, of ghost stories. I shall now proceed to consider the further question—whether, allowing that they may be, and often are, more or less true, the telling them is a harmless amusement. I put the inquiry in this way purposely. I shall answer it in the negative, and shall give my reasons for so doing. I am, of course, very far from saying that all tales of the supernatural, save such as are well authenticated, or vouched for by religion, are necessarily to be reprehended. They may be harmless; nay, more, as a recent reverend writer claims, they may even be 'edifying, ministering to faith and fostering piety.' Nor, again, would I venture to affirm that all scientific inquiry regarding supernatural phenomena, is in itself reprehensible. I use the word 'scientific' in the proper signification. It is generally taken in a too narrow and exclusive sense. In common parlance it is restricted to physics, and to ways of investigation most congruously followed in the domain of physics, but ill-adapted, as a rule, for employment elsewhere. I understand by 'science,' systematised and co-ordinated knowledge, a knowledge of facts as underlain by principles—in other words, causal knowledge. And by the scientific method I understand that which the modern mind now so emphatically recognises and so fruitfully follows as its chosen instrument of research in all departments of intellectual activity—the method which starts, not from *a priori* speculations, but from established facts, and which finds in the comparison of those facts and in the deduction of their results the guarantee of reality. I am far from saying that we may not pursue this method in investigating the supernatural. But I do say that to a science of the supernatural, in the true sense of the word 'science,' we shall never attain by human industry. However numerous the supernatural phenomena which we collect by observation and verify by experience, we cannot advance to the idea of a law as the explanation of them. The subject is too obscure; the instances are too conflicting and too contradictory; the causal *nexus* is beyond us. Consider the results obtained by the Society for Promoting Psychical Research, for which two valued friends of

my own, now no more, Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Frederick Myers, laboured so abundantly. What is the outcome of the labours of those two highly-disciplined and most accomplished intellects, aided as they were by a multitude of calm, candid, and careful inquirers? Is it other than shadowy, contradictory, illusory, mocking? Yes, mocking; making me think of the laugh which Horace attributes to the Deity when mortal men attempt to overpass the bounds divinely set to human knowledge: 'Ridetque si mortalis ultra fas trepidat.'

It seems, then, to me that the conclusion to which we are driven, as we meditate on these matters, is that the sphere of the supernatural is beyond the province of earthly science. The veil, lifted though it be at times a very little, conceals from us, and ever will conceal, all effective knowledge of the things beyond it. Mysteries they are, and mysteries they will always remain. They are of the things sung by a loftier poet than Horace:

Things not revealed, which the Invisible King  
Only Omniscient hath suppressed in night.

The sphere of our human science is the visible world, in which, for a brief space between two eternities, we labour and suffer, and are glad and sorry, and do good and evil. Clouds and darkness hide from us the whence and whither of humanity. The mystery of 'generation and the mystery of death are impenetrable to us. Our questionings concerning them, as Voltaire observes not unhappily, are like the questionings of blind men, who say to other blind men, 'What is light?'

We do not *know* these things, in any real sense. We see them only *per speculum et in enigmate*, 'through a glass darkly,' and surely the inference for those who believe in a Divine ordering of the world is, that this is best for us. The curiosity of man is insatiable. It is not always wise. There are things as to which it is better not satisfied. To quote the weighty words of Cardinal Newman, in his sermon on 'Ignorance of Evil,' 'there is knowledge which is forbidden, unlawful, hurtful, unprofitable. Now this,' he continues, 'seems very strange to the men of this day. The only forbidden subjects which they can fancy are such as are not *true* . . . Falsehood they think wrong . . . *because* false. But they are perplexed when told that there may be branches of real knowledge, yet forbidden. Yet it has ever been considered in the Church, as in Scripture, that soothsaying, consulting the stars, magic, and similar arts, are unlawful—unlawful even though not false.' Why unlawful? Because rash intrusions into the Secret of the King; by-paths to things beyond flesh and blood, and so avenues to ill, not to good; leading not to sane and safe knowledge, but to bewilderment, illusion, and despair. I add that what Macaulay calls, in one of his

most striking pages, 'a longing to pry into the mysteries of the grave,' is a token of intellectual and spiritual decay. So was it with the unhappy Spanish monarch whose visit to the royal tombs under the Church of the Escorial, he has pictured with all the power of his vivid rhetoric. So was it in the decadent days of Imperial Rome, when the general mind was dominated by the belief that man could hold intercourse, by means of spells, charms, and incantations, with spirits of greater might and knowledge than his own, and could compel the souls of the departed to reveal the secrets of their prison-house; when divination, as Cicero testifies, 'lay like a heavy burden upon the minds of men, so that even sleep, which should be a refuge from anxiety, became, through the interpretation of dreams, the source of a vast brood of cares.' And surely, in our own age, the same ugly symptoms are not wanting. In the discredit of ancient beliefs, in the dissolution of traditional morality, in the eclipse of the 'mighty hopes which make us men,' there are many who seek some token from the invisible world by means not unlike those antique expedients. The quest is vain. No sane word comes from beyond the veil to testify what is there. As of old, there is but a 'hideous hum in words deceiving.'

Unquestionably, as Newman says, the Catholic Church, throughout the ages, has sternly set her face against practices such as these, and here, as elsewhere, has made proof of the gift which even her bitterest foes credit her with—a singular practical sagacity, a marvellous knowledge of what is in man. We must remember that, according to her teaching, the denizens of the invisible world by which we are encompassed, are not all the friends of God and man; that evil spirits, as well as good angels, surround us; and that, if a communication from beyond the veil should reach us, it may be due not to the powers of good, but to the powers of evil; that it may indeed have for its object, to instruct, to console, to correct the living, or to obtain prayers for the departed; but that, on the contrary, it may come to deceive or tempt those whom, in the inscrutable counsels of the Creator and Judge of men, maleficent spirits are permitted to assail. Such is the teaching of the Catholic Church, and, whether or no we accept it, the subject is surely too full of sacred awe and solemn mystery to be prostituted to a topic for idle talking. A learned correspondent of mine correctly points out that the custom of telling ghost stories at Yule is purely heathenish, an unfit survival from the Teutobergian forest, clearly inconsistent with the attitude prescribed, alike by reason and religion, towards the departed—'Requiescant in pace,' as touching the good, and for the evil, 'Non ragioniam' di lor.' And perhaps I cannot better conclude this paper than with the words of one of the most distinguished of living Catholic Bishops, whom I have consulted on the subject of it, and who kindly allows me to quote from what he has written to me; words which, at

all events, will carry weight with members of his own communion : ' I have always thought Catholics too heedless or too lax about telling ghost stories and discussing ghosts and apparitions. The Catholic spirit is (1) to accept no apparition except on serious and valid evidence ; (2) to consider that the apparitions which favour a false religion, or which incite to pride or indifference, or which tend to weaken lawful authority, or to give an untrue idea of the state of spirits in the world to come, or which are trivial, unbecoming, or ludicrous, are certainly (if authentic) the work of demons and must be abhorred by all Catholics ; (3) seeing that the great majority of ghost stories are either idle tales or are unworthy and misleading as regards religion, a Catholic should avoid countenancing them.'

W. S. LILLY.

## *WHO COMPOSED THE PARLIAMENTARY PRAYER?*

THE old inquiry into the authorship of the very beautiful Collect which the chaplain recites daily in the House of Commons was revived last session without any approach to a solution. It is a prayer for Divine guidance and impartial judgment in all their counsels. It breathes a noble spirit, and has a peculiarly sonorous ring about it, and is worthy of the Prayer Book—yet it is the only prayer used in Parliament which has no place in that volume. Not being familiar it greatly impresses members who hear it for the first time, and the impression is not dulled by daily use. Sir Erskine May, who had the records of the House thoroughly searched, could only tell us that both Houses of Parliament have used the same form of prayer since the Restoration, which was prepared in 1660 for the House of Lords, and was presumably, in the absence of direct evidence, adopted at the time by the House of Commons.

I wish to submit the grounds of a conjecture that in all probability the author was John Cosin, soon afterwards Bishop of Durham. The attribution is founded first on the close resemblance in the letter between the opening of the Parliamentary Prayer and a contemporary collect published as the Bishop's—in the broad spirit which animates these and other acknowledged prayers, and the peculiar position occupied by the Bishop at the Restoration.

To make the position he then occupied clear, it is necessary to set out concisely the leading facts of his life. John Cosin was the son of a wealthy citizen of Norwich. His mother and his wife were both of good family. He was educated at the Grammar School and Caius College, and he early got into the flow of preferment, along the stream of which his abilities and character carried him forward. At twenty-five he became secretary to Bishop Overall of Lichfield, for whom he had the greatest reverence. At his death he was appointed chaplain to Bishop Neale of Durham, and was presented to several livings and became Canon of Durham and Archdeacon of the East Riding.

When Charles the First visited Durham in 1633 the arrange-



ments for his reception were entrusted to Cosin. In 1634 he was elected Master of Peterhouse, in 1639 Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and Charles made him Dean of Peterborough in 1640. In the chapel of Peterhouse he erected a handsome altar, and revived the ritual he had so sturdily promoted at Durham.

He was all his life a student of ancient liturgy and a prayer-writer. As early as 1627 he published the first of his three books of private devotions, and called it *Hours of Prayer as they were after this manner published by authority of Queen Elizabeth in 1560 taken out of the Holy Scriptures, the ancient Fathers, and the divine service of our Church*. This work was undertaken by Cosin at the request of the King and Mountain, Bishop of London, to take away the reproach that the English ladies at Court had nothing to do with their leisure but to flirt, whilst the Catholic ladies who came over in the Queen's train had their Breviary and Hours. The publication of such a work brought him at once in collision with the Puritans, who already mistrusted him on account of his friendship with Laud and Montagu, and his reparation and beautifying of the choir of Durham. Next year—1628—a violent sermon was preached against him in the cathedral by Prebendary Smart, who denounced 'our young Apollo, who repaireth the choir and sets it out gaily with strange Babylonish ornaments.' A commission of the Chapter suspended Smart *ab ingressu ecclesiæ*. From this sentence Smart appealed to divers Courts in vain, until when time was ripe (1643) he petitioned the House of Commons, and denounced the superstitious and popish innovations introduced into the Church service at Durham. Cosin became the first victim of Puritan vengeance who suffered by a vote of the House of Commons. He was sentenced by the whole House to be sequestered from all his ecclesiastical benefices. He thereupon retired to Paris, and officiated in the chapel of the English Residency to the members of the Queen's household who belonged to the English Communion. He attended the Huguenot church at Charenton, and was allowed there to use the services of the Church of England. His sympathetic attitude to the Huguenot Church was not common among English Churchmen, but, despite his love of altars and ceremonial, of music and architecture, he was a determined opponent of popery and of the doctrine of the Mass.

In 1656, while still in exile in France, he wrote his *Historia Transubstantialis Papalis*, at the request of Gilbert Talbot, who had undertaken to argue the matter with a German prince, the Duke of Neuburg, in the presence of Charles the Second, at Cologne, but who apparently did not feel equal to the task. Cosin readily consented, and taught that the Church of England held the doctrine of a real spiritual presence of Christ in the Sacrament, but that the elements were unchanged, and remained bread and wine. Cosin

was, through extreme poverty, on the point of selling his collection of books when the Restoration called him home. He had an enthusiastic reception at Peterborough, and on his own authority at once set up the Church Service in the cathedral, reading it himself for the first time. On the 2nd of December 1660 he was consecrated Bishop of Durham in Westminster Abbey. The next year he was appointed to the Savoy Conference to advise upon and review the Book of Common Prayer. This was a labour of love. He earnestly endeavoured to effect a reconciliation with the Presbyterians; his sound Protestantism and his generous spirit disarmed the suspicions of the dissenting congregations. In favour at Court, and trusted by the bulk of the Church party, we can imagine no one more likely to be asked to write a prayer for the Parliament than he who had been all his life a composer of prayers. He wrote the prayer for the High Court of Parliament which is used during the session. Among his acknowledged collects is a thanksgiving for the restoration of the King. One can hardly in our time take gratitude for the restoration of a Stuart dynasty seriously; but to men like Cosin, who had been cast by the House of Commons into penniless exile from a position of dignity, comfort, and congenial activity, the Restoration was appreciated as a great blessing. It meant the end of a grinding tyranny. Moreover, did it not restore the worship of their beloved Church? In this prayer, intended for every time and subject, the address to the Deity is in the same terms as in the Parliamentary Prayer. At first I was inclined to think that the coincidence was accidental—the mere repetition of a common form; but this form is not common—I believe it to be unique. A copy of the two prayers is now given to facilitate comparison:

A Prayer and Thanksgiving for every true subject upon the anniversary of the King's reign, written by Cosin: <sup>1</sup>

Lord by whom Kings do reign and Princes are set up to bear rule over their people and by whose gracious Providence Thy servant our dread sovereign King Charles was at this day placed on the royal throne of his Kingdom. Accept we beseech Thee the grateful commemoration which we now make before Heaven and before Thee of this Thy great goodness and blessing towards us that while we offer up our vows and sacrifices of thanksgiving to the praise of Thy glorious Name Thou mayest bless the King with Thy favours and crown him with continual honour, granting him a long prosperous and religious reign over his people, and granting us a true quiet humble and obedient subjection under him, that he ruling us prudently with all his power we may obey him loyally with all lowliness and cheerfulness of mind, and that both he and we evermore endeavouring to set forth the beauty of Thy Church militant

<sup>1</sup> *Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology.* Cosin's Works, vol. ii. p. 328.

here on earth may be at last exalted to the glory of Thy Church triumphant in the heavens through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen.*

Collect read daily in both Houses of Parliament since the Restoration :

Almighty God, by whom alone Kings reign, and Princes decree justice; and from whom alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding; We thine unworthy servants, here gathered together in thy Name, do most humbly beseech thee to send down thy Heavenly Wisdom from above, to direct and guide us in all our consultations: And grant that, we having thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be to the glory of thy blessed Name, the maintenance of true Religion and Justice, the safety, honour, and happiness of the King, the publick wealth, peace, and tranquillity of the Realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same, in true Christian Love and Charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.—*Amen.*

The two collects are contemporary, animated by the same spirit and conception. If the Thanksgiving is inferior in style, the aspiration that each man in his own order should work for no private end, but for peace, unity, and concord, is common to both, and mark them as the work of a similar temper, if not of one mind. It is important to notice that the reference to the Church in the Thanksgiving is undenominational, and in the Parliamentary Prayer it is to true religion and Christian love and charity, and this was a great characteristic of Cosin's compositions at this time. By no exclusive word would he make it more difficult for any man to remain in or return to the Church. He composed at this time the Prayer for All Conditions of Men in which occurs the following expression: 'We pray for the good estate of the Catholick Church; that it may be so guided and governed by thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth.' This is the attitude that Cosin took up, but he was practically alone in his desire not to press differences home.

The grand style was introduced from the English scriptures into the English Prayer Book in 1549, when the beautiful collects for the triumphal season of Advent, drawn from the language of the Epistle of the day, were first composed. In mid-Advent fell the Ember days, and the third Sunday was left with a short collect suited to a fast, which ran: 'Lord, we beseech Thee, give ear to our prayers, and by Thy gracious visitation lighten the darkness of our hearts by our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Amen.*' Cosin thought that the brightness of Advent should supersede the shadow of Ember fast, and from

the gospel of the day drew the present collect: 'O Lord Jesus Christ, who at Thy first coming did'st send Thy messenger to prepare Thy way before Thee, grant that the ministers and stewards of Thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready Thy way by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that at Thy second coming to judge the world we may be found an acceptable people in Thy sight, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end.—*Amen.*'

Compare also the style of the following collects from the pen of Cosin, St. Stephen's Day, sixth Sunday after Epiphany, Easter Eve, and contrast them with the collects for the Sundays after Trinity, the majority of which were taken from the Sarum use. He had imbued himself with the grand style of 1549. He had an exquisite ear. When one reads the best of his acknowledged prayers, and that used in both Houses, one seems to be hearing another air on a familiar instrument. To the unity of style is added the unity of spirit. The gift of prayer-writing is not scattered broadcast. In the absence of direct evidence someone else may have written the Parliamentary Prayer; but is it likely?

After serving on the Savoy Conference Cosin was nominated first of the committee of eight bishops appointed to revise the Prayer Book; but though accorded a predominating place he was, in fact, almost alone in his desire for comprehension.

The Order in Council of 1552, which enjoined kneeling at the Communion, had been removed by Queen Elizabeth. It was now replaced, and the words 'corporal presence' were substituted for real and essential presence. So that in the doctrinal statement the revived order was made an assertion of the doctrine of the Real Presence instead of a denial of it, contrary to the known conviction of Cosin. How could Baxter be expected to kneel at a sacrament so defined? But Convocation, though it would neither adopt Cosin's comprehensiveness nor his Protestantism, yet welcomed his beautiful prayers, and, at his suggestion, restored many effective sentences from the older liturgies to the soothing and edification of succeeding generations.

In conclusion, I should like to acknowledge the ready help I have received from Mr. Fowler, Keeper of Bishop Cosin's Library, Durham.

ARCHIBALD MILMAN.

*FAMINE AND CONTROVERSY*

IN following the controversies that from time to time spring up over questions of Indian economics and finance, few can fail to be struck by the curious contrast between the unstimulating character of the materials and the violence of the conclusions which they are employed to educe. A reader who has followed Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, for instance, through an intricate, not to say unintelligible, disquisition on the effects of an enhancement in the value of the rupee, will find that it all leads up to an accusation that the Government of India is ruining the Indians, expressed in a tone that might be adequate to the circumstances if the Viceroy or Secretary of State had come under suspicion of making away with public money for his own benefit. No English economist setting himself out to analyse the dismal phenomena of London poverty would think of striving to connect the origin of the evil with the administration of Lord Salisbury, but the professional critics of the Government of India generally start, whatever the subject may be, with the prepossession foremost. And the obscurer or more complicated the facts of a case may be, the better for the person who only engages with them for the sake of bringing out some conclusion of his own. There could hardly be, in reality, a more intricate or difficult question to answer with certainty than the question whether a country with a miscellaneous population of 300 millions of people, in all stages of development, has advanced or gone back in prosperity between two fixed dates. Yet in the case of India the most transitory and accidental phenomena are constantly appealed to in evidence that the country is in a decline, always, of course, with the implication that the seat of decay is in British rule. About the mischiefs of the British connection, the Indian gentlemen who appear at such inquiries as Sir Henry Fowler's Committee on the currency and Lord Welby's Commission on the adjustment of the Home charges, seem to have as little doubt as the Irish Nationalists; but the Irish do not base their dissatisfaction on statistical refinements, and the Indians do.

It is very intelligible that a period of distress should bring criticism into activity. As a matter of fact, a single bad season in

India generally raises the question whether there is not something wrong with the Government; a coincidence of two or three seems to be taken as proof positive of maladministration. And the inquiries which are always held on the conclusion of a famine, with an eye to overhauling the administrative machinery and remedying any defects that may have been revealed before it is put away to wait the next emergency, give a sort of impression that the Government is on its defence. As regards the combating of famine, the Government of India in these latter days needs no apology, and on that score it has almost ceased to be assailed, but there seems to linger a feeling that it is somehow responsible for the seasons. But it is, of course, notorious that the good and bad years which Providence allows us do not follow each other in their due proportions, sandwich fashion. Over long periods of time the good or the bad weather may predominate with singular persistency, as, for instance, the good did during that forty years' spell of agricultural felicity that England enjoyed from 1720 onwards, or as did the bad during the lean years that led out the seventeenth century and those which brought the nineteenth century in. Every bad famine in history of which we have any definite knowledge has been the result of one of these combinations of unfavourable seasons. Nevertheless, as even in England there never comes a sequence of two or three hot summers or early winters without someone coming forward with an opinion that the climate is changing, it is not to be wondered at that in the midst of the stress and despondency engendered by a famine, people should quickly take up the idea that these visitations are becoming more frequent, and that they are also becoming more severe. For the first proposition there is no evidence at all, and we should require to have an accurate knowledge of the last five centuries at least of Indian agricultural history, instead of knowing one, before we could form any judgment on the matter. The second proposition is more arguable, and it is easy to understand how the belief that famines are becoming sorer comes to be widely held at the present moment, when the country has been through a long period of scarcity. One bad season necessarily leaves the country less able to resist another following quickly after, and India has sustained a singularly long run of ill luck. In the Central Provinces the bad times began with the spring of 1893; in Rajputana even earlier. A succession of ten, perhaps twelve, poor or bad rainy seasons had there preceded the failure of the monsoon in 1899. It is easy to understand that this last, which brought about the crowning calamity of a water famine, came to be looked upon as an unparalleled visitation of nature, when, if an equal failure of the monsoon had happened as an isolated phenomenon, it would have produced nothing more than inconvenience. There is even now considerable distress in India, and it seems possible that before the next monsoon the Government may have a million people

on famine relief; but, if it had not been for what has preceded, the actual conditions of the present year would not have produced any noticeable distress. That India has been passing through a period of more prolonged and persistent weather adversity than any recorded in the chronicles of the British era appears beyond question. Still, it seems unnecessary to infer a connection between the meteorological coincidence and the presence of the British Government, still less to go on to the conclusion that that Government, if it cannot manage the seasons, had better retire from business. The only other country that is confronted with the famine difficulty, and that in a much less aggravated form, is Russia. It cannot be pretended that Russia suffers from an alien Government unsuited to the genius of the people. But famines there continue to be frequent, and no one takes up the position that the Czar and his Ministers are responsible for the conditions that give rise to them. To make a real case for the contention that India is becoming increasingly susceptible to famine, it should be necessary to point to some instance in the past in which a failure of the crops did not produce a state of starvation among the people, and it is very safe to say that the required instance will never be forthcoming.

As regards the East, as far back into the past as tradition extends, from the days of Abraham downwards, we encounter constant mention of famine. In those early days, when Providence intervened more directly in the affairs of the world, a pair of birds or an unfailing cruse supplied the simple but restricted means of famine relief. Ideas have since then advanced, and far from finding in the salvation of two or three exceptional persons a cause for thankfulness, public opinion now demands that nobody shall be allowed to starve if the whole resources of the State have to be devoted to the work of rescue. Whatever may have been the merits of the native dynasties, it will not be alleged that the idea of such an obligation ever entered the mind of a Hindu or Mahomedan ruler, and for that matter it is only within quite recent years that it has been definitely acknowledged by our own Government. The notion of responsibility for the lives of all is, in fact, one that could not have been fully developed before the development of communications. As long as there were large tracts of country absolutely inaccessible to traffic at certain times of the year, it is obvious that the policy of a general guarantee against starvation could not be propounded. Such districts had to take their chance, as was the case with Orissa in 1866. In the Southern India famine, though there was considerable loss of life, the railways greatly mitigated the situation. In 1880 the Famine Commission drew up a comprehensive scheme of protective railways, which should put every region in the country within reach of assistance, and, a series of years of plenty fortunately succeeding, the entire scheme was able

to be carried out before the next emergency arrived. The result is that the Government's task nowadays, on the occurrence of a famine, is mainly to provide the people with employment at rates which will afford them subsistence. The supply of food settles itself according to the level of prices. As a corollary, the effect of a local scarcity is felt all over the country, and bad news of the crops in Madras immediately sends up prices in market towns that nestle at the foot of the Himalayas. A certain section of 'educated native' opinion makes much of this fact, on the ground that the question is as broad as it is long, and that if they have relieved distress the railways have also removed the possibilities of those golden days when in rich land-locked districts grain would be quoted at 100 seers<sup>1</sup> the rupee. The argument, of course, overlooks altogether the interests of the owner of the grain, which is the more singular as the voice of Indian public opinion is, as a rule, entirely on the side of the landlord class and oblivious of the tenant and labourer. But the native objector is nothing if not irresponsible; and the position, which is perfectly maintainable economically, that it is better that one portion of the country should enjoy the full benefits of local prosperity, even at the cost of the sorest suffering to another, is one that he never finds the constancy to occupy.

It is a common experience of Anglo-Indians returning home from a famine-stricken region to be asked whether they had not great difficulty in procuring food. That is an extremity that probably has not confronted any European household during the past century. It was not always so. There is an instance in the earlier records of the Company of the settlement at Surat sending round ships laden with provisions to the settlements on the Madras coast, lest their brother factors and writers should perish of starvation. Those were the good old days when famine was famine, when a store of food was like a skin of water in the desert—a thing beyond price, because equivalent to life itself. As a contrast, it may be mentioned that the bread-bill of the writer, who was living in the centre of the afflicted tract in the North-Western Provinces in 1896-97, never rose throughout that period. There may have been some rise in the price of flour, but it was not sufficient to induce the European bakery dealt with to pass it on to its customers. On the other hand, all Europeans were giving to their native employés, whether domestic servants or workmen, an increase of at least 20 per cent. as compensation for dearness of provisions. The reason, of course, was that the coarser grains had risen in price out of all proportion to the increase in the price of the higher sorts. It was, in fact, a most interesting exemplification of the truth of that striking generalisation which we learned in youth, I am afraid with frigid interest, to distinguish as the 'Law' of Gregory King. As a matter of fact, there

<sup>1</sup> = 200 lbs. about.



were many temporary and local instances of the price of the common millets, which form the principal food of the poorer classes in the North-West, rising above that of wheat. Such a topsy-turvy phenomenon would be, of course, inconceivable in a European country, and it may seem to be in contradiction to what has been said above as to the sensitiveness of the Indian grain markets. But it is necessary to distinguish between the alert, well-informed business caste and the common people, dull of apprehension and wedded to habit. It follows, of course, that there was not, and could not be, any attraction of supplies from outside the East. Nevertheless, the comparatively insignificant rise in the price of the coarser grains was sufficient to produce frightful misery in India. Famine there arrives with appalling suddenness. In August 1896 there was heavy rain. A large railway bridge on one of the affluents of the Nerbudda, below Jubbulpore, on the main line to Bombay, was swept away by the floods rushing down from the Satpura hills. But it was the last effort of that year's monsoon. A month later the ground had been baked dry by the powerful sun of early autumn and an untimely revival of the hot west winds. The autumn crops, already planted, withered as they stood, and sowings for the crop of the following spring became impossible. Under such circumstances the first thing that happens is that the whole class of agricultural labourers is thrown out of employ. Simultaneously, on the apprehension of a failure of the crops, prices are sent up with a bound, and the entire hand-to-mouth part of the population finds itself in the course of a few days face to face with want. One of the earliest signs that times are beginning to be hard is an unusual influx of beggars into the streets of the towns. The village mendicants have found rural charity failing, and, acting on the maxim of their prototype in Ithaca,

πρωχῶ βέλτερόν ἐστι κατὰ πόλιν ἢ κατ' ἀγροὺς  
δαίτη πτωχεύειν,

they come flocking into the larger towns. The small cultivators, working partly on their own patches of ground, partly as paid hands, are the next to feel the pinch. Then it passes on to the artisans and petty shopkeepers who depend on the custom of these classes. Unable to comprehend the sudden rise of prices while they see the grain stores as full as before, the suffering classes now probably seize the idea that their troubles are due to the greed of the grain merchants, and we hear of a few shops being sacked and such-like demonstrations. It is only at this stage that the patient, orderly populace shows any signs of excitement. A few weeks later, and either a timely rain arrives to retrieve the situation, or the famine operations of Government come into play. Employment is thrown open to the able-bodied in the relief works; the infirm and aged are drafted off to poor-houses; those who cannot move from their homes have been brought upon the village relief lists; the respectable poor in the

towns, such as aged pensioners and purda-nashin women, have been looked up and registered for assistance; and the population settles down in quiet resignation to endure whatever may be before it. How much the worst part of a famine nowadays is the time before famine has begun, those few preliminary weeks when Government would not be justified in setting to work the ponderous machinery of famine relief while there still remains the hope that things may right themselves, I had an opportunity of seeing with my own eyes in the middle of October, 1896, on a week-end excursion to the jungles of the Banda district in the North-West Provinces. Even from the windows of the railway carriage the signs of the times brought themselves to notice, the usually solitary plains being dotted with figures of crouching women, who turned out to be occupied in winnowing the jungle grasses, from the seeds of which they would get a sort of miserable porridge. The tents, though far from any village, were besieged at all hours by aged crones and children, who soon come to feel their position as the *bouches inutiles* of the community. But the most positive proof of the straits of the people occurred at our last picnic, which was taken on the banks of a river running through a lonely gorge, where a little religious settlement of Eremites living in caves in the cliffs had developed, doubtless by its attractions to pilgrims, into a good-sized and ordinarily thriving village. The attention paid by a gathering crowd to our preparations for lunch was painful in its intensity. The boys of the party pressed so near, and their looks were so eloquent, that at last they were offered some food, though not with any idea of their accepting it; but they accepted eagerly, and a saddle of mutton which was handed over was cut up and finished to the bone in a few moments. A joint of beef disappeared in the same way without question, and then we were at the end of our resources. It was a gruesome scene, for when a Hindu—even a Hindu boy—has come to eating meat from a European's table, he is not far from the point at which other men feel impelled to cannibalism. But at any rate, one was able to feel as one came away that relief was surely at hand. What must have been the sensations with which men witnessed the approach of a famine in days of yore, knowing that the miseries before their eyes were nothing to what must follow, that those who were now suffering must suffer worse, that thousands who had still sufficient to go on with must soon be in the same state as the present sufferers, and that perhaps after all the infant and the aged were happiest in their lot, as their struggle was briefer and their release sooner? Happily there need be no thought of all this in the present day. A couple of months later, about Christmas time, the same party were down on the same ground and found all signs of suffering obliterated. The relief system coming into operation in November had put the whole country on its legs.

The only sign of the former state of things was the presence of a few begging children at the roadside railway stations, where they had presumably discovered a pitch that paid.

The administration of famine now admits of little improvement. The principles of the thing are thoroughly understood, and have been enunciated with masterly lucidity in the report of the Famine Commission of 1901, which will become a classic in Indian official literature. Differences of practice there will always be, according to the differences in foresight and temperament among those who have charge of affairs at each particular juncture, but the cardinal points of a proper famine policy are now so distinctly laid down that the margin for personal error or incapacity has been greatly reduced, and even if the present generation of officials should disappear before the next emergency arises, the lesson has been so well taught that there is not the remotest chance of a mistake such as that which cost Orissa so dear in 1866 ever being perpetrated again. The danger is perhaps rather that the excellence of the Code may produce too rigid a reliance upon it, and weaken individual initiative. It is a risk that the Commissioners themselves have foreseen and dropped a caution upon in their report. It is also likely that officers will work with less zeal—and we cannot afford any evaporation of zeal in the depressing circumstances of a famine campaign—if they are bound to the book than if they have a certain latitude for carrying out their own ideas. Only those who have seen how work such as a big famine charge takes possession of a man when he is living cut off from society and other interests can realise how he is chafed when he has to carry out instructions which go against his own convictions of how things ought to be done. But a wise administration will always manage to reduce this sort of friction to a minimum. Nor need we fear that the interest of famine administration will ever suffer from success becoming easy and mechanical. Amidst the manifold complications and distractions of a Government suddenly called upon to meet such a crisis, there will always be abundance of room for miscalculations of judgment and for errors in execution.

Perfection will always elude us; and if we hit it the fact probably would not be recognised, for the pendulum of opinion is always swinging backwards and forwards over the golden mean, and the policy of Government conforms to its alternate inclinations. Before the famine of 1896 the Central Provinces had had a little local scarcity of their own in the districts of Saugor and Damoh. It is believed that the Government of India thought that the measures adopted had been needlessly energetic and expensive, and that word was passed down to that effect. When the greater famine set in in 1896, therefore, the consideration uppermost in the minds of the local authorities was to go slowly and cautiously to work, the result

being that their measures were rather behindhand with the situation and not so effective as they might have been. At any rate, the Nagpur Government came in for considerable criticism as having fallen short of the required standard of efficiency. Accordingly, when famine reappeared on the horizon in the autumn of 1899, the then Chief Commissioner determined that, cost what it would, there should be no complaint that the relief was not ample, and the criticism to which the Government has since been exposed is that its measures were over-lavish and risked the demoralisation of the people. Even Sir Antony MacDonnell's management of the famine in the North-West Provinces did not entirely meet the approval of the Commission of 1898, although in the light of late events the Lieutenant-Governor appears decidedly to have the advantage over his critics. But this action and reaction of opinion is inevitable, and such differences of opinion point, not to defective administration, but rather to the keenness of latter-day criticism. The famine machinery of the Government of India in its present condition fulfils the two primary objects of keeping all who will live alive, and all who will work in an efficient state of health, it may be said completely.

This is a great and perfectly unique achievement; but it has no sooner been accomplished than we begin to be aware, as usual, that it only leads up to a great many other difficulties beyond. Everyone must have asked himself the question whether in checking the intensity of a famine we do not merely widen the trough over which it spreads. The colossal statistics of the last visitation from which India has suffered are eloquent—400,000 square miles affected, with a population of sixty million persons. It is impossible for obvious reasons to estimate where this famine stands as a phenomenon of meteorology, but these figures have never been approached within British records. There seems to be no mystery, however, about a continual increase in the numbers of the affected. The reason that famine is less intense is that one district can draw upon the resources of its neighbours, meaning a diffusion of high prices which is felt everywhere by a population peculiarly susceptible to the least rise in the cost of the necessities of life. Still this, true as it is, only leads up to the further question why the people of India should be so susceptible. Upon the fashionable explanation of the moment—that it is due to the heaviness of the revenue taken by the Government from the land—it is not necessary to spend words. The person primarily responsible for the prominence that this contention has lately assumed—Mr. Dutt, a retired civilian of Bengal—has just been blown from the gun, so to speak, by a heavily shotted minute of the Government of India—a solemn mode of execution that perhaps gives too much importance to the attempt. The fact is that if India was started to-morrow with a clean slate it would be

necessary to put a rent upon the land, for the same reason that Mr. Willcocks in his recent report upon irrigation and agricultural development in South Africa insists on the imposition of such a charge, namely, that it is a necessity for clearing out the worthless holders and for substituting those who really mean to make the most of the land. But if the contention of exorbitant land revenue fails, as it certainly does fail, to explain the liability of India to famine, where does the explanation lie? Other countries besides India are mainly agricultural, and depend withal on a rainy season for their prosperity—as, for instance, South Africa and Australia. Why is it that in these a drought, though causing losses on a scale which thrusts questions of rent and land tax into insignificance, yet does not produce famine? How is it that England in the early years of the nineteenth century was able to sustain a rise of wheat to over 150s. the quarter without famine, while in India the least enhancement of the coarsest grain brings about empty stomachs? Why is it that in England famines ceased in the Middle Ages while they have been known in Ireland within living memory? The accepted answer to that last question is that the English people have been used to feed on wheat and the Irish on potatoes. As the diet of a population is so will its circumstances be. It will not increase its numbers beyond the point at which they can supply themselves with their customary food, and on the other hand the wages of labour cannot drop below the point that will maintain the labourer in his customary style of subsistence throughout the year. Thus a high standard of living, wheat instead of potatoes, acts both as a check on over-population and on a decline of remuneration. But the standard of living of the people of India as a whole is as low as a combination of frugality and indifference can depress it. Malthus wrote, evidently having India in his mind, that if there were a country in which it should be a binding duty on every man to marry at the earliest possible age and have a son, the economic condition of that country was bound to be deplorable. But it seems likely that the low standard of life in India has more to do with over-population than even the religious ideas of the Hindus in respect of the obligation to paternity. Hundreds of thousands of aborigines have no ambition beyond a scanty meal of the coarsest grain, supplemented by the fruits of the jungle obtained in competition with the wild animals. Among such a people the idea of any check on reproduction is naturally non-existent, and it is practically non-existent throughout the labouring classes of India. And the reason for this difference in the standard of comfort, with which we get to the conclusion of the matter, is undoubtedly in man himself. One must dismiss at once and entirely in thinking of India the Western idea of society as of

a mass of beings all struggling to get upwards. We are in contact with a country where everything if left alone tends to sink down to a dead level—the lowest possible consistent with the preservation of existence. Hard and miserable as the lot of the masses seems to us, it does not occur to them to busy about bettering it. The Mahomedan element is largely anti-economic. Even Mahomedan soldiers in the service of Government demur to putting their money in the regimental savings banks, because they consider the interest as usury. The Hindu, on the other hand, is fatalistic. His status is determined by the accident of birth and admits of no improvement, so that the idea of getting on in the world naturally is of no great force with him. The famine operations themselves furnish a most instructive example of the inveterate tendency of Indian human nature to sink down upon the lowest level available to it. The system of relief for the able-bodied has fixed a maximum rate of remuneration, beyond which the State cannot go without risk of enticing people away from their proper occupations, and a minimum wage, which is calculated to represent the equivalent of the smallest allowance of food that will keep the recipient in good health. With a collection of European workmen, even of Neapolitans, under such circumstances, we should surely find every man taking care to earn the full rate. But in Hindustan, instead of the higher wage acting as an inducement, it is rather found that the guarantee of a subsistence allowance offers an irresistible temptation to idleness. It is better to do as little as possible, according to the coolie's view of life, even if one feels that one could eat more, than to toil after satiety. In fact, the least laxity in the administration of the system, such as a local under-estimate of the purchasing power of the money payments, will bring people in crowds to those works, with the open intention of reposing in comparative comfort upon the minimum wage. Nor is this inertia only found in the spiritless and depressed classes who come upon the Government relief works. In the Calcutta mills, for instance, where, if anywhere, the native working-hand has a chance of rising into comparative affluence, it is commonly found that a spell of good times is followed by a labour scarcity, the reason being that the workmen, immediately they find themselves with a little money in their pockets, break off and go away to live upon it till it is done. It is not easy to lift a population satisfied with the very least and strangers to the impulse of getting on in the world. The Bombay land revenue system, which has come in for so much criticism of late, was originated by men full of enthusiasm for the interests of the natives of the country. Had its introduction fallen among a population such as the small cultivators of France, it would have ended, in all likelihood, in establishing on the soil a community,

not only of peasant proprietors, but of peasant capitalists. But the authors of the system reckoned on dealing with the 'economic man' of the books, a being with an enlightened sense of self-interest, and eager to improve his opportunities. Instead of this they came up against a totally different character, quite incapable of the forethought for averaging the proceeds of a good year so as to meet the deficiencies of an unfavourable one, to whom, therefore, a light rent was of little permanent advantage, while his unfettered rights in his property only facilitated access to the money-lender. And while the people are so helpless economically the difficulty of helping them from the outside grows with their numbers. Since the population increases by something like a million a year, and by far the greater portion of the new arrivals are brought into the world by those who have nothing themselves, the assertion that India is growing poorer is unquestionably true in the sense that it continually contains a greater number of very poor individuals. We cannot interfere with early marriages, nor can much be done to check the excessive subdivision of land which is at once a cause and an effect of a low material standard; and the checks which Nature uses to adjust matters are no longer operative. In England the one great famine of our history, that of 1315-16, brought compensation for its tremendous sufferings in the shape of a permanent amelioration in the position of the labouring classes, which swept away the remnants of serfdom. The scarcity of hands made labour more valuable, and though the labourers were not socially strong enough to take full advantage of the position, all the enactments for regulating wages could not prevent their getting some benefit of it. But effective famine protection precludes the possibility of any such gain. As soon as the famine is over the surplus labouring population is returned back upon the market, and the competition for employment remains as severe as before. There can be no rise in wages and no improvement in the condition of the workers. If it were not for the fact that so very great a proportion of the working classes are tillers of the soil on their own account, and therefore more dependent on the season than on the wages market, the situation would be still more serious than it is; but the fact that efficient famine protection is not a final policy is coming to be more and more generally recognised, and no one can read the Report of the recent Commission, presided over by Sir Antony MacDonnell, without seeing that it registers a distinct advance in our views upon the whole subject. Admirable as the portions dealing with the actual treatment of a famine are, those which are occupied with suggestions for the future in the way of rendering the people less liable to the scourge are even more important.

The recommendations range over a wide field, from specific

proposals for legislative and administrative measures in regard to the tenure of land down to benevolent aspirations for the extension of popular education and the encouragement of agricultural research on a systematic basis. But the common object that connects them all is the idea of elevating the position of the people. It is a colossal task, to awaken the ideas, stimulate the desires, and raise the standards of a huge population insensitive to the core to new influences. Progress will be slow, imperceptible to the ordinary eye. There are no heroic remedies; there will be no triumphs to point to, and no rewards to be gained. The final result is doubtful, and will not be revealed to this generation. Still, if we are to remain in India at all, the raising of the level of the people should surely be our first aim, and there is much encouragement in what has already been achieved. The creation of a great middle class of professional men, merchants, capitalists, and Government servants, educated, thriving, keenly alive to their own interests, and increasingly interested in public affairs, which is the most striking social phenomenon in the India of to-day, is entirely an achievement of British rule.

And one of the unheroic conditions of improvement is to be always heedful that we do not take more than is necessary out of the pockets of the people. The process of ruling a poor Oriental country with a modernised Western Government is one that must always call for caution, and in these days the voice of Economy is almost inaudible in the demands for expenditure, all with the best intentions and vouchers, that come in from all sides—from without the country as well as from within. There is the more need for watchfulness because there is so little criticism of the effective sort. There is indeed plenty of rhetoric over the misdoings of the Government, but it is of the kind which comes after the event. In this very question of land revenue settlements, which has assumed so much prominence lately, people will readily come forward with sweeping statements that they are at the bottom of the economic mischief, and propose as a modest remedy that the whole country should go over forthwith to the principles of the Permanent Settlement; but discussion and analysis of any particular district Settlement at the time of its being made is a thing one never sees—except in one of the Anglo-Indian papers. We are constantly hearing the complaint that military expenditure is increasing, as it must increase if the Army is to keep in line with the times, but when a considerable increase was made the other day in the number of the officers of the Indian Army, and, still more remarkable, when their pay was virtually raised by a great acceleration of promotion, there was no criticism whatever. The Government is constantly engaged in bettering the position of its servants of all classes, from the High Court Judges down to clerks, and



such measures are always popular and have always something to recommend them, but they often come about in a strangely haphazard manner. The exchange compensation allowance, which applies to the whole of the European element in the public services, including His Majesty's officers on the Indian establishment, is a striking instance. That officers who entered the service of Government before the events that led up to the collapse of silver should be indemnified for a virtual loss of salary which neither they nor anyone else could have anticipated, was admitted to be an obligation morally binding on the Government, even by so whole-hearted an economist as the late Mr. Fawcett. But when the Government, after waiting twenty years, suddenly introduced the principle of compensation, it was doing very little for the chief sufferers, many of whom had vanished from the scene, and giving the main benefit to those who had no title to it, inasmuch as they had entered the service when the risks of a rupee salary were perfectly well known. But more than ever since the gold value of the rupee has been fixed does the continuance of the compensation, apparently for perpetuity, seem uncalled for. India can hardly pay too dearly for the right men; but it is notorious that for the last six years the Civil Service has been attracting men of the very best stamp, the pick of the universities, and it may be supposed that what brings them is the certainty that now belongs to the salary, and not the additional dole of compensation. At any rate, if the pay of the services requires re-grading, as is very probable, it should be done in a considerate fashion after due inquiry into the circumstances of the different branches, and not by the continuance of an awkward and paradoxical expedient. Not to go further into the subject, there is always plenty of room for criticism of the kind that is inspired by a vigilant and continuous attention to details, and since it is hopeless to expect this in the overburdened House of Commons, the one refuge is the India Office. There is something rather disquieting, then, to the person who puts his hopes in the sobriety of Whitehall, in the exuberantly optimistic language which has been used by the Secretary of State on different occasions lately. At a lecture given in the Indian Section of the Society of Arts, Lord George Hamilton is said to have spoken of the recent surplus in India as sufficient to make a Chancellor of the Exchequer's mouth water, and added that it was 'the bounden duty of the Government, as those surpluses seemed likely to continue, to try and utilise them to the development of India's resources.' Surely the one bounden duty of a Government faced with the threat of a standing surplus is to restore the excess to the taxpayers from whom, *ex hypothesi*, too much is being taken. But in justice to the Government it must be said that things are not so bad as the Secretary of State pictures them.

There was a certain amount of 'window-dressing' about the surplus of last March, since it was inflated by the profits of silver coinage, which by the confession of all parties has no business to be treated as part of the Government's revenues at all, and the rest of it comes from the fact that a considerable portion of the military establishment was serving abroad at the charges of the English exchequer. The war in South Africa and the war in China have been two very big windfalls to the Indian treasury, without which it could not have got through its embarrassments as it has. Even taking this fortuitous assistance into account, the strength which the finances of the country have shown through a most trying period is remarkable, and there are plenty of grounds for anticipating the future hopefully. But the statement to which Lord George Hamilton committed himself in Parliament recently, that there had been no increase in taxation in his time, but a reduction in the Customs, though literally correct, is hardly better than a quibble, seeing that the Customs duties in their present comprehensive form were established just before he took over office. The Secretary of State's determined optimism no doubt allows him only to see one side of the case; still, in another the declaration would have been almost uncandid. There seems to be a real danger for the country in this buoyant attitude of mind, which looks upon a surplus as something to be distributed among the first deserving objects. If Indian coal, which was the Secretary of State's theme, has the magnificent future before it which Professor Wyndham Dunstan reckons, there can surely be no need for coming to its assistance. All that the trade should want for its development is abstention from fussy interference with the labour supply.

Next to a great general the greatest of public economists is a great famine administrator. The timely measures of such a man, the judgment with which he is able to strike the balance between defect and excess, and the order which he introduces into every detail of a complicated system, not only save thousands of lives, but hundreds of thousands in public money. Pre-eminent among all who have had to do with this work stands, by common consent, the late Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, who, after taking the province through its dark times into prosperity, resigned last November to his successor a Governorship that has been held by more eminent men and fewer below the standard than any other in India. As his time in the North-West drew to a close the less important, but more highly graded, Governorship of Bombay fell vacant, and all India expected that Sir Antony MacDonnell would be transferred to a province suffering from the economic difficulties with which he was so peculiarly fitted to grapple. But, to the general regret, the appointment was bestowed elsewhere. And it

must be rather a numbing reflection to any younger members of the public service in India who happen to be subject to the last infirmity of noble minds, to observe that the retirement of an officer whose achievements have made his name a household word in India creates less attention in England than the return of some junior peer, who, being sent out to Madras or Bombay, manages to get coached through his time by the permanent officials without falling into any flagrant mistakes. Men in India, however, learn to do without the demonstrative side of public life; and Sir Antony MacDonnell no doubt finds his reward in the consciousness of possessing the respect and admiration that honest and public-spirited men will never fail to give to commanding ability exerted in a great cause.

G. M. CHESNEY.

## *A CHARTERED ACADEMY*

'A GREAT step forward has been taken in the matter of organisation of knowledge in Great Britain.' So runs a statement in the *Times* newspaper which caught my eye the other day. The statement in question bore a familiar sound. From the time when I first became interested in public affairs I have learnt time after time, to my gratification, that we were either taking or about to take 'a great step forward' towards our political, educational, politico-economical, intellectual, or social development. The number of such steps that I can recall is beyond my power of enumeration. But by all ordinary standard of measurement we ought before now to have attained a stage or sphere of influence, in the organisation of knowledge, situated far above the comparatively low level on which I was born and bred. It is true that my experience of life has raised doubts in my mind as to whether great steps forward are identical with great progress onwards. The older one grows, the more one is inclined to accept the truth of the French saying, 'Plus ça change, plus c'est toujours la même chose.' Still I retain sufficient of my bygone youth to cherish a lingering hope that some day or other a great step forward may show me that Galileo's famous saying, 'e pur si muove,' is true of the world mentally, as well as materially. Whenever, therefore, I am told that a great step is on the eve of being taken towards the development of human knowledge, I always turn eagerly to learn what fresh benefit humanity is about to secure. I had no sooner learnt that the 'organisation of knowledge,' whatever that may be, was to be advanced by some novel process, than I proceeded to ascertain how knowledge was to be organised upon a solid and substantial basis. Before, however, I had read the first few lines of the article which commenced with so grandiose an announcement I learnt, to my bitter disappointment, that the novel process was nothing but a reproduction of an old, a familiar, I might add a venerable, proposal to the effect that for the intellectual development of Great Britain the great desideratum was the creation of a British Academy similar to that enjoyed by France under the title of the Académie Française. Ever since I can remember, the alleged advantages of an institute in which men of light and leading should receive official distinctions, discharge

official duties, and receive official salaries and wear official decorations, have been dinned into the ears of the British public by the advocates of official recognition for men of letters. Ever since I can remember, also, the cry for an Academy of Knowledge has been baffled by the brutal good sense of the British public, which clings to the belief that science, literature, and art are better advanced by individual effort than by any system of collective organisation conducted under official patronage.

Since the death of Matthew Arnold the Academy fad—if I may use the word in no offensive sense—has enjoyed a period of comparative and, to my mind, welcome repose. Nobody has a higher admiration than I have for the author of ‘Friendship’s Garland.’ His talent fell short of genius, but it was unique of its kind. A lucid clearness of style chastened by an almost morbid horror of exaggeration; a love of symmetry in all things; a detestation of all that is crude, harsh, and vulgar; a cultured worship of the beauty of the written word; a desire to regulate all ebullitions of sentiment and passion by the laws of logic, were the qualities which seem to me to differentiate Matthew Arnold from all the writers of our time and country. To anyone acquainted with him personally or by the study of his writings it is intelligible enough that he should have been fascinated by the conception of a literary Areopagus which should lay down hard-and-fast rules as to the proprieties and amenities of literature; should restrict the licence of letters; and should place all offenders against good taste under the ban of public opinion. If by any evil chance a British Academy had been established in his lifetime, the first name to be included in the ranks of the so-called Immortals would by common accord have been that of Matthew Arnold. Had he been born a Frenchman, he would infallibly have been an Academician. Being born a Briton, he was doomed to pass his life as an Inspector of Schools, whose scholastic labours were diversified by the production of charming essays which were caviare to the general public, but which formed the delights of a small circle distinguished for intellectual culture. I have always thought the best criticism ever passed on Matthew Arnold was one attributed, with what justice I know not, to the then Master of Balliol, who on being asked whether he did not think the latter’s essay on Marcus Aurelius a very brilliant production answered, ‘Quite so, quite so; one M.A. on a brother M.A.’

I should experience therefore a certain hesitation in ignoring the arguments by which Matthew Arnold defended his plea for the establishment of a British Academy of Knowledge, were it not for my conviction that the project whose authors are now petitioning for incorporation by Royal Charter would never have commanded his support or approval. His heart’s desire, as I have stated, was to see British literature placed under the control of a scholastic Academy,

whose authority was to be recognised as supreme in the world of letters. But according to the preliminary prospectus of the Academy Chartered Company (Limited) literary men pure and simple are not to be eligible for seats on the board. I feel therefore at liberty to criticise the extraordinary character of this novel Academy of Knowledge, which purposes to exclude literature from the scope of its programme.

This programme was first divulged to the world in the columns of the *Times*. Other papers were, apparently, not considered worthy to receive the new evangel directly, but were expected to take it second-hand from Printing House Square. The authorship of this programme is concealed, but I fancy I shall be near the mark in suggesting that its unnamed contributor to the columns of the leading journal was one and the same person with the writer of the article in the *Times* which appeared on the day following the issue of the programme, and which heralded this new departure as 'a great step forward' towards 'the organisation of knowledge in Great Britain.' The only objection to this surmise is that the author of the programme and its eulogist seem to be somewhat at variance as to the character of the institution for whose incorporation a Royal Charter was demanded in the closing days of last year. The petition describes the body about to be incorporated as 'The British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological Studies.' The domain of literature was felt to be too vast even for the grasp of omniscience as embodied in 'certain representative scholars'—I am quoting from the programme—'who met for the first time at the British Museum on the 28th of June last.' It seems that in order to launch the Argosy of knowledge with any chance of success, the representatives of culture in convocation assembled agreed to lighten the vessel by throwing over part of the cargo. The part to be consigned to the sea consisted of the department of '*belles-lettres*, poetry, and fiction.' The official eulogist of the scheme to whom I have referred deprecates the exclusion of literature from the benefits expected to be conferred on other branches of knowledge by the process of organisation under the control of a National Academy, and expresses a pious aspiration that means may be found to modify the constitution of the body. I fully agree that if we are to have an Academy at all, it should be so framed that 'The British Academy,' to quote its titular appellation, should not exclude from its ranks the literary representatives of that heritage of genius bequeathed to the British race by Shakespeare and Milton, by Fielding and Swift and Sterne, by Byron and Scott, by Tennyson and Dickens and Thackeray, and by scores of other British authors of scarcely less world-wide fame. As, however, things stand, not one of the above authors named, according to the programme of 'certain representative scholars,' would have been eligible as an Academician, supposing such a body had existed during their lifetime. I may

add that we have every cause to be grateful for the birth of *the* British Academy having been postponed to our own time, as, if it had been in existence from the days of Queen Elizabeth, the writers whose names I have mentioned would either have remained outside its ranks, or would not have written the works which form the literary glory of our English-speaking race.

The birth of 'The British Academy' seems, like that of all mouse-parturient mountains, to be enveloped with a certain shroud of mystery. All we are told is that the chief European and American Academies met in Congress at Wiesbaden in October 1899; that an International Association was formed there and then; and that surprise was expressed by the representatives of the Continental and trans-Atlantic Academies that Great Britain had no Academy of her own, unless the Royal Society could be so considered. England had other things to think of, in the days when the fate of Ladysmith was hanging in the balance, than the proceedings of a cosmopolitan Congress at Wiesbaden, and I admit, to my shame, that I—in common, for that matter, with the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen throughout the British Empire—was utterly ignorant, till I had learnt the fact by the perusal of 'The British Academy' programme, that an International Congress had met in the former Residenz Stadt of the Dukes of Nassau; and that to the present time I am ignorant who were the representatives of Great Britain, by whom they were appointed, or whether their instructions gave them authority to do anything beyond taking part in the debates of the Congress. Whatever their functions may have been, these representatives felt it their bounden duty 'to satisfy the requirements of the International Association of Academies.' This conclave of universal knowledge, of whose existence I never heard till the other day, held its first annual meeting in Paris in 1900. I learn with a sense of relief that it only meets once every four years, but my satisfaction is impaired by the discovery that its next meeting is to be held in London in 1904. It seems, in so far as I can gather from the programme of the proposed Academy, that the 'certain representative scholars'—whomsoever they represented and by whomsoever they were nominated—were appalled at the idea of the International Association of Academies meeting in the capital of England, while England had no Academy of her own which could meet the requirements of her Academic visitors. They therefore took upon themselves to form 'The British Academy,' which 'held its first meeting at the British Museum on the 17th of December, 1901, and petitioned His Majesty for incorporation by charter.'

We thus find ourselves confronted by an accomplished fact. The 'certain representative scholars'—who may, for anything we know to the contrary, have no more claim to represent British scholarship than the three tailors of Tooley Street had to dub themselves 'we the people of England'—have drawn up a scheme for a novel

British Academy, have constituted themselves and their friends the first Academicians, and have arrogated to the body thus formed the sole right of adding fresh members to the ranks of the Chartered Academy. If, by any ill-advised decision, His Majesty's Government should grant the charter demanded, the country will find itself saddled with a new institution which is not required by public opinion; which will probably prove ineffective; but which, if it should possibly prove effective, would assuredly prove injurious. Before any such institution is established, its merits or demerits should be freely discussed in the public press and in Parliament, and, if necessary, should be investigated by a Royal Commission. After all, if the International Association of Academies is not to make its entry into London for two years more, there is no immediate hurry about constituting a body qualified to take part in its deliberations. If England is to be bidden to the banquet of international knowledge, she has no cause to fear her exclusion from the feast owing to her lack of requisite Academic garment.

I venture therefore to state various reasons why, in my opinion, this demand for a Chartered Academy should not be accorded without the fullest consideration. In the first place, the whole manner in which the project has been concocted has too much of the hole-and-corner air to commend itself to popular approval. Practically, the outside public were kept in the dark till the draft of the proposed charter had been actually submitted to the Crown. The only plausible explanation of this reticence is that the promoters of the scheme were aware that its sole chance of success lay in its being rushed through before public attention had been called to the subject. Again, I always distrust projects whose authors conceal their identity, and thereby presumably seek to secure a reception for their projects which they could not hope to obtain on the strength of their own individual personalities. I take it for granted that 'the certain representative scholars' who met at the British Museum were the real founders of 'The British Academy' scheme. The British public cannot be fairly accused of idle curiosity if it would like to know the names of these representatives of British scholarship. They may be men of the highest eminence, but on the other hand may equally well be scholastic nobodies. I dwell on this fact because I have reason to believe that in many cases the gentlemen whose names appear in the list of petitioners for the charter of incorporation know little or nothing about the character and conditions of the charter, and gave their adhesion to the project in the careless good-natured way in which people are apt to give their adhesion as patrons to any project not involving—or supposed not to involve—pecuniary liability as the price of patronage.

Apparently the 'certain representative scholars' nominated as the first Fellows of the Academy the persons who at their request



consented to sign the petition for incorporation. It would seem also that the Fellows so nominated are to elect the President and Council of the Academy from amidst their own number, and that any new Fellows are to be appointed at the discretion of the original Fellows. Thus the government and the administration of the British Academy will remain entirely and exclusively in the hands of the 'certain representative scholars' and of their nominees. As many, if not most, of the signatories of the petition are friends or personal acquaintances of my own, I should find it extremely difficult to express my individual opinion as to how far they have any claim to act as a representative body of our English men of letters at the present day. But I think they themselves would be ready to admit that, with a few rare exceptions, they would be more justly described as men with literary proclivities than as men of letters. I may be told that 'The British Academy' is not to concern itself with British literature, and that therefore any objection I might raise as to the Fellows nominated as representatives of literature falls to the ground. The utterances of the Academic oracle are, however, as susceptible of conflicting interpretations as the utterances of Delphi. I am told in one line of the programme that the new Academy leaves *belles-lettres*, poetry, and fiction out of its immediate view.' I am told in the next line that the new Academy 'aims solely at the promotion of the study of moral and political sciences, including history, philosophy, law, politics and economics, archæology and philology.' Which statement am I to believe? I fail utterly to realise any distinction between *belles-lettres* and literature which would differentiate the works of Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Lord Acton, Dr. Gardner, Mr. Morley, Mr. Ward, Dr. Pelham and Professor Bury, from the writings of ordinary men of letters, or why the above gentlemen should be selected as the academic representatives of literature in preference to a score of writers who, with or without reason, have made far greater mark as authors of the day. I find on the list of some fifty odd gentlemen who, as signatories of the petition, are entitled to be Fellows of 'The British Academy,' any number of Masters, Fellows of colleges, Professors, and University Dons, who may be eminent for their philosophical, legal, politico-economical, archæological, and philological attainments. On all such matters I am too ignorant to express any opinion; but as one whose life has been largely concerned with literary matters I do not hesitate to say that a British Academy comprised of such materials would not command the respect and confidence of the British public, however well it might 'satisfy the requirements of the International Association of Academies.'

I hold therefore that, if we are to have a British Academy at all, it should be originated in a different fashion, constructed on a

different basis, and formed of different materials from those of the body for which 'certain representative scholars' are now demanding a Royal Charter. The demand has been referred, so the *Times* informs me, to the Privy Council. The *Times* further informs me that 'the Privy Council will of course report in favour of the charter being granted.' How this may be I have no means of saying. I would only express my hope that, if the Privy Council should recommend the granting of the charter, its recommendation will be accompanied by a stipulation that the first Council of the Academy should be nominated by the Crown, and that the election of Academicians should be placed in the hands of a body more truly representative of public opinion than that which 'certain representative scholars' have devised for their own benefit and aggrandisement.

Even, however, if 'The British Academy' could by any possibility be transmogrified from what it appears to be at present—a Mutual Admiration Society of, for the most part, second-rate notabilities—into a genuine representative body of British letters (using the word 'letters' in its widest sense), I should still deprecate the genesis of such an institution. I should say myself that this country was already burdened with societies established for the organisation of every branch of human learning. First and foremost there is the Royal Society, whose officers, I am informed in the prospectus, 'have held out the right hand of fellowship to the new-born sister society, and have conveyed their warmest wishes for its continual and increasing prosperity.' Within a few days of this prospectus appearing in print, and of my being told on the authority of the *Times* that the Privy Council will recommend the grant of a charter to this 'new-born sister society,' my friend Sir Norman Lockyer writes, as a leading member of the Royal Society, to repudiate the sisterhood and to assert that 'until the charters of King Charles II. are abrogated or revised there is no place for a new charter by King Edward VII. giving power to a new body to deal with the subjects the study and encouragement of which were previously committed to the Royal Society.' It appears therefore that anybody who, metaphorically, might have taken shares in 'The British Academy,' Limited, would be entitled to have his name removed from the list of shareholders, on the ground that he had been misled by erroneous statements in the prospectus. Whether the Royal Society has conferred any great benefit on the advancement of scientific knowledge is a matter concerning which I am too ignorant a scientist to express any opinion. All I know is that the title of F.R.S. presupposes a certain amount of scientific eminence on the part of its possessor. Nor can I suppose that a learned society so venerable in its antiquity can be unworthy to 'hold out the right hand of fellowship' to 'the International Association of Academies.'

Moreover, in addition to the Royal Society we have the Royal

Literary Fund, the British Association, the Society of Authors, the Institute of Journalists, and any number of similar institutions which are supposed to promote and develop the organisation of all the various branches of British knowledge. Poetry, in so far as I am aware, is the only branch which in servants' phrase is not 'looked after' by some institution or association of its own. The only reason I can suggest for this omission is that the interests of our *ars poetica* are safeguarded by the existence of an official Poet-Laureate, and one Poet-Laureate is surely enough. Indeed, there are irreverent scoffers who would say that even one is one too many. Happily the employment of honorary titles in social life is not in accordance with British ideas of self-respect. If it were not so, there is hardly a man of means and education within the British Isles who would not be able to embellish his visiting-card with any number of letters denoting his membership in one or more of the various geographical, geological, antiquarian, philological, musical, scientific, dramatic, and social institutions which flourish in these realms. The more the number of these institutions is increased, the more their collective authority is decreased; and on this ground alone I should hold the creation of 'The British Academy' to be unnecessary. I may have my doubts whether The Royal Academy does much to promote the excellence of British art. Still, the title of R.A. bears with it a certain distinction at the present day. But the value of an R.A. will be appreciably diminished if a new Academy is established whose members would be equally entitled to the designation of Royal Academicians.

I quite admit that men of letters in this country have some cause of complaint as to the insufficiency of their recognition by the State. Whether literature would gain or lose by such recognition is an open question. This much, however, is certain: that if honours are to be bestowed on authors of high eminence, these honours, if they are to be of any value, must be bestowed by the State, as the Executive of the nation, not by a self-constituted body of 'certain representative scholars' who, by hook or by crook, might have got themselves incorporated under a Royal Charter. Anybody acquainted with the routine of election to the Académie Française can judge for himself how little this routine would commend itself to English ideas or tastes. Literary merit or intellectual repute has very little to do with filling up the seats that become vacant from time to time in the ranks of 'the Forty.' The two chief requisites for a successful candidate are absence of originality in any marked degree, and the possession of 'much importunity.' The candidate has to canvass for himself; he has to make the acquaintance of, and ingratiate himself with, every Academician he can come across. He has to bring every sort of political, social, clerical, and even feminine influence to bear upon the members of the Academy; he has, in view of

his election, to write works bowdlerised—not, as in old days, *ad usum Delphini*, but *ad usum Academicæ*. He has, finally, to pay a visit in person to every Academician, and to ask him, cap in hand, for the favour of his vote and influence; and if the candidate succeeds after many efforts in obtaining his ambition he is required, on his admission to the ranks of the Immortals, to pronounce an extravagant eulogy on his predecessor in the academic chair, whose opinions, literary and political, were probably entirely opposed to his own, and for whose claims to eminence he may have a well-merited contempt. I cannot doubt, from the eagerness with which admission to the Academy is sought by writers of eminence in France, that to be a *membre de l'Académie Française* constitutes an appreciable asset, whether literary, social, or financial. But I doubt seriously whether the fact of being a Fellow of 'The British Academy' would improve in any way the position of the recipient of such an honour. It is difficult to conceive that Tennyson or Browning, Carlyle or Froude, Dickens or Thackeray, would ever have desired to be members of a British Academy if their entrance could only have been effected under the conditions required for admission to the French Academy. They might have accepted membership if offered them by the State in the name of the nation, but they would most assuredly not have accepted such membership if it had been offered them by a clique of 'certain representative scholars' who had no authority whatever to speak in the name of the British nation, or still less in that of British literature.

It was once my fortune to have been for many years a member of a Club Committee. Amongst their functions was included the duty of selecting a certain number of names from amongst the candidates for election, and electing them out of their turn on account of eminent services to science, art, or literature. I have heard that one of the candidates, thus elected out of turn, wrote forthwith to an American friend to inform him that the distinction thus conferred upon him was equivalent to the honour of being elected an Academician in France. I am afraid, however, this opinion is not shared by the British public. I cannot truly say that the indifference with which the country at large regards the distinction thus conferred is matter for surprise, or still less for reproach. I can affirm with a safe conscience that I and my colleagues tried honestly to discharge our duty, and that as a rule we selected the candidates whom we considered the worthiest recipients of the honour. But somehow our collective conscience invariably led us to select men of second-rate eminence—men, that is, belonging to the same category as the self-constituted Fellows of 'The British Academy,' and, I may add, of much the same type as the Committee of which I formed an unworthy member. Years have gone by since I ceased to serve on the Committee in question; but I have noticed ever since my retirement that the

same class of candidates are selected by my successors, men of note no doubt in their own circles, but whose names convey nothing to the general public. So, given human nature, and especially British human nature, it will be to the end. A Committee, whether it belongs to an Academy, a club, or a company, is always certain to have a preference for commonplace mediocrity as opposed to original talent. I do not assert that a State official would always confer literary distinction on the worthiest recipients of such distinctions, but I do assert that he would be far more likely to do so than any Committee comprised of men possessed of literary proclivities, but not possessed of literary eminence.

It is no business of mine, or of any English man of letters, to discuss the question whether the existence of the Académie Française has or has not advanced the interests of French literature. The Emperor Napoleon the Third is recorded to have said, after his return to France from his exile in England, that whenever he wished to recall any practice or usage or custom in France he always thought of the English counterpart, and decided therefrom that the French equivalent must be the exact opposite. In like fashion one is justified in saying that whatever suits France does not suit England, and *vice versa*. If therefore it could be proved—to my satisfaction—that French literature had profited by the existence of an Academy, I should be all the more inclined to assume that British literature would not profit by the existence of a similar institution in England. A love of symmetry, a respect for logic as distinguished from common-sense, a passion for uniformity, an impatience of anomalies, are qualities characteristic of the French intellect. To systematise everything is the innate instinct of every French thinker, writer, and scientist. In our country, on the other hand, symmetry, logic, and system commend themselves very faintly, if at all, to popular approval. The existence of anomalies is to us a matter of absolute indifference. If we get what we want, we are unconcerned as to how we get it. The subservience of the individual to the community is the cardinal principle of every French Administration, no matter whether under an empire, a monarchy, or a republic. The right of individual freedom is the basis of every English Administration, whether Liberal or Conservative. It may be said that of late years England under the sway of Progressive and Collective ideas has tended somewhat towards the restriction of individual liberty by State regulation. But this tendency is of its essence ephemeral. According to the Latin proverb you may drive out Nature with a pitchfork, but it will always crop up again. And our British nature leads us to cherish individual freedom—the right of every man to do what he likes subject to the authority of the law. It is easy to see how this passion for individual liberty displays itself in our politics, our religion, our art, and our literature.

Our English men of letters are a law unto themselves. We have no schools or colleges or universities which exercise any authoritative jurisdiction over literature. We have no laws of style, scarcely any standards of prose or poetical composition. As a body we are all alike disposed to obey the Horatian dictum and '*nullius in verba magistri.*'

It is quite possible to have an almost fanatical admiration for the English language as a vehicle for the expression of the highest ideas in the simplest form, and yet to be conscious of certain defects which mar the perfection of its merits. Whenever I read a French newspaper, or any ordinary French essay or novel, I am struck by two things. The first is the paucity of the ideas expressed; the second is the elegance of the phrases in which those ideas are expressed. Slovenly writing is very rare in French literature, even of the most ephemeral kind. Any Frenchman able to write at all seems to be able to write correctly, to use the proper word in the proper place, and to be aware that, in accordance with the stereotyped rules of his own language, there is only one form of words in which any given idea can be correctly expressed. I am willing to allow that this correctness of diction is due in no small degree to the uniform education in their own language imparted to all pupils at French schools. Of the system of uniform education the Académie Française is the corner-stone. All I contend is that a system which meets the requirements of France is not necessarily adapted to the needs of England. On the contrary, a system which suits France and Frenchmen is *primâ facie* unsuitable to England and Englishmen. The strength of our island race lies in our insularity, and I for one should deeply regret the success of any educational process which tended to restrict what hostile critics call the licence of English literature. Uniformity of style, regularity of expression, acquaintance with prosody, and accuracy of grammar are all useful acquisitions to an author's store of knowledge, but these acquisitions are dearly purchased by any sacrifice of the originality which forms the basis of our literary fame. Critics might plead with justice that if Carlyle had been taught that the constant repetition of grotesque epithets and nicknames jars upon a refined taste, if Ruskin could have been taught that word-painting can be over-elaborated, if Browning had been instructed that metre and melody improve poetry, if Dickens had received an academic education, if George Meredith had been warned that the contortion of sentences does not augment their impressiveness, if 'George Eliot' had had impressed upon her the truth that philosophical speculations are out of place in a romance, and if Thackeray could have been led to appreciate the irrelevance of introducing personal disquisitions of a commonplace character into the course of his stories of real life, the work of all these authors would have gained in grace and force

This I grant. On the other hand, I should plead that if we had an educational system in this country powerful enough to curb the exuberances to which I have alluded we should never have had *The History of the French Revolution*, *The Stones of Venice*, *The Ring and the Book*, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *Dombey and Son*, *The Mill on the Floss*, or *Vanity Fair*. For my part I prefer our English gardens, with their trees and bushes growing much as Nature bids them, to French gardens with their clipped hedges, their pollard trees, and their trim parterres. My taste, which is that of the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen, holds good in like fashion with respect to the gardens of literature.

If I have made my meaning clear, it will be obvious that my objection to 'The British Academy' is one which could not be removed by any alteration in the details of the particular scheme which has just been introduced to the world by 'certain representative scholars' assembled at the British Museum. I could wish that at our schools the study of the English classics, the rules of English grammar, and the right pronunciation of the English language were made parts—and prominent parts—of English education. But beyond this I am not prepared to go. If an Academy such as France possesses is to be of any practical use, it must exercise an authority over English letters incompatible with the individual freedom of language, style, thought, and expression which has rendered English literature the most original that the modern world at any rate has ever known. The ideal of every Academy is that of Procrustes; and of all things on earth to which the Procrustean system can be usefully applied, the last is the literature of England. I am aware that in this opinion I differ from many men of letters—if I may venture so to describe myself—whose authority on literary subjects is far higher than any to which I can lay claim. My endeavour, however, in this, as in every subject on which I have ever written, has been to express the common-sense view of common people. I think, whatever superior persons may hold to the contrary, it will be found that the British public does not wish for a British Academy, would much sooner be without it, and is of opinion that it would be either a mischievous or an useless institution, and would most probably prove both useless and mischievous.

However this may be, I feel assured that the Academy devised by 'certain representative scholars' is not one which would commend itself to English favour. If we are to have an Academy at all—concerning which my answer would be that of Talleyrand to the applicant who told him it was necessary to live, *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*—let us have an Academy representing, not a number of respectable elderly gentlemen with literary proclivities, but the English men of letters who have made literature the vocation of

their lives. Let the Academicians be nominated by the State, not self-elected by a self-constituted body.

EDWARD DICEY.

P.S.—Since the above was written a list has been published of a number of gentlemen eminent in literature, politics, arts, and sciences who have signed a petition to His Majesty, deprecating the creation of 'The British Academy' to the detriment of the Royal Society. It would be ungracious and invidious to discuss the comparative claims to distinction of the signatories of the two petitions, the one praying for a charter to the proposed Academy, the other deprecating the issue of any such charter so long uncalled for and incompatible with the claims of the Royal Society. All I need say is that, taken collectively, the authority of the latter body altogether exceeds that of the former body, supported though it is by 'certain representative scholars' whose authority has still, in as far as the outer world is concerned, to be taken upon faith.



## LAST MONTH

### THE CLEAN SLATE

THE new century has set in with a vengeance. It almost takes one's breath away to see the extent and character of the changes that have occurred in our national affairs since the world passed from 1900 to 1901. One may hope that these changes are recognised by the majority of politicians of all parties, and that people generally realise the meaning of all that has happened during the last fourteen months; but it must be confessed that there is little evidence that this is the case. Members of Parliament and journalists alike seem to be living from hand to mouth, and not even the dramatic surprises of the past month appear to have brought home to them the fact that 'the clean slate' policy has been applied to other things besides the programme of the Liberal party. We are separated from the Victorian era, with its wondrous record of national development and prosperity, by less than a year and a quarter, but there has been more of the 'making of history' during that brief space of time than there had been for a quarter of a century before.

No one can doubt what the chief event of the month has been. The sudden announcement on the 12th of February that Great Britain and Japan had entered into a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, for the term of five years, revealed to the world a new departure in the foreign policy of Great Britain of the gravest and most startling character. The avowed object of the treaty is the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Far East, and more particularly in China and Corea. It does not appear that it has any bearing upon possible events west of Siam, but further east it binds the contracting parties to act together if disturbances should take place, 'either by the aggressive action of any other Power or by disturbances arising in China or Corea.' Whilst claiming to be strictly *pacifist* and non-aggressive in intention, the essential fact is indisputable that this treaty makes Great Britain and Japan allies in all that affects the problem of the Far East, and enables them to present a united front to any other Power or combination of Powers

that may threaten the *status quo* in that part of the world. The integrity of the Chinese Empire—including Manchuria—and that of Corea are thus guaranteed by the two most powerful naval states having an interest in Asiatic affairs. Thus, as it were by a stroke of the pen, and with the startling suddenness of a flash of lightning, the doctrine of 'splendid isolation' on which Ministers descanted so proudly a few weeks ago has been wiped from the slate, and for the first time for well-nigh half a century Great Britain appears as one of the parties to a treaty of alliance with one of the Great Powers of the world.

It is a change so revolutionary and so enormous, a change that affects so seriously the policy of a state which is in many respects the most conservative in Europe, that only the very rash can be prepared to criticise it on the spur of the moment. The announcement of the treaty was received in this country, after the first feeling of bewilderment had passed, with a great deal of cautious reserve. Some saw its manifest advantages, and dwelt upon them accordingly; others could see only its possible dangers, and were correspondingly depressed. But so far most of our leading politicians have been more or less prudent and non-committal in their criticisms. The same may be said of the criticisms of the Continental Press. The journalists of the European capitals are evidently not less puzzled than English politicians to account for this revolutionary change in the character of our foreign policy. Most of them believe that it is directed against the possible aggressions of Russia upon China; but Russia—whose diplomatists never fail to take a defeat with smiling faces—blandly declares that it has no particular concern in this re-shuffling of the pieces on the chess-board. It has no aggressive intentions towards China, it announces; and if it had, it would know how to protect its own policy and interests despite the Anglo-Japanese alliance. It is only in America that the agreement has been hailed with open and almost boundless satisfaction. There it is looked upon as being a continuance of the Far Eastern policy of the Government at Washington. Indeed, with that quaint determination to discover the United States in every important transaction on the surface of the globe, which distinguishes the average American citizen, some of the New York newspapers intimate that the credit for the authorship of the treaty belongs to Mr. Hay rather than to Lord Lansdowne.

The first feeling of sensible people when the conclusion of the treaty was made known was one of profound regret that the Government of Great Britain should have found it necessary to abandon the position of isolation and absolute independence in which this country has so long rejoiced. After all, the most impenitent of Little Englanders could not fail to exult in the fact that England for many successive decades had no need to go fishing for alliances,

but was, on the contrary, able to reject all proposals tending in that direction that she might receive from others. 'Splendid isolation' might be a slipshod and slightly vulgar phrase, implying as it did a certain degree of insolent pride in our strength; but at the same time it expressed the uppermost feeling in many minds. A people who could afford to be friends with all their neighbours, but allies of none, could justly claim to occupy a position as proud as it was unique. If we were to descend from that position, if the moment ever came when we should be compelled for the maintenance of our interests to look for allies, Englishmen felt that the world lay all before them where to choose. There was no European state, at all events, that would not be eager to come to terms with us. So confident is the public upon this point that for some time past we have had a renewal of the old discussion as to whether it would be more to our interest to cast in our lot with Russia than with Germany, or *vice versa*. And, curiously enough, just at the moment when the Anglo-Japanese agreement was made known, public opinion seemed to have decided this question in favour of Russia. It is not surprising that to many persons it seemed a distinct abatement of our position when, instead of an alliance with one of the Great Powers of the Continent, we concluded one with Japan.

Yet this feeling is not one that is really justifiable. Japan, it is true, has only come in contact with Western civilisation within the lifetime of many of us. When Queen Victoria had reigned for a score of years, the Britain of the Far East was still a sealed book to the outer world. To some of us it seems as though it were but yesterday that we were reading the wonderfully graphic letters in which Lawrence Oliphant first lifted the veil, and showed us the quaint and delightful race who had so long been wrapped in a seclusion deeper than that of the harem, and who behind their closed doors had kept up a life in which the manners and customs of mediæval Europe were combined with the graces of a civilisation older than that of Rome. Never in the known history of mankind has any nation undergone so complete and astounding a transformation within a limited period as that which Japan has undergone within the last forty years. The sealed kingdom has come to the front with a sudden rush, and now can claim a place with the foremost. It is, in many respects, more modern than any European country, including England. Its spirit is as practical, its methods as business-like, its enterprise as daring as are the spirit and methods and enterprise of the people of the United States. With the opening of its doors to the outer world, it seems to have come to life rejuvenated, and, with an older history than that of any European state behind it, to be confronting the new era with all the virile force and hopefulness of youth. Never, in fact, has the policy of the clean slate been carried out more completely than in Japan, and never has its wisdom

been more fully vindicated. Nor must we forget that, if Japan has assimilated the customs and the spirit of the West with an unequalled fulness and rapidity, it has at the same time given something in exchange to our own prosaic world. To speak of nothing else, its contributions to the ideals of art would alone constitute a reason for our gratitude. It is indeed an amazing spectacle that the world has been witnessing during the last two score years, the transformation of an archaic land, wholly remote from the spirit and aspirations of modern life, into one conforming with marvellous completeness to our newest and most advanced civilisation.

For these reasons, if there were no others, the alliance between Great Britain and Japan is not to be regarded as placing us on a lower plane than an alliance with any European State would have done. Yet the question still remains, is the new agreement wise, is it safe; will it be favourable to the fortunes of this country or the reverse? Until we have much fuller information with regard to its causes and origin than we possess at present, it is impossible to give any positive answer to these questions. There are certain obvious arguments that seem to commend it to us. We secure under the treaty an immense accession of naval strength in a quarter of the world in which naval force is of greater value than almost anywhere else. We are able to pursue our difficult and costly task in South Africa with greater confidence than we could feel when we had no friend safeguarding our interests in the Far East. Above all, we have, it is to be hoped, secured by means of this treaty the future good-will and support of the new nation which has sprung into existence to redress the balance of power in a quarter of the world in which that balance has of late been rather rudely disturbed. All these obvious reasons count in favour of the treaty, and explain the exultation with which the average man in the street has accepted the alliance. He has hailed it as enthusiastically as his predecessor hailed the dramatic *coup* of the purchase of the Suez Canal shares in the far-off 'seventies. Perhaps he is right. We know how strenuously many sagacious persons protested against the transaction which made England chief proprietor of the Suez Canal. But their protests and warnings have not so far been justified, even though they may be eventually. The man in the street, who simply shouted his joy over an incident which gratified his sense of the picturesque and the theatrical, may fairly claim that his applause has been justified by the course of events: and so, in like manner, the people who have greeted the revelation of our new alliance with acclamation may be able hereafter to say that they were wiser than the statesmen who cautiously withhold their definite approval, or the experts who point to the possible dangers that are involved in the agreement. That Ministers made this change in the well-established policy of the country without having some specific and serious reason

for doing so it is impossible to believe. But we do not know what that reason was. For the moment, therefore, the only solid ground of objection to the treaty is that it has deprived us of that absolute freedom of action which our state of isolation secured for us during the greater part of the old century. Even this objection may, however, melt under the influence of passing events. The ill-success of British policy in China, and the corresponding growth of the influence of other Powers, Russia and Germany in particular, may quite conceivably reach a point before long that will make it apparent that the alliance with Japan is not only desirable but necessary.

The war in South Africa has proceeded during the past month upon the lines to which we have become accustomed. The principal military event was the great 'sweeping movement' by means of which Lord Kitchener hoped finally to effect the capture of De Wet and the forces under him. Its success was only partial. Many Boer prisoners were captured, together with large quantities of stores, and De Wet's last gun was seized, but De Wet himself escaped. Undoubtedly he has been greatly weakened as the result of this movement, but he still remains in the field, and it cannot be said that we have any further evidence of the demoralisation of the Boer forces. Unfortunately, if they have suffered heavy reverses during the month, they have also secured some victories, and have added to the long list of our casualties. That the 'wearing down' process is being carried on, and that we are, in consequence, nearer to the end than we have been before is evident, but it cannot be said that there are any signs of that immediate collapse for which men have hoped so eagerly. In these circumstances we may look back with special interest to the story of the abortive peace negotiations with the Dutch Government.

The visit of Dr. Kuyper, the Prime Minister of Holland, to London early in January was, Lord Rosebery rightly conjectured, undertaken with the object of promoting the stoppage of the war. After his return to Holland his Government communicated with the English Ministry, and in a tentative manner proposed that it should inquire of the Boer delegates in Europe if they were willing to proceed to South Africa to deliberate with the leaders on the spot. It would of course have been necessary for the delegates to be armed with safe-conducts from our own Government, and the Dutch Ministry inquired if such safe-conducts would be given. The reply of Lord Lansdowne was substantially a negative, but it was a negative couched in conciliatory terms. The British Government could not, he said, depart from its decision not to accept the intervention of any foreign Power in the South African war, but if the Boer delegates themselves desired to lay a request for a safe-conduct before his Majesty's Government, there was no reason why they should not do so. Up to this point the reply of the Foreign

Secretary was precisely what might have been expected, and no reasonable person of any party could complain of it. It seems a pity, however, that Lord Lansdowne should have gone on to express his doubts as to whether the Boer delegates in Europe retained any influence over the leaders in South Africa, and to urge that the quickest and most satisfactory means of arranging a settlement would be by direct communication between the latter and Lord Kitchener. This meant a direct repudiation of Lord Rosebery's suggestion as to the means by which the war might possibly be brought to a close. If there would have been any loss of dignity on our part in allowing the Boer delegates to go to South Africa to induce their fellow-countrymen there to come to terms, or if there had been any suggestion that we should abate the conditions of peace which have been practically if not formally laid down, Lord Lansdowne's action would have met with general approval. But no suggestion of this kind has been made by anybody, and we have consequently turned aside from one of the paths by which peace might have been reached without having any substantial reason for doing so. It is part of the price we have to pay for the bitterness with which the question of the war has been fought out in this country between the pro-Boers on the one hand and the Jingoists on the other, that even moderate proposals which might produce good results, and certainly could do no harm, are rejected from the fear that they might possibly be misinterpreted by one or other of the extreme sections. The general result is that there is nothing that is particularly encouraging to report as to the war. It goes forward slowly, and we can only wait patiently and hopefully for the end.

Yet one painful subject connected with the great military struggle has deeply moved the public mind during the month. This is the question of the scandals—the word unfortunately is only too appropriate—in connection with the purchase of horses for South Africa. There are other scandals dealing with other departments for supplying the Army with necessaries which have also received attention in Parliament and the press; but it is upon the Remount Department that the eyes of the country have been fixed. The story which has been slowly forced from an unwilling Minister is certainly one that reflects the gravest discredit upon not a few persons who have been in the service of the country. Everybody knows that from time immemorial wars have furnished an opportunity to contractors to enrich themselves. But the profits that have been made by many of those who have been engaged in supplying horses to the South African Army have been so large as to be positively outrageous. What is still worse is the fact that the checks put upon the purchase of worthless horses by the agents of the Government have been ridiculously and shamefully inadequate.

If there is any evidence of positive corruption, it has still to be produced; and we are therefore bound for the present to assume that corruption did not enter into the transactions by which the Government acquired an enormous number of inferior animals at more than double their fair value. But if there was no corruption there was inefficiency, gross and palpable, and as a consequence of that inefficiency we have a scandal such as would tarnish the credit of any army in the world. The attempt of Mr. Brodrick to gloze over this scandal was very unfortunate. It did not happily succeed, and we are now promised an inquiry into the conduct of the official who was mainly responsible for the action of the Remount Department. But there are many others besides this gentleman whose conduct ought to be inquired into. And there is only too much reason to fear that there are many other departments where scandals of a similar nature would be brought to light if due investigations were made. It is to be hoped that the cry raised for efficiency in our public services will not be allowed to die away when the conduct of one single official has been inquired into. Mr. Roebuck himself had hardly a stronger case at the time of the Crimean War than that which is now waiting to be taken up by any man who has the courage and strength needed in these days by an administrative reformer.

Perhaps the most striking incident of the month connected with the war has been the reception of Mr. Chamberlain by the City of London at one of the traditional Guildhall gatherings reserved for men of the greatest public service or the widest popularity. Mr. Chamberlain is a citizen of London in virtue of his membership of one of the livery companies, and it was consequently impossible for the Corporation to confer upon him the freedom of the City. But it awarded him the highest honour that it was in its power to bestow—an address in a gold box, with the usual accompaniments of a reception at the Guildhall and a luncheon at the Mansion House. The enthusiasm of the citizens over Mr. Chamberlain's visit was unmistakable. Apparently the war is as popular in the City to-day as at the time of the relief of Mafeking. All errors of judgment, all evidences of ministerial incapacity notwithstanding, the British public is still prepared to do homage to the man who has been the leading figure on our side in the drama of the last three years. No doubt Mr. Chamberlain is largely indebted for his present popularity to the abuse showered upon him from abroad. As I pointed out last month, Count von Buelow has made him in the eyes of the vast majority of Englishmen the hero of the hour; they have accepted him in the character assigned to him by his Continental assailants—that of the typical representative of our race—and they honour him accordingly. There is, however, another cause for his enormous popularity which those of us who are opposed to him in politics would be foolish to ignore. Rightly or wrongly, he has impressed

the electors with the belief that he is a man who knows his own mind, and who marches straight to his desired end, whatever it may be. There has been so much of hesitation and of shilly-shally in the conduct of so many of our leading statesmen of late that it is hardly surprising that the more robust and energetic performances of Mr. Chamberlain have elicited the admiration of the multitude. It is a bad thing when a statesman seeks to advance himself by deliberate playing to the gallery; but in these democratic days no politician can afford to leave the gallery out of his calculations when he appears behind the foot-lights.

Turning from questions associated more or less closely with the South African War to other matters of foreign policy, it is impossible not to be struck by the determined manner in which some journals both in this country and the United States have been trying to aggravate the ill-feeling which unfortunately already exists between England and Germany. That we have received great provocation is undeniable. But the fiery retort of the country to the slanders on our troops has been accepted with something like meekness by the German people, and we have every reason to feel that we have not come off second best in that sharp but brief encounter. This being the case, it is difficult to understand why there should be any desire among sensible men in this country to keep up a state of irritation between ourselves and Germany. Yet the month has witnessed a heated and wholly needless controversy in which the two countries have been contending for the honour of having been the chief friend of the United States at the time of the Spanish War. The controversy was quite unnecessary, inasmuch as the Government and citizens of the United States certainly did not need any revelations from newspaper correspondents in order to satisfy themselves of the truth. In the December number of this Review I reported with absolute accuracy the state of feeling which prevails at Washington with regard to the action of England during the Spanish War. 'You were our friends then, and we had no one else,' were the words addressed to me by the most prominent of the actors on one of the fields on which the conflict was waged, and the sentiment he expressed seemed to be universally held. In these circumstances there was no need to aggravate the relations of Great Britain and Germany by searching the diplomatic archives at Washington in order to prove that at this or the other moment Great Britain had been more friendly to the United States than had Germany. No doubt it was done with the best intentions, but it was nevertheless a mistake. The immediate consequence was not a pleasant one for anybody. The German Government flatly contradicted the story told in the newspapers, and produced documentary evidence which showed that at least it gave the contradiction in good faith. That there had been a misunderstanding with regard to the nature of the memorandum addressed by



the Ambassadors at Washington to their respective Governments in April 1898 was obvious. It was a memorandum which did not affect the action either of England or Germany, and its publication has left the position of the two countries towards the United States precisely where it was before; but the unfortunate exaggerations and inaccuracies imported into the controversy on both sides have not been favourable to the maintenance or restoration of good-will, and the general feeling is one of regret that this wholly unnecessary discussion should ever have been raised. It was specially unfortunate, from many points of view, that it should have been raised at the time when the brother of the German Emperor was about to visit the United States on an errand of friendship and good-will. Happily the good sense of the American people has been shown by the way in which they have turned from these bygone quarrels in order to give a hospitable welcome to their illustrious guest. They can do this without in any way altering their estimate of the services which England undoubtedly rendered to them at more than one critical moment before and during the war.

The Parliamentary Session so far has brought us no surprises. In the House of Commons, in addition to the prolonged debates on the new rules of procedure, there have been discussions on such questions as Welsh disestablishment, marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and the Navy Estimates; whilst both Lords and Commons have shown their interest in the revelations regarding the supply of horses and food to our army in South Africa, the Japanese Treaty, and the abortive attempt of the Dutch Government to bring about negotiations for peace. The reform of the procedure of the House of Commons has, however, been the absorbing topic of the month in Parliamentary circles. It cannot be said that the scheme of the Government has commended itself to the general sense of the House, or that Ministers have been fortunate in the way in which they have presented their case to Parliament. Their victories in the division lobby have in almost every case been secured by the easy device of making every proposal a test of the confidence of their supporters; and just as anybody can govern during a state of siege, so any resolution can be carried when it is converted into a vote of confidence. But, whatever may have been the Ministerial successes in the division lobby, the course of the debates has been almost uniformly unfavourable to the Government. It has shown that some of the chief features of the Ministerial plan are viewed with almost as much suspicion on one side of the House as upon the other. Many of the most hostile criticisms of the rules have emanated from the Government benches, and hardly a speaker outside the official circle has been found to give anything like a whole-hearted support to Mr. Balfour's proposals. This fact must seem surprising to those of us

who have recognised the urgency of this question of Parliamentary procedure. It was only last month that I dwelt upon its necessity if the lost efficiency of the House of Commons was to be restored to it, and its old place in the respect and affection of the country regained. In ordinary circumstances it might have been supposed that the best men of both parties would have been willing and even eager to unite in this great work of reform. Unfortunately Ministers have made it clear, both by their proposals and their manner of advocating them, that they are thinking more of the Executive than of Parliament. The tendency of the new rules is not to restore to the House of Commons its old freedom of debate, and its power of interposing at any time in transactions affecting the national honour and welfare, but to strengthen the hands of the Executive, making it practically independent of Parliament, except when a direct vote of want of confidence is moved. Here, truly, we have another instance of the cleaning of the slate. Mr. Gladstone, with all his bitter indignation against the odious and systematic obstruction of Parliamentary business, never consented to any proposal which made the Executive practically master of the House of Commons. Nor would any of the great Conservative statesmen of other days have done so. But we live in new times, a new century; and one of the features of the time that are now becoming prominent is the public dislike of the House of Commons, the distrust of Parliamentary control, and the willingness to leave everything, or almost everything, to be settled by the Executive on its own responsibility and authority. Never in modern times has the Executive enjoyed so much freedom from control as during the present Administration. Never have we seen the opinion of Parliament treated with so much contempt, or the individual member playing so pathetically impotent a part as he has done since 1895. What is surprising is that so few people seem to recognise the stupendous and ominous change that is thus creeping over the face of the British Constitution. No doubt many of the supporters of the present Government think it a good thing that it should have its hands free, especially in time of war, and that the 'talking shop,' as they contemptuously call the House of Commons, should be left to talk, aimlessly and purposelessly at large. One wonders if they see in what direction we are drifting, or how quickly we are leaving the old principles of self-government behind us. One fact at least they can hardly ignore—that is, that the increased powers which the Executive is now successfully claiming, and the increased freedom from the control of the Representative Chamber, will not always be enjoyed by the party now in office. Sooner or later, and it may be much sooner than men expect, another Government will take the place of the present one. The boot will be on the other leg, and

the politicians who are now sullenly acquiescing in the curtailment, almost to the point of extinction, of the rights of private members and the control which in the old days the House of Commons had over the acts of the Executive Government, will wake up to the fact that a Ministry with which they may have no sympathy, and whose principles they may distrust completely, has through their act been made master of the destinies of the Empire.

If Mr. Balfour had been gifted with a clearer foresight, and had taken larger and longer views, he would hardly have made the grave mistake of treating the reform of the procedure rules as a party question. He would rather have sought, upon this matter at least, to work as far as possible in concert with the best Parliamentarians of all parties and sections. His purpose should have been to make the House of Commons master within its own House, and to strengthen rather than weaken the legitimate influence of the great body of members who do not happen to belong to the Government of the day. As it is, he has striven simply to put into the hands of the official ring of the moment—Unionist to-day, but it may be Radical or Democratic to-morrow—something like absolute power. I cannot conceive how any genuine Conservative, in the old and best sense of the word, can view his proceedings with approval. I said in a previous article that he was not to be regarded as one of those who build ‘not for an age but for all time,’ as a man ought to build when he is dealing with a fabric so ancient and majestic as the British Constitution. I had no idea when I wrote how soon and how fully my criticism would be justified.

As for the details of his scheme of reform, there is little need to discuss them here. Every right-thinking man is agreed that stern measures should be adopted for the prevention of flagrant and deliberate obstruction. But one of the penalties by which Mr. Balfour seeks to attain this end is strongly resented by the great body of members on both sides. I refer to the proposal to exact an apology from members who have been suspended before allowing them again to take their seats. The absurdity of this proposal is manifest. An unscrupulous man would treat the apology as a farce, and would probably offer it with an effusiveness that would make the rule ridiculous in the eyes both of the House and the public. A scrupulous and honourable man might feel himself compelled to refuse the desired expression of regret, and the House would then find itself involved in a quarrel with an innocent constituency which it had practically disfranchised in violation of its constitutional rights. The Government, after a severe struggle, have at last wavered in their defence of this unfortunate proposal, and it is sincerely to be hoped that they will end by abandoning it. As for the regulations regarding the hours of sitting, and the substitution of Friday for

Wednesday as the day given to private members, the House must be left to decide for itself, but it ought to have a free choice in the matter, and not be compelled to act under the coercion of the cry of 'confidence.' That which strikes an outsider in looking at these proposals is that they tend still further to make the Representative Chamber a house of play rather than a house of work, and to leave members no task but that of registering the decrees of Ministers.

If there had been a strong Opposition, led with efficiency and energy, the Government would hardly have ventured to make proposals which they know that a large body of their own supporters heartily dislike. But, alas! the Opposition, always weak and divided in the present Parliament, is now weaker and more divided than ever. I have spoken of the Japanese Treaty as the chief event of the month. Next in importance to it must unquestionably be placed the new and grave crisis in the history of the Liberal party. After the Chesterfield speech of Lord Rosebery, a widespread belief prevailed that the party might be practically united on the basis of the policy which was outlined in that speech. On the burning question of the war Lord Rosebery's proposals received the assent of all but the most fanatical members of the pro-Boer party and the small clique whose every act is animated by their personal hatred of the ex-Premier. Day by day this belief in a substantial re-union of Liberals grew stronger. All over the country Liberal associations passed resolutions which were practically an invitation to Lord Rosebery to assume his old place in the party. Even Sir William Harcourt seemed to be prepared to welcome him back. In the middle of the month Lord Rosebery went to Liverpool, where he met with a reception so enthusiastic that it recalled memories of the days when Mr. Gladstone made his triumphal progresses through the country. In the course of his chief speech he entered into a full explanation of his meaning when he advised the Liberal party at Chesterfield to 'clean its slate.' I do not think the explanation was needed, except for those who had wilfully misinterpreted the speaker's intention. In substance it amounted to a declaration that what he meant was not the abandonment of Liberal principles, not even the necessary abandonment of a Liberal programme, but the assertion of the necessity for bringing the policy of the Liberal party into closer harmony with the changed conditions of our politics and our national life. It is eleven years, if I remember aright, since the 'Newcastle programme' was adopted *en masse* by a caucus in a hurry. Eleven years! Let anyone think of all that has happened since then, and then reflect upon the folly which would insist that, whilst the world was moving, moving more quickly than ever before, a great political party should stand still like the Bourbons of old, forgetting nothing and learning nothing!

It is almost inconceivable that any sane man should have found cause for alarm or resentment in the advice tendered by Lord Rosebery, which after all amounted only to a prose rendering of Lowell's assertion that 'new occasions teach new duties.' Yet there were some to whom the doctrine of the clean slate was anathema, and who seemed anxious to bind the Liberalism of the future to everything, good, bad and indifferent, that had ever been upheld by any section of the party in the past, without regard to the consequences which this blind fidelity to an obsolete programme had already entailed. Again I say that such folly, such blindness to the lessons of history, is inconceivable; and yet we have lived to witness it.

Turning from his elucidation of the doctrine of the clean slate, Lord Rosebery proceeded to deal with absolute frankness with the question of Home Rule. It was dead and buried, he declared; and in saying this he merely re-echoed what had been said before him by Mr. Morley and Mr. Redmond. The Gladstone Bills both of these eminent authorities have treated as matters that have passed away. But since the last Home Rule Bill was lost the Irish representatives have made a new demand, and it is one to which Mr. Gladstone himself would never have listened. It is for an independent Parliament for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's proposed Irish Parliament would have been a 'Statutory Parliament,' absolutely subordinate to the Imperial Parliament. Lord Rosebery, saying exactly what Mr. Gladstone would have said, emphatically refused to agree to the creation of an independent Parliament for Ireland, and he pointed out the dangers we should have had to face during the last two years of strain and stress if there had been in Dublin a Parliament which would have taken sides with our enemies, as the Nationalist members have openly done. Finally he admitted the importance of the Irish question, admitted the necessity of dealing with it mercifully and generously, and expressed his belief that the Local Government Act of the Tory Government might constitute a basis from which Ireland might gradually build up a scheme that would satisfy its just aspirations without endangering the unity of the United Kingdom. He hinted also at his hope that in time the Irish difficulty, like many others, might be permanently settled by some great scheme of Imperial federation.

Such, as explained by himself, was the policy of Lord Rosebery both with regard to the clean slate and Home Rule. There was nothing in it to which any fair-minded man could object as reactionary or un-Liberal. As a matter of fact, there was nothing in it which most sensible Liberals had not agreed to before he spoke. The country was perhaps startled by the newspaper placards which announced in their largest letters 'Abandonment of Home Rule by Lord Rosebery,' as though Home Rule, as we understood the phrase

ten years ago,' had not long since been abandoned by the Irish themselves and by most Liberal statesmen of importance. But it might have been supposed that the ex-Premier's declaration would have assumed its true proportions in the eyes of responsible politicians. That it did so seemed to be apparent from the comments of those Liberal newspapers which are not the organs of that extreme and anti-British party to whom Lord Rosebery is, under all circumstances, anathema. But, to the amazement of everybody, including his own friends and adherents, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman saw fit to go down to Leicester, and to make a speech which was personally offensive to Lord Rosebery, and which, whether he intended it or not, seemed to make future co-operation between the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons and the ex-Premier impossible. He repudiated the idea of the clean slate, denounced and misrepresented Lord Rosebery's doctrines on Home Rule, accused his old chief of having treated him unfairly, and demanded to know whether he remained within the 'tabernacle' of Liberalism as understood by Sir Henry or stood outside it. By the curious irony of fate this most unfortunate speech was delivered just four and twenty hours after Lord Rosebery, speaking at a *quasi*-private gathering of Liberal members of Parliament, had referred to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in terms of warm friendship, and had virtually expressed his desire to co-operate with him and Lord Spencer in reviving the fortunes of the Liberal party.

No one who knows Lord Rosebery could well doubt the nature of his response to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's unhappy and uncalled-for strictures. It is quite possible that Sir Henry himself did not know how gratuitously offensive his language was. He may have believed that what to the outside world looked like almost insulting innuendo was only harmless *badinage*. But unfortunately his words stood on record in cold print, and they compelled Lord Rosebery at once to accept his dismissal from the 'tabernacle' over which his old friend presides, and to proclaim his freedom for the future. Thus through one indiscreet speech an event which many have desired, and many others, among whom I venture to count myself, have consistently dreaded, has occurred, and the Liberal party has been brought to those cross-roads at which every man must decide for himself the course that he will take. At the moment at which I write it is too soon to discuss the future; but at least one or two propositions may be set forth clearly even now. The first is that separation from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman does not mean, and will not mean, on the part either of Lord Rosebery or those who act with him, separation from the real Liberal party or abjuration of the Liberal faith. The second is that Sir Henry overestimates his own position, and his strength in the country, if he supposes that he can

turn the great mass of English Liberals away from the bright hopes which have been glowing before them since the Chesterfield speech, and draw them back into that slough of impotent negations and embittered personal faction in which they have unhappily so long been struggling, to their own serious hurt and, as I believe, to that of our country also.

WEMYSS REID.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY  
AND AFTER



No. CCCII—APRIL 1902

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*THE KING'S 'DECLARATION'*  
*AND THE CATHOLICS OF THE EMPIRE*

Gentlemen, a new factor has entered into the politics of this country : in future you will have to take account of the opinions of your Colonists.—*Mr. Chamberlain*, 12th of January 1902.

THERE was one omission in the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament that probably disappointed a great many people besides Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery, it will be remembered, in the Debate on the Address, drew attention to the fact that the King's Speech did not make any allusion 'in any form' to the Royal Declaration which occupied so much of the time of the House of Lords last Session, and 'with an approach to disappointment' he declared himself convinced that the subject would not again be brought before the House.



Judging by recent events, this conclusion was, to say the least, premature. And it is by no means the only premature conclusion that has been come to on the subject. But so surprising have been its vicissitudes ; politicians and statesmen have been so strangely out in their reckonings about it ; there has been so much loose talk concerning it and such a lack of accurate information upon it, that it has been difficult to keep count of its progress and to estimate truly the import of the events that have happened directly and indirectly in connection with it. And this, under existing circumstances, it is important to do. For since Mr. Balfour, twelve months ago, lightly dismissed the question as no longer a practical one before the country, and the Prime Minister refused with considerable emphasis to give any encouragement to the hope that the Government would deal with it, the question has made great progress. How great only a review of the past twelve months can show. And this I propose briefly to make.

Immediately after the opening of the first Parliament of Edward the Seventh, at which the King was ' forced ' to inaugurate his reign with a statutory oath that in the grossest language repudiates and misrepresents the religious beliefs of twelve millions of his most loyal subjects, the Catholic Peers addressed an earnest and dignified protest to the Lord Chancellor, urging how difficult and painful the expressions in the declaration made it for Catholic Peers to attend in the House of Lords ' in order to discharge their official and public duties ; ' and that these expressions could not but cause ' the deepest pain to millions of subjects of his Majesty in all parts of the Empire who are so loyal and devoted to his Crown and person as any others in his dominions.' ' Those,' wrote the *Times*, to cite but one example of the many concurrent opinions of the press on the matter, ' who read the declaration will not be surprised at this protest on the part of Roman Catholics, whose loyalty cannot be called in question.'<sup>1</sup>

The protest was followed quickly by a question in the House of Commons asking whether the Government intended to take any steps to eliminate that portion of the Royal Declaration which describes the religion of his Majesty's Catholic subjects as idolatrous and superstitious. Mr. Balfour brushed aside the question with the answer that the practical question had passed, and he hoped it would not be a practical question for many long years to come.

It is noteworthy that it was on precisely such like pleas that the question was not taken in hand and settled once for all some years before the death of our late beloved Sovereign, when her surprising activity and vigour did not allow a suspicion of any near change in the succession of the Throne, and when her broad mind and tact and judgment would unquestionably have smoothed the way to legislation on the subject. Whoever recalls her memorable action at the

<sup>1</sup> The *Times*, the 15th of February, 1901.

time of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act will understand what an irreparable loss this was.

Then the whole country was in a state of agitation. Men of all classes lost their heads, and thought the royal supremacy was threatened. Addresses from men of all denominations poured in upon the Crown. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the Corporation of London sent their representatives by hundreds with similar addresses to Windsor Castle, where they were received by the Queen, who replied to each in person. And her answer to the Duchess of Gloucester (congratulating her on the result and expressing admiration of the Queen's replies) shows with what a calm and temperate judgment the Queen had viewed the incidents that had thrown England into a frenzy.

I would never [she wrote] have consented to say anything which breathed a spirit of intolerance. Sincerely Protestant as I always have been, and always shall be, and indignant as I am at those who call themselves Protestants while they are in fact quite the contrary, I much regret the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings. I cannot bear to hear the violent abuse of the Catholic religion, which is so painful and so cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics. However, we must hope and trust this excitement will cease, and that the wholesome effect of it upon our own Church will be lasting.<sup>2</sup>

And justice was done, and the heavens did not fall.

Then again, had it not been for the tact and sagacity of her counsels and her Constitutional grasp of the situation shown at the time of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, who could have stayed a conflict between the two Houses of Parliament and prevented another year of agitation embittered by the promptings of sectarian animosity?<sup>3</sup> So here again we have a great historical event that clearly indicates how the Queen's influence would have been firmly and soundly exercised with all the requisite foresight to forestall the needs and difficulties of her Imperial successor and for the maintenance of the integrity and unity of the Empire. But I digress.

Four days after Mr. Balfour's curt dismissal of the Royal Declaration in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister, when the question of repeal was raised in the House of Lords, though he treated the matter gravely and courteously, nevertheless tried to shelve it. His speech was full of fear and dread of lighting up in the country the sleeping passions, feelings, and sensibilities represented by such an enactment. From beginning to end there was not a trace of the Imperial spirit that now possesses the country: it was simply a question of home policy. Whilst his estimate of the non-Catholics of the country outside the House of Lords was scarcely complimentary in this age and home of religious toleration even if it were just. And in refusing to give any encouragement to the hope

<sup>2</sup> Theodore Martin, *The Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. ii. pp. 338, 339.

<sup>3</sup> Davidson and Benham, *Life of Archbishop Tait*, vol. ii. p. 43.

that the Government would speedily introduce a measure to abolish the Declaration, he emphatically said that though he was very anxious to give a satisfactory answer to Lord Raye and his co-religionists, he did not wish 'to leave on his mind an impression that there was any doubt in the matter.'

In less than a month after this a distinct advance was shown by the Government in its view of the question. Lord Herries moved for a joint committee of both Houses to consider and report upon the Declaration. He was quickly followed by the Prime Minister, who not only condemned the 'language of such indecent violence . . . placed by statute in an oath which is required to be taken by the Sovereign of the realm,' but explicitly faced the likelihood of repeal.

From what we have heard to-night and what we have heard elsewhere we know very well that if the House did . . . come to a decision to modify or repeal the Act in question, there would be a great many people perfectly sincere, though not very wise, who would say that you were giving some support to the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Therefore you have to move cautiously in this matter.

But even here it is strange to observe how the misdirected zeal of ill-informed and 'not very wise people' obscured the claims of Imperial unity and the right to equal justice of millions in the United Kingdom and our dominions beyond the seas.

Nevertheless, it must be carefully borne in mind that one short month before nothing seemed further from the Prime Minister's thoughts than the possibility of the House coming to a decision in favour of repeal.

Then, as regards the Committee, though he still saw very great difficulties in the way, he acknowledged that one of the most effective ways of dealing with them was to inquire into them, and therefore he had, he said, at once assented to Lord Herries's wish. Furthermore, when Lord Herries moved for the Committee, he proposed—if Lord Herries would withdraw his motion and leave the matter in the hands of the Government—to move it himself, with an addition for the security of the 'Protestant Succession,' which he said was no doubt the object of the Declaration. Lord Herries accepted the Premier's proposal, withdrew his motion, and two days thence Lord Salisbury moved :

That it is desirable that a joint committee of both Houses be appointed to consider the Declaration required of the Sovereign on his accession by the Bill of Rights (1 Will. III. cap. 2, sec. 1), and to report whether its language can be modified advantageously without diminishing its efficacy as a security for the maintenance of the Protestant Succession.

Last August, when the Session drew to its close after all the long debates in the House of Lords on the Declaration, Lord Spencer alluded to the seriously mischievous effects resulting from the still prevalent ignorance on this oath.

As to the feeling outside [he said], I admit that it is strong, and my belief is that the public are practically ignorant of what the Bill is. We hear about the maintenance of the Coronation Oath. This is not the Coronation Oath. We get all kinds of statements with regard to the danger which this alteration of the Declaration will bring to the Protestant Succession to the Crown.

And this same ignorance is even now to be met with in many quarters; therefore, to guard against the like mistakes in future, it will be well to make a little digression and deal briefly with both the Declaration and the Coronation Oath here, with special reference to the maintenance of the Protestant Succession.

Two oaths confront the Sovereign on his or her accession to the Throne—the Declaration and the Coronation Oath. The Declaration is by law required of the Sovereign either at the first opening of Parliament if this should precede the Coronation, or at the Coronation, and in addition to the Coronation Oath should the Coronation precede the first opening of Parliament.

In its first outline the Declaration carries us back to the Great Rebellion and the fierce religious animosity of the Puritan times. Next, in the Test Act of 1673 it was imposed upon the whole nation with a view to keep Catholics out of every office, civil and military, with terrible penalties attached to it should anyone take office without subscribing it. And in 1678, in its present form, a longer and more insulting form than that of 1673, it was imposed on all Members of Parliament, Peers and Commoners alike, through 'the initiative and perseverance of the unprincipled Lord Shaftesbury—Dryden's *Achitophel*,' when, during the madness of the Titus Oates Plot, it was determined to eject Catholics from both Houses of Parliament. It was known as the Parliamentary Test Act and the Declaration against Popery (30 Charles II.). And every Member of both Houses before taking his seat had to repeat and subscribe it.

And this is the Declaration that by the Bill of Rights every Sovereign of this realm since 1689 has been obliged to take on his or her accession to the Throne in the following words:—

I, A. B., by the grace of God, King (or Queen) of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the

Pope, or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning.

Provision was made at the same time by the Bill of Rights that if a child under twelve should succeed to the Throne, he or she should not make the Declaration until he or she attained the age of twelve!

Now, putting aside all consideration of the indecent violence of the Declaration, how does it safeguard the Protestant succession, about which so much has been said? It is not a profession of any sort or kind of faith in any Church whatever. It is negative - a negation of faith, and a shameful travesty of the faith of millions of subjects of the Empire. It certainly excludes Catholics from the Throne; but what is to prevent a Wesleyan, or a Baptist, or a Methodist, or any member of any one of the multitude of Dissenters and religious denominations that in the last century would in common parlance have been designated chapel folk, chapel people, to distinguish them from the Churchmen and Churchwomen of the Protestant Church of England as by law established—what is to prevent any one of these from taking it?

To dwell on the character of the language of the Declaration that so deeply wounds the Catholics of the Empire there is no longer any need. In the first place, all the educated, just, and fair-minded of the rest of their fellow-subjects are agreed upon this point, as will be amply manifest the further the course of the question is followed. Next, it is evident to everyone of open mind directly it is brought before him. So I pass on to the actually existing and positive safeguards for the Protestant Succession that in language 'too clear to admit of any doubt,' as Lord Grey remarked, are provided by special clauses in the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement and by the Coronation Oath.

As regards the Bill of Rights. The ninth clause of the Bill of Rights enacts

that all and every person and persons that is, are, or shall be reconciled to or shall hold communion with, the See or Church of Rome or shall profess the Popish Religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded, and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the Crown and Government of this realm and Ireland and the Dominions thereunto belonging, or any part of the same, or to have, use, or exercise any regal power, authority, or jurisdiction within the same; and in all and every such case or cases the people of these realms shall be, and are hereby absolved of their allegiance; and the said Crown and Government shall from time to time descend and be enjoyed by such person or persons, *being Protestants*, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same, in case the said person or persons so reconciled, holding communion, or professing, or marrying, as aforesaid were naturally dead.<sup>1</sup>

Next, by the Act of Settlement it is enacted, as a further provision 'for securing our religion, laws, and liberties from and after the death

<sup>1</sup> 1 Will. & Mary, sess. 2, c. 2.

of his Majesty and the Princess Anne of Denmark. . . . That whosoever shall hereafter come to the possession of this Crown shall join in communion with the Church of England as by law established.'<sup>5</sup>

And, finally, by the Coronation Oath the Sovereign at his or her coronation is required to solemnly promise and swear to maintain to the utmost of his or her power 'the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law.' Now there has never been on the part of Catholics any question of any interference with the Coronation Oath or with these clauses in the Act of Settlement and the Bill of Rights that were specially devised to secure and that do secure not simply the exclusion of Catholics from the Throne, but the maintenance—explicitly the maintenance—of the Protestant Succession.

When the Report of the Government Committee was first made known it excited a disappointment almost greater than Lord Salisbury's first rebuff. It satisfied no one. And the Archbishop of Canterbury wanted straightway to refer it back to the Committee. No witnesses were called; not a single Catholic had been asked to give evidence; and this momentous question, the gravity of which but a few months before had constrained Lord Salisbury to refuse any hope to those who sought to have it dealt with, was disposed of by his Committee in one brief sitting; with the result that whilst 'indecent violence' of language had been omitted in the revised Declaration recommended by the Committee to the House, one most sacred doctrine and rite of the Catholic Church was subjected to the indignity of being singled out in order to be repudiated—though every other religious belief of this vast Empire was accorded the respect of silence; and another venerated belief was misrepresented.

The new Declaration was as follows :

I, A. B., by the Grace of God, King (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever. And I do believe that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are contrary to the Protestant religion. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this Declaration and every part thereof unreservedly.<sup>6</sup>

But, disappointing as was the Report of the Committee, the debate on it elicited important speeches from Lord Grey, Lord Llandaff, and Lord Halifax.

Lord Grey, with grasp of the subject and statesmanlike boldness,

<sup>5</sup> 12 & 13 Will. III. c. 2, s. 3.

<sup>6</sup> When it passed the third reading 'or adoration' was left out before 'of the Virgin Mary;' and 'in which I believe' was inserted after 'religion.'

advised the total repeal of a Declaration wholly useless for its object, if its object was to secure 'that this Protestant Kingdom should be governed by a Protestant King.' And he avowed that personally, if he were a Roman Catholic—and there was no member of that House who was more violently opposed to the doctrines of the Roman Catholics than he was—he thought he should prefer to leave the Declaration unamended rather than accept this amended form, which would stand forth as the deliberate re-affirmation of Parliament of an anti-Catholic spirit which was contrary to the religious liberty which this country has now seen finally established.

To the Lord Chancellor, who failed to see that the revised Declaration did not fulfil all that was requested, Lord Llandaff, with a remark that the Government had missed a great opportunity of removing an 'ancient wrong,' pointed out that two of the cardinal doctrines of the Catholic Church were picked out for an expression of disbelief, and therefore of condemnation, by the Sovereign:

'This Declaration [he said] was to be made audibly, publicly, and solemnly, on a most solemn occasion. . . . Now the Catholic religion was authorised by law and practised by millions of his Majesty's subjects. . . . Surely it would be better for the Sovereign to assert his own belief than to deny and misrepresent the belief of others. The second clause of the Declaration referred to the adoration of the Virgin and Saints as now used in the Church of Rome. He emphatically denied that in the sense in which these words were ordinarily understood by British Protestants the adoration of the Virgin and Saints was or ever had been used in the Church of Rome. Finally, referring to the fact that the Catholics in this country, who are in a small minority, threw themselves on the generosity of their Lordships, he reminded the House that there were other communities across the sea to be taken into account. In Canada 43 per cent. of the population is Catholic, and a third of the Volunteers from Australia who had served in the war were Catholics. It might [he significantly concluded] be politic to consider the wishes of these fellow-subjects beyond the seas.'<sup>7</sup>

But in spite of Lord Grey's citations from the Press to show the opinion of the country to be against the Declaration—in spite of the fact that both Houses of Parliament and everyone else in the country had at one time or another been bound by the hateful oath and were now freed from it, Lord Salisbury, whilst urging that the Bill should be read a second time, and strongly discountenancing the bare notion of repeal which 'had loomed large in the debate,' once more treated the matter as one purely of home politics, and defended the new formula as a necessary concession to a large majority of the people of this island.

Quite in the early days of the war, one who still watches with a keen eye the course of public events, though now far removed from any active participation in them, wrote to me: 'Have you ever in the evening tapped a beehive; and then putting your ear to the

<sup>7</sup> *The Times*, the 9th of July, 1901.

hive heard the immense hum which it produced from the inside? The war seems to have produced the same effect on Britons over the whole Empire!' Reading Lord Salisbury's speech when he moved the second reading of the Royal Declaration Bill, I was instantly reminded of my old friend's picturesque and forcible simile. The Declaration exacted from Edward the Seventh when he opened his first Parliament, like the South African War, produced a universal hum throughout the Empire. And it increased in volume till there was no disregarding it. Had the matter been one affecting 'this island' only, as the Government at first treated it, another course might have been possible. But the mighty hum of Empire is altogether a different thing. And, consequently, compared with his speech of February, the Prime Minister's speech of the 23rd of July was as a new chapter in history. Not that the Bill as it stood could satisfy Catholics and the fair-minded, unprejudiced supporters of their claims. But the *admissions* with which it was introduced, as compared with the put-off of February, marked an immense progress. They measure the distance between a simple question of home policy and the necessities of an Imperial one. Insular politics dominated by the fears of religious intolerance in 'this Island' struggle and expand to meet the obligations and requirements of Empire 'broad-based upon the people's will.' 'Gentlemen, a new factor has entered into the politics of this country: in future you will have to take account of the opinions of your Colonists.'

This is what the Prime Minister's speech brought out with a force quite his own and marks the striking contrast his argument affords to his first speeches before Imperial considerations were recognised by him. In briefly recalling his words --his strong words-- it is well to bear in mind that they are not words of heated oratory, or the protests of a Catholic justly roused to anger by the contemplation of the long neglect of his right to relief from legalised insult to his most sacred beliefs; but the calm statement of a statesman holding in his grasp the power

. . . to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

I wish [Lord Salisbury said] to point out, not all, but some of the leading considerations which have induced the Government to submit the measure to their lordships. The fact that such a declaration is required has been brought to public notice by the accession of a new Sovereign, and many persons have turned their attention to it who had not previously done so. In this way it has become matter of public interest. But it is not only the mere accident of a change in the occupancy of the throne: there is no doubt there has been a great change in public opinion going on for several generations, by which the objections to the Declaration have become less and less tolerable, and as time went on and generations succeeded each other it has been brought more prominently into public view, and important considerations have been brought into discussion. Until the



question was discussed I do not think the majority of people knew the kind of oath or declaration the Sovereign was forced to make.

When they did know it affected them in various ways. In parts where a strong Protestant feeling exists it was not received with reluctance or, at any rate, did not excite so much hostile feeling; but it was otherwise in those parts of the Empire where the Roman Catholic faith still prevails and commands the allegiance of large numbers of His Majesty's subjects. It was startling to them to know that their Sovereign was forced to make this declaration on his accession to the Throne. That . . . among other things he was required to declare that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint and the Sacrifice of the Mass as now used in the Church of Rome are superstitious and idolatrous. It was thus brought home to the consciences of many millions of His Majesty's subjects that the religion to which they were passionately attached was denounced in the most offensive form under statute by the Sovereign on his accession to the Throne. . . .

This knowledge produced a very strong feeling among Roman Catholic bodies. . . . We have not to deal with Ireland alone, we have Canada, Malta, Mauritius, and many more scattered communities now attached to the Church of Rome and subjects of the Sovereign of England, of whom that could not be said in 1689, when the oath was first enacted. It is not surprising, then, that strong feeling was excited. . . . I have an address from the Hierarchy of Canada to His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster. It is perhaps too long to read, but I may say it expresses in the strongest way the feeling that animates other members of the Roman Catholic Church in other parts of the Empire. That document is signed by the Archbishops of Halifax, Ottawa, Quebec, and a considerable number of Bishops. What we say is this, one thing is perfectly obvious, that it represents a totally different state of things from that which presented itself to the eyes of the statesmen of Charles the Second when they passed the celebrated Act with which we are now dealing. These Catholics are no doubt devoted members of our Empire. But our King is their King, and they have as much claim on our King as we have, and it is not only intelligible but quite natural that they should look upon it as a real grievance that language of a most violent and objectionable kind should be used against their faith at the most solemn moment of his reign by the Sovereign when ascending the Throne . . . and we can imagine the pain, grief, and indignation which it has aroused in their minds. That being the case, I do not think we have any choice but to bring it under the notice of Parliament . . . and it seemed to us an essential part of our duty ' [*the pity of it! for this meant failure*] ' at the same time to keep the alterations as low as they possibly could be consistent with the chief object of providing that these offensive words should be withdrawn.

Low aims do not usually meet with success in any circumstances.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;  
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be;  
Sink not in spirits: who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

Following soon after, Lord Halifax did well to point out that the Premier did scant justice to the sense of justice and generosity of the people. And he added that if the Bill went into Committee he should earnestly ask the Peers to agree to an alteration which would make the declaration read as follows:

I, A. B., by the Grace of God, King (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare that I am a member of the Church of England as by law established, the doctrines of

which Church I unfeignedly believe and confess, and I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare that I make this declaration and every part thereof unreservedly.

It would give, he urged, absolute security, it would outrage no one's feelings, it would prevent the King from being made ridiculous, it would not touch on disputed points of theology, and it would be a pledge that at the beginning of this new century we were anxious to be just to one another and forget unhappy religious differences.

Undoubtedly it met the difficulty, raised but not solved by the Government, of modifying the existing Declaration and securing the maintenance of the Protestant Succession without retaining anything offensive to Catholic sensibilities. And Lord Herries concurred with it, and said it would satisfy Catholics; but they would never be satisfied when certain articles of their faith were picked out for condemnation while other religions were not interfered with. But it met with no favour from the Government.

And when we read Lord Llandaff's brief pointed speeches it must occur to everyone that, whatever the assumed advantages of the Catholic Peers throwing themselves on the generosity of the rest of the House and refraining from a place on the Committee, they were out-balanced by the disadvantages, since with Catholics on the Committee such an ill-considered hasty Report could never have been made, nor such a futile Bill, courting inevitable failure, proposed.

In this debate Lord Llandaff pointed out two courses that the Committee might have taken. There was the plain and simple course of abolishing the Declaration altogether, without the slightest danger to the Protestant Established Church, and this would be the most statesmanlike and civilised course to take. The other course would have been to frame a Declaration of positive belief instead of a negative denial of the doctrines of other people. Instead of which the Government had taken a course which pleased nobody. He thought it high time that this sort of controversial attack made upon Catholics in public documents on solemn occasions should cease.

With a threat and a prophecy Lord Salisbury wound up the debate. A collusion of such Peers as Lord Kinnaird, Lord Halifax, and Lord Llandaff, he declared, would be perfectly capable of destroying the Bill. He did not deny that, but he was quite sure they would not be able to put anything else in its place. We prefer Lord Salisbury's earlier and more cautious forecast. It was more prudently conceived and gave ample scope for hope: 'The future will reveal to us what it may bring.'

But if the Declaration is denounced by all parties, by non-Catholics as well as Catholics; if, the times and circumstances are so utterly changed that it now shocks the consciences of millions where before there were not millions to be shocked and pained and angered by it, what more was needed than just a wider view—*πλατύνθητε καὶ*

*ὑμῶν*—a touch of heaven-born imagination, to carry the Government on to the perception that each and every one of the arguments the Premier so eloquently based on these facts apply equally to the insulting substance and the insulting form? However, the facts are there, and recognised; and this means progress.

Two features marked the course of the Bill in Committee, the amendments proposed by Lord Llandaff and Lord Grey. Lord Llandaff said he preferred the retention of the language of the Bill of Rights in its naked offensiveness to putting in the Sovereign's mouth in this twentieth century a controversial statement directed against a religion which could now be exercised by His Majesty's subjects without the slightest blame or reproach; and proposed, as an amendment to the Bill, to leave out from 'that I do believe' to the end of the sentence in order to insert 'I do unfeignedly believe in the doctrines of the Church as by law established in this realm, and I do reject all doctrines opposed to or inconsistent with the tenets of that Church.' It met with no more favour than Lord Halifax's proposal on the second reading of the Bill.

Lord Grey moved to substitute for the terms of the Declaration which related to the doctrines of the Catholic Church: 'I will, to the utmost of my power, maintain the laws of God, the profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion, as established by law.' It was lost on a division.

On the motion for the third reading of the Bill, Lord Salisbury complained with something of vexation and bitterness of the attitude of Catholics towards it.

We know sufficient [he said] of the opinion of those whose views are powerful in this matter to know that outside the Bill which we are now passing there is no alternative of change, and that what you are doing by rejecting this Bill is to lay down that the old Declaration shall remain in the same words such as it has been for more than two centuries past. . . . If the Roman Catholics had willed it, if they had been consenting parties, if they had not been active opponents, I think there was a very fair chance of removing what *I admit to be a stain upon the Statute Book*.

A more ungenerous quibble it would be difficult to conceive than this, that a wrong ceased to be a wrong because it was inflicted in language 'free from indecent violence.' For that surely is the sum of the Prime Minister's argument. 'Vice from its hardness can take a polish too,' we have heard it said. Did the Government think that the same should be held of injustice?

In the last speech of the debate before the Bill was read a third time, Lord Spencer expressed it as his opinion that on account of the feeling in the country on the subject of the Protestant Succession, and the exaggerated views prevailing of what the Declaration means, it would have been useless for even His Majesty's Government, with all their strength, to have proposed a

material alteration in the Declaration. He regretted it extremely for two reasons.

I regret it [he said] on account of the position which I fear our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects will remain in for a long time to come, because I feel convinced that if this Bill is not accepted, we shall remain for a long time with the old Declaration of the Bill of Rights.

But I regret it for another reason which has not been referred to very much during these discussions. We do not know, of course, and we ought not probably to know, what His Majesty the King felt in saying those words when he made use of them on the Throne when he opened Parliament. I do believe that it is exceedingly undesirable that Parliament should place in the mouth of the Sovereign words of this description, and that he should be pledged in ascending the Throne to use words so offensive to so large a body of his own subjects.

And then the Bill was read a third time, passed, and—allowed to drop. And the odious Declaration of 1689 is still a stain upon the Statute Book.

Why? *The Times* in its summary of 1901, commenting on this matter, said:

Some trouble was occasioned by the very intelligible protest of the Roman Catholic Peers against the King's Declaration against Transubstantiation, which is couched in the language of a day long past; but though a Select Committee sat on the matter and proposed an alternative formula, there were signs of angry opposition, and the business was allowed to drop.

As regards the painful position of the Sovereign referred to by Lord Spencer. Certainly we do not positively know what the King felt; but his feelings, it would seem, were not wholly concealed from those who filled the House of Lords on that great occasion. Let us turn to the graphic account of the *Times*:

And now were gathered together before the King all the Estates of the Realm -- the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons. The pageant in all its splendour was complete. The most impressive stage of the ceremonial had come. There was a movement among the brilliant and illustrious group which surrounded the Throne. The Lord Chancellor emerged from behind the Duke of Devonshire (carrying the crown) and the Marquis of Winchester (bearing the Cap of Maintenance) to the left of the Throne, close beside the King, and, bending his right knee on the higher step of the dais, presented to his Majesty a large square-shaped piece of stiff parchment containing printed matter.

When the Chancellor rose again to his feet it was seen that he held in his hands a similar document. . . . Then he began reading from his parchment the Declaration against Transubstantiation, the Mass, and the Invocation of Saints, and the King, seated but uncovered, repeated the words, following them from his own copy of the oath. *The tones of the King were low, and, mingling as they did with the tones of the Chancellor as they read together, it was not possible to hear clearly all the words of the Declaration throughout the chamber.* Close behind the Lord Chancellor stood the Duke of Norfolk, looking down the Chamber with a fixed stare during the reading of the Declaration. On its conclusion the Lord Chancellor handed the King a scarlet-bound copy of the New Testament, which his Majesty kissed. Then an ink-bottle was produced—of gold apparently—the King was provided with a pen, and he signed the Declaration—not the copy from which His Majesty had read, but the Lord Chancellor's copy -- which the Lord Chancellor, again kneeling, held up while the King affixed his

signature. [Now for a contrast.] The Lord Chancellor next produced a black-bordered document, and, bending his right knee, as before, presented it to the King. It was the Speech from the Throne. His Majesty rose and put on his white-plumed hat—the assembly rising with him—and read the terms of the speech. *But if the voice of His Majesty was low and subdued while repeating the Declaration, his voice now rang clear and distinct through the Chamber. Not a word of the speech was lost.*<sup>8</sup>

But we need not even draw inferences from outward signs to imagine what the feelings must be of those obliged to take the oath. We actually know from the outspoken confessions of two distinguished statesmen what painful feelings such a position creates. I mean Sir Robert Peel and Lord Kimberley. On the 5th of March 1829 Sir Robert Peel, in his speech for Catholic Emancipation, said :

I had felt when this question was agitated in the year 1803, and when Mr. Plunkett proposed to relieve Roman Catholics from the necessity of taking this Declaration, I had felt that he ought to have relieved Protestant members from it also, *for it would be extremely painful to anyman of feeling to declare the religion of the Roman Catholic member who followed him to the table impious and idolatrous.*

And Peel, in witnessing the passing of Catholic Emancipation in 1829, had the happiness to know that both the Declaration and the similar oath of the Test Act were for ever effaced from the Statute Book so far as Members of Parliament and most holders of civil and military office, with the exception of a few offices declared not to be open to Roman Catholics, for which the old test was still retained. 'Those from whom it was still required (besides the Sovereign) were the Lords Chancellors of England and Ireland, the Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, and perhaps some others.'<sup>9</sup>

But on the 20th of March Sir Colman O'Loughlan got leave to introduce a Bill for abolishing what he truly called 'this relic of barbarism.' His motion was seconded by Sir John Gray—a Protestant—and the Government declared that they would make no opposition. The Bill at first regarded only the two dignities of Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. It was read a third time on the 12th of June, having had only four opponents.

On being introduced into the House of Lords by the Marquis of Clanricarde and read a second time, it was withdrawn on the representation that a Commission was sitting on the general subject of oaths. By the 16th of July the Commission had reported on the advisability of retrenching these acrimonious declarations, and when Sir Colman O'Loughlan reintroduced the measure on the 7th of February, 1867, it was on a wider basis. It was no longer to be confined to Ireland, but to regard every office-holder in England as well as Ireland, but the Sovereign was left out.

<sup>8</sup> The *Times*, the 15th of February, 1901. The italics are mine. — A. L.

<sup>9</sup> T. E. Bridgett, *The English Coronation Oath*.

Now when this Bill was introduced in the House of Lords it was introduced by a former Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—Lord Kimberley. And like the straightforward outspoken Englishman that he is, he said that he himself

had been called upon to make that Declaration before the Irish Privy Council, in the presence of a large number of persons of the Roman Catholic Faith; and he must say he had never in his life made a declaration with more pain than when he was required before men holding high office, and for whom he had the greatest respect, to declare the tenets of their religion to be superstitious and idolatrous.<sup>10</sup>

There was but little opposition to the Bill in the House of Lords, it passed, and received the Royal Assent on the 25th of July, 1867.

It would be pleasant just for one moment to picture what might have been had the Government risen to a great opportunity and the progress of the question had gone on uninterruptedly to a happy issue after the loyal protests of the millions of Catholics of the United Kingdom. Pleasant to dwell on what would have been had the Prime Minister given the whole weight of his influence to dispel the wrong impressions that existed concerning the nature of the Declaration; shown how completely the Protestant Succession is secured by special clauses in the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, and by the Coronation Oath; and then brought in a Bill either for a Declaration on the lines suggested by Lord Llandaff or Lord Halifax, or else a Bill for total repeal, like that of Sir Colman O'Loughlan. But instead I must hurry on, and briefly glance at the events happening in the Empire that awoke the Government to the fact that the Declaration is a question that cannot be shelved.

There were, it would seem, three causes that mainly operated to effect this change. There was, first, the Imperial spirit in our dominions beyond the sea, kindled to glowing heat by the South African war, and shown in a generous outburst of loyalty and self-sacrifice unexampled in any age or country. Next there were the protests against the Declaration from our colonies and dependencies in every part of the world. And, finally, there was the royal progress through the Empire. That marvellous tour of 45,000 miles (of which 33,000 miles were by sea), made by the heir to the throne without ever, with one exception, setting foot on any land where the Union Jack did not fly, which has so touched the heart of the Empire and the imagination of Europe that it cannot but help to smooth the course of our Imperial race in accomplishing the great destiny that lies before it.

In his speech on the 23rd of July on the second reading of the Declaration Bill, Lord Salisbury alluded to the numerous addresses and protests addressed to the Government that came from all parts of the Empire. On the 1st of March last year, after a long debate, the Dominion House of Parliament at Ottawa passed an almost

<sup>10</sup> T. E. Bridgett, *The English Coronation Oath*.

unanimous resolution that the following Address should be presented to the King :

Most Gracious Majesty: Your Majesty's most faithful and loyal subjects the Commons of Canada, in Parliament assembled, beg leave most humbly to represent that as a token of civil and religious liberties, and of the equality of rights guaranteed to all British subjects in the Canadian Confederation as well as under the British Constitution, a British Sovereign shall not be called to make any declaration offensive to the religious belief of any subject of the British Crown. That by virtue of the Act of Settlement of 1689 the British Sovereign, on the first day of the meeting of the first Parliament or at the Coronation is called upon to make the following Declaration: [Here follows the text of the Declaration].

That such Declaration is most offensive to the dearest convictions of all Roman Catholics. That the staunch loyalty of His Majesty's Catholic subjects in Canada, comprising about 43 per cent. of the entire population of the Dominion, and throughout the British possessions, should not be rewarded by their being chosen alone among believers of all creeds and branded as idolators by their Sovereign. That in the opinion of this House, the Declaration referred to in the above Act of Settlement should be amended by eliminating therefrom all expressions which are specially offensive to the religious belief of any subject of the British Crown.<sup>11</sup>

Since then, besides the continuous protests that are still coming from every class of society, including the Unions of Bakers and Stonemasons and other trades in Quebec, a large representative meeting was held at Halifax on the 22nd of last January to protest against the Declaration, at which the Speaker of the Senate of the Dominion moved that

as the religious belief of Catholics does not diminish their loyalty, nor restrain them from shedding their blood in the cause of the Empire, they protest against and resent the singling out of their faith for special rejection by the Sovereign, and respectfully ask that this unnecessary and offensive reference be entirely blotted out.

From the clergy and laity of the Prefecture Apostolic of Bettiah and Nepal, from Lahore, Allahabad, and other parts of India, similar protests have only lately come.<sup>12</sup>

And while Canada was thus addressing her protests to the Imperial Government, the Duke of York at the same time was bearing his testimony there to the debt the Empire owes to the Catholic Church in the Dominion :

I am glad to acknowledge [he said, when receiving his diploma as Doctor of Laws at the University of Laval] the noble part which the Catholic Church in Canada has played throughout its history ; the hallowed memories of its martyred missionaries are a priceless heritage ; and in the great and beneficial work of education, and in implanting and fostering a spirit of patriotism and loyalty, it has rendered signal service to Canada and the Empire. Abundant proof of the success of your efforts has been afforded by the readiness with which the French-Canadians have sprung to arms and shed their blood, not only in time long gone by, but also in the present day, on behalf of their King and his Empire. If the Crown has faithfully and honourably fulfilled its engagement to protect and respect your faith, the

<sup>11</sup> The *Tablet*, the 23rd of March, 1901.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.* the 15th and 22nd of February, 1902.

Catholic Church has amply fulfilled its obligations, not only to teach reverence for law and order, but to instil a sentiment of loyalty and devotion into the minds of those to whom it ministers.

And before the Duke and Duchess of York had left Australia, after fulfilling the primary purpose of their long journey in opening the first Australian Parliament, a protest from the Catholic Hierarchy there was forwarded to the Imperial Government by the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth :

We cannot [the Prelates urged] but regard such a Declaration and oath in this twentieth century as an outrage against common sense, no less than against religion, and we protest against it as an infringement of the religious equality to which we are entitled by the Constitution of this Commonwealth, and which we cherish as our birthright.

Devotedly and joyfully our Catholic people throughout Australia have proclaimed their loyalty to the Throne and to its present august occupant. One-third of the Australian military contingents who are fighting for the honour and interests of the Empire in South Africa are Catholics. With them religion and freedom and loyalty go hand in hand.<sup>13</sup>

And so from great and small, the many and the few, the same appeals, the same protests, came and come and will come. They came promptly, as we have noted, when the 'bad news' first reached them, they still come since the failure of the Government measure, and they will continue to come till the relief sought for is frankly and fully given. How soon will this be? Not long, if, reading aright the course of events just enumerated, we see in it England step by step fulfilling the high hopes that, formed for her nearly half a century ago by one whose observations were tempered with the critical scrutiny and calm judgment of an onlooker, are nevertheless as lofty as even we who love her with all the passion of patriotism could form for her now.

In an article on 'Politics at Home and Abroad,' Brownson—the distinguished American author—after observing, shortly after the Crimean war, that modern society seemed destined to run through a period of Cæsarism, wrote as follows :

The only ground for hope to the contrary is in Great Britain, who as yet retains something of her old Germanic and Catholic constitution, and in civil liberty and material civilisation may be said to stand at the head of the modern world. Her progress in all the elements of material strength and the extraordinary energy she has displayed in war and diplomacy, prove that her constitution is still sound and vigorous, and that she is, as to this world, the most living and robust nation now on the earth. The greater, the more numerous, and the more complicated the difficulties she has to contend with, the more strength and energy she puts forth, and the more easily does she appear to surmount them. Hardly come out of the Crimean War, she finds herself involved in a new war with Persia, soon with China, and then forced to suppress a rebellion in India, and reconquer an empire of 180 millions of souls. Yet during all this time she has in no instance lowered her tone or abated a point in her diplomacy. On every point

<sup>13</sup> The *Tablet*, the 15th of June, 1901.



she has maintained her pretensions and her influence, falsifying at every moment all sinister predictions, and refuting those who allege that her power has culminated. One of the oldest nations in Europe, her face is unwrinkled, and there is not a gray hair in her head. She appears even more youthful, vigorous, active, and buoyant than our own republic, so much her junior.

Say what you will of Great Britain, she has a wondrous and a marvellous vitality. She seems with each generation to renew her youth and force. She does not know her own vitality and strength, and other nations entirely mistake them. Her own as well as foreign writers are perpetually deceived in their speculations as to the magnitude and stability of her power. She has her faults, her weaknesses, her vices, and her crimes, but no one can say with truth that her power has reached its culminating point, or that she has reached anywhere near the commencement of her decline. Her greatness, it is true, lies in the material, or, more properly speaking, in the natural order, but in that order it *is* greatness, and greatness equalled by no nation since the palmiest days of all-conquering Rome.<sup>14</sup>

Though written nearly fifty years ago, this magnificent passage might, *mutatis mutandis*, have been written of England to-day. Again we witness her extraordinary vitality; again does she renew her youth and force; again she did not know her own strength and vitality; and again do other nations entirely mistake them. But now she awakes, and, renewing her youth and force, sees, realises that with the changed circumstances of the civilised world her youth and force are Imperial and consist in that unity of sentiment and purpose, 'that feeling of common loyalty and obligation which knit together and alone can maintain the integrity of our Empire.'<sup>15</sup>

Wisely, then, did Lord Rosebery in his Chesterfield speech urge Liberals—and the advice may well be taken to heart by many who are not Liberals—to be on their guard lest even indirectly or unconsciously or by careless words they should dissociate themselves

from the new sentiment of Empire which occupies the world. To many [he added] the word 'Empire' is suspect as indicating aggression and greed and violence and the characteristics of other Empires that the world has known; but the sentiment that is represented now by Empire in these islands has nothing of that in it. It is a passion of affection and family feeling, of pride and hopefulness; and the statesman, however great he may be, who dissociates himself from that feeling must not be surprised if the nation dissociates itself from him.<sup>16</sup>

In the light of this, the recent Hampstead Election is fraught with a double warning.

The Unionist party were of course heartily with Mr. Milvain on the war question; but even his opponents admit the fairness with which he puts his policy before them. They admire the man, though they do not agree with his policy. His reply to a question on the Coronation oath [the Declaration] has been received with *general satisfaction*. Briefly, he expressed himself in favour of the elimination of that part of the oath which reflected on the creed of Roman Catholics and was offensive to them.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>14</sup> *Brownson's Review*, April 1859: 'Politics at Home and Abroad.'

<sup>15</sup> *The Times*, 'The Prince of Wales at the Guildhall,' the 6th of December, 1901.

<sup>16</sup> *The Times*, the 17th of December, 1901.

<sup>17</sup> *Pall Mall Gazette*, the 23rd of January, 1902.

And though the Government blundered, and blundered badly, what matter, after all? Down through the ages the grand words of the great Greek poet come to hearten and strengthen us as we realise more and more vividly their eternal truth:

. . . . οὐπως  
τὸν Διὸς ἁρμονίαν  
θνατῶν παρεξίασι βουλαί.

Already signs are visible that justice will be done: justice won by the sacrifices of lives and treasure untold, of the kingdom and of our dominions beyond the seas. Nay, it is already promised. And if there is anyone who missed the noble speech that silenced the voice of calumny so long raised against us on the Continent they will find the promise in that speech of the 'one statesman who has the confidence of Englishmen throughout the world and is recognised as the leader of the movement for Imperial unification.'<sup>18</sup>

This war [Mr. Chamberlain said] has enabled the British Empire to find itself, it has united the British race throughout the world . . . and it has been shown to all whom it may concern, that if ever again we have, as we have done in the past, to fight for our very existence against a world in arms we shall not be alone. We shall be supported by the sons of Britain in every quarter of the Globe. I say that hardly any sacrifice can be too great for such a result. Fifty years ago twenty years ago--I am not certain I could not put it later, I doubt if anyone would have ventured to predict that in a struggle in a distant part of the Empire, in a cause in which they had no direct, no personal interest, the great nations of Canada and Australia, the people of New Zealand, would have come to our help, would have furnished us with an army of 20,000 men fit to stand beside the best troops in the world, that they would send these men to fight for their King and for the unity of the Empire of which they form a part. Gentlemen, what response are we going to make to this admirable, this astonishing outburst of loyalty and affection? Are we worthy of it? Can we rise to the height of an Empire not bounded by the limits of the United Kingdom, but embracing every man of British race in every part of the Globe. That is the policy of His Majesty's Government. That is the Imperialism of which I ask the support of every Briton irrespective altogether of his party ties.

AGNES LAMBERT.

<sup>18</sup> The *Times*, the 21st of February, 1902, Johannesburg telegram.

## THE RENEWED STRUGGLE FOR THE SCHOOLS

WHAT the new Education Bill will provide is at present<sup>1</sup> a matter of speculation, and what shape it will assume before becoming an Act (should it have that good fortune) is an even more interesting and uncertain question.

There are those who predict that while Secondary and Technical Education will be comprehensively treated, the Government, fearing the religious difficulty, will leave Primary Education severely alone. But the general opinion of educationists is that this policy of shirking is practically impossible in the face of Government declarations in both Houses of Parliament in 1901, and of the speeches and pledges of Conservative members all over the country, not to mention the unanimous resolutions of the joint meeting last summer of the Convocations of Canterbury and York, and the no less determined attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Assuming this view to be correct, what line is the Government likely to take, and what may we expect as prominent features of this portion of the Bill?

The demand is for a measure which shall abolish the position of altogether exceptional favour which has been hitherto accorded to those establishments which, being controlled by School Boards and financed out of rates, have competed on unfair terms with other schools which under denominational management have had to extort from private charity the means which public authority obliged them to spend but refused to supply; a measure which shall place upon a position of equal public support all officially recognised public elementary schools, irrespective of their denominational or undenominational proclivities.

This demand can scarcely be ignored, hardly refused. Will it, then, be granted in whole or in part? Will the claims for equal privileges be frankly allowed, or will a 'dole' of some description be offered? And how will the religious difficulty be handled in regard

<sup>1</sup> This article was written before the production of the Bill or the declaration of the Government's intentions. — *Ed. Nineteenth Century and After.*

to actual teaching in the various classes of primary schools? These are questions of vital interest to a large number of people, which it is now proposed to examine somewhat in detail.

Heretofore every measure designed for the financial assistance of voluntary schools has either been defeated in Parliament or withdrawn, or carried only after a fierce struggle with most determined opposition; and there can be no doubt that the forthcoming Bill, whether of the complete and final nature desired, or of a merely partial and stop-gap character, will meet with similar resistance.

For the Government to dream that by propounding a weak, half-hearted measure they could conciliate their adversaries and disarm opposition would be a lamentable misapplication of the heaven-born faculty of imagination. The introduction of such a measure, after all that has been urged from scores of platforms, would more than disappoint. It would exasperate many of the Government's best friends; it would lead to abstentions on divisions and even to cross-voting in Parliament, and general disgust and defection in the country; it would lay the Cabinet open to a grave charge of cowardice verging on imbecility, if with their own great majority reinforced by a phalanx of Irish members all prepared to support a thorough-going Bill, demanded by justice as loudly as by the English and Roman Churches, they dare not face the rump of the Liberal party with anything stronger than make-believe measures, which could only leave the old problem unsolved, the old sore unhealed, and an unique opportunity thrown away; which would enable the old extravagant system of competing schools and ever-growing expenses to continue its mischievous career upon a yet costlier scale through the granting of new resources to the one side which would instantly be met by increased rates on the other.

From these considerations it would appear that there can be no room to doubt that the Bill will be thorough, (unless the Government is bent on suicide, which is altogether unlikely), and that the demand for the equal treatment of all officially recognised schools must be conceded: there is no choice.

The denominations now provide about half the school accommodation in England and Wales, and are willing to continue to do so on condition that provision is made for payment of the working expenses from 'public sources either Imperial or local.' In the present state of Imperial financial strain further aid from the Exchequer is not to be expected. Can it be reasonably sought from the local rates? Certainly, and on this ground, that if the voluntary schools close their doors the local rates will then not only *have to find* the sum previously asked for the *teaching* of the children, but also money for the *building* of new premises in which to receive them in lieu of the closed schools.

On the 31st of March 1896 the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education stated in the House of Commons that to replace the voluntary schools by new buildings would cost the nation upwards of 25,000,000*l.* He gave the basis of this calculation, and it has never been challenged. It is therefore clearly expedient in the ratepayers' interest that the offer of the denominational school premises rent free be accepted, and that any sum necessary for working expenses actually incurred (over and above the amount of the Government grants) be provided from local rates.

But this arrangement will require safeguards; the school managers on the one hand must be restrained from extravagant expenditure and excessive demands upon the rates; and the local authority controlling the rates must, on the other hand, be obliged to treat the 'voluntary' schools in its area no less generously than it treats its own rate-built schools.

To put this into a practical form, let us inquire by whom should the teachers' salaries be fixed, and by whom should they be paid, and how should the scale of general school expenses be governed? The teachers should be paid by the managers of the school; and the local authority, (which should be empowered to receive all Government grants on account of the school,) should supply money for the purpose upon a published scale under which every teacher in its district would be paid in proportion to his qualifications, responsibilities, and work, no distinction being made between voluntary and other schools either in this or any other item of the working expenses; but the local authority pursuing a course of equitable treatment of all schools in its district with the declared object of making all efficient and none extravagant.

Each school will require separate consideration; it is impossible to fix any sum per scholar as applicable to all schools in a district. Large schools can be staffed more economically than small ones of the same class; a school for one sex less expensively than one with separate departments for boys and girls; while one with a third department for infants will be more costly still.

The local authority should review the conditions that govern each case, and then offer at the beginning of the financial year a reasonable sum payable by quarterly instalments for the expenses of the school; if the managers agree to accept the amount as sufficient, the matter is settled; if they are dissatisfied, they should have a right of appeal to the Board of Education, whose decision should be final and binding on both parties.

If a deficit or surplus exists at the end of the year it should be carried forward, and considered together with any explanatory circumstances by the local authority at its annual audit of the accounts

of the school, and again when arranging the sum to be allowed for the following year.

The Board of Education should endeavour to secure a reasonable uniformity of action among the local authorities throughout the country, discouraging alike penurious and lavish extremes; and should also act as a court of appeal for the resolution of any disputes between local authorities and school managers.

It may be confessed that in many small-schools, (both board and voluntary,) the management has hitherto been deplorably bad. This must be remedied, in the former case by the action of the larger local authority which, (if the lines of the Bills of 1896 and 1901 are followed, as seems likely,) will replace the School Board, and in the latter case by the addition of new members to the management by the local authority, men with experience in educational matters and, so far as possible, of the same denomination as the school.

Furthermore, the Voluntary Schools Associations, which were created for the administration of the Aid Grant, should not be disbanded, but should remain (even though the Aid Grant be withdrawn, as very possibly it may be), for the purpose of keeping the schools of their denomination as efficient as possible in all respects, and of taking up the cause of any one of them which seems to be receiving harsh treatment, either before the local authority or before the Board of Education.

Of late years it has been practically impossible to build a denominational school in a School Board district, for such a school might not be built without the consent of the board, and this was almost invariably refused.

Now it is a principle of the much-lauded Scotch Education Act of 1872 that when the Board of Education has to determine (for annual grant purposes) whether a school is or is not necessary, 'regard must be had to the religious belief of the parents.'

But the administration of the English Education Act of 1870 has sanctioned a totally different system for English schools; and, no matter what the religion or wishes of the parents, the boards have trained the children—about half the children in the country—to be undenominational. And not only this, but they have tied the parents' hands and prevented them from building schools wherein their own views could be faithfully inculcated in the minds of their offspring.

This is a glaring hardship which the new Act should redress. Wherever the members of any religious body are prepared to raise the necessary funds for the erection of a suitable school for their children, they ought to be allowed to proceed, and the school when built and regularly used should be financed by the local authority as regards its future maintenance.

But is a local authority to be compelled to maintain every voluntary school, no matter how small? No, bearing in mind that very small schools are the most expensive per child (*e.g.* a school of ten children might cost about 7*l.* per child for teacher's salary alone), this could hardly be expected. Hitherto the Education Department has refused to place a new school (in non-School Board areas) on the grant list until it has proved its necessity by securing an average attendance of thirty children. This figure might well be taken as the point below which, except in very sparsely populated districts, or in peculiar cases sanctioned by the Board of Education, the local authority should not be held *entirely* responsible; but to meet such cases as far as possible, they should contribute a sum per unit of average attendance equal to what they pay per unit in the smallest school for which they are entirely responsible; and the balance, which might be considerable, would have to be raised by the promoters of the school. Some such restriction is necessary to prevent undue multiplication of little schools on frivolous grounds; with the great waste of teaching power and of money which would necessarily result.

Another anomaly under the present system which ought to be dealt with in the Bill is in regard to fees. Not only are some schools free and some not, but in many of the voluntary schools we have this extraordinary position of affairs, that the managers have a written permission from the Board of Education to charge an average fee of so much per child, while the parents receive written authority *from the same office* authorising them to demand free education for their children, regardless of their pecuniary position. In poor schools, where the managers absolutely require the fees and the parents claim exemption, this chaos of contradiction results in a disturbance of peace, the heat of which may be faintly conceived, both sides honestly claiming that they have Government sanction to justify their action.

The only way out is to abolish fees altogether in elementary schools and make free education a reality—from a parent's point of view at all events. Free it will never be, from the ratepayers' and taxpayers' standpoint, until teachers rise above remuneration and teach for teaching's sake; till publishers, painters and plumbers, carpenters and coal dealers, cleaners, contractors and caretakers, combine for love of the cause to furnish free all that the schools require. This interesting era has not yet begun to dawn on our astonished eyes.

It has already been stated that voluntary school managers offer their buildings, but many of these are old or out of repair or otherwise unsatisfactory. What is to be done in such cases? The managers must be prepared to raise funds to bring them up to the reasonable level which the Board of Education, or possibly the local

authority, will certainly be empowered to demand; and, if a little patience is exercised, this will in most cases be accomplished. It has always been found easier to collect subscriptions for improvements or additions to buildings than for salaries and general current expenses, partly because the former show visible and permanent results which the latter do not, and partly because the former are only occasional and special requirements, while the latter are a chronic and ever-increasing burden of which all subscribers are heartily weary.

In consideration of release altogether from liability for working expenses it is to be expected that any moderate sum will be cheerfully provided for any necessary building operations. In cases of supposed oppressive requirements by a local authority (should this power be placed in their hands), an appeal should lie to the Board of Education, whose decision should be final, both as to the work and the time to be allowed for its accomplishment; and, in regard to this latter point, it is most important that the work should not be rushed, otherwise the public will be suddenly called upon to face simultaneously both a new addition to rates and a demand for heavy subscriptions for building; and this double burden may result in the immediate closing of many voluntary schools where the necessary funds cannot be raised at a moment's notice, thus defeating the object of the Act which is intended to preserve them, and throwing upon the rates the yet heavier burden of erecting new schools for the ejected children.

In places where there is an actual deficiency of 'school places,' through growth of population or other cause, public notification thereof should be given, and the local authority should not be permitted to spend rate-money on building until it has been clearly ascertained that voluntary effort is unable to supply the want. The rates required for the support of the schools will be quite heavy enough without the addition of any avoidable liabilities for building loans. The new school will, of course, be of the denomination of its promoters, if voluntary; if a local-authority school, it will have to be non-denominational, which is perhaps a different thing from undenominational, which too often means simply Nonconformist.

And here we come naturally to the question of religious teaching in the various classes of schools. Certain proposals, distinguished rather by idealism than by practical acquaintance with men and things, have been made for the free admission into every school of every variety of religious or irreligious teaching, provided always that it cost the school authorities nothing. Take the local-authority school: it is suggested that facilities should be provided (where requested on behalf of a reasonable number of children) for the giving of instruction of a denominational character in this school. Of course, this could not be done without the repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause, and the first whisper of that would provoke most



furious, and perhaps fatal, opposition. But, supposing this point to have been successfully carried, the next question would be as to the persons by whom this instruction should be imparted. The local ministers of religion have been suggested, but their probable efficiency is seriously questioned on the following grounds:—

(1) They are not trained teachers, and in many cases could not preserve discipline or secure the attention and progress of the children.

(2) Their other engagements would prevent the regular and punctual discharge of this duty.

(3) Experience has already proved how quickly their zeal for this work evaporates, and that in a year or so their services are withdrawn.

(4) Many of the clergy and other ministers already have schools of their own to mind, and are unwilling to add to such responsibilities.

The attempt to introduce denominational teaching into schools under a public authority was tried in the colony of Victoria when the present Bishop of Manchester was Bishop of Melbourne. Every facility was given to the denominations. The schools were put at their disposition at certain hours, which the denominations were allowed to select. At first all ministers of religion of all denominations appeared disposed to avail themselves of the privilege. For a short time the classes appeared to be successful, but soon the ministers began to be irregular in attendance, and *the whole system broke down*, not so much because the children failed to attend, as because it was impossible to secure regular attendance on the part of the ministers. The privilege therefore appears to be illusory. Other examples, nearer home, although on a smaller scale, might be quoted to confirm this view.

Putting, then, the ministers aside as unlikely to meet the requirements, there is nobody to turn to except the teachers employed in the school; but against their use it is urged:—

(1) That teachers when engaged by a public body or local authority are asked no questions as to their religious belief, nor have they hitherto been required to give denominational teaching; and that they would certainly, as a body, resist any change in regard to these matters.

(2) That even supposing the teachers were willing to give instruction in their own creeds, there is no certainty that the various creeds would all have representatives on the teaching staff; and the children (who might be numerous) of an unrepresented denomination would be left without an instructor.

(3) That if the local authority attempted to meet this difficulty by the appointment of teachers of all and sundry denominations, the

most certain results would be heated discussions at the Board, loss of union and *esprit de corps* in the staff, and general retrogression on the part of the school.

It would appear from the above considerations that the obstacles in the way of denominational teaching in the schools of a local authority are now practically insurmountable.

How, then, would the attempt fare to provide for the giving in the schools of one denomination of religious instruction in the tenets of a different denomination? The difficulties already dealt with re-appear in this case in an aggravated form. The ministerial zeal which evaporated in a year in the cold air of a neutral school would dry up still more quickly in the heated atmosphere of thinly-veiled hostility which would surround it in the school of an opposed denomination; and upon its entire evanishment, the members of the school staff, engaged as of a certain denomination, could not be expected or even asked to do violence to their consciences by teaching what they held to be unsound; nor would the school managers, being of the same denomination, feel anxious to find a substitute for the alien minister whose disappearance had been to them the most satisfactory feature of his connection with the school.

Moreover, the Act would require to set aside the religious provisions of multitudinous School Trusts.

We therefore come to this, that the local authority school, in default of teaching the State religion, which with due observance of the conscience clause it should always have been required to do, must confine its instruction to broad generalities with which nobody is likely to disagree, and that definite religious instruction, such as the English and Roman Churches require, can only be satisfactorily given in schools belonging to the denomination whose tenets are to be imparted; that only one form of religion can be successfully taught in any one school; that each denominational school will teach its own creed.

All this goes to show how necessary it is that the teachers in voluntary schools should be appointed and dismissed by the denominational managers; subject, however, to the approval, by the local authority, of a new appointment, as regards secular efficiency.

In view of the disunion of present-day English Christianity, and the unfortunate jealousies that have frequently arisen therefrom, it is most desirable that the local authorities set up under the Act should not be too small, too minutely local; an administrative county would be the best size, a county borough would be good, and a large non-county borough or very thickly populated urban district might be admitted with some hesitation perhaps, but nothing less. And even with these precautions it will be well to make the functions of the local authorities as largely as possible administrative, and as little as

possible discretionary. Like treatment for like cases, irrespective of religious colour, must be absolutely secured by the terms of the Act.

One question more remains to be considered, the effect of such an Act as has been outlined upon public opinion and the position of the Government. We know that the Act must involve an addition to the rates; how far will this injure the present Ministry in the eyes of the nation? The answer to this query depends to a great extent upon the amount by which the local rates are increased, and this will be governed by the policy of the rate-laying body, the local authority; if they are content to use the rates for little more than the replacement of the amount formerly raised by subscriptions, a comparatively slight rise will meet their needs; but if they plunge at once into bricks and mortar, advance salaries, and spend recklessly, the rate will be proportionate. But few authorities are likely to make this mistake. They are fully alive to the fact that School Boards are unpopular bodies, chiefly because of their lavish expenditure of the ratepayers' money, and they will act accordingly; and there will probably be a fulfilment of the general hope which undoubtedly exists in the mind of the public, first, that the extinction of School Boards will be followed by a system of greater economy of administration under their successors, and, second, that through the stimulus which the new Act will give to the building of voluntary schools a decreased amount of building will have to be provided from the rates; also that salaries, which have kept steadily rising through the competition for teachers between Board and voluntary schools, will cease to rise (*i.e.* per unit of average attendance), and be fixed by a published scale in given areas; and that by prudent exercise of their functions the new authorities will avoid raising the outcry which a sudden very large addition to the rates would be certain to provoke, and will secure that, although the initial increase of expense may perhaps be not inconsiderable, the ultimate effect will be an actual saving of money as compared with the expenditure which would have been incurred by the continuance of the old system.

In the light of these hopes it is probable that a moderate addition to the rates will be accepted without serious complaint by the public at large, while those who for a generation have for the nation's sake and for religion's sake borne a crushing burden with exemplary patience will not be likely to forget the quarter from which at last came justice, tardy but complete.

In any case, even if under a new Act such as is herein advocated the expense should prove to be somewhat in excess of what now seems reasonable to anticipate, the Government will have the credit both of having found and executed a lasting and satisfactory solution of a long-vexed question, which all previous Ministries had failed to

do, and of having risen superior to the temptation to follow bad precedents of mere temporary alleviation, at the certain cost of future aggravation of difficulties already more than serious, and heavy augmentation of expenses, in the minds of many already greater than their beneficial results appear to justify.

To solve the eternal elementary education question by a statute of even-handed justice would be an achievement greater, from the point of view alike of difficulty and of necessity, than to have acquired and subdued the South African Republics.

That both should be accomplished simultaneously would constitute a double success sufficiently brilliant to be worthy both of the strongest Government of modern times and of the coronation year of His Majesty King Edward the Seventh.

R. C. FLETCHER.

*THE*  
*CONDITION OF THE NAVAL RESERVE*

IN his statement explanatory of the Naval Estimates for the financial year 1902-3 the Earl of Selborne found it necessary to admit that during the year 1901-2 the increase in the strength of the reserves of the Royal Navy had not kept pace with that of the active list. No doubt the First Lord had expected to be able to make some more encouraging declaration on this important subject. The present Board has not been unmindful of the need which exists for providing a large body of trained men upon which the Navy can draw in order to make good its normal shortage of personnel and, more especially, its losses in time of war; and, seeing that their lordships have already created the Royal Fleet Reserve in the hope that it would prove a useful supplement to the Navy's older resources, they must have been exceedingly disappointed to find that, in spite of their well-meant efforts, the condition of the reserves as a whole was actually worse than ever.

The First Lord now announces that, with a view to discovering a remedy for this unsatisfactory state of affairs, he has appointed a Committee which shall study the question in its various aspects, and which shall also report upon a proposal which has been made for the establishment of a Naval Volunteer Reserve. The members of this Committee are: Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., Chairman; Mr. J. Clark Hall, Registrar-General of Seamen; Rear-Admiral R. F. H. Henderson, C.B.; Sir Alfred Lewis Jones; Commodore the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, C.B.; Sir Francis Mowatt, and Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour, with, as secretaries, Lieutenant-Colonel G. G. Aston, R.M., and Fleet-Paymaster C. E. Gifford, C.B. This is a strong and excellent Committee, so far as it goes; but its constitution seems to indicate that the Admiralty purposes to approach the subject and to view it mainly from the naval side, and only in a minor and subsidiary degree from the side of the reserves. This is to be regretted. The Committee would have been better equipped for the attainment of its principal ends if it had included the names of some prominent and trusted representatives of the Royal Naval Reserve (say Lieutenant L. H. Crawford, C.B., of the P. & O. Company's service); of

the late Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers (say Mr. Chadwyck-Healey, K.C.), and of one or two of those great captains of industry whose servants in time of war could reinforce very effectively the depleted ranks of the engineer and scientific staff of the fleet.

The Committee, in fact, is too naval, and it is reservist scarcely at all, while the matters to be dealt with are matters particularly requiring gentle and diplomatic treatment, breadth of view, a compromising spirit, and, above all, a frank recognition of the truth that, for purposes of imperial defence, the Royal Navy and the mercantile marine are merely different branches of one great organisation closely allied, equally deserving of honour, and strictly interdependent. It is useless to attempt to disguise that the Royal Naval Reserve is in an unsatisfactory condition, chiefly because in the past the Navy and the mercantile marine have not worked together in complete harmony and have not cultivated mutual love and admiration. There are intolerance and contempt on the one hand, and irritation and jealousy on the other; and, although probably both sides are to blame, it cannot be denied that the Royal Naval Reserve is the Cinderella of the sisters, and has had to put up with so much neglect and so many snubs that it would be surprising if it enjoyed the popularity which it must enjoy if ever it is to become what Lord Selborne and the country would like it to be. Similarly, the naval volunteer, when he has come forward, has been most cavalierly and thanklessly treated. I do not believe that the First Lord has spontaneously decided that the classes which must supply the reserves of the future are to be excluded from participation in the deliberations of the Committee, but I am inclined to think that he has been persuaded by his naval advisers that the questions to be considered are much more peculiarly naval than they really are, and that therefore naval officers are the best people to understand them. The truth is that quarter-deck methods are not the methods whereby the existing problems can be solved, and that if the unaided action of naval officers and Admiralty officials be capable of making the reserves popular, it ought to have done so long ago. The very first point to be discussed is: Why have the past administration and management of the reserves produced unsatisfactory results? The Navy has administered and managed the reserves. The Navy, therefore, is to that extent arraigned. Yet the Navy is allowed to provide the strongest element among the arbitrators, while the reserves have no direct representatives upon the bench.

Some time before the issue of the First Lord's statement I entered into a voluminous correspondence with a number of people who seemed to be in a position to throw light upon the very questions which are now to be investigated by the Committee; with naval officers who have had experience with reserve men; with leading shipowners; with reserve officers and men of all ranks and ratings;

and with men who served in the late Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers. Having been repeatedly at sea in men-of-war for several weeks at a stretch with contingents of the Royal Naval Reserve,—though not, unfortunately, within the last five or six years,—and having made cruises with the now disbanded Volunteers, I can form a fairly just idea of the value to be attached to the views and suggestions of my various correspondents, while I have also had some amount of personal experience of the relations between the Royal Navy and the reserves. Perhaps, therefore, what I have to say may be of assistance towards the solution of the problems in hand. At least it may suggest to the Committee a few useful lines of research and exploration.

There are four principal sources whence reserves from the Navy may be drawn, viz. (*a*) officers and men who have already served in the Royal Navy or Royal Marines; (*b*) the merchant service and the fishing industry; (*c*) land engineers and skilled workmen possessed of technical training; and (*d*) yachtsmen, amateur sailors and landsmen.

Source (*a*) is now in a fair way to be adequately tapped. It produces the Coast Guard, the Royal Fleet Reserve, and the reserve of retired officers of the Navy. The personnel is of high quality, but its possible efficient strength is strictly limited.

Source (*b*) has been tapped more or less inadequately since 1862, when the Royal Naval Volunteers, a force which ultimately developed into the existing Royal Naval Reserve, was established. This source, on the 18th of December last, was producing a very satisfactory number of officers, those then on the active list comprising 469 lieutenants, 511 sub-lieutenants, 520 midshipmen, 396 engineer officers, and 125 accountant officers. Of the lieutenants about half, and of the sub-lieutenants about one-fourth, had completed or were completing courses of training in the Royal Navy, and a considerable proportion of them had obtained a certificate in a gunnery or torpedo short course or in both. In addition to the above, source (*b*) produced 134 supplementary lieutenants who had been embodied permanently with the Royal Navy in order to contribute to the making up of the shortage in the regular lieutenants' list. Thus, at the date mentioned, the mercantile marine provided upwards of 2,100 officers as reinforcements for the Royal Navy. But neither then nor at any other time has source (*b*) produced a satisfactory number of seamen and firemen; and the number produced is now decreasing. It is less than 20,000; and, upon the whole, the quality, as regards efficiency and discipline, leaves much to be desired.

Source (*c*) has never been specially drawn upon for purely naval purposes.

Source (*d*) was tapped from 1873 to 1892, and produced the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, which were disbanded in the latter

year, when their strength stood at about 70 officers and 1,850 men. The disbandment took place in consequence of misunderstandings and petty jealousies, and was a distinct official discouragement not only of volunteering in general but also of any tendency on the part of civilians to take a practical and active interest, often at much cost to themselves, in the welfare of the Navy. The force had been intended primarily as a reserve of gunners for the fleet, and for coast defence work ; but so keen was the corps that several members of it, at their own expense, provided yachts or other craft for the training of their fellows in seamanship, and for the better habituation of them to sea life under conditions approximating to those on board men-of-war. These Volunteers were largely recruited from the ranks of gentlemen, and they included many men of valuable intellectual and scientific attainments.

Of the above four sources, the first resides chiefly in the United Kingdom. The other three reside impartially in the United Kingdom and in the outlying parts of the Empire. Except, however, in Newfoundland, the Admiralty has neither exerted special efforts nor afforded special facilities for the utilisation of possible reserves. There are, however, in existence the following among other Colonial naval forces : the New South Wales Naval Defence Force ; the New South Wales Naval Artillery Volunteers ; the South Australia Naval Defence Force ; the Queensland Naval Defence Force ; the Victorian Naval Defence Force ; the Victorian Naval Brigade (a militia) ; the Natal Naval Volunteers ; and some naval or semi-naval organisations in Canada, Western Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania. To these may be added the Royal Indian Marine. It is not generally known that New South Wales and Victoria sent respectable naval contingents for service in China during the recent hostilities there, that the Natal Naval Volunteers bore a distinguished share in the operations of the Natal Field Force, and that a Victorian lieutenant, Mr. Colquhoun, and a Natal lieutenant, Mr. Chiazari, have gained the D.S.O. in recognition of their services in South Africa, while a Victorian commander, Mr. Tickell, has obtained the C.M.G. for work done in co-operation with the regular forces of the Empire.

Neither at home nor in Britain beyond the seas is there lack of suitable personnel or of the necessary keenness for the formation of an efficient and sufficient reserve for the Navy. The misfortune is that hitherto the personnel has not been properly encouraged to come forward, and that not only in the case of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers the exhibition of keenness has been checked, while, in practice, nothing has been done to foster the dormant naval enthusiasm in the colonies.

The further development of those reserves which are drawn, or to be drawn, from source (a) may safely be left to the consideration of the Committee which has been appointed by the First Lord. Source (a)



is already familiar with, and accustomed to; naval methods and customs, seeing that it has been brought up in them. There is no jealousy between this class of personnel and the active personnel of the Navy.

When, however, we examine the condition of affairs so far as source (b) is concerned, we find that it is very different. The Navy and the mercantile marine have never got on well together, have never either understood or appreciated each other. In the naval view the merchant seaman and the fisherman are incompetent bunglers, who have little discipline and less method, who are slipshod, dirty and disrespectful, and who are incurably devoid of those traditions and ideas which obtain in the Navy, and which, no doubt, contribute to render it what it is. They do not repay the trouble of training. In short, they are almost useless. In the view of the mercantile marine the average naval officer is an intolerant being, swathed in red tape, possessed of the narrowest notions of what constitutes real efficiency, a worshipper of unmeaning smartness and of 'spit and polish,' a man who will admit only one way for the doing of a thing, and, generally, a member of a class apart, absurdly jealous of his position and privileges, and ridiculously fond of asserting them.

Anybody who has been much at sea in merchant ships, in ships of war, and especially in vessels the crews of which have been composed partly of naval men and partly of reserves, must know how poisoned and exaggerated are both these views. The simple truth, reduced to a few words, is that the Navy is essentially and congenitally conservative; that the mercantile marine is inclined to be radical and democratic; and that conservatism and radicalism do not get on well together, nor indeed understand each other at all, unless they be given frequent opportunities of association. Association begets tolerance, though it does not necessarily lead to conversion. I have always noticed that the bitterest anti-radical is the man who does not really know what radicalism is, and that the bitterest anti-conservative is the man who cannot be induced to speak to any conservative with ordinary civility. The happy results of association have already made themselves felt among the officers of the Navy and those of the Naval Reserve. I recollect the time when it was much less common than it now is for reserve officers to serve for long periods, and repeatedly, in His Majesty's ships. Relations were then very strained and uncomfortable. They were almost equally strained when first Commander Tickell and Lieutenant Colquhoun, both of the Victorian Navy, and with both of whom I have had the pleasure of being shipmate, joined a British man-of-war for training purposes. The initial impression in the wardroom was: What on earth are these strange officers doing here? But very soon the feeling of strangeness wore off. It was

seen that the newcomers were keen, if not as yet entirely competent; it was realised that, after all, they were good fellows in spite of the fact that they wore waved instead of plain gold lace on their sleeves; it was even discovered, in many cases, that the outsiders could teach the insiders a few useful lessons on out-of-the-way subjects. Indeed, I am sure that the majority of Naval Reserve and other auxiliary officers who have served their year in one of his Majesty's ships have easily overcome any prejudice that may at first have existed against them, and have left the vessel fully appreciating the good qualities of their brother officers of the regular service, and with their own good qualities as fully appreciated.

On the quarter-deck and in the wardroom friendliness prevails; but on the lower-deck it is, I fear, otherwise. The seamen of the two branches of the service have at present no opportunities of associating together long enough to enable them to understand each other. Unlike their officers, the men of the Royal Naval Reserve are usually embarked only for very short periods; they are often provided only with a minimum of kit, and are therefore unable to compete with the regular bluejackets in neatness and smartness; they have no time wherein to shake down into the routine of the Navy; they are unaccustomed to the dietary, which at present (it is about to be improved) is very different from, if not very inferior to, what a merchant seaman is used to; they are oppressed with a conviction that half the rules and regulations to which they are subjected are mere valueless forms, and they chafe at a strictness of discipline of which they have not learnt to comprehend the necessity. I have known a lieutenant come below and say in despair: 'By Jove! It is impossible to make these fellows double. They don't seem to be able to do more than slouch along the deck.' The bluejackets too often regard them with unconcealed contempt, and they, in return, look upon the bluejackets as base slaves to an unreasoning tyranny. All this tends to make the Royal Naval Reserve unpopular among merchant seamen. There is, however, a much more potent reason for the declining popularity of the service; and it is a reason which is entirely creditable to the Royal Naval Reserve.

The Admiralty expects reserve men, upon joining sea-going ships of war, after having gone through the drill ships at the ports, to be competent to undertake the duties of the regular bluejackets of the fleet, and it deliberately exposes them to contumely, if not to actual punishment, for incompetence. Yet its arrangements are so inefficient that it is practically impossible for a reservist to learn his duties properly until he joins a commissioned sea-going man-of-war. A very keen and intelligent seaman of the Naval Reserve writes to me:

It has struck me often that the Admiralty is making a very grievous mistake when it considers and allows an obsolete and rotten wooden hulk like the *President*, in the South-West India Dock, to be sufficient for the training of such a fine body of volunteers as the mercantile marine can supply. I may add that many men with whom I have drilled (?) in that hulk have deemed it an insult to themselves that the port of London, where many hundreds of officers and men are obliged to put in their drill, should contain only so rotten and so ill-equipped a tub. She needs daily pumping out to keep her afloat; and as for armament there is not a single gun on board which is not obsolete. How can men on whom reliance may some day have to be placed be efficiently drilled in such circumstances, and of what use would 75 per cent. of them be if sent on board a modern battleship? They would there have to unlearn what they have learnt in the *President* and to begin afresh. Imagine a man-of-war going into action with a large percentage of her crew having to be sent below in order that they might not impede the other men at their stations. The *President*, the guns, and most of the drill taught are antiquated; and so, instead of getting a body of men trained and ready at an emergency, we have a body of men instructed only in knowledge which would make them ridiculous and a laughing stock among their brother seamen of the Royal Navy. The men are anxious enough to be useful to their country, but the Admiralty absolutely prevents them, or does its best to prevent them, from becoming so, and fills them with disgust for so hollow and unreal a service. No one can be keener than I; yet I know that in a man-of-war I shall be simply an encumbrance in spite of all that I can do and learn in the *President*.

The above is not a querulous and baseless grumble, it is a well-founded and serious statement of what has long since reached the proportions of a national scandal, for few places where drill ships are stationed are any better off than London, the chief port of the Empire.

The other vessels at present employed for the purpose of training the Royal Naval Reserve are: at Liverpool, the *Eagle*; at Dundee, the *Unicorn*; at Aberdeen, the *Clyde*; at Bristol, the *Dædalus*; at Leith, the *Durham*; at Inverness, the *Briton*; at North Shields, the *Andromache*; and in Southampton Water, the *Apollo*. The two last only are in any sense modern craft. There are other vessels not specially assigned to the purpose, in which reservists may attend drill by arrangement. These have their headquarters at Bantry, Greenock, Harwich, Holyhead, Hull, Kingstown, Portland, and Rathmullen; but as they are absent from those places for five or six months in every year, and as reservists are obliged to put in their drills when they have leisure, and can seldom wait until the district guardships happen to be in port and able to accommodate them, the drill ships above named have to provide most of such instruction as is vouchsafed to the seamen.

A few days ago I had a letter from Rear-Admiral Luce, of the United States Navy, a great student of naval history, in which, incidentally, he mentioned his belief—a belief general in America—that the *President*, of which my reservist correspondent speaks, is the same *President* as was captured from the Americans by H.M.S. *Endymion* and consorts in 1815. The *President* is not quite so old

as that, but she dates from 1829. The *Eagle* dates from 1804, the year before Trafalgar. The *Unicorn* is five years older than the *President*. The *Clyde* was launched in 1828. The *Dædalus* first took the water in 1826. The *Durham* was built in 1845. The *Briton*, originally named *Active*, was launched in 1814. Here are seven ships, the youngest of which is fifty-seven years of age, the oldest of which is ninety-eight, and the average age of which is upwards of seventy-nine years! The *Apollo* and the *Andromache*, the two remaining drill ships, date only from 1891 and 1890 respectively. They were placed in their present positions in part performance of a very old Admiralty promise to supersede the antiquated and useless vessels as soon as possible, and they supplanted the *Trincomalee* (1819) and the *Castor* (1832); but the spirit of reform in that direction seems since to have died out, and the scandal is almost as great as it ever was.

The armaments are not so antiquated as the ships, but, with very few exceptions, the guns on board are quite out of date, and are of types which can never again be used in maritime warfare. As for the officers who are appointed to command these vessels, and to superintend the training of the reserve men, it may be said of them, without unfair disparagement, that they are seldom men marked out for further advancement, and still more seldom men possessed of modern scientific attainments.

The very existence of these ancient drill ships, with their obsolete guns and their second-rate staffs, is a daily reminder to every Royal Naval Reserve man who sees them that his service is underrated, if not despised, at Whitehall; and I am fully persuaded that the reserve will never be popular so long as these ark-like craft are suffered to remain in commission.

We must have [writes one of my correspondents] modern and efficient drill ships before we can have modern and efficient drills; and I fail to see why the management of the training of reservists should not be deemed fitting employment for some of the most capable officers on the list. Many of us make various little sacrifices in order to join the reserve and to avoid getting into arrears with our drills; and the pecuniary result is hardly worth considering. We deeply resent being practically told in return that we are not supposed to be worth taking any serious trouble with. Still more do we resent being blamed afterwards for an inefficiency and ignorance which we have had no opportunities for overcoming.

To make the Royal Naval Reserve popular, both with its own members and with the merchant service generally, as well as with the Royal Navy, would not be a difficult matter. One of the most efficacious means would be to afford facilities for the men as well as for the officers to join H.M. sea-going ships for one or more periods of twelve months' training, and subsequently to give them small retaining fees annually, up to a certain age, in proportion to their qualifications and certificates. This would tend to bring the seamen

of the Navy and of the reserve into that closer touch which has proved so undoubtedly beneficial in the case of the officers. Another good measure would be to abolish the old drill ships, selling them for what they might fetch, and instead of them to establish a number of thoroughly well equipped instruction batteries on shore. These would have to be supplemented with one or two modern sea-going tenders—say third-class cruisers—which should be continually at sea up and down the coast, and to and from which reservists able to put in a week's or a fortnight's drill at odd times should be transferred upon application without expense to themselves. In the Channel Islands, where, so I am given to understand, the Naval Reserve is pretty strong, and where certainly it ought to be very strong, there is no stationary drill ship, and the men have to put in their drills on board the wretched little composite gunboat, *Albacore*, which mounts two ancient 5-in. and two ancient 4-in. breechloaders, and which is herself twenty years old. How much better it would be, and how little additional expense would be incurred, if for the *Albacore* there were substituted one of the new sloops of the unfortunate *Condor* class—a class which, though only too probably unfit for ocean work, does mount modern guns such as are used in larger men-of-war. But even one of the *Condors*, in order to become an efficient drill ship for present purposes, would require to have some form of torpedo armament added to her.

I think that, in addition, the Royal Naval Reserve ought to be permanently represented in the office of the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves by a reserve officer of good standing, who might be appointed as second assistant, and that other reserve officers might with advantage be attached to the department of the Director of Transports, and to the Naval Intelligence Department. It is suicidal on the part of the Navy to continue to say to the Royal Naval Reserve, 'You are with us, but not of us.' Reservists of all ranks and ratings must be encouraged as much as possible to take pride not only in their connection with the Navy, but also in their connection with the merchant service. And here it is pertinent to note that no profession or employment receives in this country a smaller amount of official recognition than the mercantile marine. One might imagine that it is a service which is of no importance to the Empire. Yet one knows that, although the formidable work of sending troops, ammunition, and stores to South Africa was done nominally by the department of the Director of Transports, the successful performance of the task—a performance which has excited the admiration of the world—would have been impossible but for the efficiency of the mercantile marine. I am not aware, however, that the mercantile marine has received any official recognition in the shape of honours or rewards for its services during the war. I am of opinion that the master of a merchant ship who, say, delivers in excellent order at

Cape Town a succession of consignments of expensive remounts for the army, does not deserve less well of his country because he happens not to be in direct Government employment at the time.

With more recognition, with representation at Whitehall, with improved facilities for drill and training, and with the extension of the system of annual retaining fees, so that men as well as officers might be induced to take temporary service in the Royal Navy, the Royal Naval Reserve, so I am assured, could be brought up to a strength of 40,000 without much difficulty or delay, and to a strength of 60,000 within, say, five years. 'And,' adds one of my most trustworthy informants, 'even then the productiveness of the mercantile marine as a provider of reserves would not be exhausted. It is capable of giving you from forty to sixty thousand men of a high standard of efficiency. It is capable, if properly treated, of yielding a certain number, perhaps fifteen thousand, of other men who, though inefficient for general naval purposes, might be well trained in gunnery, and therefore valuable auxiliaries in time of war. There are many merchant seamen and some officers, who cannot or will not join the Royal Naval Reserve as it now exists, but who would be delighted to qualify in gunnery if it were made possible for them to receive instruction and to get practice on board the vessels in which they ordinarily serve.'

This suggestion leads up to the consideration of certain questions which have recently been dealt with at some length in the columns of the *Shipping Gazette*. It has there been pointed out that, although the Admiralty pays subventions to a few picked vessels of the mercantile marine with a view to retaining their services in time of war, it has not followed the example of some other nations and encouraged shipowners, by means of premiums, to build ships either of special speed or of special fitness for employment in war time as armed cruisers. One of the results is that, whereas

a very short time since Great Britain owned the fastest ships in the world, and, in fact, nearly all the sea-going ships of really considerable speed; to-day she does not even own the fastest ocean steamer, nor the second fastest, nor the third fastest, nor even the fourth fastest; and of twenty-two ocean steamers capable of doing twenty knots and upwards only nine fly her flag.

The Government does not appear to perceive that merchant shipowners cannot afford, unless assisted from outside, to build vessels greatly in advance of the mere commercial requirements of the moment. Other governments, on the contrary, have been so far-sighted as to say to the shipowner, 'If you will provide capital enough to turn out a first-class vessel to suit your commercial needs, we will add to the sum a grant which, expended under our direction, will not only make the vessel considerably more useful to you, but also render her very valuable to us if we should want her at any

time.' This is a sound policy, and, in spite of much that has been said against it by people who possibly have not understood what it means, it is not a demoralising or grandmotherly policy. The Admiralty, therefore, has been urged to do something towards delivering the country from the dangerous position of not possessing the fastest ships of the day. It has been recommended to offer a substantial premium to owners who build ocean-going vessels of twenty knots and upwards, the amount of the premium to be proportionable to the speed attained at the trials, and to be conditional on the ship being fitted to mount guns, and on her possessing some protection for her machinery. To the premium would be added an annual subsidy, payable so long as the vessel remains in commission and proves by periodical trials under Admiralty inspection that she is still efficient.

But it is obvious that no scheme would fully effect the objects in view unless provision were made for securing to such fast ships not only a certain degree of permanent readiness for war, but also picked crews composed exclusively of British subjects. It has been suggested, therefore, that such ships should be supplied at Government expense with an armament the lighter part of which should be permanently mounted on board, and that the officers and men of the vessels, whether belonging to the existing Royal Naval Reserve or not, should be required, in consideration of a small addition to their wages, to become proficient in the handling of their ship's guns and of small arms, their teachers being the Royal Naval Reserve officers and men on board, and these instructors receiving Admiralty pay *ad hoc*. Liberal grants of ammunition should be made for gunnery practice at sea; there should be arrangements for quarterly prize-firing, and substantial rewards for good guns' crews; and there should be half-yearly or annual gunnery competitions, these last to be held in the sea-going drill ships of the Royal Naval Reserve, and to be thrown open both to the regular and to the irregular branches of the naval service. For details of the scheme, however, the reader should refer to the *Shipping Gazette* articles on 'The Mercantile Marine in War Time,' which have been reprinted by Messrs. Spottiswoode.

In this way the source which has been labelled source (b), and which includes the merchant service and the fishing industry, might be made to produce two classes of reserve officers and men—one, the existing Royal Naval Reserve, enlarged and improved; the other, a Gunnery Reserve.

Source (c), the land engineers and the skilled workmen possessed of technical training; and source (d), the yachtsmen, amateur sailors, and sea-loving landmen, might be drawn upon to form a revived corps of Royal Naval Volunteers, organised on rather stricter lines than those of the establishment of 1873, and encouraged to devote its attention chiefly to the more scientific branches of the naval

profession—to gunnery, torpedo, engineering, electrical, and signalling work. It would not be desirable to admit every one to such a corps. Candidates should be required, before being permitted to join, to demonstrate a certain familiarity with, or special aptitude for, at least one branch, and, having been admitted, should be supplied by the Admiralty with every facility and encouragement for the serious prosecution of both the theory and the practice of the selected branch or branches. A knowledge of languages, or, indeed, any special knowledge which would be likely to be in demand on board ship in time of war, might be allowed to qualify for entrance. Such a corps would never, perhaps, become very large; but there is little doubt that, properly managed, it might be rendered extremely valuable as well as popular.

To sum up: it is suggested that the Naval Reserves of the future shall consist of the following:

(1) The Royal Fleet Reserve: formed from officers and men who have already served in the Royal Navy.

(2) The Royal Naval Reserve, in two classes, viz.: I. The existing R.N.R., encouraged, enlarged, and furnished with modern facilities for training both outside and inside the Royal Navy. II. A Gunnery Reserve of mercantile officers and seamen.

(3) A corps of selected and specialist Royal Naval Volunteers.

It is also suggested that the services of the mercantile marine to the State shall be more generously recognised than hitherto; that His Majesty's oversea dominions shall be encouraged to contribute to the reserve; and that the Admiralty shall offer to shipowners fresh inducements to build ships possessing qualifications which, though of comparatively slight commercial importance, would be invaluable in auxiliary vessels in war time.

W. LAIRD CLOWES.



*THE NEW WHIGS AND THE OLD*

'LIBERAL-IMPERIALISTS' or 'Imperialist-Liberals' was a terrible mouthful; 'Liberal Leaguers' means next to nothing. Why then do not Lord Rosebery and his friends have recourse to a worthy old name, and call themselves Whigs or, if we must further distinguish, Whig Patriots? Precedent would be followed even more closely if their opponents fixed the title on to them and they adopted it with a show of reluctance. Whigs they are, anyhow, both in political position and habit of mind. They stand aloof from the extremes of the two Houses; professedly leaning rather to the Left than the Right, but governed really by instincts of a mildly Conservative sort. Their righteousness is as the righteousness of the Whig Opposition in the days of Lord Liverpool. Reform, called efficiency, seems good to them, but reform with a difference; just as Earl Grey and Lord Althorp advocated an enlarged franchise, but shrank aghast from the wild democracy of Sir Francis Burdett and suffered terrible things for their moderation from the desperate pen of Cobbett. They are a war party, and thus resemble the earlier Whigs of Queen Anne's reign in objecting to a cobbled peace, in spite of Lord Rosebery's inadvertent and unhappy allusion to the wayside inn. They would uphold Lord Milner much as Godolphin and Somers adhered to Marlborough; they stand out for a finality of settlement in South Africa with no less consistency than the critics of the Treaty of Utrecht would have fought campaign after campaign to avert the union of France and Spain—a union which, as Macaulay admits, could never have endured—under a single Crown.

The Whigs, when they remained true to their traditions, were always keen supporters of the national repute. Not otherwise would the elder Pitt, having brought the enemy down on his knees, have gone on until he was laid flat on his back. The Whig grandees would have wrecked the peace policy of Bute if they could; Pitt actually resigned in 1761 because he was not permitted to enlarge the area of war by despatching an expedition to Havannah and Manilla. The verdict of history had justified, on the whole, the Peace of Paris, though it brought a glorious struggle of seven years to a compromising close. Nothing would have satisfied the

Whigs short of the destruction of the House of Bourbon, and that lofty object was unattainable. Even when he was in his decline, English travellers on the Continent remarked that a hint of the probability that Mr. Pitt would return to power silenced a room full of boasting Frenchmen. Foreign interference promptly converted him, again, from an opponent of the American war to its most vehement advocate; and, to his honour if not to his credit for consistency, his last confused utterances were aimed at the Duke of Richmond's motion for an address to the Throne against the further prosecution of hostilities. The Old Whigs, who rallied to his son, when the French Revolution emerged to split political traditions asunder, were true to the principles of the elder Pitt. 'Who were the seceders?' they asked of the minority who adhered to Fox and Grey. Burke's manifesto for his party embodied Whig feeling: with all its reverence for order, if with most of its limitations. The *Reflections on the French Revolution* are inspired with the narrow belief that an aristocratic limited Monarchy, as established in 1688, was the only form of Government conceivable, but they also contain profoundly sagacious advocacy of the duty of resisting opinions which were bound to seek proselytes all over Europe and which made straight for military despotism. Thus it was that the Duke of Portland, Earl Spencer and Mr. Windham came out from the unclean thing, and upheld the Constitution. Holland House, on the other hand, had no scruples about indulging in partisanship of the enemy, and that to lengths as discreditable as any reached by modern pro-Boerdom. Charles James Fox, its inspiring spirit, could actually write to Grey in 1801:

The truth is, I am gone something further in hate to the English Government than perhaps you and the rest of my friends are, and certainly further than can with prudence be avowed. The triumph of the French Government over the English does in fact afford me a degree of pleasure which it is very difficult to disguise.

Fox, as we know, lived just long enough to discover how abysmal was his mistake, and so to justify the Old Whigs in backing what would be called nowadays a spirited Imperialist policy. Nor did their vigour die with them. It lived on in Lord Palmerston, a Canningite recruit of the Whig party, who, when in his prime, as during the Belgian Revolution of 1830 and the Syrian crisis of ten years later, played the great game bravely and resourcefully. His letter to Lord Melbourne, when the Thiers Ministry was threatening war and Lord John Russell resignation, may still be read with pleasure and pride:

If the French attempt to bully and intimidate us as they have done, the only way of meeting their menaces is, by quietly telling them that we are not afraid, and by showing them, first, that we are stronger than they are, and, secondly, that they have more vulnerable points than we have.

Guizot (the French Ambassador) was told by me, so long ago as July 17th,

what our immediate measures would be ; but when people threaten you with armaments you cannot show them the instructions to your commanders in the same way you could to a co-operating ally.

The Whig foreign policy in the hands of Lord Palmerston was, indeed, much more closely connected with adventure than the Conservative as directed by Lord Aberdeen. The Whigs formed the war party, too, in the luckless coalition with the Peelites ; and if they had had their way the Tsar Nicholas would have been informed that the crossing of the Pruth would be made a *casus belli*. In that event, he never would have invaded the Principalities. The conduct of external relations, in fine, never became identical with national disgrace until Whiggery surrendered to Radicalism, that is, to the teachings of Messrs. Cobden and Bright. The name of Whig, therefore, might be fitly revived for a party which repudiates a friendship—to quote the *Anti-Jacobin*—for every country but one's own. New Whigs, Manchester School, and Pro-Boers ; they are, indeed, a most miserably unapostolic succession !

Lord Rosebery and his friends may not feel complimented by association with the Whig Patriots, who, under Pulteney and Carteret, formed, in conjunction with the Tories, the Opposition to Walpole. The parallel is nevertheless worth working out. The Whig Patriots belonged, in the first place, to an Opposition divided, like that of to-day, into two wings, and eaten up by personal animosities. 'Pulteney and Lord Bolingbroke,' wrote Lord Hervey, 'hated one another ; Lord Carteret and Pulteney were jealous of one another ; while Lord Chesterfield had a little correspondence with them all, but was confided in by none of them.' The parts could be recast from the leaders and ex-leaders of the present Opposition without imposing a severe strain on the ingenuity. But the resemblance becomes closest when the characters of the two chiefs come up for consideration. A certain versatile ineffectiveness is common to both of them. Lord Rosebery's contributions to letters have been more than respectable ; Pulteney's attacks on the Walpole Administration in the *Craftsman* sparkle with wit, though that wit is clouded at times by violence. When Chesterfield described Pulteney as guilty of 'various extravagances and sallies which changed oftener than the wind' ; when Pulteney appeared to Lord Hervey to be 'vindictive, born with little passions, sometimes in very high and sometimes in very low spirits, and full of small enmities,' they laid their fingers in the downright eighteenth-century style upon much the same faults as have hitherto hampered Lord Rosebery's talents. More than that. Pulteney's wealth caused him to be regarded by his contemporaries as a player rather than a worker at politics ; Lord Rosebery's station and diversions have attached to him the reputation, somewhat unfairly, of a political amateur. Both men failed, again, at a pinch ; Pulteney lacked

courage to be First Minister when his time came, Lord Rosebery persistency in keeping together a distracted Opposition. Moreover, their reasons for attacking the Government will be found 'practically identical, with allowance made for the change in political habits. Pulteney thundered against universal corruption, just as Lord Rosebery discovers inefficiency in all the departments of State. The Whig Patriot, when the opportunity of proving his charges arrived, was content to let them go by default; and Mr. John Morley, in his excellent 'Walpole' of the *Twelve English Statesmen* series, has been at pains to demonstrate their insincerity. If Lord Rosebery were put to the test, and given a free fan to purge the administrative floor withal, it might well be that he too would have to confess to inability to improve upon his opponents' methods. The parallel must be left at that. Pulteney earned, on the whole, Lord Shelburne's scathing censure, that he never did any good, and never attempted any. Lord Rosebery at least deserves the credit due to conspicuously honest intentions. But about the Patriot Whig of two centuries ago there clung, as his garments, the same tendency to idealise affairs, and the same reluctance to come to close quarters with them, that perplex the many admirers of Lord Rosebery. And the title, if adopted for his party as a whole, would, as has been already observed, obey the most approved precedents if first bestowed by the enemy.

Whiggery, lastly, Whiggery of the most inveterate order, inspires Lord Rosebery's and Mr. Asquith's abjuration of Home Rule, now that it has failed to commend itself to the British electorate. An exact example of such airy opportunism is not easily discoverable in the whole confused course of party history. The Conservatives have abandoned principles times and again when innovation has been carried in the teeth of their resistance; such was the surrender to Reform commended by the Tamworth Manifesto, such Mr. Disraeli's ultimate attitude towards Protection. But it is one thing to throw away beliefs which have become antiquated and unattainable prejudices; quite another to clutch at brand-new ideas, to sport them as a party badge, and then contemptuously discard them. The only similar instance is Whig, and, significantly enough, it concerned Ireland. The Lichfield House Compact, arranged on the 12th and 23rd March, 1835, purported to ratify an intimate alliance between Whigs and Radicals and to secure the support of O'Connell. But how to turn out Sir Robert Peel? They selected the Irish Tithe Bill as the point of attack, and decided upon wrecking it by advocating the appropriation of surplus revenues to non-ecclesiastical purposes. Mr. Ward had broken up Earl Grey's Government by merely threatening a spoliation which made every English Churchman shudder for his own Establishment, and which drove out from the Whigs the future Lord Derby, Sir James Graham,

and other moderate men. The reorganised Opposition cared nothing for consequences. Although a Royal Commission had been appointed to discover if the Irish Church possessed a surplus at all, Lord John Russell moved that the House should resolve itself into Committee to consider its temporalities; defeated Sir Robert Peel on the point, and finally forced him to resign by carrying a resolution that no adjustment of Irish tithes would be 'satisfactory and final' which did not contain the principle of Appropriation. That principle was therefore the strong plank in the Whig platform, just as the Gladstone Governments of 1886 and 1892 stood and ultimately fell by Home Rule. The levity of its assumption received due punishment in the popular indifference to it. The House of Lords, encouraged by a narrow division in the Commons, wiped the Appropriation Clauses clean out of the Bill of 1835, and the Government abandoned the measure. They repeated their tactics next year; the Commons refused to accept the Peers' amendments, and again the Irish tithe system remained unreformed. Two years later Lord John Russell himself abandoned the Appropriation Clauses, modifying the Bill into the mere imposition of a rent-charge. Then it passed both Houses easily enough, after poor Mr. Ward, the father of the sacred formula, had tried to reincorporate it, and had suffered a condign defeat for the rigidity of his virtue, both Lord John and O'Connell voting against him. He was the Mr. John Morley of his age, and he ultimately became Governor of Ceylon.

Such was the untoward connection of the Whigs with a principle adopted merely as a broom with which to sweep away a Ministry who were trying the desperate experiment of conducting affairs with the majority of the House against them. They would undoubtedly have consulted their reputation if they had resigned, as they thought of doing, at the close of the Session of 1836. They were in a measure justified in their final surrender, because it was strongly recommended by O'Connell in a letter to Lord Melbourne, and, above all, because they had become the guardians of a young and inexperienced Queen. But submission to the inevitable when in office entails no more than a loss of dignity; a similar course embraced in opposition must always lie under the suspicion of time-serving. 'It is not apostasy,' asseverates Mr. Asquith, 'it is common-sense.' Granted, if accompanied by the confession that those who resisted Home Rule were right, those who capitulated to it wrong, and—the conclusion is inevitable—that politicians capable of such blunders have no right to attitudinise as doctrinaires. Lord John Russell, in his old age, actually convinced himself that he deserved all credit for his Tithe Bills and their management.

A measure which changed the collection of tithes from a question between the tithe proctor and peasant into a question between landlord and tenant, with a percentage of 25 per cent. to the landlord for the cost and trouble of collection,

. . . . was one of immense value to the whole body of small occupiers in Ireland. No measure has tended more to the peaceful progress of Ireland than the Tithe Act of 1838.

No measure would have tended more to the peaceful progress of Ireland than the Tithe Bill of 1835, which Lord John Russell wantonly destroyed. But a sublime confidence in half-truths confirming their own infallibility has been, and always will be, the characteristic of Whigs, whether Old, New, or the Newest.

LLOYD SANDERS.

## LITERATURE AND THE THEATRE

## I. ENGLAND.

THE theme is the presence of Literature in our modern Theatre. Is it getting more perceptible? Is it on the decline? And leaving out, for the time being, Scandinavia with its drama of upheaval and protest, Germany with its drama of pessimistic theory, and Flanders with its drama of the spirit and dreams—I am referring in this last to nobody, of course, but to one Flemish genius—what result does a comparison afford us of the literary forces of England and of France, so far as they are marshalled on the stage? Are we behindhand very much? Are we making headway? And if we are behindhand, are there at least in the work we produce some qualities not apparent in the work of France? Has that work of France drawbacks, deficiencies, crying faults, from which our own may be free? Or are we without claim to flatter ourselves in any such fashion as that?

One would have supposed, at the first, that between Letters and the Theatre there was an inevitable connection. Times there have been, in any case, when it was strong and undoubted—one time even when, in England, imaginative Literature had no outlet but on the stage. Yet a few of the lovers of the art of Acting, and in more abundant number those people who regard the Theatre as a field of financial speculation, hold that the less of Literature you have upon the stage the greater are the chances of hitting the big public; and tacitly that view was held, or acquiesced in, by no small part of the playgoers of a generation ago, and of two generations ago. Those were less conscious, less self-inquiring times than the later Victorian, the new Edwardian, era. A generation and a-half ago, how unambitious was our stage-writing! Robertson was teaching us to be natural; and to be natural, for the world at large, is, essentially, not to be literary. Boucicault, whose earlier work had been comedy, who had preserved the traditions of dialogue, was now interesting us in story only, or in a very simple character, or in stirring adventure, *à la portée de tout le monde*. Scarcely above the horizon had loomed Gilbert, had loomed Herman Merivale.

What are called 'cultivated' people in that day—and fashionable people more particularly—kept away from the Theatre. They would go to see Helen Faucit; they would go to see Charles Kean; they would go to see Alfred Wigan perhaps; but much of the acting that was effective and sterling they would not go to see at all. Between 1850 and 1862, was it the fashionable world, was it cultivated people, that enabled Phelps to rub on, with little scenery, with a low salary list, in the neighbourhood of the New River? And Benjamin Webster, and Madame Cécile, and Miss Woolgar, seen at the Adelphi—it was the bourgeois, the country cousin, the lower middle classes, who applauded these artists, and who did, to some extent, understand them. And while I shall scarcely be expected to range myself with those persons who look askance at Literature when it shows itself on the Stage, who suspect it, who believe that because it is Literature it spells failure, I do admit with frankness—nay, more, with not a trace of unwillingness—that an effective Stage and an effective Literature are separable things. To divorce Literature from the Stage is to cramp the Stage, but it is not to extinguish it. Without the aid of anything that you can call Literature, there can be presented on the Stage those three things which, to the big public—and I do not say wrongly—will make always the strongest appeal. Those three things are emotion, adventure, comic character—and they have been upon the Stage always, whether Literature has been there or not.

What it was that brought Literature, or the endeavour to be literary, back to our English theatres of Comedy, it is not so easy to say. Perhaps general cultivation. Perhaps, in some little measure, the rise of Robertson, who at all events freed us from the stilted, and of whom some dramatist of to-day may conceivably have made a stepping-stone 'to higher things.' Perhaps, again, it was the steady assertion of the place of Literature upon the neighbouring Stage of France. It was more the combination of these things, I think, than the sudden presence of actors very striking for romance, refinement, simplicity, and charm—like Fechter and Kate Terry, and like Joseph Jefferson. Then arose Mr. Gilbert, an unerring observer, a mordant chronicler of people's weaknesses: in *Patience*, the weaknesses or follies of a period; in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, something more than that—the clashing incongruities of all Time, the shattered ideals 'the pity of it, the pity of it!' In piece after piece of Mr. Gilbert's, the blow was well delivered; the art was individual and piquant. I have mentioned Herman Merivale; and if I here connect his name with the *White Pilgrim* only, it is not because I have in my mind many passages of striking beauty in that piece, but because I retain recollection of an 'atmosphere, a uniformity of craftsmanship, a high level, and a pure conception—



and all this constitutes a literary achievement, full credit for which was scarcely to be obtained upon the Stage of that day.

And so, with a little of necessary retrospect and preparation, we are brought down to the Drama of our new period, and are face to face with the immediate question, What of the Literature of the Stage now?

For my own part, I cannot pretend to take very sanguine views of it. Of course I recognise an advance. But I recognise, also, the point at which progress is arrested: the limitations—self-imposed sometimes, so that no simple literary quality may have the opportunity of marring the pure theatrical success—and those limitations, to boot, which are not self-imposed at all, but which belong to the essence of the business, so long as Drama is Drama. About a Theatre—even the boldest, most ‘realistic’ Theatre—there will, there must, be always something conventional—this and that convention has to be accepted, this or that must be taken for granted. You are deprived of narrative: the old soliloquy that took the place of narrative—that was a naïve and inartistic, but still sometimes a useful substitute for it—the old soliloquy is condemned: in the closeness of modern ‘construction,’ and in the yearning for an apparent veracity, it is considered intolerable. You are deprived of ornament. You are deprived of leisurely effect. And, because scenery and stage fittings have become so elaborate that frequent change is out of the question, you are confined to two, three, or at the very most (except in melodrama) four scenes—using the word ‘scenes,’ I mean in our English sense, as indicating change of place, and not in the more logical way, as the French use it (with the merciless accuracy of their artistic penetration), to define, not change of place at all, but change of persons—some new presence, changing, as we know it does change, the moral atmosphere, the mental circulation, the personal attitude, so that a thing understood between two has got to be explained before a third, or tabooed before a third, or put differently—anyhow, by the presence of that other person, the real ‘scene’ is altered.

And these one or two instances—though important ones—are, perhaps, *only* one or two out of several of the ways in which theatrical writing is, as Literature, handicapped. Apart from the demand of the actor, apart from the substantial money reward that success as a playwright insures, I cannot honestly believe that the dramatic form—all dialogue and stage direction—is the form the literary artist would be most inclined to choose. And therefore even nowadays, when the novel, to be commercially successful, is almost bound to be, in England, not the length that its subject tells you it should be, but a length dictated by the railway bookstall hunting public—eighty or ninety thousand words, packed in a fat book—I am still more readily disposed to seek for Art and discover it in Story than in Play—in the work of a man who at least has adopted deliberately

the freer form—the form in which he is not fettered by the public impatience, by the requirements of the ‘Curtain,’ by the presence of the Gallery and the Upper Circle, as well as of the Stalls and the Pit.

And as one looks round upon novelists and playwrights—or, to put it more exactly—upon playwrights and upon the writers of all imaginative work that permits the more varied methods and the employment of narrative—I think one is justified in one’s disposition to expect least from the playwright. The dramatist, of good class even, is much less certain than the storyteller of good class—the poet, the creator of verse or of prose fiction—to be individual, to produce himself, to come and justify himself with his own flavour and his own message. Like Lord Rosebery, the dramatist comes ‘to put his ideas into the common stock,’ but—I will not pursue the parallel—it is discovered that what he has put into the ‘common stock’ is what was in the ‘common stock’ before he got there. He must be educated and observant; he is bound to have a readiness and precision—if not exactly a marked gift—in expression. He must know the broad types at least of Human Nature, he must know ‘les mœurs de son temps’—he must know, that is, his world sufficiently for his purpose, and he must know perfectly the things of the Theatre. Then, if he has the good luck to find himself interpreted—helped out, I am rude enough to say, in some cases—by the sympathetic personalities, and the undoubted talent, of the men and women of our Stage to-day, we shall pass interesting evenings, and his share in providing them will not have been a small one. But I do not fancy myself clutching hold of his printed play, and bearing it home with the eagerness with which I should have borne home, years ago, a new Browning, a new Hardy, or, to-day, a new Anatole France. It is in individuality of thought, and feeling, and expression, that, rightly or wrongly, I seem to find him lacking. It is much that he shall have caught the social tone of the moment—shall have shown something of the flexibility which permitted, say, Mr. Carton to pass from the mid-Victorian sentiment of *Liberty Hall* to the later knowingness of *Wheels within Wheels*. But he has not—from the point of view of the reader, I mean—made himself an ‘homme nécessaire.’ Captain Robert Marshall has made himself more essential. He has a pretty wit, and no cheap mannerisms. He knows his world. But his Stella de Gex (of *His Excellency the Governor*) becomes—and has a right to become—even more real to me when I see her interpreted by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, just as it was Miss Alice de Winton, and by no means the playwright, who convinced me most of the agreeableness of the rebellious young woman in *Wheels within Wheels*. Mr. Esmond provides well for Mr. Alexander, and passing well for Miss Eva Moore. He takes their measures perfectly. He gives them what they can do, and not what they cannot do. And—habituated to the

Theatre as Mr. Pinero himself—he knows theatrical exigencies. But does he—for he is still a young man, and has been prominent very early—does he yet, I mean, create character? Has he a view of Life? Or is his view, up to the present moment, Ibsen's view, or somebody else's view?—a view not consciously imitated, indeed, but unconsciously absorbed.

Then—not to speak of clever women, like Mrs. Clifford and Lady Colin Campbell—there are Mr. Parker and Mr. Edward Rose, both doing good work in their own way, and of Mr. Edward Rose's work it is probable that we have not, as yet, received the best. Nor do I take it that the essential neatness, the wit, the keen good sense of Mr. Max Beerbohm, were finally expressed in the dexterous pages of the *Happy Hypocrite*. Three writers—the three who most of all, speaking broadly, are deservedly popular—have not yet been named. They need to be discussed. They are Sydney Grundy, Arthur Pinero, and Henry Arthur Jones. And then there is Mr. Stephen Phillips, a rare poet—in *Paolo and Francesca* and in *Ulysses*, I must deem, a writer essentially, yet a writer who has used to good purpose his intimate experience of the actual needs of the Stage technically. And then there is Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, when he takes himself seriously, as in the gruesome tale of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, has a right to claim some kinship with a Hervieu or a Brieux, and whom, in pure Comedy—in *Arms and the Man*, shall we say, and not in that alone—all but the Philistine must recognise as the possessor of refreshing humour, spontaneous if fantastic, genuine if sometimes wayward.

The difference that will strike people immediately, as they think of the great popular English three who were named but a minute since, is that Mr. Sydney Grundy is famous particularly as an adapter, and that Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones are famous for their original work. But there is adaptation and adaptation; and as for Mr. Grundy's, not only is it not crude, not bald, not obvious, and, being none of these things, is necessarily a great advance upon the average adaptations of thirty years ago—it is, besides that, work on which creative power has at need been bestowed. It is a writer's performance, not a translator's, or a mere stage craftsman's. It bears, to that earliest work of adaptation with which I have just compared it to its advantage, much the relation which, in the great art of Engraving, the mezzotints by Raphael Smith and by James Ward and others of their kin, who were original artists as well as interpreters, bore to the mezzotints or line-engravings wrought by those who were interpreters, translators only—men in whom the creative spirit never once stirred. With Mr. Grundy, very often the foreign labour he 'adapts' has had the effect of stimulating, of prompting him to work that is quite his own. His has been the tact that has made the apparently impossible a *fait accompli*. He glides promptly over thin ice—minimises the danger of the

difficult situation. And, from *A Pair of Spectacles* to *Sowing the Wind* or to *The Greatest of These*—from the light and the naïve to the grave problem that must give us pause even when it is not the stupendous force of Mrs. Kendal's art that is the exponent of the matter—the particular occasion is wont to find him equal to it. Most safe, most certain, of all important living English dramatists, his record, if it has not the most brilliant triumphs, has probably the fewest failures.

As to Mr. Pinero, I cannot think that he has gained, upon the whole, by his later devotion to the problem play—to sorry themes, to risky situations. Certainly the great scene in *The Gay Lord Quex*—the scene in which the manicurist triumphs—is put together with a skill that is amazing. That battle of wits—the provision of every inch of ground on which that battle can take place—shows a constructive strength which I contrast, in my mind, often with the psychological weakness of which his lame conclusion of *The Profligate* seemed to give evidence. Colossal egotism had led the profligate into unspeakable meanness. A little tour in the mountains, with an agreeable wife, changed his nature altogether. A fortnight of the Engadine, or wherever it was, proved a powerful moral alternative. He went a blackguard and a cad, and he came back a gentleman. My own observation may have been lacking in closeness; but I have not seen such changes. Yet that is not to say that, because the stage *technique* of Mr. Pinero is nearly always strong, his psychology is nearly always weak. I do not think it is particularly strong in *Iris*, and I think that, not being strong, not being 'convincing,' *Iris* becomes repellent. But I remember that in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* the psychology was as good as the construction. The Marguerite Gautier of Dumas and the Olympe of Emile Augier, are puerile beginnings, set by the side of Mrs. Tanqueray. Not that we could accept Paula Tanqueray as the one fitting, all-embracing portrait of the class she is supposed to personify. Society has known one or two Paula Tanquerays—Marguerite Gautiers, if we prefer it—who have not proved impossible in the world in which a husband has essayed to introduce them. But Paula is depicted at a certain stage—a late stage—and of a certain temperament. These things are against her—they leave her case irremediable. She has become bitter and common—she is very far gone. Quite masterly is Mr. Pinero's portrait of this half-lost soul, with fancies unwholesome, thoughts uncharitable and vulgar—a *grande névrose*, by this time, a *déséquilibrée*, decayed, soured, honeycombed by her luxury and her vice. But at the risk of being considered frightfully wanting in earnestness—in a day when the study of morbid character is forced upon us as an observer's first duty—I will add that all this is, for me, a little too terrible for a very pleasant evening. And, though I recognise in this particular case a quite exceptional power of characterisation—a driving the thing home—I do naughtily regret the days when,

with Mr. Pinero, there were no problems, but only laughter—the great days (and they will be historic days) of the old Court Theatre; the days in which the art and humour of Mrs. John Wood, of John Clayton, and Arthur Cecil, were devoted to the interpretation of Pinero's Comedy. Such Comedy may have been—like Sheridan's *Critic*—farcical; but such farce was certainly comedy. We can read it with pleasure. So, too, we can read *Sweet Lavender*, with its breath of the air of Dickens.

While it has somehow seemed good to Mr. Pinero to pass from gaiety, and from merciful humour, to sombre and sordid themes, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has—save for *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, which is drama, and good drama—progressed from drama to Comedy, and that progress has certainly been a progress towards the art of Literature. *The Lackey's Carnival*—although, upon the Stage, it was one of Mr. Jones's semi-failures—was really very funny. It was, in the lighter parts of it, farcical comedy: everywhere it was wild caricature. In *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, comedy was restricted to Mrs. Bulsom-Porter and to Canon Bonsey—the Canon, in his small way, an admirable instance of the good-humoured satire which Mr. Jones directs from time to time upon the type of mild ecclesiastic who has nothing 'apostolic' about him beyond his 'succession.' When the piece first appeared, stress was laid, in the newspapers, upon the conduct of the long scene in which Sir Daniel Cartaret first wishes to befriend, and then suspects, Mrs. Dane. The scene is clever and interesting, and in it Mr. Wyndham and Miss Lena Ashwell found their opportunity, and took it. But in reading the scene I do not find that it stands out conspicuously from that which is before and after—I do not find the cross-examination of such extraordinary ingenuity, that it required a great lawyer to make it; though every question is, of course, to the purpose. The ability of the piece, from beginning to end, is what strikes me in *Mrs. Dane*—how the dramatist knows his business; how attention is secured and never let slip. As to the particular scene, I do not know that Sir Daniel Cartaret conducted it with quite as fine a penetration as that which marked the inquiries of Sir Richard Kato into the behaviour of a young woman, in that engaging comedy, *The Case of Rebellious Susan*. Mr. Jones creates characters—he is one of the few contemporary English dramatists who do. He has a gallery of freshly observed, real, interesting people. Some of them are painted full-length, and as highly finished as the stage allows. Others—like Burge Jawle, of *The Crusaders*—whose 'vital processes are exceedingly slow'—are frank *ébauches*. Sir Daniel Cartaret, I would point out, however, is, in fact, Sir Richard Kato, differently called. I mean that, while the circumstances of the men are different, their character is precisely the same. Mr. Wyndham played these parts—every one remembers. And both these gentlemen are near kinsmen of Sir Christopher Deering of *The Liars*. The family is an interesting one—but if our

admirable Mr. Wyndham had not been on the stage, I doubt if it would have been represented quite so amply.

Incidentally—in talking of *Mrs. Dane's Defence*—we have come to be occupied with the two pieces which, after all, in Mr. Jones's work, I put, for literary quality, at the top of the tree. *The Tempter*,—much more than *The Dancing Girl*, for instance, had literary ambition—I do not think it had the *Dancing Girl's* success. An early piece at the Vaudeville—of which, as it so happens, I wrote very strongly at the time of its production, was earnest, was pathetic, and was, to boot, a justified exposure of the ways of the unco' guid. *The Middleman*—a little later—had extraordinary dramatic interest, apart from what was given to it by the dramatic intensity of Mr. Willard; but you did not only *gain* by seeing it played: you *required* to see it played—which is a different affair. That is not so, in the least, with *The Liars* or with *Rebellious Susan*—effective as these are upon the stage. You can take them with you on a journey. You can read them in the open air. You can shut yourself up in your study with them. They are of the truest comedy. In them are, as little perceptible as it is possible to be, the fetters of all writing for the Theatre—that means to succeed at the Theatre—the clanking of the chains of the captive, who may go thus far and no farther, and must take his chains with him. For Mr. Jones, in these best pieces—I speak of them as Writing—‘stone walls have not a prison made, nor iron bars a cage.’ He has been happy and successful. Observed delicately, firmly outlined, and wrought with finish and with charm, his figures here are of very modern people—they are of the world of which they pretend to be—that is, while they are true to the Human Nature of all time, they are true, too, to the form that Human Nature takes in their particular day.

Of recent years, and in those plays of his which, I am bound to say, have been the most successful, Mr. Jones—like smaller playwrights, with less justification for their deed—has addressed himself mainly to the depicting of the ways of ‘fashionable life’—the ways not exactly of what is called the upper class, but of that particular part of it that is most in evidence—that is most paragraphed in the papers, that is mixed up most closely with popular artists of the Theatre and of Painting, that dines most constantly in modish taverns, that amuses itself most publicly. One can scarcely wonder at his choice. For this is the world in which individuality of character appears most immediately—is most quickly and fearlessly, though often most superficially, revealed. Therefore, it is good material. In skilled hands it is material promptly effective. But it is not inexhaustible, and it is one side only—and not the most important—of even modern English life. Wherefore—in bidding adieu for the time being to Mr. Jones—I would ask him to remember in those future plays which, good as is his work already, may yet well prove to be his best ones—the claims of other worlds for keen

analysis, the claims of the older and more serious aristocracy, of grave and quiet professional people following their work, of little bourgeois, of skilled artisan. I admit entirely that, in their comparative reticence, they are less attractive for purely theatrical use. But Mr. Jones has this in common with that other wit, Mr. Bernard Shaw—whose scanty stage production has obliged me to discuss him more briefly—he is not concerned—he is too big and too independent to be concerned—with ‘purely theatrical use.’

## II. FRANCE

In France, there is no particular interest, on the part of the public, in the doings of a ‘smart set.’ It has not, therefore, entered into the mind of the dramatist to imagine that he may not enjoy his full chances of holding the attention of the audience, unless he is concerned with people blatantly fashionable. The problems of character, the problems of Life, appeal to him from all classes; and now his scene is in the country world, and now at the back of a police court, and now in the cramped sitting-rooms of hard-pressed poets, and now in Parisian salons. Of course he can no more absolutely free himself than the English dramatist can free himself, from those necessary restrictions and *impedimenta* by which the man of Literature speedily discovers that he is handicapped in Theatrical Writing—restrictions and *impedimenta* of which, the reader may indulgently remember, I have spoken on an earlier page—and yet, as regards these even, one or two of them weigh less heavily upon him than upon his English brother. There is a greater equality of intelligence, for instance, in the different parts of his audience. I say nothing against the Pit in England—but it has not occurred to me to look to the Upper Boxes for advanced views, or for the quickest sensibility to artistic effect. And, when we come to the Stalls even, a more alert apprehension greets the French dramatist, as he carries out a theme, than his brother amongst us here is privileged to count upon, from a row of over-fed people bound together into a theatre-party.

And in France there exist no longer—at all events there are not dominant—those conventions of the Theatre which are not of its essence, but of long and chance accumulation only: the result, it may be, of national prejudice, or, at least, of temporary habit. The dramatist has there, certainly, not immunity from the conditions of his craft, but a freer hand for its exercise. And all this has led—and the instinctive turning of the French imaginative writer to the Theatre has led too—to the growth of a great group of dramatists of France of whom the English public knows surprisingly little. The generation of Dumas *fils*, of Sardou, of Emile Augier almost, is still the generation of French playwrights the average English reader or English playgoer is likely to refer to and to recognise. He has little

definite conception of the characteristics of the men of the newer group—Becque and Capus and François de Curel, Maurice Donnay and Courteline, Hervieu and Brieux. I name them but at random. Edmond Rostand has been heard about—thanks to Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt. But he is poet essentially—as much unlike the others as Stephen Phillips is unlike Mr. Pinero. It is true, also, that the vivid genius of Réjane must have caused, here and there in England, a play of Hervieu's or Brieux's to be remembered.

And, of the group or groups of dramatists I have mentioned—a list, of course, which could be quite indefinitely extended if one went down to people in the second and the third rank—it is Hervieu and Brieux who, in the estimation of men of thought, I suppose, stand highest to-day. It has been claimed for Becque that he was of the vanguard of the Modern Theatre—*Les Corbeaux* and *La Parisienne* were done certainly after no ancient models; but their fierce cynicism, their irony, and what is called their realism, belong, after all, to an individual nature powerful and embittered, and are not all of them the necessary qualities, the necessary trappings even, of a School. Capus is a brilliant, and more than a brilliant, personality—a humorous, by no means an embittered observer of the world; and he is eminently a theatrical as well as a literary success. At two important playhouses during the greater part of last year he was having his innings. Had the middle age of Jeanne Granier greatly interested me, I might have been more amused by *La Veine*. As it was, *La Petite Fonctionnaire*—of which the title-rôle could be played most tellingly, in our own regions, by Miss Irene Vanbrugh—was found more entertaining. It is farcical comedy, no doubt. In no other comedy than that which is frankly farcical, could there ever be condoned the conduct of the little postmistress, established by an admirer 'dans ses meubles.' In a serious piece, such immoral morality as was hers—receiving everything and giving nothing—would be found unnatural and revolting. But the piece was not serious, and so it was acceptable and charming. In both these pieces, the literary art, the individual creation, is to be seen, to a great extent, in the truth and vivacity of the secondary persons. An earlier work of Capus—the work which posed and placed him with the most alert of publics, the public of France—was more serious and went down farther. *Brignol et sa Fille* might have succeeded anywhere, as Literature, for it is a penetrating study—characters well conceived; the half-lights put in delicately; Brignol himself a really subtle creation, firm yet delicate, a thing of good and evil, a living thing. But only upon a Stage accustomed to the interpretation of character conceived with penetration and correctness, expressed with refinement and economy—and not 'rubbed in' with the tiresomeness of persistence and the error of emphasis—only, too, upon a Stage which had, as its complement, upon the other side of the footlights, a public on whom the art of the writer, not only as



craftsman but as observer, is never lost, could success, in the popular sense of it, have come to such a comedy as *Brignol et sa Fille*. This piece of M. Capus is a contribution to Literature. It has been revived. And it has borne reviving.

Where so much claims attention, a word or two must suffice for the work of Maurice Donnay and of Georges Courteline. Of the *Amants* of Donnay it has been said in conversation—for it might possibly have been too audacious to say it in print—that it sums up our modern sense of the obligations of a love affair as the sense of a generation or two ago, upon that matter, was summed up by *La Dame aux Camélias*. It was a rudimentary sense—a very rudimentary sense, one may be allowed to observe—that could be summed up by the most romantic and most immature of the younger Dumas' productions. Rough indeed seems the analysis and halting the logic in the *Dame aux Camélias*, when one remembers that in the fulness of time Dumas gave us *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*, *La Femme de Claude*, and *Denise*. I would claim more for Maurice Donnay than could be claimed for Dumas in his youth. As for Georges Courteline, he has humour, and gives to it free play. He has vigour, audacity of presentation; he has studied little bourgeois as well as Bohemian worlds; but the Théâtre du Grand Guignol—where daring has less authority than at the Théâtre Antoine—has been the place, thus far, chiefly associated with his work. Courteline has inventiveness, resource, an 'esprit Gaulois'—by which is meant a healthy view of life, and no particular delicacy about the way of expressing it.

When Emile Augier had made his reputation and was writing his later, if not his latest, pieces, it was supposed that before writing, or before his work assumed a final form, the finger of the author was on the pulse of France—he was in closest touch with the opinion and sentiment of the day. The days were of the Second Empire; and, between the lines, one read allusions to things much thought of and much hinted at, but that might not be quite openly discussed. François de Curel, when he wrote *La Nouvelle Idole*, had perhaps as keen a vision of the actual time as was ever granted to Augier, and the thing of which, in modern days, he showed the hollowness and mischief in *La Nouvelle Idole* was the blind rage for scientific truth. *La Nouvelle Idole* takes the bull by the horns—deals boldly, quite without cynicism, with a devotion to Science, scarcely to be maintained, save in some disregard of human interests close at hand. It is impartial because it is penetrating, and, of those who work the evil, it recognises alike the one-sidedness and the goodwill. For a consideration of the best work of Hervieu and of Brieux, *La Nouvelle Idole* paves the way. For Hervieu and Brieux, like François de Curel in this piece, observe tendencies, and not only abuses and errors. They stand—in their best moments—they stand upon a watch-tower, and exercise a poet's functions, of discernment, of guidance, of warning, of reproof.

Of these two men, it is Brieux, I confess, who, rightly or wrongly, interests me the more; though I am constrained to perceive that no conclusion reached by his analysis is of such general and far-reaching application as the conclusion of Hervieu in *La Course du Flambeau*. For, while *La Course du Flambeau* reveals, exposes, and brings home to one what is a fundamental truth, at least amongst civilised peoples (I shall speak of it ere I have done), the plays of Brieux direct their arrows at the destruction of more or less local abuses—of errors presumably temporary, or limited at least by bounds of place. But the difference may not constitute, after all, very real justification for claiming for the one artist a higher function than the other. Much of the satire and comedy and indignation, and a little even of the pathos, of Dickens, was provoked by states of things ‘temporary’ or ‘local’ if we will, yet capable, none the less, of an immeasurable mischief.

*Maison d’Artistes*—one of Brieux’s earlier pieces, and one of his lightest—has just a little affinity with *The Colonel* of Mr. Burnand. That satirised ‘Æstheticism’—the cult so-called, in those days—and *Maison d’Artistes* picks to pieces the pretensions, not of great artists, of course, but of little ones, weak ones, false ones, and is down on a false ideal. Delobelle, the ex-comedian of *Fronment jeune et Risler aîné*, was hardly a greater windbag than the hero of *Maison d’Artistes*—he was cheerfully selfish and irresponsible as Harold Skimpole or Mr. Micawber—and in his weakness and pretentiousness he was certainly less despicable than the disastrous versifier of Brieux’s comedy. But *Maison d’Artistes* was but Brieux’s beginning. His end, thus far, has been the unactable *Les Avariés*, forbidden by the censor, as *Ghosts* might be, by reason of its theme—for the actual treatment offers at no moment an occasion of reproach. But, between *Maison d’Artistes* and *Les Avariés*, came *Les Remplaçantes* and *La Robe Rouge*; and one of them, as I have said before, profited by the genius of Réjane, while to the other there was lent a convincing and a sympathetic reality by the earnestness of Antoine, the tact, instinctive and refined, the power too—for power there was—the real dramatic quality—of that new light, Suzanne Desprez, who is an *artiste de race*, indeed; poetic, exquisite, impeccable. The *Robe Rouge* shows, without exaggeration, the weak points in the working of the system of the French magistracy. *Les Remplaçantes*—there is not room, I fear, to enlarge upon either play—shows the evils of the wet-nurse system. Suzanne Desprez was the peasant wet-nurse. The play reads well, and it acts well, and, like another piece more readily condemned, it makes for human progress.

Hervieu, a novelist to begin with, scores, even while I write, his most admitted theatrical success in *L’Enigme* at the Français—it is loosely called his ‘*chef-d’œuvre*’—but in *La Course du Flambeau*, ‘steep’ as the piece is, laborious as it is, even, he makes his deepest and most lasting appeal. *L’Enigme* presents ingeniously a puzzle—

if not to the reader, at least to the two husbands in M. Hervieu's story. The wife of one of these Breton worthies—bovine, respectable—has got a lover—but the wife of which? Subtly, I think, is it indicated to us—the solution hinted at, and not decisively disclosed—by the different behaviour of the two women, in defending, if not a new freedom, at least a new tolerance, in love affairs. When I saw that one of the women was an earnest, heated advocate, and the other a cautious apologist, I knew that the cautious apologist was not the innocent woman, and that the flushed enthusiast, warming to her task, was not the sinner. The two young women find an ally in an elderly man of the world—a certain M. Neste—who is the guest of both in the ancestral house; but it is a blot upon the piece that M. Neste's advocacy of merciful behaviour on the part of any husband who shall discover any wife *en flagrant délit*, is tainted by his self-satisfied confession that in days past he has been the betrayer of many. For it is obvious to us, that from a just man only—from a man who had had enough of self-control to be honourable—could there come with due effect the reasonable arguments for mercy that are put forward, in good faith, of course, by a now kindly reprobate, who is wholly out of Court. From other lips than his one would hear more willingly the admirable sentence: 'Après deux milles ans de Christianisme, il y a la séparation, et, à la rigueur, la divorce, et encore le pardon, et surtout—l'esprit.'

*La Course du Flambeau*—less ingenious, perhaps, and certainly less simply interesting, at the Theatre than is *L'Enigme*—touches a higher note, deserves a more permanent hearing. Its thesis—which even the sadness of it does not make unacceptable—is the sacrifice of the generation that precedes to the generation that follows. So, and only so, is the torch of Life borne onwards. The mother will suffer: her mother too will suffer, if need be—for parental, not filial, is devotion in its depths, and, whoever suffers, if the whole world suffers, the child must not suffer at all. And this is represented, not as being universal—for almost the only touch of Comedy in the piece is obtained by an episode of a wholly egotistic, over-dressed mother and a subdued, self-sacrificing, under-dressed child—no, not as being universal indeed, but as being natural and general. And the theme is treated, the conclusion reached, with a true instinct and with singular art. I am not sure that when—in a score of years, it may be, or in a time more remote—the productions of our day are weighed with less partial hand than any hand that can hold the balance now, it may not be averred that in the theatrical writing of the Nineteenth Century's end, the palm, in England, had to be given for a Comedy—to the author of *The Liars*—the palm, in France, to the author of *La Course du Flambeau*, for that which is not cheerful but only deep and true—a thing that I call beautiful, and that I call tragic.

‘THE HOBSON-JOBSON’

‘TO-MORROW is the day you ought to have been at the docks,’ said the Captain to our host. ‘You would have seen the Hobson-Jobson.’

‘And what is the Hobson-Jobson?’

‘Well, it’s some sort of a holiday that the Hindû sailors keep every year. This year it will be extra good, they say, because the *Jelunga* and the *Manora* and the *Mombassa* all being in docks at the same time, there’ll be eight or nine hundred of them for the processions and dances, and so they are extra keen about it. They’ve done no work for nearly a week, and they’ve been at their performances ever since Sunday morning.’

‘But what is it? What do they do?’

‘I don’t know what it is, but I can tell you what they do. For weeks they have been collecting every bit of coloured paper, and rags, and tinsel, and wood, and cardboard, they could lay hands on, and they’ve been rigging up fancy dresses for themselves and making models—sort of pagoda things—and they’ve been carrying them about, and dancing and acting, these three days. But to-morrow is the great day, and everything will have to give way to it. We shall get nothing done on board ship, and the docks will have to be just given up to them. It is worth seeing, if you don’t mind the noise and the dust.’

The next day, the 30th of April last, was one of those bright hot days which the early spring sometimes borrows from summer, and which, of late years, she has paid back with such liberal interest. On the chance of seeing a new play, not borrowed from a familiar novel, nor plagiarised from the French, we were prepared to mind nothing, and to the docks we went.

‘Oh, yes, I shall just have to look in at the docks,’ said one in authority to our host, ‘and I’ll order your lunch; but couldn’t you take the ladies to see the boats some other day? It is not fit for anyone this morning. It is the Hobson-Jobson, you know.’

Many men, many minds—and we arrived at midday, eager for all that could be seen. The sailors had taken infinite pains with their models, we were told, and very ingenious they were, and beauti-

fully made, considering the paucity of material. The men had been out already all the morning, but the climax, the *finale*, would be about two o'clock. Then there would be dancing, and acting, and fire if the authorities allowed; and when all was done, the models, so carefully constructed, would be thrown into the sea. It sounded like something between the blessing of the Ganges and the marriage of the Adriatic, but no one could tell us to what religion the ceremonial belonged, nor if it were Buddhist or Mohammedan. For some days yet there would be prayers and sacrifice, and finally all would subside and the commonplace of life be restored.

'But tell us what 'twas all about!' like little Wilhelmine, we cried, and our informant replied to the same effect as old Caspar, 'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he; 'but 'twas a famous victory!'

Later, when we came to know that the celebration was not of victory but defeat, not of conquest but sacrifice, not of success but martyrdom, we could not but reflect upon the incapacity of the English, not to say the modern, mind, to realise that there are things worthy of admiration other than the rewards of pluck, and energy, and self-assertion.

With the help of excellent curries and the contemplation of teak carvings, we sought, on board the *Manora*, to get ourselves into an atmosphere suited to the occasion. Our luncheon was somewhat hurried, for we could not but feel that, despite their statuesque indifference, the half-dozen servants who waited upon us were human after all, and were longing to join their fellows in the Hobson-Jobson.

By two o'clock we were seated within the narrow enclosure which surrounds the offices of the British India Line. The silence was as of Sunday afternoon; a few dock hands only loitered about with their wives and children, expectant—they scarcely knew of what. Not a British sailor was visible, not a single member of the great public, not one representative of the press. A Pickford's van, a couple of carts with advertisements of soap and cocoa, stopped in front of us in inquiring mood, a traction engine shrieked perpetually across the road, and a telegraph boy, with the leisure of his kind, established himself on a corner of the railings. In the distance we could see a cloud of dust, we could hear the dull trampling of naked feet, and the beating of drums interrupted by sudden shouts. The sounds approached, and against the background already described there appeared a camel and an elephant refusing to obey their drivers, protesting, lying down in the dust. The quadrupeds consisted only of four men apiece and some old sacks, but they were ingenious and realistic. A gaily-coloured crowd followed, all in holiday attire, many grotesque, all with such decoration as they could muster. The stately butler who had dignified our lunch was gay with the *Manora's* tea-cloths, some were gorgeous in striped pyjamas,

others had acquired football jerseys or bathing suits, some scantily veiled their shapely limbs in mere strips of coloured cotton. Whatever, in the dingy surroundings of the London Docks, could be gathered together that was bright and gay had been donned for the occasion.

Soon appeared groups of men carrying platforms supported by poles, and bearing aloft the models of which we had heard. They were all, apparently, intended to represent the same building, though they varied in size from two to six feet in height, and all were well-proportioned and ingeniously made, gaily decorated with coloured material of all kinds. Other men carried flags, mostly those belonging to their own vessels, but borne aloft with an air of special significance. Others carried fantastic devices—crescents, stars, constructions stretched upon sticks like the arms of a windmill.

The drums, the castanets, the tambourines, the cries of the crowd, drowned even the shrieks of the engine; and every minute at the bidding of the leaders, who, armed with long poles, walked backward facing the crowd, there arose hoarse shouts of which we did not know the import, but which we now realise were then, and for hours afterwards, the reiteration of the sacred names—

‘O Hassan! Hussein! O Hassan! Hussein!’

At sight of our party they stopped, and the leaders, carrying their poles horizontally in front of them, soon cleared a space some fifteen feet in circumference. Now and then the crowd of followers, or even the scanty gathering of observers, pressed forward—men out of work, draggled women, the ever-wandering street arabs. When they threatened to intrude, a deft movement of the long pole at once restored order. Even the couple of policemen who in time strolled up, finding a long green barricade in firm proximity to their lower waistcoat buttons, retired tolerantly, and were no more seen.

The crowd looked hot and weary, as well they might, for we were told that the circuit they had made could not be less than nine miles. The dust was blinding and the hot glare almost intolerable, and they were hoarse with shouting. A ring was soon formed, and those who were to take part in the performance were seated on the ground. One man, who evidently acted as stage-manager, called them out in turn; and in rapid, organised succession, singly or by twos and threes, the actors came forward, and performed various feats of skill and strength. One handled a sword with extraordinary dexterity, plunging this way and that, his face set and full of stern purpose. ‘Fifty men cannot stand against him,’ cried the *choragus*, the Captain kindly interpreting. ‘A hundred cannot prevail!’ he cried again, as the lithe dusky figure gyrated even more rapidly. ‘O Hassan! Hussein!’ cried the onlookers, beating their breasts, and at a signal he sat down, and another took his place.

Next two boys stepped forward—slender lads of sixteen or

so, with refined, clear-cut faces not yet spoilt by the traces of small-pox which so disfigured the elder men. They carried castanets, and began a slow, rhythmic dance, not of merriment but full of purpose and mystic meaning. Their grace and activity were wonderful, the audience inciting them constantly to greater speed and further efforts, shouting and beating on their breasts the while. Often at the end of a performance the models would be brought forward and lifted on high, the people shouting at sight of them and prostrating themselves in the dust. Now and then the entire crowd before us dispersed, and their place was taken by fresh groups of audience and actors, always active, always skilful, wielding weapons, exhibiting extraordinary skill in the handling of poles and weights, dancing, gesticulating, acting. In each group one at least appeared to us to be a sort of clown, though we learned later, as will be seen, his special significance. He was darker than the others, with long lank hair hanging below the shoulders, dressed in wild and barbaric fashion, and much scoffed at and pointed at by those about him. In one case at least he carried a chain, a piece of cable, attached to a stick, like the lash of a whip or the string of a bow, and with this he gesticulated wildly. Some, mainly boys, were in women's dress.

The people seemed gratified by our interest and anxious to give us pleasure. Seeing this we ventured to ask that certain things might be done. A man, one of several in green clothing, had delivered a discourse. Our interpreter could not hear what was said. Could it be repeated? 'No, *it was not in the book.*' Would they sing for us? 'No, *it was not in the book.*' Mysterious as it all was, the conviction grew upon us that this was no casual merry-making, but a definite ritual, with fixed limitations and a serious purpose.

For two hours the dancing, shouting, acting continued. The people began to look haggard and exhausted; many lay prostrate and panting on the ground, others limped painfully; but there was no sign of weariness as the model temples were raised proudly aloft, and the actors with undaunted energy and determination filled their allotted parts, while constantly, when pause or change occurred, at a signal from the master, the whole multitude lifted up their voices, beating their breasts and crying:

'O Hassan! Hussein! O Hassan! Hussein!'

Then there was borne along the crowd, which extended far to right and left, the message, Might they have fire? The Sahib Captain would have given leave if he could, but it was a matter for the dock authorities. The Sahib host would say nothing. The dock authorities were far away; the police had vanished before the firm persuasion of the horizontal green pole. Fire was brought, and

the actors were at once armed with long crossed sticks, tipped with rags soaked in paraffin, at each of the four extremities. The crowd pressed back, and in the clear open space the flaring torches were twirled, brandished this way and that, passed from hand to hand, twisted with wonderful deftness of wrist and incredible rapidity.

The audience became wildly excited; they shouted, leaped, possessed themselves of floating rags of flame, beat upon their breasts. 'Can you wonder at the horrors of the Mutiny?' whispered one of our party, as we gazed at the faces of the crowd before us—wild, intent, fanatical in the flickering glare.

Soon the lights went out, the crowd moved on; but for long, as they disappeared in the distance, there came back to us the cry:

'O Hassan! Hussein!'

It was an hour of emotion truly cosmic. We were thrilled, penetrated by feelings in which we had no share, passions wholly out of relation with their environment and with our own lives. We sought for an interpretation: the performers could not or would not explain anything; men who had been in India for years knew nothing except that 'the people were always doing it,' and even the *blasé* little telegraph boy, whose blank stolidity had served as foil to the refined grace of the dusky lads around him, had no remark to make but that 'he had seen it all before.'

It is perhaps inevitable that, when the unknown is not taken for the sublime, it should, on the contrary, be taken for the ridiculous.

To the little telegraph boy this was a kind of Guy Fawkes day with very inferior fireworks; to the English sailors it was a sort of Christmas Day, a commemoration of a great religious festival combined with such domesticities as toys and dancing; to some of the more thoughtful among the spectators it suggested a Carnival, a time of secular entertainment intended to fortify its votaries for subsequent religious austerities; others thought that, like certain Jewish ceremonials, it might be connected with the celebration of the New Year.

The accident of a north-country upbringing suggested to the present writer some possible analogy between the obvious, if not very intelligible, order of what we had seen and the mumming plays of certain districts in Yorkshire and elsewhere, the mysterious drama of 'Alexander and the King of Egypt' performed on Christmas Eve, the morris dancing of New Year's Day, the merry-makings of Handsel Monday, and the processions of Plough Monday, Shrove Tuesday, and May Day. The analogy, though accidental, is, in its degree, correct; for just as such occasions as these are the half-forgotten memories of miracle and morality plays dating from times when the stage was the book of the unlearned and religion was taught by activities of body as well as of mind, so are the mysteries



of the 'Hobson-Jobson' full of deepest meaning, didactic and commemorative.

Indeed, we may go further. While Count Gobineau, formerly Minister of France in Teheran and Athens, and therefore well qualified to speak with authority in regard to Greece and Persia alike, ranks this occasion with the Greek drama in its hold upon the life of the people, Matthew Arnold finds what he considers a more fitting parallel in the Passion play of Ober-Ammergau.

This is claiming so much that it will be best to quote his own words. By a curious coincidence, his essay on *A Persian Passion Play* was written (1871) when, as with us to-day, everybody, he observes, has lately

'been either seeing the Ammergau Passion play or hearing about it; and to find anyone who has seen it and not been deeply interested and moved by it is very rare. . . . The Passion Play with its immense audiences, the seriousness of its actors, the passionate emotion of its spectators, brought to my mind something of which I had read an account lately, something produced, not in Bavaria nor in Christendom at all, but far away in that wonderful East from which, whatever airs of superiority Europe may justly give itself, all our religion has come, and where religion of some sort or other has still an empire over men's feelings such as it has nowhere else.'

There is for us, in 1902, a special pertinence in Mr. Arnold's further remark,

'This product of the remote East I wish to exhibit while the remembrance of what has been seen at Ammergau is still fresh; and we will still see whether that bringing together of strangers and enemies who once seemed to be as far as the poles asunder,' which Ammergau in such a remarkable way effected, does not hold good and find a parallel even in Persia.'

To justify or even to appreciate such an opinion we must familiarise ourselves with the occasion, as well as with the manner, of this ceremonial, as performed during the first ten days of the month of Moharrem, the anniversary of the martyrdom of Hassan and Hussein,<sup>2</sup> the grandsons of the prophet Mohammed, whose names have been distorted into that which the British sailor, indifferent alike to accuracy and romance, has bestowed upon a ceremonial which to him is but an interruption, not an inspiration, to the duties of life.

The story which is the subject of the drama is a matter of history demanding a little careful attention, but which, divested of superfluous details, is simple enough, and full of a beauty and pathos of its own.

<sup>1</sup> An interesting illustration of this point is the incident which is the central fact of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story, *On the City Wall*.

<sup>2</sup> The month of Moharrem corresponds with our May, so that the celebration we witnessed was correctly observed on the eve of the fast of the anniversary. Matthew Arnold, however, tells us that the Passion plays are 'so popular that they now invade other seasons of the year also, but this is the season when the world is given up to them. Everyone is in mourning.'

Mohammed's first disciple was his wife, his next a young cousin named Ali, who was not merely faithful in peace but capable and successful in war. In gratitude the Prophet bestowed upon him his only daughter Fatima, and their children, Hassan and Hussein, were the light and brightness of his later years.

He named no successor in the Caliphate, for it was assumed that, having no son of his own, Ali would naturally follow him. Ali, however, was not a man to put himself forward, but occupied himself largely in meditation and prayer, 'Lion of God,' though he was justly called when the cause needed a champion. Though the spiritual supremacy of primate or Imam descended upon him, he was three times passed over for the Caliphate, and the Prophet was succeeded in turn by Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman. At last, however, twenty-three years after the death of Mohammed, Othman was assassinated, and, mainly to prevent bloodshed, Ali accepted the Caliphate. He had, however, in vain fought against his instincts, for he too was assassinated while engaged in prayer in the mosque of Kufa.

Meanwhile his son Hussein had married a Persian princess, for which reason, as Gibbon points out, the Persians have a special cultus for Ali, whose grave is considered only next to Mecca as a place of pilgrimage, near which thousands of the faithful are buried,<sup>3</sup> and where a tomb, a temple, and a city have in succession been built beside the ruins of Kufa.

Ali's rival, Moawiyah, succeeded him in the Caliphate, and was followed by his son Yezid. But at Yezid's accession, nearly fifty years after the death of Mohammed, many of the people, especially those of the city of Kufa, were desirous that one of Ali's sons should come to the throne, and Hussein, the younger brother, but sole survivor, felt himself bound to accede to their wishes. Like their father, both had led a retired life of renouncement and self-effacement, and it was in no sense for his own sake that, followed by his family and relatives to the number of eighty, including women and children, Hussein started on his journey from Medina to Kufa.

Treachery and bloodshed awaited them. As they neared the plain of Kerbela on the confines of Irak, where Kufa is situated, they were surrounded by 8,000 horsemen, and Hussein was taken prisoner, and informed that he must either submit as a captive and a criminal to the Commander of the Faithful, or expect the consequences of his rebellion. The pathetic story is thus tersely and graphically told by Gibbon (*The Decline and Fall*, &c., chap. l.).

<sup>3</sup> Niebuhr reckons the number to amount, in his time, annually to 2,000 interments and 5,000 visits from living pilgrims. The place of the tomb was carefully concealed until the party of the Shiites or Shi'ahs was strong enough to protect it, but since A.D. 977 the tyrants of Persia have continued to enrich it. The dome is of copper gilt, and glitters in the sun to an immense distance.

“Do you think,” replied he, “to terrify me with death?” And during the short respite of a night he prepared with calm and solemn resignation to encounter his fate. He checked the lamentations of his sister Fatima, who deplored the impending ruin of his house. “Our trust,” said Hussein, “is in God alone. All things, both in heaven and earth, must perish and return to their Creator. My brother, my father, my mother, were better than I; and every Mussulman has an example in the Prophet.” He pressed his friends to consult their safety by a timely flight; they unanimously refused to desert or survive their beloved master, and their courage was fortified by a fervent prayer and the assurance of paradise. On the fatal day he mounted on horseback, with his sword in one hand and the Koran in the other; his generous band of martyrs consisted only of thirty-two horse and forty foot, but their flanks and rear were secured by the tent-ropes and by a deep trench, which they had filled with lighted fagots, according to the practice of the Arabs. The enemy advanced with reluctance, and one of their chiefs deserted with thirty followers to claim the partnership of inevitable death. In every onset or single combat the despair of the Fatimites (the party of Hussein) was invincible, but the surrounding multitudes galled them from a distance with a cloud of arrows, and the horses and men were successively slain. A truce was allowed on both sides for the hour of prayer; and the battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein. Alone, weary and wounded, he seated himself at the door of his tent. As he tasted a drop of water he was pierced in the mouth with a dart, and his son and nephew, two beautiful youths, were killed in his arms. He lifted his hands to heaven—they were full of blood—and he uttered a funeral prayer for the living and the dead. In a transport of despair, his sister (Fatima) issued from the tent and adjured the general of the Kufians that he would not suffer Hussein to be murdered before his eyes. A tear trickled down the soldier’s venerable beard, and the boldest of his men fell back on every side as the dying hero threw himself among them. The remorseless Shemer (lieutenant to the general of the usurping caliph)—a name detested by the faithful—reproached their cowardice; and the grandson of Mahommed was slain with three and thirty strokes of lances and swords. After they had trampled on his body they carried his head to the castle of Kufa, and the inhuman Obeidullah struck him on the mouth with a cane. “Alas!” exclaimed an aged Mussulman (in allusion to Mohammed’s love for his grandson) “on these lips have I seen the lips of the apostle of God!” In a distant age and climate the tragic scene of the death of Hussein will awaken the sympathy of the coldest reader. On the annual festival of his martyrdom, in the devout pilgrimage to his sepulchre, his Persian votaries abandon their souls to religious frenzy of sorrow and indignation.’ Gibbon

has, moreover, a foot-note which, from the great historian, has a special interest. 'I have abridged the interesting narrative of Ockley, vol. ii. p. 170 to 231. It is long and minute, but the pathetic, almost always, *consists in the detail of little circumstances.*'

Hassan, no less than Hussein, was a martyr. He was poisoned at Medina by the instigation of Yezid, the rival caliph. Like his brother, devoted to a life of seclusion and meditation, he was none the less a popular hero, for his unmerited misfortunes appealed to the imagination and romance of an emotional people. 'God loved Hussein,' said the successful usurper, Yezid, 'but He would not suffer him to attain to anything.' It was so with both brothers, but the self-abnegation which was the keynote of their lives is also the secret of their immortality in the hearts of the faithful.

The tomb of Hussein, some thirty miles from Kufa, in the plain of the Euphrates, is, almost equally with that of his father Ali, the scene of frequent pilgrimage, and thus for over eight centuries the memory of the martyrs has been held sacred. The two sepulchres are in the hands of the Turks, who tolerate and tax the devotion of the Persian heretics.<sup>4</sup>

These events are the elements of Mohammedan history. The followers of the Prophet were henceforth divided into two sects, the Shiahs and Sunis. The Shiahs are followers of Ali, and look upon him as the first lawful successor of Mohammed, regarding the three intermediate caliphs as mere usurpers. The Persians, who regard Hussein as being, from his marriage, one of themselves, are of course Shiahs, but the Arabs and Turks are Sunis, and acknowledge three—Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman—as well as Ali.

The further development which has led up to the 'Hobson-Jobson' festival is of such comparatively modern origin<sup>5</sup> that Gibbon makes no mention of it, and it is in the pages of Count Gobineau that we find the story of the *tazyä* or Passion play already a part of the life of the people.<sup>6</sup> Compared with this, he tells us, the Latin, English, French, and German drama is 'a mere pastime or amusement, more or less intellectual and elegant.'

The play, now a recognised religious ceremonial among the twenty millions who are followers of Ali, has arisen within the last century, a fact of which in Christendom, with our reverence for dogma and historical authority, we have no parallel. The plays are

<sup>4</sup> See Niebuhr, *Voyages en Arabie*, vol. ii. p. 208.

<sup>5</sup> Our nearest analogy, the Ammergau Passion play, dates from 1633; the music, however, was composed within the past century—about 1814.

<sup>6</sup> In India, moreover, the Sunnites also celebrate the feasts of Ali, Hassan, and Hussein. As the religion of Mohammed is at present professed by from 150 to 200 million souls, and as Islamism is making rapid advances in Central Africa, we may reckon the interest in these Persian Passion plays to be even still more widespread.

anonymous, and have probably grown, like the Greek epic, from the recital (at the yearly pilgrimages and festivals) of the deeds of their heroes. They are said to be written in popular, even in colloquial style, free from learned Arabic words and even from Oriental hyperbole, adapted in every respect to the humblest and most ignorant. They are disapproved of and condemned by the ecclesiastical authorities, and are probably the work of certain popular friars belonging to the Seyids. Though much of the performance is extempore, it has certain recognised limits which are written in 'the book,' as even our own limited experience testifies.

Count Gobineau tells us that in spite of the contempt heaped upon them, everyone, from the king to the beggar, except only the Mollahs (the authorised ecclesiastics), is carried away by the excitement of the moment, and takes part in the procession and ceremonial.

The plays seem to be numerous, and are founded on various incidents in the history of the martyrs and their adherents.

The crowd, whether in the theatres especially prepared (and which are sometimes very costly and elaborate) or in extemporised open spaces, as in our own experience, is first worked up to the proper degree of enthusiasm.

'It is not enough,' the Seyid or other preacher will say, 'it is not enough to read the Koran of the Prophet; it is not enough to do everything which this divine book enjoins; it is not enough to come and weep at the *tazyas*; . . . it behoves besides that your good works should be done in the name and for the love of Hussein. It is Hussein, Mussulmans, who is the door to Paradise; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, who upholds the world; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, by whom comes salvation!

'Cry Hassan! Hussein!'

And all the multitude cry 'O Hassan! O Hussein!'

'That is well; and now cry again.' And again all cry—

'O Hassan! Hussein!'

'And now,' the speaker goes on, 'pray to God to keep you continually in the love of Hussein. Come, make your cry to God.' Then the multitude as one man throw up their arms into the air, and with a deep and long-drawn cry exclaim—

'*Ya Allah!*'

Then the play begins. A prologue of more or less elaborateness introduces the essential drama. One such is worth describing, not only as a specimen of the kind, but as showing the extraordinary admixture which follows when one set of religious traditions is superimposed upon another. The story of Joseph and his brethren is enacted in all its familiar details up to the time when Jacob, old and solitary, is bemoaning his bereavement. At this point the

angel Gabriel appears, and, reproving his lack of faith, assures him that all his sorrows are not a hundredth part of what Ali, Hussein, and their family will one day suffer. Like other sufferers, Jacob resents and even questions such attempted consolation, and, to convince him, the angels are ordered to perform a prophetic *tazyu* of the martyrdom at Kerbela, which then follows.

The dramas are many and varied, and form a cycle occupying many days. They are acted in historical sequence. One, for example, will consist of scenes from the childhood of Hassan and Hussein when under the care of their mother Fatima. A later one, called *The Marriage of Kussem* (the son of Hassan), shows how a cloud of sacrifice seems to overhang even the most innocent and domestic joys of this foredoomed family of Ali. On the tenth day a whole succession of *tazyas* relate the martyrdom of Hussein. All the actors unite in one open space, the spectators being gathered around, and the day ends with a vast conflagration in which the camp of Hussein, placed in the centre of the amphitheatre, is destroyed.

The drama does not end here, and there are plays in celebration of the after-effects of the life and death of Hussein, to show that 'he being dead yet speaketh.' One of these called *The Christian Damsel* is curious enough to be worth describing, even apart from its dramatic effectiveness.

The scene is the plain of Kerbela by night. The silent battle-field, piled with the slain and the wounded, is lighted only by the pale moon, except where, beside the tombs of the martyrs (the Oriental dramatist is not careful of the unities) the bodies of the saints are illuminated by their own radiance and by crowns of light which show that they have entered into glory. A rich caravan enters, and a young European lady dismounts from her horse and orders her servants to encamp, but wherever they attempt to drive a pole into the ground blood springs forth, so the young lady with a singular power of adapting herself to her environment, casually falls asleep and has a vision in which Jesus Christ appears to her and relates the circumstances which have made sacred the spot upon which she has alighted. Next a thief enters (still in the vision) and attempts to rob; but, failing to find booty, proceeds to ill-treat the sacred body of Hussein, in spite of the fact that white doves hover over the tomb, when the voice of the martyr, deep and mournful, cries aloud, 'There is no God but God,' and the robber flies in terror. The angels, the prophets, Mohammed, Jesus Christ, Moses, the martyrs come upon the scene and surround Hussein. The young lady awakes converted and joins the sect of the Shiah.

It would be easy, thanks to Count Gobineau, to multiply examples of the Persian Passion plays, which, as we learn from Professor Hermann Ethé (article 'Persia,' *Encyclop. Brit.*) are

constantly increasing in number, partly, perhaps, because the drama is a new development of Persian literature, partly from the innate love of the Moslem people for pomp and display. For magnificent tableaux, indeed, many of these dramas give ample scope, the very crown jewels being often lent for the parts of Fatima and the other holy women—enacted by boys. Enough has, however, been said to connect the curious and comparatively humble ceremonial which may be witnessed every year in the London Docks with the infinitely elaborate and costly performances to be seen on the same day so many thousands of miles away, in scenes so different, with onlookers devout instead of merely curious, but with performers hardly more abandoned to emotion and religious frenzy.

We, too, heard the cries, growing hoarse and faint from hours of reiteration, of *Hassan! Hussein! Hassan! Hussein!* we had the beating upon the breast constantly renewed at the command of the *ustad* or master, who in his own country is a sacred person by reason of the function he performs. We, too, saw the green dresses with which the preachers, generally wandering friars, are clothed; and we, too, heard the cries of the devout, as they incited the multitude to further devotion. We, too, had the companies of dancers who, says Matthew Arnold, strike a kind of wooden castanets together, at one time in front of their breasts, at another time behind their heads, marking time with music and dance to a dirge set up by the bystanders. We had not the hangings of 'tiger and panther skins, to indicate the violent character of the scenes to be represented,' but perhaps our elephant and camel, grotesque as they were, may equally be regarded as intended for dramatic background—as furnishing Oriental colour amid the commonplaces of the Albert Docks.

The fire with which our actors were so anxious to end the day was undoubtedly an inherent accessory of the performance. It will have been noted that in Gibbon's account of the fatal day we read that the party of Hussein were secured by a deep trench, which they had filled with lighted faggots, and Matthew Arnold tells us that the great day of the Moharrem ends with a conflagration.

One other detail of the ceremonial had in our experience a curious counterpart. We read in Gobineau of the Berbers, 'noisiest of all'—men of a darker skin and another race, their feet and the upper part of their body naked, who carry, some of them tambourines and cymbals, others *iron chains*, with which they beat themselves, moving violently round in time to the music, till it suddenly stops and all is over. This can hardly fail to be our wild dark man with his chain, and shouts and weird dancing, reminding one of the way in which in *Macbeth* the Greek chorus of Old Men is reduced to a unit.

Count Gobineau and Matthew Arnold both ask themselves the question, 'Where are we to look, in this intense sympathy and enthusiasm for the martyrs of Kerbela, for the source of so much emotion?'

Count Gobineau suggests that the sentiment is that of patriotism, and that the Indo-European Persians, conquered by the Semitic Arabians, find in the martyrdom of the family of Ali a parallel to their own sufferings. The division into Shiah and Suni was probably, in its origin, racial as well as religious, but, as has been seen, the sympathy of the Sunis themselves in the festival is continually on the increase, and as the race distinction ceases to be prominent so the explanation of patriotism becomes less adequate.

Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, offers an explanation which he supports with many pages of striking argument, but from which I can quote only a few lines:

'Abnegation and mildness, based on the depth of inner life and visited by unmerited misfortune, made the power of the first and famous Imams, Ali, Hassan, and Hussein, over the popular imagination. . . . These saintly self-deniers, these resigned sufferers, who would not strive nor cry, supplied a tender and pathetic side in Islam. The conquered Persians . . . felt the need of it most, and gave most prominence to the ideals which satisfied the need; but in Arabs and Turks also, and in all the Mahometan world, Ali and his sons excite enthusiasm and affection. Round the central sufferer, Hussein, has come to group itself everything which is most tender and touching. His person brings to the Mussulman's mind the most human side of Mahomet himself, his fondness for children—for Mahomet had loved to nurse the little Hussein on his knee and to show him from the pulpit to the people. The Family of the Tent is full of women and children and their devotion and sufferings—blameless and saintly women, lovely and innocent children. There, too, are lovers with their story, the beauty and the love of youth; and all follow the attraction of the pure and resigned Imam, all die for him. The tender pathos from all these flows into the pathos from him and enhances it, until finally there arises for the popular imagination an immense idea of mildness and self-sacrifice, melting and overpowering the soul.'

Even as one reads such lines as these there arise memories of bloodshed and cruelty, of lust and rapine, of cupidity and revenge, of all the horrors which we of the Western world are taught to associate with the name of Mussulman.

And then again I recall yet one more incident of that April day. We were waiting for our train at a deserted station misnamed 'Central,' and which seemed to our imagination at the end of all things, so far had we travelled from our West-End homes. All around us for many miles there lay the dreary wilderness of the East of London, with all its crowded humanity, its immense burial-grounds, its suggestions of poverty and toil and hopelessness. Our thoughts were full of the scene we had just witnessed, its strange irrelevance to the life around it, its mystery, its half-understood emotion, the weird actions and intense, sometimes fierce, countenances



by which we had been surrounded. We could think and speak of nothing else. Suddenly we heard what in such a place, and at such a time, was perhaps not the least startling incident of a strange day.

‘Hush,’ said one of us, pointing upwards, ‘the skylark!’

Even there, from amid the sin and squalor which surrounded us, one of the humblest of God’s creation was, in its own way, lifting up its voice to Heaven.

A. GOODRICH-FREER.

## *THE CASE AGAINST HOSPITAL NURSES*

A GREAT deal is constantly being said and written nowadays on the subject of hospital nurses. It is some years since nursing reform was first seriously taken in hand, and so much has been done in the right direction that it is difficult to realise in how short a space of time it has all been accomplished. Yet, strangely enough, the nursing profession is curiously unpopular, and the feeling against it is steadily on the increase. It is the one profession of all others that one would have imagined would have earned the highest respect and gratitude of all men, and yet, as a matter of fact, the exact opposite is the case.

The indictment against nurses is a strong one. It reminds one rather of a criticism of Ruskin on one of Nicholas Poussin's pictures in the National Gallery, 'A Tree Shaken in a Storm of Wind.' He states gravely that there is but one single fault which the artist has not committed—he has not drawn the tree with the roots uppermost—and then, having given him credit for this one good point, Ruskin proceeds with characteristic energy and force to heap up the numerous and astonishing blunders of which he has been guilty in his treatment of the subject. So, we might almost say, speaking generally, is it when the subject of hospital nurses comes under discussion. It cannot be denied that they have saved multitudes of lives and that they have effected a vast number of marvellous cures; but beyond that their accusers—and their name is legion—have very little to say in their favour and much to lay to their charge. There are many people who positively dread to have a hospital nurse inside their doors, and who feel that when disease invades the sacred precincts of the home, and when perhaps, too, the shadow of death is dimly felt to be hovering near, the situation would be shorn of many of its terrors if only it were possible for them to meet the exigencies of the case themselves and not be obliged to have recourse to professional assistance.

The hospital nurse is a very familiar figure. Everybody has met with her on the tops of omnibuses, in trains, and in other public places; and many people, too, have on occasions been so unfortunately placed as to have been unable to escape from hearing their conversation when they have been two or three together. This is,

as a rule, 'shoppy' to a degree. The hospital gossip is discussed at length, and the cases dwelt on with a freedom and a richness of detail that leaves but little to the imagination of the hearer. Those of us who number hospital nurses among our personal friends suffer in the same way. They bring their hospital talk with them and give you a good deal of it, until you begin to dread their visits, and almost to hope that they will give up coming to see you. It is impossible to refrain from speculating now and then as to how these young women appear in a sick-room, and as to the spirit in which they tend those confided to their charge. It reminds one rather forcibly, as one dwells upon this, that sickness and suffering come to all in turn, and that none of us is so confident of the future as to hope to escape his share of it. Involuntarily we wonder how we shall fare when our invalid days come upon us and we become dependent on the ministrations of such as these.

It would, of course, be monstrously unfair to pass a final judgment on such casual observations as these, but unfortunately a closer acquaintance only serves to intensify and strengthen these impressions, and any fond illusions we may have entertained regarding hospital nurses as a band of devoted women who had taken up the care of the sick and suffering as their life's work, possessing, among other necessary qualifications, a fund of sympathy and unselfishness, is rudely dispelled. A nurse called in to attend on a private case has a great opportunity for showing what there is that is good and womanly in her composition. In addition to saving the life of her patient, she can do more for his comfort, for the alleviation of his sufferings, for the mitigation of the terrors that illness has for the strong man suddenly smitten down and laid low on a bed of sickness, by a gentle and thoughtful personality than can be provided for by any instructions that may be laid down in the usual nursing codes. She may fulfil her duties to the letter, and yet allow her patient to suffer tortures of unnecessary suffering and discomfort. Then as regards the rest of the household. Here, too, if she only chooses to play a kindly part she might do so much for them in the way of helping them through a difficult period of suspense and anxiety. But there do not appear to be many nurses to whom this kind of thing would appeal. On the contrary, but too often the complaint is heard that nurses are a trial in themselves. They are only too generally wholly inconsiderate in the demands they make and offensive in their general behaviour. Their callousness to suffering and the indifference they display even in the hour of death (and this is a charge which is frequently brought against even the most skilful and experienced of nurses) amount almost to brutality. They give endless trouble in the house. A well-known authority on hospital subjects, in advocating the institution of visiting nurses in the *Hospital*, remarks with reference to a recent case of illness

in her house, that she was unable to have a night and a day nurse, as that would have necessitated keeping an additional servant, for which there was not sufficient accommodation. It must be confessed that we entirely fail to see why this should be necessary. When it is considered that nurses during their hospital experience have always been required to do all the work of the ward themselves, and that here they only have one patient to attend to, there seems no reason why they should require an attendant specially to wait on them, and the claim sounds to us a preposterous one. There is yet another charge, and one of a most serious nature, which cannot be omitted from this black list, although happily it is not preferred as often as the others. That is the charge of gaining undue influence over their patients, and there are many people who for this reason dread to admit a nurse into their houses.

It may be pleaded for the defence that these are chiefly isolated cases, that there are black sheep in every profession, and that the many here are bearing the blame which should be attributed to only a few. Unfortunately it is impossible to allow this plea. The faults above enumerated (with the exception of the last mentioned) are, in our opinion, characteristic of the profession as a whole, and the exceptions to this rule are in a small minority. We believe that the number of nurses who, judged from a professional standpoint, are characterised by an absence of the humane qualities, and who, personally speaking, are distinguished by a lamentably 'bad form,' are very largely in excess of those in the opposite category. In so little account are humane considerations held by some members of the profession that it is frequently said that some of the best and most successful nurses (from a life-saving point of view) are those who are hardened and indifferent to suffering, who lose sight of the feelings and the comfort of the patients in the keen interest aroused by the 'case,' and who are anything rather than distinguished for their sympathetic bearing towards them. This is said to be specially true of surgical nurses. That is hardly a comforting reflection for the general public who may some unhappy day have to have their lives saved for them by these 'stars' of the profession.

As we have already said, this is a formidable indictment. Why is it, we wonder, that these things should be? The profession is recruited from all ranks. About 50 per cent., it is true, of those who enter as probationers fail to get through the three years' training. In some cases this is due to ill-health, and in others to the fact that it was the novelty of the thing which was the attraction, and that when that has worn off and the probationer has grown tired of the experiment, she sends in her resignation. But those who qualify are a thoroughly representative class, being drawn from all ranks of society, and there is nothing about them to suggest that the fault lies in the class of women who take up this work. Then the

question arises as to how it comes to pass that they, as a profession, come under such general censure, that they make so many enemies, and have so few friends to speak in their defence. If the fault does not lie originally in themselves, can it be that there is anything in the nature of the work which can be said to have a demoralising influence, or is there perhaps something amiss in the course of training to which they are subjected? The first of these two points is a subject on which opinions are greatly divided. There are some people who maintain that no woman of real refinement suffers any deterioration of character from her hospital experience, and that if signs of degeneracy do show themselves it must be due rather to natural defects of character than to the pernicious influence of the hospital surroundings. Others, on the other hand, believe that although many do emerge from the trial in no wise affected by it, still, generally speaking, the ordeal is a fiery one, and that the position is in many respects so difficult that unless the greatest care is exercised and a strong effort made to guard against anything like loss of tone, there are few who are proof against it and very many who are considerably affected for the worse by it. This is, however, a controversial point, but it is well to remember it when hospital nurses are under discussion, as perhaps then they may be judged less harshly.

When, however, we come to the question of the nature and the circumstances of the training of probationers, we are hardly on such debatable ground.

Here we have to deal with facts and details of management, and our way appears more plainly in front of us. The present system under which a hospital nurse receives her training is by no means an ideal one, and if at the end of their three years' training the qualifications of the nurses leave a good deal to be desired it is not at all surprising. Indeed, given the existing conditions of a nurse's life, it would be a matter for wonder if any better results were attained.

To begin with, nurses are systematically overworked. In most hospitals they have a working day of twelve hours. In a few it is indeed only eight, but as a general rule it is twelve hours, and frequently longer, while the work, be it remembered, is of the most exacting nature possible. It means standing or moving about almost the whole of the time. The probationer has the hard work of fetching and carrying the meals and anything else that is required for the patients, and has the work of the ward to do as well. The nurse's share, although it may sound lighter, is just as fatiguing in its way if not even more so in that it involves a greater mental strain, as she has to be incessantly on the alert and in constant attendance on the patients. A twelve hours' working day does not leave much time for recreation, and after work such as this surely some relaxation

must be necessary. But the remaining twelve hours are soon used up when eight of them are required for sleep, for it constantly happens that the ward cannot be left just at the hour when the charge is nominally over, and so a little of what should be the nurse's own time is taken up. Then a certain amount of preparation for the lectures and examinations is expected, which makes a further demand on these few precious hours. It is surprising that the system does not claim more victims (and the numbers are not small by any means). Occasionally, once a fortnight or so, a free afternoon or evening is granted, and there is a fortnight's or three weeks' holiday in the year. It would be difficult to find another profession in which the same long hours are demanded. The working week, too, is seven days; there is no free day on Sunday, nor a half or even a shorter day on Saturday. In an article in the *Humanitarian* on the 'Life of a Hospital Nurse,' the writer remarks 'that when a railway disaster is due to the fact that a signalman has been on duty for twelve hours there is a general outcry and a nine days' newspaper fight at this scandalous indifference to human life. We hear of strong working men going on strike because they will not work more than eight hours.' Perhaps some day we shall have a general strike of hospital nurses.

What is the effect of all this on the nurses themselves? Many break down in health altogether and are obliged to give up the work, and thus many valuable services are lost to the profession. It does not at all follow that they are really unfitted for the work, for the demands made on their strength are excessive. If the amount of work imposed was confined within reasonable limits very possibly they might have been able to complete the course and to qualify for trained nursing; but, not being able to stand the severe strain, they merely collapse and go home in a more or less shattered condition to be nursed back to health. In those who are fortunately of a constitution capable of enduring the hardships of the life, the evils of the system are no less seen. It is obvious that after several months of this ceaseless grind much of the freshness they originally brought to their work must have worn off, and it is not to be wondered at if they perform their duties in more of a perfunctory and in less of a sympathetic spirit. It is easy to bring a charge of hard-heartedness and callousness against nurses, but if their accusers had had any practical experience of what it is to work on the average twelve hours a day, day after day and week after week, until the weeks have run into months and the months into years, perhaps they would not be quite so ready to find fault. It is admitted that the charge is a just one, but our contention is that the fault does not lie with the nurses but rather with the system. So long as the system is faulty to so large a degree, just for so long will the best results not be obtainable. It is beyond dispute that a sympathetic bearing to-

wards the patients is an indispensable qualification of good nursing, and that no one, however experienced and clever in other ways, is an ideal nurse without it. But you cannot get blood out of a stone, and when a nurse gets to the stage where she always feels tired, and when, towards the end of her charge, she is frequently ready to drop from fatigue, it is idle to expect her in her worn-out state to have either leisure or inclination to study other people's feelings to any great extent. 'All work and no play' is the best recipe extant for the production of inferior work.

It is to the same cause that we must attribute the fault so universally laid to the charge of hospital nurses of a too great predilection for talking 'shop.' Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising, as with these long hours of duty a nurse has positively no time for anything but her work. A little consideration of the case will show how completely she is cut off from the outside world. She has practically no time for any social life outside the hospital, and as to reading! 'I believe,' said a Sister in one of our great London hospitals to the writer quite recently, 'that if our nurses sat down to read they would simply go off to sleep.' They get out to do a little shopping, and now and then they may visit those of their friends who happen to live within easy distance. Once in a while they get to a concert or a theatre, but of course these require money, and nurses are not usually well off, for cheap unreserved seats necessitate being able to go early, and perhaps standing outside until the doors are open, both of which are serious objections to people who are overworked and to whom time is an object. So is it to be wondered at if they talk 'shop,' and delight in discussing the hospital gossip and their patients? What else should they talk about? Their world has been narrowed down to within the hospital walls and all their interests are there. They seldom come in contact with anyone but the people in the hospital, and gradually they come to think less of all that is taking place in the outside world, and even to feel out of touch with things in general on the few occasions when they do find themselves in other circles. It is as easy to sit in condemnation on nurses for their bad habit of talking 'shop' in public (and the accusation is deserved) as it is to reproach them for their callousness and indifference to suffering; but here, once more, the same remark applies that it is the fault of the system more than that of the nurses. Who is there among us who will not plead guilty to an absorbing interest in his own concerns? When it happens, therefore, that one is shut up altogether with those concerns and practically debarred from any outside influences, it is only too easy to lose one's sense of the proportion of things and to ride a hobby to death.

It is pleasant to be able to say that in one respect the condition of hospital nurses has been greatly improved of recent years. That is

in the nature of the accommodation provided for them. At one time it was apparently considered that anything in the shape of a room was good enough for a nurse's dormitory, and that anything in the way of food—served anyhow—was good enough for her meals. The accommodation provided for the nursing staff used formerly to be scandalously inadequate. But it does really appear to have dawned upon hospital authorities at last that this is a highly improper state of things, and they have positively considered the subject to be of sufficient importance to justify them in applying some of the hospital funds to the erection of suitable quarters for the nursing staff, and things have vastly improved in this department. One is constantly reading in the papers that new homes for the nurses of the various hospitals and infirmaries in the land have been built and opened with a flourish of trumpets, and there is ground for hoping that before very long every such institution will have provided really good accommodation for its nurses.

It is, perhaps, the greatest of all the many drawbacks to a nurse's training that there is no one who is actually responsible for her efficiency when her apprenticeship is over. In an educational Training College it is clearly to the interests of the staff to send out teachers who will be a credit to the profession, and therefore special care is taken with their training. If it ever could be said that the students from one particular Training College were characterised by certain faults, that college would certainly suffer in reputation and would be left behind in the great rush of competition. Now in the training of nurses there is nothing of this kind. The movement for establishing Training Schools for private nursing is in its infancy. There may be a great future before it, but its success is not yet assured. In a general hospital the Matron is concerned with the entire management of the institution, for the well-being of which she is personally responsible. The training of the nurses is not of more importance to her than half a dozen other details of organisation. It is to her an incidental matter, a means of accomplishing the main portion of the hospital work. Every opportunity is given them to learn their work. They do the practical work, lectures are provided for them, and they are required to pass examinations. If a nurse is considered inefficient, she would probably be requested to leave; if, on the other hand, she shows special aptitude, an effort might be made to retain her services. Beyond this no one troubles much about them. Anything in the nature of neglect of duty, unkindness to a patient, or objectionable manners would bring down a sharp reprimand from the ward Sister if it came under her notice; but as long as the work does not suffer from the nurse's shortcomings no one cares to try to improve her. It is only in relation to her working capabilities that she is regarded, and the effect of the difficult life on her personal character is quite outside any one's



consideration. People have no time to concern themselves about her. There is so much to be done and so little time in which to do it that everybody is far too occupied in getting through his work to trouble about such abstract matters. Why, the Sisters and Doctors do not even seem to see when their nurses are ill, much less care for their general tone of conduct. Many valuable lives have been sacrificed entirely through the unaccountable neglect with which the nurses are frequently treated when their health begins to give way, and if there is but little or no care taken of their bodily health it is useless to expect that any thought will be given to their moral welfare.

Not only is there no one to correct a loss of good tone among the probationers, but the example set them by the Sisters and the Matrons often leaves a good deal to be desired. It seems to be an unwritten law in many hospitals that probationers are to be continually snubbed and lectured by those in authority over them. The object in view almost appears to be to subdue the enthusiasm with which they entered on their work until it reaches vanishing point, and to reduce them to mere machines. One would almost think that sympathy and enthusiasm were troublesome weaknesses which interfered seriously with the quality of the work done, and which must be got rid of as quickly as possible that a good foundation may be laid on some sterner stuff. That they should be cultivated and turned to good account is a consideration which appears to be quite beside the mark. It is the same old story. The long hours are really to blame. The nurses are overworked and grow irritable and sharp-tongued, and the probationers have a bad time of it. Then, again, many nurses regard probationers at first with disfavour, having a dark suspicion that they have entered the profession from frivolous motives. Very possibly many do, but why give none of them the benefit of the doubt and judge them all unheard? They may not only succeed in disillusioning a few undesirable would-be colleagues, but may also send away some excellent material, and thereby do the profession a positive harm. Some of the harsh treatment meted out to probationers at the hands of the Sisters and Matrons would bring infinite discredit on any institution were it only possible to make it public, but from the circumstances of the case the victim is generally unable to defend herself while she is still at the hospital. So there is no question of redress except in very extreme cases. If the constant fault-finding were done for the purposes of necessary correction, there would be nothing to urge against it. But it is not of just reprimands we are speaking, but of small tyrannies and petty annoyances which are so hard to bear, and which come under the heading of bullying rather than that of discipline. This can hardly be a good school for training the higher susceptibilities of a woman. It is hardly an atmosphere in which

she will grow gentler and more womanly than she was before. She is far more likely to become rude and sharp-tongued herself, as bad habits are proverbially infectious.

In conclusion, we would urge that there is pressing need for reform in the existing methods of the training of probationers, and that inasmuch as all of us are liable to illness, and all in turn require the services of nurses, it is one which merits consideration at the hands of the general public. If we are to have better nurses, better means must be employed to obtain them. The long hours, we are told, are a necessity, because shorter hours would mean more relays of nurses, that this involves additional expense, and that hospital funds are low. Further, some authorities object to a nursing day of eight hours on the ground that three changes of nurses during the twenty-four hours is bad for the patients, and declare that the suggestion of a six hours' day is absolutely out of the question. It is, therefore, a subject which is hedged in with many and serious difficulties, and which cannot be settled off hand. But if it could meet with the attention it deserves, it is not too much to hope that some change for the better may be effected at no very distant date. We commend the matter to the reading public for consideration. Hospitals are supported out of funds provided by the public. If it were not for this voluntary support there would be no hospitals at all. It is, then, clearly a matter of general interest, and one on which any one may demand an inquiry if in any branch of hospital work the results obtained should leave a good deal to be desired.

M. F. JOHNSTON.

## COLOUR BLINDNESS

THE facts of colour blindness throw a good deal of light on the evolution of the colour sense.

Cases of colour blindness may be divided into two classes, which are quite separate and distinct from each other, though both may be present in the same person. In the first class there is light as well as colour loss. In the second class the perception of light is the same as in the normal sighted, but there is a defect in the perception of colour. In the first class certain rays are either not perceived at all or very imperfectly. Both these classes are represented by analogous conditions in the perception of sounds. The first class of the colour blind are represented by those who are unable to hear very high or very low notes. The waves of light at the ends of the series are those which are not perceived. The second class of the colour blind are represented by those who possess what is commonly called a defective musical ear. It is with this second class that we are specially concerned in this article. Colour-blind individuals belonging to this class can be arranged in a series. At one end of this series are the normal sighted, and at the other the totally colour blind. It is evident that the degree of colour blindness which just precedes the totally colour blind will give us an idea of the perception of colour when the colour sense was first developed. I had an exceptional opportunity of studying a case of this kind, as the patient was colour blind with one eye. It is an interesting fact that the colour-blind eye was much the better of the two, and he could see fine lines in the spectrum with this eye which were not visible to the other. On examining him with the spectroscope I found that he saw the two ends of the spectrum tinged with colour and the remainder grey. Neither the red nor the violet appeared of the nature of a primary colour, but gave the impression that they were largely diluted with grey. The red commenced at the B line of Fraunhofer. He could see A as a blacker line on a grey ground. The red practically ended at C, and the band of colour was uniform in intensity and did not vary like this portion of the spectrum did to the left eye. There was very little red to be seen after the line C, the colour rapidly fading into

grey. This reddish grey ended at a point just below the line D, at 46 of the spectrum scale—that is, at the junction of the orange and the yellow of the normal sighted. After 46 there was no colour to be seen, the spectrum appearing grey. The luminosity varied as in the normal sighted. From *b* to F a tinge of colour was seen, but he had great difficulty in making out a colour at all. The colour increased in intensity up to the G line, and after that faded, ending at H. In making a classification of colours he recognised red and violet, and never confused these two colours. He could not distinguish yellow, green, and blue from each other, and he called them indiscriminately grey. In fact, he picked out a yellow and a blue of the same shade as being exactly alike. I showed him a half-sovereign and asked him what it was. He replied very decidedly, ‘A sixpence.’ He recognised it at once when he took the bandage off his left eye. A case of this kind of colour blindness is very rare, and it is still more rare for it to be monocular. I may mention that the vision of the second eye was tetrachromic—that is to say, he saw four colours in the spectrum, red, yellow, green, and violet, instead of the normal six. For all practical purposes this is normal sighted, and gives us as much information as if he had hexachromic vision. It will be seen that the colour perception of his right eye was limited to two colours, namely, those which present the greatest physical contrast to each other, red being produced by the largest waves of light and violet by the smallest. This is exactly what we should expect; it being most probable that those physical stimuli which were most dissimilar would first be perceived as different. The examination with the spectroscope gave a key to his colour perception. Tested with a lantern at a distance of 15 feet, he recognised the red glass at once. Tested with pure green, blue-green, blue, yellow, and various depths of neutral glass, he declared uniformly that they had no colour. At the end of the series he remarked that I had not shown him a violet glass. He was able to recognise the red glass even when I put several thicknesses of neutral glass in front of it. He could not, however, recognise the red light through the thickest neutral glass of my test. I should like the reader to compare this case with the colour vision of Homer, as described by Mr. Gladstone in an article on the ‘Colour Sense’ in this Review, October 1877. He will be struck by the extraordinary resemblance between this case and Mr. Gladstone’s account of Homer’s colour vision. Mr. Gladstone states as his opinion that *ἐρυθρός* and *ξανθός* were the only epithets definitely used as colour names by Homer, and adopts Magnus’s theory that red was developed first and then the other colours in the order of their refrangibility. But the violet was mentioned by Homer. Mr. Gladstone has, however, interpreted *ιοειδής*, violet-coloured, as an epithet meaning dark. It is, however, much more probable that violet was used by Homer as a true colour name, especially as he never applies this term to any object which is

not violet. He calls the sea violet, which it often is, especially in the Mediterranean. Then violet-like is used as an epithet for iron. What term could better describe the colour of many iron implements? He also speaks of the iron heaven, and the sky, especially towards evening, is often a deep violet. Finally, the term is applied to wool, which would be correct if it had been dyed violet. Mr. Gladstone himself suggests that wool dyed to a deep purple would not be an unlikely interpretation. A very strong argument against Mr. Gladstone's view that violet might be applied to a dark green or a dark brown is that if the violet had been of such an obscure colour Homer would hardly have mentioned it, much less have actually made the colour of this flower one of his few colour terms and applied it correctly. But if the violet were a perfect example of one of the only two colours that Homer saw, then we can understand his mentioning the flower and using the name as a colour epithet.

It will be noticed that Homer made the best of the defective colour perception which he possessed. He has used many terms for red and the slight variations which were apparent to him. Mr. Gladstone interprets *ξανθός* as a true word of colour, though imperfectly conceived, and considers it to represent the orange of the spectrum. Homer applies this term to hair, male and female, the coat of horses, and to a river. If we suppose *ξανθός* to represent a grey in which there is a slight amount of red—that is, a brown—the use of the term will be quite consistent.

We should expect to find that the second colour seen by Homer—namely, violet—would be widely mentioned by him. If we interpret *πορφύρεος* as meaning violet, we shall have an intelligible explanation of the sense in which it is used. Mr. Gladstone says: 'Of all the colour words this, with its verb *πορφύρω*, has the largest and most varied application in Homer.' It is used in connection with carpets, blankets, the mantle, the cloak, female robe, a web, the rainbow, blood, a cloud, the sea, the wave, the sea darkening, the ball for play in Scheria, death, the mind in painful apprehension or perplexity, and, lastly, the wool on Kalupso's distaff is of the porphureon of the sea; also on Arete's distaff; and garments made of it are the same. The only expressions in which violet is not immediately applicable are when it is applied to death and the mind in painful apprehension. But in these instances the term may have been used figuratively (like the expression 'Blue with fear'), especially if violet were used as a mourning colour, and we find that the light robes cast over the body of Hector were porphureoi. The rainbow was called by this colour, and the three serpents on the breastplate of Agamemnon are compared to rainbows, and are also called bronzed, so we find that the only two colours which Homer saw in the rainbow were applied to it. Violet as a term applied to the sea darkening could hardly be better chosen. Blood is also called *eruthros*, and the two terms

describe the colours of venous and arterial blood. A very important fact in support of the view that *πορφύρεος* means violet is that Xenophanes uses *πορφύρεον* to describe the third and cold colour of the rainbow as seen by him. This is plainly violet.

Let us now consider the further evolution of the colour sense. As the colour sense developed it would not be necessary that the rays should be so far apart before a difference was seen; so the grey band would gradually diminish until it entirely disappeared and the two colours met in the centre of the spectrum. A third colour, green, then appeared at the central point. Then yellow appeared, making four colours; then blue, making five; and finally orange, making the normal six. These predictions are borne out in the minutest detail by the facts of colour blindness, and I have classified the colour blind in accordance with the number of colours which they see in the spectrum.<sup>1</sup> If the normal sighted be designated hexachromic, those who see five colours may be called pentachromic, those who see four tetrachromic, those who see three trichromic, those who see two dichromic, and the totally colour-blind monochromic. An examination with the spectrum gives a key to the colour perception of any person. It will be noticed that the colours appear in a definite order and exactly as we should theoretically expect—that is, at the points of greatest difference. It is obvious that the three points of greatest difference are the centre and ends of the spectrum. Where will the fourth point of difference be situated? If the units of the physical series differed from each other in a proportional manner, the fourth and fifth points of difference would appear at the same time and be situated at points midway between the centre and ends of the series. The units of light do not, however, differ from each other in a proportional manner, therefore the fourth point of difference will appear before the fifth. The waves of light at the red end of the spectrum are larger than those at the violet end, and, therefore, the fourth point of difference will appear at a point midway between the red and the centre of the green—namely, the yellow. An example with smaller numbers will show why the fourth point of difference should appear on the red side of the green. Let us suppose that we have a series of vibrating members, the vibrations being from five per second for the lowest member to 105 per second for the highest. There will be much more difference between the first and second members of the series than between the last member and the one just before it. In the first case there will be a difference of  $\frac{1}{5}$ , in the second case  $\frac{1}{104}$ —a very much smaller fraction. The fifth point of difference, blue, will appear midway between the violet and the centre of the green. The sixth point of difference will appear on the red side of the fourth point. There will then be two points of difference between the red and the centre of the green—namely, orange and

<sup>1</sup> *Colour Blindness and Colour Perception*, International Scientific Series.

yellow. It is evident that when orange is seen the fourth point of difference, yellow, will appear to have moved more towards the green, the fourth point of difference now being a combination of the two—namely, orange-yellow. This can be seen to take place if a spectroscope be arranged so that no orange can be seen. A spectrum of this kind can be obtained with a fine slit. On slightly widening the slit so that more light is admitted the orange will be seen, and the yellow will appear to change its position and move towards the green. The seventh point of difference will appear between the green and the violet; that is to say, there will be two points of difference or colours seen between the green and the violet, instead of one. It is not necessary to consider the extension of the series further, as I have not met with a person who could see more than seven colours in the spectrum. The series could be extended *ad infinitum*, and shows us how evolution will proceed, the extra point of difference being put first on the red side of the green, then on the violet side. Viewed in the light of the above facts, much that was unexplainable before becomes quite intelligible. One writer declares that four is the number of colours seen in the spectrum, and accuses Newton of a lurking disposition to mysticism in choosing seven, another says that five is the correct number, another six, and another seven, declaring that Newton was right. All are wrong, and all are right.

The facts given by Dr. Magnus, though brought forward by him as evidence for a different theory, support the above-mentioned hypothesis. Xenophanes is quoted as seeing three colours in the rainbow—phoinikeon, chloron, and porphureon. Magnus interprets porphureon as meaning purple, but I have already shown that violet is the only colour which is consistent with the use of the word by Homer; then we have the ordinary triad, red, green, and violet of the trichromic. In Aristotle it is still tricolour, but blue is mentioned instead of violet. This illustrates the confusion of blue and violet which still exists so widely at the present time. Ovid and Seneca speak of the rainbow as having a thousand colours, with shades each hardly distinguishable from its next neighbour, but with extremes very remote from one another. But the Aristotelian triad of colours is reproduced by Suidas and Galen, is found in the *Edda* and in the *Varâhamihira*, in the Arabian literature, and in the West down to the opening of modern times. I have examined the oldest paintings in different museums and find that the evidence which can be obtained supports the conclusions drawn from literature. I have a series of paintings by colour-blind persons, and the mistakes made are similar to those which I find in museums in the work of the ancients. The blunders of those who are most colour blind are to be found in the oldest paintings. It will be noticed in the British Museum that in one mural painting a number of horses are represented, some are white,

some are black, several are red, and a few green. I also find that the faces of people are painted green, and a confusion between blue and green in later paintings is very common.

It is curious to note that those possessing a lower degree of colour perception often invent colour terms which are not intelligible to the normal sighted. Thus, those possessing trichromic vision often talk about red-green when they mean yellow, and violet-green when they mean blue, and declare that these terms represent the colours most accurately. Those who see seven colours in the spectrum have an exceptionally good colour perception. They can match colours with greater ease, and have a better memory for colours than the normal sighted. They can also recognise differences of colour which are not perceptible to the normal sighted. In testing for those employments on sea and land which require a good colour perception, I class those who are pentachromic and tetrachromic with the normal sighted. I may mention that the ordinary tests which are employed by railway companies and the mercantile marine allow those who are trichromic to pass as well; but this is not right, as those who are trichromic are always in difficulty over yellow, though they distinguish red from green easily enough. I will conclude by pointing out the influence of a shortened spectrum upon the perception of spectral colours. As we should theoretically expect, all the centres of the colours are moved towards the unshortened side. This in dichromic cases has led to the division into the so-called red and green blind. It is obvious that when the red end of the spectrum is shortened the centre of the green will no longer be the centre of the spectrum, and that the neutral point will be proportionately nearer the violet end.

It is probable that though we have gained in colour perception we have lost in acuteness of sight. It is well known that savages have a far more acute sight than is normal in civilised communities. I have examined a colour-blind person who was able to read coloured test types at more than twice the normal distance. There is no doubt whatever that the sense of colour and the perception of light and shade are quite distinct. In the same way acuteness of hearing and musical ability are not related. The theory which I have constructed to explain the phenomena of colour perception is consistent with every fact which I have alluded to in this paper. It is easy to suppose that primitive man saw all objects of a uniform hue, just as they appear in a photograph, but that he had a very acute perception for differences of luminosity. In course of time a new faculty of the mind, a colour-perceiving centre, became developed. This colour-perceiving centre in its undeveloped state was first only able to appreciate those differences which were caused by the waves of light which are physically most different. Evolution then proceeded on the lines that I have already indicated.

F. W. EDRIDGE-GREEN.



*THE LATEST SHIPWRECK OF  
METAPHYSICS*

THE observation is now beginning to be often heard that the world is about to experience a great reaction of thought, and that, having for three generations submitted its faith and philosophies, with growing humility, to the dictatorship of positive science, and having found such science after all to be incapable of explaining life, and incapable more particularly of explaining what is highest and best in it, it is being once more driven to betake itself to transcendentalism, metaphysics, or idealism ; and will find that here alone is the source of intellectual truth.

The ordinary man of to-day has probably no clear notion of what these frequently used words mean. But he knows at all events that they stand for a science, so called, which professes to transcend the facts with which ordinary science deals. He knows also that the entire claim of the metaphysicians to be able to reach any such plane of knowledge has been rejected by every thinker and discoverer of the past three generations, who has ever done anything for the cause of human progress, as nothing better than an elaborate self-delusion. Can this statement be true, then, the ordinary man will ask, that the intellect of the world, enlightened by a hundred years of science, will ever again deliberately go back to a philosophy whose pretensions it has classed for so long with those of the witch and the alchemist?

The statement in question is at all events true thus far—that in Germany, France, England, and America alike a number of thinkers are endeavouring, on metaphysical principles, not indeed to deny that in a certain limited sense the facts of science are true facts and form a coherent system, but to upset every conclusion which scientific philosophy draws from them, in so far as it has any bearing on our general conception of life. Nor are these thinkers by any means mere uninstructed enthusiasts. On the contrary, they are men who are remarkable for their intellectual acuteness ; and in attacking science they do not attack it in ignorance. Indeed, many of their criticisms of scientific philosophy are most just ; and will probably pro-

duce in it many considerable modifications. Their own system, then, is one which deserves to be examined with care; and an examination of it will be of present interest for the following further reasons.

In the first place the object of the new metaphysical school is one with which a vast number of intelligent people will sympathise. Its object is to rescue the primary doctrines of theism—the doctrines of God, duty, free will, and immortality—from the difficulties, seemingly insuperable, in which positive science has involved them, and to indicate a reasonable road by which men may return to faith.

In the second place, amongst its exponents are two who have quite recently set forth its doctrines for the benefit of English readers, both of them men of the highest education and ability, the one being Mr. Ward, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, the other Mr. Munsterberg, Professor of Psychology at Harvard. Mr. Munsterberg's essays, entitled *Psychology and Life*, have been welcomed by many minds as a kind of new revelation; whilst Mr. Ward's elaborate work, *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, is held, in certain quarters, to have shattered altogether that philosophy of naturalistic determinism which, basing itself on scientific discovery and the general theory of evolution, has found a systematic expression in the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

I shall, then, take the new metaphysics as expounded by the two writers I have mentioned; I shall try to deal with it in a way which the ordinary reader will understand; and, in order to assist him in following the drift of my observations, let me start by saying that the conclusion to which I desire to lead him is that the new metaphysics, in so far as it is really metaphysical, is no less a system of elaborate self-delusion than the old.

In order, however, to show that any system is false, the first step is to understand it and set it forth in the form which it wears for those who sincerely believe it to be true. I shall try, therefore, to present to the reader the ideas of Mr. Ward and Mr. Munsterberg in a clearer and more orderly form than that with which they have themselves invested them.

The key, then, to their meaning will be found in the following fact: that the object of their whole philosophy being, as has been said already, to secure an intellectual foundation for the primary postulates of religion, they seek to achieve this object by demonstrating one central doctrine, leaving the others to be deduced from it, by an easy process, as corollaries. This central doctrine is that man is a free spiritual agent, essentially independent, in respect of his will and his actions, of that train of phenomenal causes—those inexorable evolutionary laws—those merciless cosmic uniformities, in which modern science is commonly supposed to have involved him.

\* Such being the case, however, they attempt the liberation of man's will in a manner very different from that which finds favour

with the great mass of contemporary religious apologists. These apologists seek to throw off the bondage of science by random carpings at details in the scientific scheme. The attitude of the new Idealists is the very reverse of this. Instead of denying that science, and evolutionary science in particular, is, within its own limits, a complete and coherent scheme, they not only admit but are perfectly willing to insist on the truth of those special parts of it which the ordinary religious apologist fears and detests most and seeks most vehemently to exhibit as fallacious absurdities. Thus they not only admit the evolution of the solar and other systems from a primordial nebula, and the evolution of all higher forms of life from a common protoplasmic origin, but they do not question the doctrine that plant-life has the same origin as human; or that this common organic origin has an inorganic origin behind it. Finally they do not question—on the contrary they emphatically insist on—the fact that every thought, every mental state of man, is inseparably connected with some corresponding state of the brain. And yet they propose to do precisely what the ordinary apologist proposes to do—to liberate man from the uniformities of the physical cosmos of which they thus admit that science shows him to be an integral part. How do they seek to accomplish this seemingly impossible feat?

They seek to accomplish it in this way. Though they admit that the scientific doctrine of things is, in a sense, absolutely true, they maintain that it is true only in a sense that is limited and peculiar. The truths of science, they say, are true as the propositions of Euclid are true, and, like them, relate to things which are abstractions, not realities. For example, the lines and points about which Euclid reasons—the former of which are wanting in all dimensions laterally, and the latter of which possess no dimensions at all, are obviously devoid of all concrete reality; and yet Euclid, as we all admit, reasons about them with absolute accuracy. Similarly we can reason accurately about the laws, the processes, and the matter of what we call the external universe; but we are reasoning about things which have no more concrete existence than lines which have no breadth or points which have neither breadth nor length.

What then is real, if the objective Universe is not? This pertinent question the Idealists answer thus: The things which are real are those things whose reality is given to us and attested by immediate living experience; and the things which are given to us by experience are all literally *concrete*. They are given to us neither as subject nor object—neither as *me* nor *not-me*—but as a vital union of the two. Thus experience gives me the sun, not as a mere shining in myself, and certainly not as a shining apart from my power of seeing it. It gives it to me as a single result of a seen thing and a thing that sees; and were either of these factors absent,

the experience in question would be impossible. Hence, says Mr. Ward, 'the fundamental fact'—the fact which experience gives us, of which we are most absolutely certain, and with which all knowledge begins, is '*the duality in unity of object and subject.*' And similarly Mr. Munsterberg says that the great primary reality consists neither of physical things nor psychical things, but of a third something, namely *spirit*, of which psychical things and physical things alike are an abstract '*construction deduced from the real.*'

Now, up to a certain point this doctrine of the new Idealism simply repeats and coincides with the doctrines of all modern philosophies. That the external universe, *as man himself knows it*, would have no existence apart from man, by whom it is known—that there would be no sounds, scents, colours, or flavours if there were no such faculties as hearing, smell, sight, and taste—is admitted by everybody who takes the trouble to think. In particular it is a fact on which nobody insists more strongly than the leading thinkers of the modern scientific school, such as Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer. But Huxley and Mr. Spencer are the very men whom Mr. Ward selects as the most typical exponents of everything that is philosophically false. How, then, does the doctrine of the new Idealists differ from the doctrine against which they set themselves to protest?

It differs in this way. According to Mr. Spencer and his school—and, we may add, according to the opinion of all ordinary thinking men—although, if the knowing mind were eliminated, the external world, *as the mind knows it*, would disappear, it would none the less remain as an objective fact of some kind. It would only be reduced to a fact which could, from the very nature of the hypothesis, be neither thought nor described in terms of human experience. In other words it would be the Unknowable; and, indeed, in itself, it is the Unknowable now. It is the inaccessible cause of all things which reveals itself only in its effects. But though these effects are subjective, and would cease with the disappearance of the subject, the cause is objective, and would persist whether the subject were there or no. It is this proposition that the new Idealists deny. According to Mr. Ward and Mr. Munsterberg, if the knowing mind were eliminated, there would remain absolutely nothing. There would be no vestige of any universe, however unknowable, left. They do not, however, mean, as the reader might be apt to infer, that the external world is a mere dream of the individual and ceases when the individual dies; but they do mean that it would cease if all individuals died; just, says Mr. Ward, as the House of Commons persists, in spite of the death of this or of that member; but it would obviously cease to be if there were no members at all.

This remarkable doctrine will, no doubt, bewilder the reader;

but let him forbear to deride it, till its details are made plain to him. According to Mr. Ward and Mr. Munsterberg, the concrete man, the real man, the spirit, is, in his nature, very much like the merry-thought of a chicken. He is a stem with two branches, the psychological mind, or reason, being one of them, and what we call matter being the other. If we deal with either of these two branches separately, detaching it in thought from the stem common to both, we find ourselves in a world of necessary effects and causes. We have the mechanical determinism of atoms and energy in the one; and the psychological determinism of character and motive in the other. But although we are able to detach these worlds in thought, and thus plunge ourselves at will into a sphere of pure necessity, we can detach them in thought only. They are never detached in reality. Each is in reality always inseparably united to the common stem, which is a principle of essential freedom.

Here, however, this question arises: How, if the so-called external world is merely an abstraction made by each man or spirit, out of the facts of its own inside—if we may use so irreverent a phrase—and has no objective reality, do the different spirits agree with regard to its details? How does it seem to each, to be the same thing to all of them? The answer which the Idealists give is implied in what has just been said. It may be expressed thus:

Though the individual spirit is a self-determining and in a sense a simple essence, it is nevertheless highly complex; and though part of it consists of a principle of absolutely free will, another part consists of a species of spiritual mechanism, by means of which the orders given by the will are executed; and this mechanism, in its action, is not free but uniform. Unless it were thus uniform it could not fulfil its function, any more than, unless it were similarly uniform, a piano could express the intentions and skill of the pianist. But this spiritual mechanism is not only uniform in its action, so far as regards the individual spirit possessing it; it is, also, in the case of all spirits, similar. Spirits differ incalculably in respect of their free wills—their wills which choose the ends they severally seek to gain. They are identical in respect of the means which they have to employ in gaining them; and it is the exact similarity between all these systems of means, or all these sets of mechanism, possessed by all the spirits, that the process of abstraction presents to us in the form of an external world. The mechanism in question may be compared to a book, of which each spirit has its own private copy; but as all the copies are alike, and as each spirit reads the same words, the spirits agree to represent these innumerable separate copies, which are inside themselves, and which each of them reads separately, as a single copy, which is outside all of them, and which they all read together. This is an accurate image of the process by which, according to Mr. Ward, men come to possess the idea of an external world—a

world of which science give us a true account ; but it is an account that is true of abstractions only, not realities.

Such, reduced to its essentials, is the doctrine of the new Idealism. Its theological utility is, of course, apparent at a glance. Instead of exhibiting man's will as determined by a world of causes external to him, it reduces this universe to a part of man himself, and a subordinate part, whose uniformities and necessities are subservient to his will, and are its instruments. It exhibits man, as Mr. Ward says, as a spirit in a world of spirits ; and from these spirits, he proceeds, there is obviously an unimpeded road to God, 'the supreme spirit,' of whom the philosophy of science would deprive us. But although the vindication of religious and moral belief is the main end for the sake of which Mr. Ward and his friends philosophise, they do not rely solely on this end as the intellectual justification of their means. On the contrary, they maintain that their Idealism is the sole philosophic system which will reasonably explain the phenomena of life in their totality, whilst the system opposed to it—the scientific philosophy of to-day—utterly fails to do so ; and they seek to substantiate the truth of their own doctrine by showing in detail how that of science breaks down, and how, where it breaks down, the explanation of Idealism is successful.

Their own doctrine allows them to apply this test easily ; and puts no difficulty in the way of their coming to close quarters with science. For though they maintain that the truths of science are true only as abstractions, they admit them, as abstract truths, to be valid beyond all question ; just as a banker does not attribute to mere numbers the qualities of pounds and shillings ; but he knows that the total he gets from the addition of a series of sums of money will not be a true total unless his addition corresponds with the rules which arithmetic lays down. Accordingly, though arithmetic cannot give him the condition of his affairs in their entirety, he recognises that no explanation of his affairs will be true unless it is an explanation of everything that arithmetic gives him. Similarly, the Idealists, though they maintain that science does not give us the whole of that existence, which it is the business of philosophy to explain, admit that no system of philosophy, idealistic or other, can be true unless it explains everything that science gives us. Thus, whilst they no doubt claim that we do know by experience more facts than are admitted by the evolutionary scientist of to-day, all the facts which the evolutionary scientist alleges the Idealists admit also as facts which philosophy must explain. So far as these facts are concerned, both schools have practically the same riddle before them ; and to these facts the Idealistic criticism of the scientific philosophy confines itself.

This criticism is elaborated by Mr. Ward with extreme and often idle minuteness. It will be enough to deal here with the three most

important—I might almost say the only important—points of it. Taking Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy* as giving a true description, though not a true explanation, of the history of the external world from the primordial nebula down to man, he maintains that the philosophy which attributes to this world an existence really external to, and objectively independent of, mind, breaks down at the three following places:—Firstly, at the beginning of things, with regard to which it can tell us nothing; secondly, at the point where begins the process of organic evolution, for here, in direct contradiction of its own first principles, it abandons an objective interpretation in favour of a purely subjective one, making the main factor in the process the will of every living thing to live; and, thirdly, it breaks down at the point where the facts of human consciousness emerge as inseparably connected with the facts of the human brain.

The first of these criticisms, so far as it goes, is true; and Mr. Ward expresses it with great force and lucidity. If all things, he urges, follow each other in a uniform and unbroken order, the primordial nebula, out of which the existing cosmos, man included, has been evolved, must at the beginning of the process have been constituted in some specific way; and had its constitution differed, no matter how minutely, from what it was, the entire cosmos as we know it now would have been different from what it is. Why, then, was the primordial nebula constituted as it was, and not otherwise? This, as Mr. Ward very justly says, Mr. Spencer's philosophy makes no attempt to tell us. We ask it why things are as they are; and its only answer is, 'because they were as they were.' This is no real answer to our question. It is a repetition of it in another language. Having admitted, however, that here Mr. Ward is perfectly right, we will reserve this point for consideration further on, and confine ourselves now to his second and third objections. They are closely connected, but we will take them separately, beginning with that which has reference to organic evolution.

The fact of organic evolution he accepts as beyond all question; but, he continues, though science has revealed the fact, scientific philosophy cannot, on its other principles, explain it. In order to make the fact of organic evolution intelligible we have to attribute to each living thing a teleological element in itself—a mere will to live in the case of the lower species, and a will to live more and more pleasurably in the case of the higher. 'The two teleological factors,' says Mr. Ward, 'of organic evolution are these:— . . . the principle of self-conservation; . . . and the principle of hedonic selection.' Once let us grant these two uniformly acting principles, and the process of organic evolution meets with an intelligible explanation; but these two teleological principles, he continues, cannot possibly be accounted for on a theory like Mr. Spencer's. According to this theory, the subjective modes of mind are merely

the passive products of the brain, and, through the brain, of the external cosmos generally; but the following observed facts show conclusively that this is not the case. In the first place, whereas the action of the mind is essentially teleological, consisting of the conception of an end, and of effort directed to its attainment, the action of the cosmos, according to Mr. Spencer's theory, is not teleological, and therefore nothing teleological can be comprised in it. In the second place, says Mr. Ward, 'we see the hopelessness of regarding the (physical) environment—which itself is not alive—as possibly itself the source of life,' because the action of the environment is essentially 'katabolic,' whilst that of the organism is 'anabolic.' In other words, whilst the organism struggles to live, the environment struggles to make it die; or, to use Mr. Ward's own phrase, 'the environment antagonises the organism;' and 'only through the hostility of the former, or through irreparable misfortunes, is the latter brought to a halt.' Hence, the principle which alone makes the material organism live cannot be identical with the lifeless matter of its environment, the constant tendency of which is to extinguish it, and so cause the organism to be decomposed into lifeless matter again. Scientific philosophy, therefore, as represented by Mr. Spencer, is shown to be false by the very facts of organic evolution, to which it is accustomed to appeal, as one of the principal illustrations of its truth.

And now let us turn to a fact more crucial still, namely the connection of consciousness, as we know it ourselves in man, with the mechanism of the human brain; and see how Mr. Ward and the new Idealists deal with this. The reality and the constancy of this connection Mr. Ward takes for granted, just as do scientific philosophers such as Huxley and Mr. Spencer. What, then, is the nature of the connection between the two sets of phenomena? To this question, says Mr. Ward, only four answers are possible: first, that the brain is entirely controlled by mind; secondly, that the mind is controlled entirely by the brain, and, indeed, is a mere result (or register) of its action; thirdly, that neither of them controls or is controlled by the other, but that each, as Professor Clifford said, 'goes along by itself,' the relation between the two being one simply of parallelism; and, fourthly, that neither controls the other entirely, but each acts on the other, and is in turn acted on by it. The first and the third of these answers Mr. Ward at once rejects, and states with much force his unanswerable reasons for doing so. Two only, the second and the fourth, deserve to be seriously considered: the answer which represents mind as the passive product of brain action, and the answer which represents each as acting and reacting on the other. The former is the answer of the school of Huxley and Mr. Spencer; the latter is that of Mr. Ward himself, of Mr. Munsterberg and the new Idealists. Let us see how



Mr. Ward defends his own answer, and seeks to show that the answer of his opponents is erroneous.

A part of his argument is purely moral or religious, and consists of a demonstration that the answers of Huxley and Mr. Spencer leave no room for the religion which Mr. Ward is anxious to defend. This part of his argument, however, merely begs the question; and for Huxley and Mr. Spencer it would be no argument at all. It rests wholly on facts which they would maintain were not facts. With this, for the moment, neither we nor Mr. Ward are concerned. We are here concerned only with those facts of experience, which are admitted by both parties to be real facts, and to require to be explained, in consequence. Of such facts Mr. Ward fixes on two, which he rightly regards as being of fundamental importance, and valid tests of the correctness of the philosophy which attempts to deal with them. One of them is the supreme act of volition; the other is the connection of the data supplied to the mind by matter, with the processes of reflection and will to which they give occasion, and again with the physical actions which ultimately result from these. It is impossible, says Mr. Ward, to account for either of these facts—will, and the actions resulting from it—on the supposition that life is a mere product or epiphenomenon of the brain, and, as such, a mere part of the mechanism of the lifeless cosmos, instead of being an active principle, to which the brain, though reacting on it, is subservient. And the reasons why it is impossible to do this, are, according to him, as follows.

In the first place, as to will, he says that, if we any of us know anything, we all of us, from the direct testimony of experience, know at least this—that will, or resolve, is essentially distinct from feeling. Feelings are passive; their origin is external and physical. They form, in fact, the gift or the message of the world of matter to the spirit. But will, or resolve, in its very essence, is not passive, but active. It is not imposed on us from without. We know, by our immediate consciousness, that it springs up spontaneously from within. A philosophy, therefore, which not only fails to account for spontaneity, but admittedly reduces it to an impossibility—to an unthinkable absurdity—is by this fact alone shown to be fundamentally false.

In the second place, says Mr. Ward, if the scientific philosophy is true, and if mind is merely another side of matter, every mental effect, being a material effect also, must have a material cause which is its exact equivalent, and the equation between them must be expressible in terms of matter and energy. But this, he declares, is obviously not the case. Between mere subjective feeling, and the objective stimulus that excites it, there may be such an equation: but what equation, expressible in terms of matter and energy, can there be between such feeling and its physical cause on the one hand,

and the reflection which the mind makes on them, and the reasoning and volitional process to which they give rise, on the other hand? How can the effect which one thought logically has on another thought, or the strength of the conviction which such and such arguments produce, be represented by a mere dynamical diagram? How can the mental effect produced by the reading of a book be assimilated to any mental effect produced by a physical blow, or the mere titillation of a nerve? The following is an illustration given by Mr. Ward himself: 'A sound or scent,' he says, 'wafted to a stag on the breeze prompts it to start away from the deer-stalker. A child,' he continues, 'would understand that adjustment here does not mean any transformation or equivalence of forces; and that when the stag halts five miles off in a corrie the internal change from fright to a sense of security cannot, like the external change, be exhibited by a geometrical or dynamical diagram.' There must, therefore, he argues, be a missing element somewhere, with which scientific philosophy is utterly incompetent to deal, and which it has, indeed, deliberately extruded from its purview; and this element, says Mr. Ward, is the transcendental or metaphysical element of spirit. This element it is which Idealism recognises as the fundamental fact, explaining the physical world as something abstracted from, and dependent on, it. Idealism is thus able to explain existence in its totality. This element it is—this central reality of things—which the scientific philosophy ignores. Consequently, when that philosophy comes across it, as it cannot fail to do, it is utterly unable to give any explanation of it whatever, and, under the touch of analysis, tumbles to pieces like a house of cards.

Let us consider what these criticisms of the scientific philosophy come to. We shall see that they come to nothing. And, first, let us take the question of volition, will, or resolve, which, Mr. Ward says, we know to be distinct from mere passive feeling. It is distinct, no doubt; but Mr. Ward means more than this. He means not only that it is distinct, but that it is distinct in a certain specific way. He means not only that it is an activity as distinct from a passivity; but that it is an activity essentially undetermined by any external cause, as distinct from a passivity which is so determined. This is the only important part of his assertion; and the scientific philosophy simply answers his argument by saying that his premiss is altogether false. It says, whether we imagine our will to be free from external causes or no, consciousness, when clarified by reflection, gives us no assurance of the fact. Unreflecting consciousness does seem to attest it, just as it seems to attest the objectivity of the external world; but just as Idealism maintains that consciousness is wrong in the latter case, so does the scientific philosophy maintain that it is wrong in the former. It maintains, as Spinoza long ago showed, that, under reflection, the assumed fact of freedom dis-

appears, the mere feeling of freedom being consistent with the most rigid and complete determinism. As for Idealism, it sets out with assuming that the evidence of ordinary consciousness is altogether fallacious, and ends with supporting its doctrines by appealing to this evidence as indubitably true.

And now let us turn to the second of Mr. Ward's criticisms, which he illustrates by his parable of the stag. The difficulties here raised by him are two, one of which he has disposed of himself. This—to express it in terms of his own illustration—is the difficulty of establishing an equation between the amount of energy expended in producing the sound which prompts the stag to run, and the amount of muscular energy which the stag expends in running. But the physical explicability of a phenomenon of this kind can be readily shown, as Mr. Ward himself says in another part of his work, by the analogy of an explosion caused, through electrical means, by a child touching a button. There is no equation between the stored-up energy released and the infinitesimal force exerted by the child's finger; yet the whole operation is admittedly purely physical: and the stag's case is just the same.

The other difficulty which is in his mind—namely that of expressing in terms of matter and energy the mental stimulation caused by the matter of a printed page, and more especially by the action of one thought on another thought, requires to be considered more carefully, but it is not really more serious. The theory of the scientific philosophy, that mind and matter are two sides of the same thing, cannot, says Mr. Ward, explain it: unless indeed, he exclaims, scientists resort to the absurdity of advocating a 'species of book-keeping by double entry.' But this is precisely what the logical scientist must do. He does not by doing so explain why a substance which elsewhere has one side only, namely, the material, seems to have two sides, when constructed so as to form the brain; but Mr. Ward himself admits that there is a similar mystery somewhere, which the Idealist can explain no better than Mr. Herbert Spencer. The fact of 'mental presentation' as associated with its physical conditions, is, he says, 'inexplicable.' We must accept the fact as a fact, and can say no more about it. So far, then, he and Mr. Herbert Spencer are as one. Man is for both of these a phenomenon which, inexplicably, has two sides. Moreover, these two sides, as Mr. Ward admits, interact—the matter side acting on the mind side, and the mind side acting on the matter side. Now, according to Mr. Ward, the action of the matter on the mind may, though itself inexplicable, be accepted as consonant with Mr. Spencer's theory; but what is not consonant with that theory is the reaction of mind on matter, and more especially the action of mind on mind, that is to say, the action of one thought or argument on another. According to Mr. Spencer's theory, he says, a thought, an argument,

a logical inference, a deduction, can follow a preceding thought only as a by-product of one configuration of cerebral molecules, which results mechanically from a different configuration preceding it, like a new figure forming itself in a kaleidoscope. There can be no direct relation of intellectual causality between them; but such a causality we know, from experience, to exist. This difficulty is, however, quite imaginary. The scientific philosophy supplies us with a natural and obvious solution of it, which may be explained by the following illustration.

The thinking and living organism, being admittedly a two-sided phenomenon, we may represent as an automaton on a board, travelling along certain slits in it, and actuated by two different but inseparably connected sets of mechanism, of which one is above the board, and the other under it; and above the board and under it, placed by the side of the slits, are objects by which, as the travelling automaton passes, protruding catches are touched; these catches throwing into or out of gear a variety of movements. At one time the catch thus actuated is a catch in the upper part of the mechanism. It consists, we will suppose, of one of the arms of the figure or its head; and the figure at once exhibits a series of resulting movements. At another time, the catch is one which belongs to the mechanism hidden below; and the figure again exhibits similar movements, though the part of the mechanism in which they originate is different. In both cases, however, both sets of mechanism being connected, and structurally inseparable, nothing takes place in the one which is not conditioned by, or does not condition, what takes place in the other. Now, the upper part of the mechanism, namely, that within the figure itself, we may accurately compare to the mental processes of the brain, and the lower part, hidden beneath the board, we may compare to the physical. A series of movements may take place in the former—movements which control the wheelwork of the latter, but in which the wheelwork of the latter plays no actuating part; or the case may be reversed; or, again, the wheels, levers, cams, and so forth, of each may reciprocally control those of the other. And yet all the time the entire machine is one, all its parts being made of the same metal, and deriving their various motions from one and the same spring.

A toy of this kind is not only conceivable, but possible; and equally conceivable is man, regarded as a single piece of mechanism, of which mind and thought are one part, and brain and nerves the other. That the living organism should have two sides at all is a mystery; but this being taken for granted, as Mr. Ward says we are bound to take it, there is no further mystery in the case, such as he supposes, which the scientific philosophy cannot consistently explain. It fails to give a coherent account of one thing, and of one thing only; and this is not the equivalent and under-

lying identity between the processes of the brain and the processes of thought and will, but the connection of the processes of the brain with a will which is asserted to be free. The scientific philosophy does not explain this, because it does not allow that any such freedom exists. Dr. Ward and the Idealists only answer by a counter assertion, which they assert only, and make no attempt to prove. All they do is to alter the formula of Descartes from *I think, therefore I am*, into *I will, undetermined by any external causes, therefore I am*; and, apart from the fact that the scientific philosophy leaves no room for any free-will of this kind—for any energy which is generated by nothing but itself, or for any acts of choice which have nothing whatever to determine them—the Idealists' attack on the manner in which this philosophy deals with the two-sided but single phenomenon of life is utterly devoid of force. It exhibits, not the defects of this philosophy, but defects in their own comprehensions of it.

On the other hand, however, the Idealists are perfectly right in asserting that unless we do admit the reality of free-will, and deny the logical consequence of the whole scientific philosophy—namely, that men are merely puppets of causes outside themselves—everything that is highest, best, most interesting, and indeed alone worth living for in human life, disappears. They are right, therefore, in holding that we must justify ourselves in asserting free-will by some means. Accordingly, the ultimate question to be asked with regard to the new Idealism is this: Since, apart from the origin of the universe—which matter we will return to presently—the philosophy which Idealism opposes will account coherently for the universe minus free-will, will Idealism account for the universe if free-will is included in it? And the answer to this question, as I shall show briefly, is as follows: The new Idealism doubtless finds a place for free-will in its system; for its first step is to put it there, and so far it will account for it. But it will account for nothing else. It secures a certain accordance with what we assume to be fact in one part of its system by sacrificing all accordance with what we know to be fact in another part.

If we look back at Mr. Ward's philosophy, as it has here been sketched, and take a general view of it, we shall see that it is really Mr. Spencer's philosophy turned inside out, or upside down. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Ward both agree that 'the fundamental fact,' or the first fact of experience, is a concrete fact, a result of object and subject, and not object or subject separately; just as our first experience of water is an experience of water itself, and not of the oxygen and hydrogen, into which the chemist resolves it. Mr. Ward and Mr. Spencer differ only in this—that Mr. Spencer says that the oxygen and hydrogen are real elements, as real as the water itself. Mr. Ward says that they are merely abstract conceptions of qualities

of the water, such as brightness, fluidity, or clearness. Or, to go back again to an illustration used already, Mr. Ward says that the external world is merely a book inside ourselves, of which we all have similar copies, and which we, each of us, read independently. Mr. Spencer says that it is a book outside ourselves, which we all of us read together. For Mr. Spencer the internal books are images of a book external to us; for Mr. Ward the external book is a single Brocken-phantom of the innumerable similar books which are internal. Now even if we could admit Mr. Ward's theory to be tenable otherwise, it would be easy to show that it does not really solve the problem of free-will. On this point, however, I have no space to dwell here. It will be enough here to point out, by the aid of a very few illustrations, that even if we conceded that it did explain free-will, it is utterly inconsistent with all these other facts which Mr. Ward admits no less than Mr. Spencer. If men are really pure spirits, and if what we call the external world is really a similar mechanism existing inside each of them, how does Mr. Ward explain, even as mere abstractions, the sexual facts of reproduction—the process with which each spirit begins? How, again, does he explain the facts of heredity, on which no one lays more stress than himself? How do spirits co-operate in producing what they take to be external works, such as buildings, if stones, trowels, mortar, and even their own hands, are mere similar abstractions or shadows of similarities inside themselves? Is astronomy with its endless worlds, is geology with its records of past races, nothing more than self-analysis in disguise? Such questions might be multiplied indefinitely; but I will add only one more, and this shall be one founded on a doctrine of Mr. Ward himself. The living principle of the organism cannot, he says, be identical with the lifeless physical environment, because the environment antagonises the organism, always tends to destroy it, and ultimately does destroy it. How, then, can the environment be in reality a part of the living thing itself, or merely an abstract expression of something which is a part of the living thing? How can the spirit be always struggling to live, and at the same time always struggling to destroy itself? Or how can a mere abstraction antagonise and destroy anything? I must leave the reader to pursue this line of criticism for himself. The farther he pursues it, the more completely will he be convinced that the Idealism of Mr. Ward and his friends is the mere self-delusion of men made fanatical by the excellence of their moral aims. I must devote the space left me to a few general observations.

In the first place, then, though Mr. Ward and the new Idealists cannot reconcile the assumed fact of free-will and spontaneity with the admitted fact of the uniformity of external nature, in any way which is consistent with the facts of nature itself; though they cannot explain these facts, even if the difficulty of free-will is subtracted

from them; and again, though they fail utterly to show that the explanation of them given by science is not completely coherent when once the existence of the natural world is granted, they do succeed in showing, by way of negative criticism, that the origin of the natural world is a problem, on which science and the scientific philosophy throw no light whatever. Mr. Spencer leads us back to the primordial nebula. This requires as much explanation as the cosmos which we know now. Behind the nebula we get back to ether. This requires as much explanation as the nebula itself; and the action of it, as the cause of the cosmos, is even more inexplicable. In the face of such criticism as this, our reply to the Idealists is that their own philosophy is here equally helpless, and that all philosophies are equally helpless likewise. Theology, which solves the problem by attributing the beginning of things to God, frankly admits that God is in His essence inconceivable, embracing qualities and attributes which our reason cannot reconcile; and Saint Augustine pays homage to Him in a long Magnificat of contradictions. All philosophies, then, being here in the same position, the new Idealists are pursuing a useful work in insisting that Science is in no better position than the rest; though they do not show that they are in a better position than science.

In the second place, they are pursuing a work not less useful in insisting that, unless we assume the reality of free-will, which is utterly inconsistent with the entire scientific philosophy, all that is valuable in human life disappears; and that free-will must therefore be assumed by us as a working hypothesis. Implicitly, though not avowedly, this view was adopted by Professor Huxley, as is abundantly evident in nearly all his ethical utterances. The new Idealists are to be thanked for insisting on it in formal language.

The conclusion, then, of the matter, is as follows. We have before us two orders of facts—those which science shows us to be absolutely necessary and determined, and those which the practical reason insists on attributing to some free agency. Farther, these two sets of facts empirically meet and co-exist in human life. How can the meeting and co-existence of these contradictories be explained? Science attempts to explain it by treating one set as an illusion. Idealism seeks to explain it by treating the other set as an abstraction. Apart from the ultimate origin of the facts, which can be explained by neither philosophy, science does explain the only set which it admits to be real. Idealism, in endeavouring to reconcile the two, explains neither. It assumes the one, and loses all hold of the other.

How, then, is the synthesis of the free and the necessary to be accomplished? The only true answer to this question is that it cannot be accomplished at all in any manner which the human intellect can comprehend; and that when philosophers like Mr. Ward

attempt to bind the two together they might as well try to bind together with a postage stamp two masses of wall which are falling in opposite directions. But what philosophers cannot do to the satisfaction of the intellect, the mass of mankind does in obedience to the instinctive practical reason. It unites the free and the necessary in a synthesis, the truth of which it attests from generation to generation by its love, by its blood, by its tears, by its joys, by its sorrows, and by its prayers. The great truth which philosophers must learn is this—that the synthesis is one which can never be intellectually justified by analysis. In other words, life in its totality is incomprehensible. The method which explains one part, leaves another part unexplained. Philosophy is a coat which we can button over our stomachs only by leaving a broken seam at our backs. We can know something, or much, of many portions of existence; but by no intellectual device can we fit the portions together. Our intellect may be compared to a locomotive on a pair of rails, which for a certain distance each way run parallel, and on which the locomotive can travel; but which in either direction when a certain point is passed, begin to diverge like two sides of a triangle, stretching away to some infinitely distant base, and on which the wheels of the engine cannot travel any longer. Let us take as our guide any method or philosophy we like—materialistic, idealistic, theistic, deistic, or pantheistic, our experience will be the same. We shall be brought into a region not only of unknowable things, but of contradictory thoughts and principles. Let Oedipus go out of any one of the seven gates of Thebes, and the same Sphinx will be there, staggering him with the same riddle; and not all the Mr. Wards or Mr. Munsterbergs in the world would be able to give him a hint of how the riddle is to be answered.

W. H. MALLOCK.



## ORDINATION OF PRIESTS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

UNDER the existing law a bishop of the Established Church is compelled to address the following words separately and individually to each person whom he admits to Priest's Orders: 'Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained.'

The use of these words is accompanied by every circumstance of solemn ceremonial which can enhance and emphasise their importance. They are, in truth, the culminating point of the whole Ordination Service.

Not only the Bishop, but every priest present, lays his hands upon the head of each candidate as he kneels before the Bishop while these words are being addressed to him. No words in the whole service are more weighty than these; to none is greater solemnity attached by the accompanying highly suggestive ceremonial. What are these words? Whence are they derived, and by what authority have they been introduced into our Ordinal? They have one excellent characteristic—they are perfectly plain and their meaning is unmistakable.

By them each priest is endowed individually, as far as words can do it, with a power to forgive and to 'retain' sins. 'Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained.' Whence are they derived? They have been described as an 'adaptation' of words addressed by Christ to His disciples. They contain, in truth, a misquotation of Christ's words, involving not merely a verbal inaccuracy, but also a change of meaning so essential that it vitally affects the authority and the status of those who are ordained.

The misquotation is the substitution of the singular for the plural in such a way that a saying addressed by Christ generally to His disciples, as the body representing and governing the early Christian Church, 'Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained,' is now put into the mouth of a Bishop, who is compelled, at a most solemn moment in the Ordination Service, to apply it individually to

one young clergyman after another—men, for the most part, with but very little experience of life, who probably have been only a few months in their profession, and who come to ordination at an age when their minds are as wax to receive and as marble to retain religious impressions which are stamped with the authority of the Church.

Whatever attempts may have been made in the study to refine away a clear and obvious meaning, who can wonder if, in the cathedral on his ordination day, surrounded by every circumstance of solemn ceremonial, as he kneels to receive from his Father in God the 'Great Commission,' a young man feels an overwhelming sense of the power, as well as of the responsibility, conferred by the words 'Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained'? And if the tendency of his mind has, by early training and by instinctive reasoning, been in the direction of a High Church conception of the position and authority of an Anglican priest, he will sympathise enthusiastically with the late Canon Pusey, who, in a letter on Ordination and Confession addressed to the *Times* in November 1866, said: 'So long as these words of our Lord, "Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven," are repeated over us when we are ordained, so long there will be confession in the Church of England.'

It is simply impossible to imagine that any fair-minded bishop, after ordaining a priest in this form, could punish him if he honestly endeavours to put in practice, by means of the Confessional, the powers and responsibilities conferred upon him at ordination by the bishop himself. And if the newly ordained priest thinks at all about the matter he may consider, as apparently Canon Pusey did, that the misquotation is so trifling that it may be ignored, and that what were not the words of our Lord may be cited as if they were, in defence of the use of the Confessional in the Church of England.

If anyone is to be punished, it ought, in common justice, to be the man who, having received these powers, systematically neglects to use them. And if there is one person on whom lies the responsibility of inflicting this punishment, it is the bishop who has endowed his clergy personally and individually with the powers in question.

And considering that it is the laity, not the clergy, who are mainly and directly responsible for the law of the land, it is the height of absurdity and injustice for laymen to band themselves together to try to induce bishops to punish their clergy for obeying a law which they dislike, instead of setting themselves to work to get the law changed—which, in such a case as this, would be, no doubt, a very difficult matter.

But, whether difficult or not, it has the advantage of being an honest and straightforward way of dealing with it, and this, in itself,

when once the necessity for a change in the Ordination Service is recognised, will attract English laymen generally, and make it easier to bring the change about than by any other means less honest and less direct. For in such a case, as this, the one and only chance of a reform is by an appeal to men who absolutely refuse to regard the question from any narrow or sectarian point of view, men who believe that the highest form of practical religion demands an absolute allegiance to the common principles of fair dealing, which everyone can understand and appreciate.

Not many Englishmen attend Ordination Services. Very few have the least idea that any such words as those quoted are used, and only a small fraction of those who do know it realise the misquotation attaching to them. To the minds of the vast majority of English Churchmen and Churchwomen anything in the nature of an endowment of priests individually with a power to forgive or to 'retain' sins is in direct opposition to the teaching of the New Testament, and of the Prayer Book as they understand it.

As long as there was a general non-observance in practice of the doctrine implied in these words, the strong religious sense which forms so large a part of the manhood of England acting as a safeguard against the mischief of the misquotation, things might be allowed to go on, under a weak, and perhaps cowardly, observance of the convenient maxim, '*quieta non movere*.' But when the '*quieta*' of an earlier and more indifferent period have departed, and a large and influential section is teaching and practising a fulfilment of these words in forms of confession and absolution undistinguishable from those of Romish custom—then, for the sake of the reverence due to Him whose words have been misquoted and misapplied, and also for the sake of honesty in our controversial dealings with those from whom we differ, the demand arises that the misquotation which has already caused so much mischief, and will cause infinitely more, should be removed from our Prayer Book.

It is to no purpose that the unanimous decision of the bishops has been given against what is called 'compulsory confession.' When once a penitent really believes that a priest can 'forgive' or 'retain' sins, from that moment confession becomes compulsory.

The desire for confession becomes in itself a compulsion born of the fear that, without it, absolution will be withheld.

When every member of the priesthood is endowed with an authority so absolute, no room is left for 'voluntary confession.' Compulsory confession accompanies priestly absolution as the shadow the substance, and a very dark shadow it has often been. And this commission, which every priest receives on his ordination from the bishop, is of a double kind. He has the power, not only to forgive, but to 'retain' sins, that is, as generally understood, to refuse for-

givenness. And he receives this power without any rule whatever being laid down for his guidance, how or when he shall exercise it.

The clergy accept, as part of their commission, the message of Divine forgiveness of which a world weary of repeated failure needs to be constantly reminded.

It is impossible for the mind to conceive of two things more utterly opposed to each other than the forgiveness of sins by God and their retention by man ; and, before we accept the claim of any human authority to refuse forgiveness, we have the right to ask whence it is derived, on what foundation it rests, and, in so far as it is based upon one or two passages in the New Testament, whether the words used in the original have been translated into English so as to convey their true meaning.

In the twenty-third verse of the twentieth chapter of St. John there is a translation of a very remarkable kind. The Greek word translated 'retain' (whosoever sins ye 'retain') is *κρατῆτε*. After careful inquiry, it appears that this word throughout the whole of Greek literature, including the New Testament, has probably never been rendered into English, except in this single passage, by a word implying a refusal to forgive.

Moreover, it is only by the substitution of the singular for the plural, the individual priest to whom Christ did not refer, for the governing body to whom He did, that this unique translation of the word is requisite, or indeed admissible. In every other passage of the New Testament where the word *κρατέω* occurs the usual meaning is given to it of subduing, conquering, or controlling, a meaning which is applicable to the representative governing body of the Christian community, but is obviously inapplicable to the individual priest.

So far, therefore, as this passage is concerned, it appears that the doctrine of the individual priestly authority to refuse forgiveness of sins, as taught in our Ordination Service, rests on a misquotation of our Lord's words, helped out by a unique interpretation of a well-known Greek word.

Cases may be quoted from the New Testament, few and far between, where a culprit has gone to his death condemned and apparently unforgiven ; but who would dare to assert that the general teaching of the New Testament is such as to warrant, or permit, a power to refuse the forgiveness of sins being entrusted individually to young men who are ordained priests ? Such an idea is abhorrent to most minds, as an outrage of faith, hope, and charity.

Inquiry has been made, and we believe it is true to state, that in no formulary now in use in any part of the Christian Church, except in the Church of England Service for the Ordination of Priests, and in the Pontificale Romanum, is the use of this misquotation enforced. In the Ordinal of the Episcopal Church of the United States, copied

from our own, we have the authority of Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, for saying that the following alternative form is permitted, and almost invariably used: 'Take thou authority to execute the office of a Priest in the Church of God now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands, and be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of His Holy Sacraments. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' In every edition of the Prayer Book of the American Episcopal Church from 1785 to 1896 this alternative form is found.

In the Roman Ordinal the bishop commences his address to the ordinands as follows:—

Dearly beloved Sons, as you are now about to be consecrated to the Office of the Priesthood, do you endeavour to receive it worthily, and blamelessly to fulfil its duties when you have received it. It appertains to the Priest to offer Sacrifice, to preside, to preach, and to baptize.

In this impressive summary of the duties of Priests, nothing is said of the power of forgiving or retaining sins. Then, after certain prayers have been said, and after the intonation of the 'Veni Creator,' the bishop performs the anointing ceremony, using the following words:

Be pleased, O Lord, to consecrate and hallow these hands by this anointing and our blessing—that whatsoever they bless may be blessed, and whatsoever they consecrate may be consecrated and hallowed in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then the bishop delivers to each candidate the chalice containing wine and water, with a paten and Host upon it, and says to everyone separately, 'Take thou the authority to offer sacrifice to God and to celebrate Mass both for the living and the dead.' In the name of the Lord.'

After this ceremonial the act of ordination is apparently complete, as, from this stage in the service, those who have passed through it are described in the Rubric as 'Ordinati'—having been called 'Ordinandi' till then.

As a subsequent part of the ceremonial the bishop, seated before the altar, lays both his hands on the head of each one kneeling before him, and says to him: 'Receive the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained.' The translation of the Roman Pontifical, from which this has been taken, bears the imprimatur of the Roman Bishop of Southwark, and the following note is appended (on page 56) to the words just quoted: 'Father Morin in his great work on Holy Orders (Ex. 7, c. 2), proves that this laying on of hands and its accompanying form were unknown for full twelve centuries.'

Major, writing A.D. 1516, in his commentary on the Sentences,

<sup>1</sup> *Apostolical and Ministerial Absolution*, Rev. H. Davis, 1887.

mentions having seen 'several Pontificals in use at ordinations, in which there was no trace of either.' It is stated in Smith and Cheetham's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, under 'Ordination,' that 'no mention of the rite is found in the early English Ordinals, or in any Ordinal earlier than the twelfth century, or in any of the great liturgical writers of the Middle Ages.'

Dean Stanley, in his chapter on Absolution (*Christian Institutions*), makes the following reference to the introduction of the words in question into the Ordinal :—

Their use is prescribed only in the ordination of presbyters. And even for this limited object the introduction of the words is comparatively recent, and probably the result of misconception.

It is certain that, for the first twelve centuries, they were never used for the ordination of any Christian minister.

It is certain that, in the whole Eastern Church, they are never used at all for this purpose. It was not till the thirteenth century, the age when the materialistic theories of the sacraments and the extravagant pretensions of Pontifical and sacerdotal power were at their height, that they were first introduced into the Ordinals of the Latin Church. From thence they came, at the Reformation, into the Ordination Service of the Episcopal Church of England and of the Presbyterian Church of Lutheran Germany. Their retention is confessedly not in conformity, but in direct antagonism, with ancient and Catholic usages. That the words are necessary to the validity of Holy Orders few, probably, would assert; but such an assertion, if admitted, would of itself be fatal to the validity of all Holy Orders whatever. It would prove that every single ordination for the first 1,200 years of Christianity was invalid; nay, more, that every present ordination in the Roman Church itself is invalid, inasmuch as, in the Ordinal, these words do not occur in an essential part of the office, but only in an accidental adjunct of it.

In the *Quarterly Review* for October 1877 an article attributed by Dean Stanley to Archdeacon Reichel describes the share taken by Père Morin in an inquiry as to the nature and contents of the Greek Liturgies then in use.

It appears that in the year 1639, by order of Pope Urban the Eighth, an investigation at Rome was undertaken into the Liturgies of the Greek Church, and Father Morinus—a learned French theologian—was summoned to Rome by Cardinal Barberini to take part in this investigation. On his arrival he found that the Ordinals of the Greek Church were being examined, and, as very little was known about them by those who were engaged in their examination, Morinus seems to have worked independently, and to have visited all the libraries to which he could get access, with a view of discovering what was really old and what had been added to the Greek Ordinal in comparatively modern times, so that a comparison might be made between the Greek and the Roman forms of ordination, ancient and modern. His researches showed that, for all practical purposes, the Ordinal then in use in the Greek Church was identical with the old forms used before the separation between the Churches of the

East and the West. Both the ancient and the modern ritual of the Greek Church contained everything which the early Fathers of the Church held to be requisite.

On the other hand, as regards many things which in more recent times had been pronounced by the Schoolmen to be essential to a valid ordination there was among the early Fathers a 'profound silence.' A continuance of his researches at length forced Father Morinus to the conclusion that the proud motto of the Romish Church, '*Quod semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*,' was inapplicable to what has been described by Dean Stanley as an 'accidental adjunct' to their ordination service for Roman priests.

The ritual in the Greek Ordinal is very elaborate and abounds in suggestive symbols and in solemn ceremonial. The deacon who is about to be ordained a priest is conducted by two deacons to the 'holy gates' and is received there by two priests who present him to the bishop. The bishop then signs him with the sign of the Cross, and he makes three processions round the Holy Table in company with the two priests, chanting an invocation to the martyrs. He then kneels and kisses the bishop's robe near the knee, and while kneeling down at the Holy Table, with his head on it, the bishop, laying his hand upon his head, prays 'that the Holy Spirit may come upon him, that he may be preserved in conversation unblameable, and in faith unfeigned, that he may prove himself worthy of the priestly office.' After other prayers of a more general character the bishop, again laying his hand on the newly ordained priest, offers a prayer from which the following is an extract :—

O Lord, who hath been pleased to grant unto this thy Servant the Order of a Presbyter, replenish him with the gifts of Thy Holy Spirit, that he may be worthy to stand before Thy Holy Altar unblameably, to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom, to minister the word of Thy truth, to present unto Thee spiritual gifts and sacrifices, and to renew Thy people by the washing of regeneration.

Nowhere in the Ordination Service are there any words which purport to convey the power of personally remitting or retaining sins. It is no part either of the authority or of the duty of a priest in the Greek Church to do this. It does not enter into the commission so solemnly and impressively granted to him by the bishop. However elaborate the ritual of the ancient Liturgy of the Eastern Church, it is not marred by the pretensions and sacerdotal claims interpolated at a later date into the Ordinal of the Church of Rome.

The dignity, simplicity, and deep religious feeling which in harmonious combination have made our Prayer Book a priceless legacy gathered in through long centuries from the whole of Christendom, and bequeathed to us, imposes on every reverent mind the obligation jealously to retain each part that stands the test of truth. But nothing is more reverent than truth. Loyalty to truth breathes an atmosphere of reverence, and there is no fear of violence from without if truth arms the garrison within.

When it is shown that, in the dark ages of our Church's history, a misquotation of Christ's recorded words has been allowed to creep into our Prayer Book, a misquotation which teaches a doctrine and encourages the observance of practices absolutely opposed to the religious belief of the great majority of the Christian Church; when it is seen that our law compels the bishops of the Established Church to use this misquotation, as the most prominent part of a very solemn and impressive service, and that this is done against primitive custom, against Catholic usage, and against the universal practice of every branch of the Reformed Church, except our own, and that even in that branch of the Christian Church where priestly power is most predominant the misquotation does not form an essential part of the Ordination Service; when these facts are generally known and considered, the demand for a change in our law will become so strong that no power will be able to resist it. Will not the authorities of the Church themselves take the lead and the guidance here? Will they not respond to such an appeal as this?

For this is an appeal, not an attack—an appeal to the reverence and the honesty shared by all parties and communities of the Christian Church—such reverence for the words of Christ that cannot tolerate their misquotation, though it may have been repeated for centuries, such reverence for the Book of Common Prayer that calls for the removal of an imperfection which is unworthy of the rest, such reverence for the office and duties of the bishops of the Church that would relieve them from the necessity of using language which is a misquotation and a ceremonial that emphasises and perpetuates it, such respect for those who are ordained priests that would free them from the necessity of having this language addressed to them and taking part in this ceremonial. It is also an appeal to the honesty of all who, while admitting this imperfection in our Prayer Book and feeling convinced that Church and State should combine to remove it, will take no part in anything which savours of punishment, or even of the censure, of those who act in accordance with the doctrine of the priestly forgiveness or 'retention' of sins so long as it is taught in our Prayer Book and is, therefore, part of the unrepealed law of the land, a law not rendered obsolete by disuse, but promulgated afresh by those in authority at every Ordination Service, a law of which the protection, as well as the control, may be claimed as a right by every member, whether cleric or layman, of the Established Church.

FREDERICK VERNEY.

P.S.—It has been suggested by a clerical friend that some direct reference should be made here to the words addressed to St. Peter in Matthew xvi. 19, words so personal and so individual that it will ever



remain a mystery how any human being ever dared so extend their application. No comment upon them can be more powerful and incisive than that of Origen.

He who is gifted with self-control enters the Gate of Heaven by self-control. He who is just enters the Gate of Heaven by the key of justice. The Saviour gives to those who are not overcome by the Gates of Hell as many keys as there are virtues. If any who is not Peter, and has not the qualities here mentioned, believes that he can bind on earth like Peter, so that what he binds is bound in Heaven, such an one is puffed up, not knowing the meaning of the Scriptures.

## *FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE*

THE history of Freemasonry in France and England affords a curious contrast. In England the order is practically co-existent with the dynasty, the foundations of the present organisation having been laid in London in 1717, and in all essential respects it has undergone no fundamental change. For more than a century it has been directly connected with royalty, its honours and dignities are still attractive to the nobility, and it is strictly loyal, conservative, non-political, and non-democratic. In France we find an entirely different state of things. The order, first brought into the country by Englishmen in 1721, has waxed and waned with every dynastic upheaval. It has been rent asunder by schisms, it has wavered between the conflicting claims of science and religion, and has now become a frankly political, anti-clerical, idea-worshipping, and democratic organisation, no longer deserving, from the English point of view, to be called by the name it bears. While English Freemasonry possesses more than 2,900 lodges (exclusive of the chapters and other assemblies practising the higher degrees), and counts its adherents by hundreds of thousands, the total number of active Freemasons in France certainly does not exceed 30,000. The financial resources of French lodges are insignificant; their members are very much richer in ideas than hard cash, and very little is spent in show or conviviality; yet the order fills a far more important position than it does in our own country. The gradual development, especially during the last twenty years, of Freemasonry as a political force is, in fact, one of the most noteworthy features in the contemporary history of our neighbours. Forty years ago the order, which had reached its zenith under Napoleon the First, was compelled to accept a Grand Master at the hands of his nephew, and its ceremonies were subject to police interference. To-day it constitutes a pillar of the State, and no Government official would dare to lift a finger against it. In view of the important part which Freemasonry will play in the forthcoming general elections, a few particulars of its objects and present position, drawn from sources not readily available to the general public, may be of interest.

Leaving out of account the Misraimite Rite (a weird and mystical

form of Masonry, possessing ninety degrees), which still exists on paper, but is virtually asleep, if not dead, there are now four Masonic governing bodies in France: the Grand College of Rites, the Grand Orient, the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, and the Grand Lodge of France. These four bodies may be divided into two distinct groups. One, consisting of the Grand College of Rites and the Grand Orient, represents French Freemasonry pure and simple; the other, comprising the Supreme Council and the Grand Lodge, concerns itself with Scotch or 'blue' Masonry, having many points of resemblance with the institution as known in England. Each group, again, has its nominally supreme and subordinate constituents. In the one, the Grand College of Rites, and in the other the Supreme Council, alone confer all degrees above the third; while the first, second, and third degrees are controlled by the Grand Orient and the Grand Lodge in their respective spheres. Each *régime* thus possesses what may be compared to an upper and a lower house. The Grand College and Grand Orient have existed side by side for many years; but the Grand Lodge is a comparatively new organisation, dating from 1894, when the Supreme Council gave it sole control over the 'blue' lodges. The two Senates (to again employ the figure of speech used above) each consist of a limited number (thirty-three) of councillors holding the highest or thirty-third degree. As vacancies occur, new members are chosen by the councillors themselves. The Grand Orient and the Grand Lodge, on the other hand, form the two great bodies of active Freemasons. Each has its staff of officers, elected for one year, and its annual parliament, to which every lodge is bound to send a delegate. The organisation of the two bodies is almost identical. The only difference in principle is that the Grand Lodge of France recognises the existence of the Great Architect of the Universe, or, to be strictly accurate, allows its lodges and brethren to do so if they choose. The Grand Orient avoids all reference to the existence of a Supreme Being. Both organisations are nevertheless equally objectionable from the Roman Catholic point of view, and both are equally under the ban of Papal excommunication, just as their English brethren are. Both take an active interest in politics, though the tendency of the Scottish Masons seems to be rather in the direction of social and economic science. The Grand Orient is rich and powerful. It owns a large house in the heart of Paris, and has a campaign fund amounting to several hundred thousand francs, if not to millions, fed by annual contributions from all its lodges.<sup>1</sup> The Grand Lodge, on the other hand, is comparatively poor, the fees payable by its members being little more than half the amounts charged by the Grand Orient. The latter body has

<sup>1</sup> This statement is made by M. François Bonnardot, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of France, in his pamphlet *L'Effort Collectif*.

about 400 lodges and 22,000 members ; the Grand Lodge, 110 lodges and 5,000 members. The Grand Orient has outgrown its headquarters in the Rue Cadet and is about to build or purchase larger premises.

The Grand Orient, strangely enough, owes its financial prosperity to a former adversary. To punish it for having chosen his *frondeur* of a cousin, Prince Jerome, as Grand Master, Napoleon the Third, in 1862, issued a decree appointing Marshal Magnan to that office. The Marshal entered on his functions with definite instructions to rule the order with an iron hand. As he was not already a Mason it was necessary to confer all the degrees on him one after the other—an operation which lasted a week, and excited a great amount of interest among the fraternity. To the general surprise, the Marshal, who had come to curse, remained to bless. He began to take an interest in his office, attended the lodges assiduously, and became a fervent Mason and an excellent Grand Master. He used his influence to such effect that the Emperor restored the legislative rights of the order, and allowed it to choose its Grand Master. Marshal Magnan himself brought the decree to a meeting of the Grand Orient and laid the document on the table, together with his own resignation, and he was rewarded by being unanimously and enthusiastically re-elected. He added to his services by reorganising the finances of the order and causing its property to be vested in trustees in accordance with law. The Marshal was succeeded by General Mellinet, during whose term of office the excommunication of all Freemasons by Pope Pius the Ninth took place. Under the Republic the post of Grand Master has been abolished, and the head of the Grand Orient is merely styled President of the Council.

The Grand Orient is rapidly discarding all symbolism, considering it as effete and out of harmony with modern ideas. The 'trials' to which novices were once subjected have long ago been given up, and the mystery with which popular imagination has clothed the order is clearing away. The process of vulgarisation has gone so far that Freemasonry can hardly be called a secret society at all, as far as France is concerned. It is virtually a club or association of philosophers and politicians, visionaries and practical men. It selects its adherents more carefully than most associations, but less so than its chief adversaries the Jesuits and religious orders generally. Moreover, its doings are perfectly well known. In October last a Paris illustrated paper published two drawings showing the position of the hands and fingers in the Masonic grips. The only real secret hidden from the profane is the password, which is changed at regular intervals, with a view to preventing intruders from making their way into the lodges on the strength of information obtained from Masonic publications. This word is sent under seal to the master of each lodge and communicated by him to the brethren in a whisper,

after which the paper is solemnly burnt. This use of a temporary shibboleth dates from 1777, and is one of the few relics of antiquity surviving in the lower degrees of French Masonry. The adherents of the Grand Orient, in fact, seem to find it borne in upon them to pull down all their old institutions and replace them by brand new ones. They have even introduced a form of Masonic marriage, wherein the bride, after plighting her troth before the Master and brethren, takes her partner by the hand and leads him to his seat, to signify that she will never seek to interfere with his attendance at the lodge. The most startling variation consists of the 'mixed lodges,' to which both sexes are admitted. The largest of these groups is nearly 100 strong, and holds its meetings, twice a month, in Paris. Three or four others exist in the provinces, and all form part of an order called the *Droit Humain*. They have a ritual based on and strongly resembling that of the Scottish Rite. The Paris group has a lady as Worshipful Mistress. It also possesses a sort of dispensary, at which one of the members, a lady doctor, attends daily and gives free advice to the brethren, sisters, and their children. The initiation of a woman in the presence of her husband and son, who were already members, was recently witnessed in this lodge. I should add, however, that neither the *Droit Humain* nor any other form of mixed Masonry (so called) is recognised either by the Grand Orient or the Grand Lodge. The heads of these bodies look upon it with no unfriendly eye, but consider that it must be put to the test of time and experience. Theoretically, of course, Freemasonry would gain immensely in strength if it could obtain the support of the weaker sex, but the practical objections are obvious. In few countries could so daring an experiment be attempted.

The resolve to make Freemasonry an active social and intellectual force shows itself in the character of the subjects discussed in the lodges. In the *Bulletin Hebdomadaire* of the 6th and 13th of December I find that various lodges were called upon to discuss such matters as 'The Depopulation and Repopulation of France,' 'The Application of the Collectivist System,' 'The Position of Freemasonry in regard to Political Parties,' 'Employers' Liability,' 'Can Freemasonry intervene to prevent a European War?' 'Esperanto, a new Universal Language,' and 'The Corresponding Evolution of Patriotism and the Consciousness of Human Rights'—a tough morsel, of which most English lodges, I fancy, would fight shy. A few Parisian Masons recently organised a series of lectures on social philosophy, open to all Freemasons and their families. 'Science and Religion,' 'Matter and Motion,' 'The Evolution of Worlds,' and 'Origins of Life' were the subjects chosen for the first series of these lectures, all delivered by Masons. 'The Evolution of Worlds' excited so much interest (according to the *Revue Maçonnique*), and led to such prolonged scientific and

philosophical discussions, that three [evenings were devoted to it. The 'Avenir' Lodge grapples with 'Esoterism, or the Secret Doctrines of the Ancient Priests.' The 'Jérusalem Ecossais' inquires into the disciplinary corps and the administration of justice in the French army. The 'Cosmos' has held a solemn meeting in support of the cause of international arbitration, and it has also discussed the advisability of abolishing the stage censorship. The 'Equerre' favours the spelling reform, and invites its members to discuss 'La Séparation des Eglises et de l'Etat.' The Grand Master of the Grand Lodge devotes his leisure to the elaboration of schemes for reducing the cost of law proceedings and establishing a Masonic life assurance system. All this is quite foreign to English Masonry, which exists chiefly for charity and conviviality.

The theoretical existence of a family tie amongst all Masons is frequently emphasised. Should the wife of any brother present her husband with an olive branch, a *batterie d'allégresse*, or clapping of hands in the prescribed manner, is put down on the notice-paper for the next meeting and duly performed. Marriages and other joyful events—the bestowal of a decoration, for instance, on a brother—are acclaimed in the same way, and should any member of the lodge distinguish himself by some brilliant action, a full relation of the circumstances is made to the assembled brethren, *pour encourager les autres*. In this way a military Mason mentioned in despatches is also mentioned in much greater detail to the other members of his Masonic family. The death of a member, or any of the near relatives of a member, elicits a *batterie de deuil*, and, in some lodges, funeral orations are delivered. In addition to these devices for the maintenance of solidarity amongst its own brethren, a lodge often enters into specially close relations with another by appointing delegates to pay frequent visits to the sister lodge. The effort towards solidarity shows itself in many other details of the Masonic organisation. Participation in the annual banquet of the order is obligatory on every lodge. The ticket is charged for, whether the delegate attends the feast or not. The delegate himself is required to give an undertaking to faithfully discharge his duties. His attendances at the monthly meetings of the executive council are carefully registered and reported to his lodge. Very few of the delegates fail to take themselves seriously, and the debates are often long and arduous, to judge by the official summaries.

The attitude of French Freemasonry towards the South African war seems to have been somewhat misunderstood in England. It has been represented as an interference in foreign politics. As a matter of fact the comparatively few lodges which discussed the question did so on purely humanitarian grounds. French newspapers have so persistently attributed all the virtues to the Boers and all the vices to the British that French Freemasons could hardly

escape the general bias, seeing that they, in common with the rest of their countrymen, are dependent on the French Press alone for their information. The attitude of French Freemasons on this question is very fairly shown by the following resolution, adopted by the 'Réveil Maçonique' Lodge :

'That, whereas war is the worst scourge from which humanity has suffered and still suffers ; whereas under the high-sounding names of honour, bravery, and patriotism it in reality excites the lowest and basest of passions ; whereas all men on the surface of the globe are entitled to live in freedom, irrespective of the importance of the aggregations into which they may have been brought together under the name of nations ; whereas the liberty of peoples, as well as of individuals, can have no limits except the liberty of others ; whereas the terrible Anglo-Boer war threatens to continue until it leads to the extermination of a free people who have respected the freedom of others and have in no way menaced that of the English people, either in Europe or in their extra-European possessions ; whereas Freemasonry, being universal, cannot confine and has never confined its humanitarian sentiments to the peoples of a single race or geographical expression ; and whereas in no European country are Freemasons so numerous as in England, this Lodge earnestly appeals to all English Masons, in the interests of humanity in general and the highest interest of England in particular, to use their utmost efforts to induce the British Government to put an end to the fratricidal strife now reducing South Africa to a desert and calculated to eventually dim the glory of the great nation which was the cradle and forso many years the only home of liberty in Europe.'

A resolution deploring the terrible mortality in the concentration camps was afterwards voted at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, and sent to the Alpina Grand Lodge of Switzerland for presentation to the English Masonic authorities. It was this communication which elicited the King's reply, published early in February. His Majesty's definite statement, showing that the inmates of the concentration camps were free to leave them, and that the Boers had not thought fit to take charge of their own women and children, caused the French newspapers to put a sudden stop to the bitter criticism for which the concentration camps had furnished a fruitful theme.

Zealous French Freemasons are constantly passing resolutions and plunging into public affairs in a style in no way representing the general tendency of the order. The following portentous address to King Edward was unanimously voted by a Grand Orient lodge, the 'Admirers of Saint-Just,' on the 23rd of November last :

'To the Most Illustrious Brother Edward Albert (*sic*) of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha :

'Too much blood having been shed during the last two years, and your position in the non-Masonic world enabling you to stop the work of ruin and desolation, we venture to fraternally remind you that human solidarity is the basis of Freemasonry. There is an arbitration tribunal which could bring the conflict to an honourable close, and it is for you to submit the quarrel to that tribunal. Should you remain deaf to our fraternal appeal and to the duties we Freemasons owe to all men, without distinction of nationality, you will entitle us to declare you unworthy of our order and akin to the criminals whose baleful names will for ever remain nailed to the pillory of History.'

The 'Admirers of Saint-Just' had been in existence as a lodge exactly six months when they perpetrated this deliciously naïve manifesto. It is hardly necessary to say that the Grand Orient has taken no notice either of this or of similar well-meant attempts to put the world right.

French Freemasonry is above all things concerned with home politics. Religious opinions are a secondary consideration. Jews, Turks, infidels, heretics, Protestants, and Catholics are equally eligible for initiation, but Monarchists are not. The order is, in a word, Republican. In matters of detail the lodges vary just as widely as the groups in the centre and left of the Chamber of Deputies. Some are moderate, some Radical, and some Socialist, but all are absolutely hostile to Prince Victor Napoleon and the Duke of Orleans. No candidate is admitted unless the inquiries made in regard to his political antecedents leave no doubt of his attachment to the existing *régime*. The Freemasons, in fact, regard themselves as the inheritors of the traditions of the Revolution and the champions of the democracy, whose rights, they consider, are incompatible with the existence of a monarchy in France. The country's last experience of a system beginning with a *coup d'état* and ending with Sedan is sufficient, they argue, to show that a nation may be plunged into war to gratify the personal ambition of a single individual; whereas the Republic being unable to make war (except in the unlikely event of the vast majority of the people being in favour of that course) is the best available security against such a catastrophe. French Freemasonry is thus a factor in the maintenance of peace, and, as such, deserves something better than the suspicion entertained towards it by English Masons. This suspicion, it is true, is based not so much on political as on religious grounds; but in this matter again the position of French Freemasonry seems to have been judged somewhat hastily. The Anti-semites and other allies of the Roman Catholic Church have cleverly represented French Freemasonry as anti-religious. In reality it is anti-Roman Catholic, which is not the same thing. It uses its influence against the one church which it associates with its political adversaries, the Monarchists and reactionaries. The conduct of the Assumptionist fathers, and the sympathy expressed with them by other clericals, are significant in this connection. Were Freemasonry anti-religious, it would combat Protestantism. As a matter of fact, it has many Protestants in its own ranks; and the present head of the Grand Orient is a retired pastor of the Reformed Church. That these Protestants can co-operate harmoniously in the lodges with atheists and agnostics shows clearly enough that the order is very much more political than anything else. The existence, in Paris, of a lodge of English-speaking Masons, under the authority of the Grand Lodge of France, is another instance of tolerance. This lodge,



called the 'Anglo-Saxon,' is largely composed of Englishmen, and is conducted on exactly the same principles as those observed in English lodges. Candidates are required to profess belief in the Great Architect of the Universe, the ritual employed is that of the Grand Lodge of England, and political and religious discussions are forbidden. In all respects the ancient landmarks of the order are maintained in this lodge without the slightest objection on the part of its French governing body. No such tolerance could exist if French Freemasonry were what its adversaries have represented it to be.

French Freemasonry derives much of its vitality from political enthusiasts and social reformers, who see in it a means for furthering their cherished ideas. Other men, with more personal motives, join it because they think it will help them in their careers. Members of the Civil Service, for instance, have a distinct interest—at any rate under the present Government—in proving themselves zealous Masons. It is no doubt true that membership of a secret society ought to be no ground for advancement in the public service ;\* but it must not be forgotten that the Republic, in selecting its employes, must give preference to its own supporters, and that membership of a lodge is a clear proof of Republicanism. The Masonic army thus consists of volunteers who are united on the main issue—Republicanism—and are all fighters, either through conviction or personal interest. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that they should exercise an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. The exact extent of this influence is somewhat difficult to estimate. That it is considerable may be fairly inferred from the virulence of the attacks made upon the order by the Catholic and anti-Semite organs. The lodges constitute a network of outposts from which the movements of the Republic's enemies are watched and reported to headquarters. Important legislative measures, such as the Associations Act, are thrashed out in the lodges before being submitted to Parliament. Many lodges supported the movement for the revision of the Dreyfus case, and Freemasons did much, by means of lectures, speeches, and personal persuasion, to lead public opinion in the right direction.

At the same time it would be a great mistake to assume that all the lodges move forward in one compact phalanx. Every lodge is governed by the opinions of the majority of its members, and not by orders from headquarters. The Grand Orient is simply the executive entrusted with the application of principles decided upon by the representatives of the lodges at their annual parliament. Individual brethren are perfectly free to act as they please. Many Masonic candidates at the last general elections were opposed by other Masons. There is no general understanding in regard to a political programme. Republicanism and free-thought are the only principles common to all French Freemasons.

The ruthless secularisation at which most French Masons aim is

doubtless antipathetic to the great majority of Englishmen, but, from the point of view of practical politics, we have some inducement to look with favour on French Freemasonry. If it has any influence on the foreign policy of France, that influence is certainly pacific and friendly to England. M. Yves Guyot, the only prominent Frenchman who raises his voice in England's favour, is a Mason. The *Revue Maçonnique* (January 1902) has published a sympathetic *résumé* of his views in regard to the war. The present French Cabinet, which has placed the relations between France and England on a better footing than they have had for many years, is frequently alluded to by its opponents as a 'ministry of Freemasons,' although in reality it includes only four (MM. Millerand, de Lanessan, Baudin, and Monis). The bitterest enemies of the Freemasons are also the bitterest enemies of this country. On the one side are Rochefort, De Cassagnac, Drumont, Père du Lac, Max Régis, and all who still believe Dreyfus to be a traitor; on the other are Yves Guyot, Zola, Jaurès—the men who fought the great fight for justice over the tortured soul and body of the unhappy Jewish officer—and the Freemasons. Which side makes the stronger appeal to English instincts?

G. A. RAPER.

*WHERE ARE THE VILLAGE GENTRY?**A REJOINDER*

It is perhaps fitting that I should attempt to parry the swashing blows discharged upon 'Where are the Village Gentry?' in the March number of this Review.

Colonel Harcourt argues from the Thames-side village in which he lives. Captain Fluellen drew a celebrated parallel between Monmouth and Macedon. The genuine rural village has little in common with the 'village of gentility.' The fact of nine retired military officers living within a mile of one point might stand as an illustration of that tendency to 'drift together' on the part of the cultured classes to which my article was intended to call attention. Colonel Harcourt refers more than once to such pleasant little communities. They form wherever a local nucleus of social enjoyment presents itself. Every such 'community' implies, in exact proportion to its magnitude, a deficiency somewhere or another of one of the elements 'needed to perfect our English Arcadia.'

I do not think that Colonel Harcourt does justice enough to the influence he himself probably unconsciously exercises. Manufacturers are mostly 'hardworking men and kindly good fellows.' So are the medical men who keep private asylums. So are shipowners. They are probably much the same as other people. Legislation has been necessary to repress the greed and tyranny of which it was found that all these classes were capable when the well-being of those on whom their profits depended was left to their own consciences. The fact is that the average conscience will not work satisfactorily in a corner. It needs publicity.

I have no doubt whatever that Colonel Harcourt's farming acquaintances deserve his good opinion. In the sort of village he describes an instance of tyranny or injustice, such as would hardly excite remark in a purely rural village, would make as much disturbance as a mad dog. The worst qualities of which individuals or classes are capable can only be cultivated in the dark. Light is fatal to them. Put a Colonel Harcourt and nine military friends in every village in England, and England would have nothing but model villages. That it

is impossible to do, but the nearer we can come to that ideal the better for the labourers *and the better for the farmers.*

I have known an Oxfordshire river-side village myself, through friends and frequent visits, for over thirty years. Till the last few years it was almost a rural village pure and simple. But it always contained a considerable sprinkling of small independent residents. I never remember to have heard of a case of insolence or oppression among the farmers, who have always, as far as I know, maintained the same sort of character Colonel Harcourt gives to those of his neighbourhood. The reason is simple. *They have been fairly treated.* They have not suffered from the injustice of living away from the light of public opinion. Their good qualities have flourished and their bad qualities have atrophied. *C'est simple comme ça !*

I rather suspect Mr. Waters of shooting his guns with what house-agents call 'Residential Neighbourhoods.' He does not name the centres from which his circles are drawn, all, however, being, I think, towns. Such circles may very possibly include small areas of exceptional amenity. I do not think statistics of the sort he gives are of very much value. I should have myself far preferred to come before the public with a tabular statement showing the numbers, places of education, incomes, dwelling-places, &c., of the leisured classes throughout Great Britain to suggesting the rough and ready test of the distribution of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Such figures would have been to a certain extent authoritative. I could not get them, and the public would not have read them if I had. Correspondence shows me that my views are shared by persons of far wider experience than my own. I fear that the question must remain undecided until solid statistical information is available, or until (*Diu meliora !*) the movement I have noticed reaches a point at which doubt becomes impossible. Ireland is a warning. Her denudation of resident gentry must have begun almost imperceptibly. To call attention to such a movement in an early stage is to do a public service. Mr. Waters may possibly be more right than I believe him to be. But I do not think his figures *conclusive* if looked at with the common sense in which he supposes me to believe the general reader to be curiously deficient. The particular case I mean is one in which he challenges my assertion that 'six shillings a week was a usual labourer's wage' at a time between the Crimean war and the Labourers' Union. Well, Marlborough is the centre of a large and prosperous agricultural district. Mr. Waters refers to Dorset as a wage-nadir, so I infer that the Wiltshire wage, according to him, would certainly not be lower than that ruling in the other county.

At Christmas, 1898, there was a very large gathering of agriculturists in Marlborough on the occasion of a fat stock show then inaugurated by a Mr. Lavington, a great rural auctioneer, a man of

very high standing, possibly the greatest authority on agricultural matters the county could show. He made a speech. I quote his published words: 'When the Crimean war was on and prices were greatly inflated, rents rose very materially, and he was sorry to say it was at the expense of the agricultural labourer. Wheat went up to 40s. a sack, and the labourer's wages sank to 6s. a week. That was a blot upon everybody concerned.' Mr. Lavington would hardly fall within either of Mr. Waters's two categories, 'economists with an axe to grind' or 'amateurs who sit down to write without knowledge.' Everybody knows that 'oddses' are not included in 'wage.' Think a moment. On six shillings a week and *nothing more* labourers with families must have actually *died* of starvation. They did not—quite. Children in many cases grew up stunted and idiotic; the physique and intelligence of the labouring class show to this day what it went through in those evil years. But they were after all only *half* starved. I think Mr. Waters is a little hypercritical. A writer is allowed to assume ordinary intelligence in his readers.

And now I come to the severe strictures passed by both Mr. Waters and Colonel Harcourt on what I have said about the country parson. They cannot understand how an alliance between clergyman and farmer should discourage Dissent. And they say I know nothing whatever about the poor. Let me give *one* most trifling illustration, two months old. Some farmers got up a Christmas-tree in the village schoolroom, on their own account entirely and at their own expense, the parson being merely present as a guest. It was a new thing in the village, it was very well done, and it gave great pleasure. But—it was limited to Sunday scholars. This shut out a miserable little party of dissenting children, only fifteen in number. I ask every woman who reads this whether those who could, at Christmas, deliberately inflict pain upon little children *in the interest of the Church* would not use other pressure when opportunity offered. In that charming old story, *Wheat and Tares*, there is a kindly archdeacon who acts upon the principle that 'the love of buns is antecedent to theological dogma.' He is gone, and poor Yorick is gone, and their places know them no more. The modern parson is of a different type. Honestly believing that the Church is the Ark of Salvation, he does all he can to compel his flock to come in. Whatever Mr. Waters may say of my 'grotesque misrepresentation,' I assert that the parson's most potent ally is the farmer, and that the price of the *entente cordiale* which reigns between the two is too often paid by a 'subservience' fatal to his influence upon the *conduct* of his parishioners. Let one case of unrighteousness be palpably blinked, and the game is up. Let me quote the written words of a clergyman now dead, a man who has left a pleasant memory of goodness and kindness. He is speaking of the case of a parish road in the closing of which a great farmer

was supposed to have had a share. The italics are my own. 'I received a list of signatures asking me to head the list, protesting against the invasion of the people's rights, but I declined, as vicar, to do so, *not being willing to have any cause of quarrel with a parishioner.*' The protest fell through in consequence, but the right of way was successfully asserted by the parish council some seventeen years later than the date of this regretful refusal. I have known an ancient church-path, shown in the map of a hundred years ago, known as a right of way by all the older villagers, and duly garnished with stiles and cuckoo gate, closed by a great farmer by the simple process of removing a stile and making up the fence, without a word of protest either from the clergyman or from the churchwardens. This, after several years, was also re-opened by the action of the Parish Council. I really do *not* know what the limits of the tolerance of the Church may be when great farmers are concerned. Cottages may be squalid hovels, sanitation may be of a sort that would turn the stomach of an Esquimaux—the Church sees nothing, does nothing, is not even appealed to. Her aloofness is taken for granted. She desires peace—at any price.

What I am going to say will sound absurdly incredible. The words were communicated to me by a friend as having been spoken by a person of more than average village intelligence, of higher position than that of the mere labourer, in answer to a suggestion that the rector should be appealed to. 'Him! If he went against *them*, they would get him *turned off in a minute!*' 'Them' refers, of course, to the farmers. The idea was natural enough. An arch-deacon, in his charge delivered in Marlborough, the 16th of July, 1898, gives the exact keynote of the tone in which the Church habitually addresses the employers of labour. After denouncing Board Schools and suggesting the scientific teaching of agriculture in day schools as a means of making lads more satisfied with their employments, he is thus reported: 'And here he would venture, *very humbly and respectfully*, a word of advice to employers.' (The italics are mine.) The advice was not of a very alarming sort either. It was merely to give the men an interest in their work by showing them the reasons of the various processes adopted, &c. The Church is all but *on her knees* when she speaks to great employers. And the poor know it perfectly.

I do not say but that when a parson happens to be a strong man, able to dominate, he may use his power in elevating the labourers as well as in advancing the interests of the Church. But when it comes to having to choose between alienating the rich and ignoring the cause of the poor, the average clergyman chooses the path of peace. Drink, housing, sanitation, arrogance and hard-heartedness on the part of the employers, all are subjects with which the labourers' welfare is intimately connected. But brewer and

publican, house-owner and farmer, these are men not to be offended with impunity. And they hang together. So they are let alone.

A word for myself. I have for some five or six years been a member of a Parish Council for which I was invited to stand by some labouring men, who said, with reason, that they were not represented at all. The Parish Council had been 'rushed' by the dominant class, the seven members of the first council that sat being four large farmers, one small farmer, the vicar, and a lady of his family. My election led, I think, to the democratisation of the Council, which now consists nearly entirely of labouring men. We have suffered many unpleasantnesses, we have fought several battles, all successfully. We are, I hope, beginning slowly to be looked upon by the poor as capable of holding our own. Through this village drifts a steady stream of labourers, staying a term, a year, or a longer period, then moving on in the almost hopeless search for a 'home.' I am naturally brought in contact with many. Much comes to me which would hardly reach the ears of Mr. Waters or Colonel Harcourt. I *may* possibly be utterly 'out of touch with English rural life.' If so, I must be a fool positive. The readers of this Review may judge.

D. C. PEDDER.

## CROSSING THE RIVER

‘Now I further saw that between them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. . . . But the men that went with them said, “You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.”’—*The Pilgrim’s Progress*.

In the garden of a little North Wales farm a girl kneeling in front of a rough garden-seat was reading earnestly. The hot August sun poured down upon her head, and under the influence of its rays the hills which enfolded the little homestead had begun to assume their midday aspect of remote and shimmering mystery. The air was thick with the hum of bees and insects and heavy with the scent of flowers, and the sounds of animal life which came from the farm seemed to mingle harmoniously enough with the murmurings of Nature, though a note of discord was occasionally struck by the sharp voice of a woman coming from the house, issuing orders and directions in the Welsh tongue.

The girl read on undisturbed, however, her elbows planted one on each side of the book, which was propped against the back of the rustic chair. Her lips parted, her breath coming and going quickly with the intense interest of the story.

*Twyth y Peverin* it was called, ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress from this world to that which is to come,’ and she had just reached the part that describes the going of Christian and Hopeful across the river, on the other side of which the ‘two shining ones waited to bid them enter in at the Gate of Life.’

At this moment a woman appeared in the doorway and called sharply ‘Lissie!’ The girl started violently, was still for a moment, then rose and went towards the house, walking as though in a dream. It was a pathetic little figure hers, stunted, slight, unformed as a child’s; yet with these disadvantages, and poorly clad and worse shod though she was, she possessed some undefinable charm and grace of movement. Her feet seemed to float over the ground rather than to touch it—so you would think might one walk who had for ever done with earthly obstructions and limitations. Her face was in shape a narrow oval, with small features and pointed chin, a weak face redeemed from insignificance by a pair of strange and beautiful eyes.



These were large and deeply set, of a clear blue-grey colour, fringed with black eyelashes matching the masses of hair which seemed almost to weigh down the small head and slender neck. They were the eyes of a visionary and a dreamer, of one to whom the outer world in which the body moves is far less real than is that inner one where the spirit dwells holding commune with things intangible.

Because of these haunting and haunted eyes, and because of her silent and abstracted ways, Lizzie Lewis was considered by the relative who gave her shelter and by their few neighbours to be, in the idiom of the country, '*Dim yn hollol ben lathen*'—(not quite all there). The truth was that the fates had not been kind to Lizzie, for, having sown in the field of her destiny the seeds of a sweet and clinging nature, and fostered them with the sunshine of unceasing love and the dews of holy precept and example, they seemingly repented of their good intentions and brought a bitter frost to play havoc with the fair fruits that promised to be the outcome of their care. Five years ago, when she was just fifteen, Lizzie's parents had died within a few weeks of one another, the happy little home in an adjoining valley had been broken up, and Lizzie herself had been taken possession of by her mother's sister, the childless widow of a small farmer who after much striving had successfully drunk himself to death a short time previously.

During the first months of her sojourn in her new home, Lizzie had wondered ceaselessly how this woman could be the sister of her gentle sweet-voiced mother, for she knew nothing of the poverty and shame and disappointments, the cowardly blows, the foul curses which had hardened and soured her aunt. Though enlightenment never came, she had long ceased to wonder. Hard work had stunted her body, hard words had checked the growth of her mind and stifled the love towards her fellow-creatures which had filled her heart in the happy childish days. Thus driven back upon herself for all happiness, she had found its shadow in the memory of the love that had once surrounded her, and in thoughts and theories of that brighter world 'which is to come.' As the years passed and the childish memories grew fainter, this thought chiefly filled her mind. She prayed passionately and repeatedly to God that He would 'take her home,' spending hours of her too-short nights on her knees, until sometimes, wrought into an ecstasy of faith and longing, she would fancy she could hear Him whispering to her from far away among the stars, and so she would fall asleep full of hope, only to be waked at dawn by the rough hand, the harsh voice of her aunt.

But just a month ago a wonderful thing had happened. She had found at the back of an old cupboard this tattered copy of the *Taith y Pererin*, and opening it hurriedly had come across the picture of Christian and Hopeful gazing across the

river at the shining city 'that stood upon a mighty hill.' From that day the book had never been out of her hand. By night she spent blissful hours spelling out its contents with the aid of the summer starlight and occasionally of a stolen candle-end. Her days were a waking dream wherein with the Pilgrims she travelled through dreary wildernesses and dark valleys, met with grim giants, roaring lions, and pitfalls and morasses of all kinds, but knew ever that in the end would come those beautiful and shining angels who are sent to aid the weary and succour the oppressed. To-day she had reached the climax of their journey, and in her eager interest she had thrown the fear of her aunt's displeasure to the winds and was openly neglecting the thousand and one duties that had been assigned to her.

'*W'tt i chi!*'—(shame on thee, Lissie), burst out Mrs. Evans as the girl drew near; 'did I not tell thee many times to be ready in good time for the burying of Mrs. Jones, Morfa?—and here thou art still, thy work not done, thou not ready, and a mile or more to thee to walk. A lazy bad girl thou art, I am tired on thee and thy idle ways. Yes indeed! Go now at once and get thyself ready. Go!' and she gave the girl a hasty push. Lizzie stumbled and nearly fell, then recovered herself and hurried up to her room to dress. In less than five minutes she was down again, and had started on her walk, followed by her aunt's shrill admonitions to make haste, to be home as early as possible, and to be sure to explain to the family at Morfa the reasons why she alone could be spared to attend 'the burying.'

Tyn-y-Bryn, as the home of Lizzie's aunt was called, stood high on the slope of a hill and looked down over one of the most beautiful of the valleys of North Wales. Thick woods of young larch interspersed with lines of spruce fir clothed the hillsides, and it was along a path which wound through these woods down to the valley beneath that Lizzie took her way. Not a breath of air was stirring under the larches, and in spite of the shade they afforded it seemed hotter there than out in the full glare of the sun. Nevertheless the girl went quickly along, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Her black sailor-hat was pulled well over her face, and from its shadow her eyes gazed forth dim and misty with unshed tears. Presently the path widened out at a spot where timber had been recently cut, and from the open space a portion of the valley and its surroundings were visible.

Lizzie stopped and surveyed the scene. A peaceful smiling valley, with cattle and ponies grazing about in the meadows, and little spirals of smoke going up into the summer air from the chimneys of the scattered homesteads. Through the midst of these quiet pastures rolled the river, a broad shining band, and beyond all rose the solemn hills, tree-clad nearly to their summits, of manifold

shapes and exceeding beauty of outline. In some conditions of weather and season they could look dark and forbidding enough, but to-day, bathed in the tranquil glory of summer sunshine, they seemed to be easy and beautiful pathways up to the heavens into whose blue depths their most distant summits vanished. As the girl looked her face gradually changed, the little pucker between the brows disappeared, the mist of tears dried up, and her eyes shone with the light that had filled them in the garden at Tyn-y-Bryn that morning. The real was once more exchanged for the ideal, her soul had wandered back into its kingdom of dreams, and her errand was in danger of being forgotten. A rabbit darting from the undergrowth near startled her into a recollection of it, and, resuming almost mechanically her walk, she arrived in a few moments at the little farmhouse known as Tan-y-Fron, from which the funeral procession was to set out. The minister had just arrived, and the preliminary service was about to begin. Lizzie entered and sat down quietly at the back of the crowd of people which filled the little room.

Coming in from the bright sunshine without, the comparative gloom had a strange effect upon her. She felt confused and excited, almost alarmed at first, then a curious sense of separation stole over her, and she seemed to hear as from a far distance the prayers and hymns and the short address given by the minister. Once only she started slightly and turned her dreamy gaze full on his face. 'Oh, my friends,' he had said, 'our dear sister is now in the land of glory and light and love; we who have known her life and who have gazed on her dead face can be in no doubt of that. She suffered much pain and many sorrows, but God in His mercy has called her to Himself, and all is now well with her. She has crossed the river and found everlasting peace on the other side.'

'*She has crossed the river.*' She—the dead woman—too, had crossed the river then, the river that all must cross even as the Pilgrims had done. Oh! where did it flow and how could she find the way to its banks? A bitter longing to know seized her, and with it came a sensation of despair. To whom could she put these questions? To the neighbours around her? Oh, no! She could never ask them, she knew too well the half-pitying, half-contemptuous smiles with which they would respond. The minister—perhaps he would tell her, he was a good and wise man and had spoken kindly to her on more than one occasion; but she could not ask him now, it would be hours, perhaps days, before she could ask him, and oh, how could she wait? Perhaps God would show her the way if she asked Him *very* earnestly; if she told Him once more how tired and sad she was, perhaps He would call her too; she knelt with closed eyes, her whole soul uplifted in passionate prayer. Meanwhile the service had ended, and the mourners rose and went outside to join the procession to the chapel burying-ground a mile away.

Lizzie too rose from her knees, but sat down again, overcome by a sudden dizziness and faintness.

The minister, the last to leave the room, noticed her sitting there, and, touching her gently on the shoulder, whispered, 'Come, Lissie *back*, come; thou shouldst not linger on the Lord's business. He wants thee, too, little one. He wants thee too.' The words thrilled through her tired body and rang like a trumpet-call in her excited brain. Starting to her feet, she followed him outside, and took her place in the funeral train, which had begun to move slowly along the high road.

It was now past two o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was high in heaven, blazing down on the treeless road. The dust, stirred by the horse and the wheels of the hearse, drifted back, covering the feet of the mourners with a grey veil. They walked in groups, sometimes conversing, sometimes wailing in unison the stanzas of a funeral hymn; outwardly mournful, their hearts were uplifted within them and glowed with the still joy that comes to the Celt in the presence of death and its observances. Lizzie walked apart and alone; none desired her unresponsive companionship, and she herself was scarcely cognisant of the presence of material companions. In body she trudged the high road, scorched by the sun, choked by the dust, faint and weary from lack of food; but in spirit she walked another earth, one of exceeding beauty. Therein she was neither sad nor wearied, troubled neither in mind nor in body, for she walked with Christian and Hopeful through the land of Beulah, which is 'upon the borders of Heaven,' where the air is very sweet and pleasant, and wherein may be met abundance of all things lovely and desirable.

For knowledge had come to her, a full understanding that she too would receive the summons to cross the river, and that she had already set her foot on the path that should lead her to it. She knew not yet the way of her going, but God would soon make it clear—of that she felt sure, for He had been very, very kind. He knew how things puzzled and perplexed her, and He had spoken quite plainly, so that there might be no doubt, first in the pages of that wonderful Book, and then through the voice of His minister. Over her spirit came a sense of great awe and wonderment at the mysteries which would presently be revealed to her, but neither doubt nor fear was mingled with it.

The road along which the funeral procession was passing had hitherto kept in a line with the river, from which it was separated only by narrow meadows; but, as they now reached a gateway from which a path led to the water's edge, it could be seen that at this point the river took a wide curve and continued its course at right angles away from the road. Just at the bend the banks were almost level with the water, and when, as now, the tide was up the river

spread out broadly, creeping in little shallow waves all over the edges of its banks, gently swaying the tall reeds and grasses that grew thickly along them, and filling up the unsightly holes made by the feet of thirsty ponies and cattle. The sunrays fell athwart the bend at this moment, enveloping it in a golden haze, through which the bright crests of the dancing wavelets gleamed like sparkling jewels. Lizzie, attracted by the glow, turned her head, and, for the first time, noticed the river flowing but a few yards away from her. She stood still, a great question growing in her eyes. The funeral train swept on, the last of her companions turned the corner of the road, and she was alone.

As she stood it seemed that the scales of mortal vision fell from her eyes, and with them all hesitation and uncertainty of purpose. Entering the gateway, in a few moments she stood at the water's edge. At her feet rolled the sparkling golden tide, and beyond it rose the hills bathed in misty glory. Here and there a sunbeam touching the window of some cottage made it the centre of a star-like radiance. It was all so like the picture she had seen in the book at Tyn-y-Bryn, so like but so much more beautiful. Yonder shone the golden city of Heaven, at whose gates 'the two shining ones' were waiting to lead her into the presence of the King. The way to it lay through the river, the river that is 'very deep,' but she feared it not. She took off her hat and cape, and laid them down on the bank, then stepped joyfully and serenely into the water. The shallow waves played round her aching feet and sang a gentle lullaby to her tired brain. She walked steadily forward till getting into the current she sank, but rose again immediately in mid-stream. The golden ripples were all around her now, dazzling and confusing her, but before a momentary fear had time to form itself in her mind her eye was caught by a white gleam in front of her. It was only the sun glancing on the little white waterfall as it danced down the hill-slope opposite, but to Lizzie it was the crowning proof of God's wonderful tenderness towards her. Yonder came the shining ones sent by Him to greet and help her; she threw out her arms with one cry of joy and welcome, and so passed through the River of Death to her rest on the other side.

JEANNIE S. POPHAM.

## THE LITERATURE OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH

[UNAVOIDABLE to the straitest sect of the Free Traders is the conviction that the Commonwealth is not entitled to possess a literature of its own. It is in wool-growing, if we apply the doctrine of comparative cost, that the young nation's energies are employed to the greatest economic advantage. As much ability and labour, then, as is diverted from this calling (and, according to Mr. Coghlan, there is room in Australia for another 167,000,000 sheep<sup>1</sup>), so much loss will there be to the national wealth. As for literature, if necessary for 'efficient' labour, it should be imported from countries where it is produced both better and cheaper.

But the straitest sect of the Free Traders is not so numerous as it was in Liberalism's 'radical days' of *laissez-faire*. We might almost say, varying Sir William Harcourt's famous phrase from the general to the particular, that 'we are all Protectionists now.' Certainly all Australians are Protectionists now;<sup>2</sup> for in order to federate with the other colonies, even New South Wales, with rare nobility of feeling, has abandoned a Free Trade system under which (and, the majority believed, because of which) she was flourishing, and purchased nationality at the price of Protection. And this is in accordance with the traditions of a people who, if a 'nation of shopkeepers,' have contrived to keep their nation as well as their shops, and have always been ready, at a pinch, to jeopardise their shops in order to remain a nation.

At any rate, most Australian thinkers, alike of those who call themselves Free Traders, those who advocate some form or other of Protection, including an imperial Zollverein, and those who, with Marcus Clarke, profess to hate only one thing more than Protection—namely, Free Trade—are unanimous in their desire to foster, by all means in their power, the growth of a national literature. And all sympathisers in the home land with Australian aspirations towards

<sup>1</sup> *The Seven Colonies of Australasia*, by T. A. Coghlan, Government Statistician of New South Wales. Edition, 1900, p. 484.

<sup>2</sup> It is not, of course, denied that there is a strong theoretical 'Free Trade' party in most of the States; but the necessity of raising 8,000,000*l.* or 9,000,000*l.* annually through Customs makes any approximation to Free Trade in practice, at any rate for many years, quite impossible.

nationality—a nationality in no way incompatible with the imperial tie—will rejoice to see the Commonwealth, even if at some economic sacrifice (for this is not a world in which anything is to be had for nothing), developing a literature racy of the soil and worthy of the traditions of its ancestry. And, after all, all men are not well adapted to sheep-breeding. The economists must make allowance for a percentage of the population, in Australia as elsewhere, who will find in writing, and only in writing, the end ‘for which,’ in the Platonic phrase, ‘they have been born.’

The danger of having an Australian literature ‘made in England’ is amusingly illustrated by Campbell’s well-known lines *On the Departure of Emigrants for New South Wales*. The poet is excellent in sentiment and admirable in intention. Indeed, no less a man than Sir Henry Parkes found inspiration and encouragement in what, he tells us, was his favourite poem. Yet it is to be feared that the average Australian, when he reads the poet’s prophecy, that

Spacious cities with their spires shall gleam  
Where now the panther laps the lonely stream,

will forget the truth of the prophecy in its zoological originality. Nor is Campbell’s reference to the Australian youth ‘twining his tame young kangaroo with flowers’ much less ridiculous—this not being a form of sport to which the young Australian has ever been addicted.

The truth surely is that if literature is to be written for Australia, literature dealing with the sights and scenes and aspirations of Australians, it cannot be written by English or Americans, still less by the ‘watery friendship’ of cosmopolitans, but by Australians themselves. And it is, and is rightly, supported liberally by Australians, not because it is intrinsically better than English or American or cosmopolitan literature, but because it is their own literature, interpreting to them their own environment, and is thus deserving of their protection and encouragement.<sup>3]</sup>

<sup>3</sup> It can hardly be maintained that Australians, in order to encourage their own literature, have closed their doors to the literary output of the world. On the contrary, Mr. G. B. Barton, in 1866, gave detailed figures showing that Sydney alone then imported no less than 10,000*l.* worth of periodicals, mostly standard magazines. Of the Australian importation for 1900 of books and periodicals, Mr. T. A. Coghlan, Government Statistician of New South Wales, kindly gives me the following table :

State	From United Kingdom	From United States of America	From elsewhere
	£	£	£
New South Wales . . .	150,039	10,046	30,779
Victoria . . . . .	159,056	5,747	27,303
Queensland . . . . .	26,682 <sup>a</sup>	478 <sup>a</sup>	39,935 <sup>a</sup>
South Australia . . .	36,110	1,054	23,107
West Australia . . .	19,153	45	5,791
Tasmania . . . . .	10,062 <sup>b</sup>	79 <sup>b</sup>	26,657 <sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Includes newspapers.

<sup>b</sup> Includes stationery.

It is a fresh October evening in the heart of the Australian spring.

I have just returned from a visit to the grave of the first Australian poet, Henry Kendall, the first and the greatest.

He sleeps, as he wished, within sound and sight of the sea. For Sydney, like little Dunedin, wears its graveyard frankly on its brows, the small white city of the silent dead guarding the entrance to the great and vari-coloured city of the noisy living.

The column that friends have set over him looks eastward from its eminence across the blue Pacific. A poet could hardly ask a fairer sleeping-place. No flowers, indeed, are about it. No trees give shade. But around it the still forest of marble tombs rises clear against the sea, half-redeemed, when I saw them, from their ashen pallor by the radiant smile of an Australian sunset glow—a glow that mellowed the hues of the grand sweep of ocean and the ‘steadfast crags of Coogee,’ on which the tomb looks down; the calm sea-blue fading towards the horizon into purple haze, the purple into orange, the orange into the faintest of saffrons, and that, through green, into the cloudless sapphire of Australian skies.

But an Australian sunset too soon forgets its loveliness. A few minutes of almost unearthly beauty, and the glow that turned a graveyard into a paradise had utterly passed—passed as completely as the touch of inspiration that kindles for a moment a poet’s life into beauty, and then leaves him a heap of common ashes in a common sepulchre.

‘Henry Kendall, Poet,’ for so the proud inscription on the tomb proclaims him to the Pacific, was born in 1841 at Ulladulla, near Shoalhaven, on the coast of New South Wales. His grandfather, a Lincolnshire schoolmaster, had been one of the missionaries whom Marsden took out in 1809 to convert the Maoris. Retiring to New South Wales, he had been granted land at Ulladulla by Governor Darling. The poet’s father, who was in very poor circumstances, gave the child what education he could, especially delighting to tell him the old Greek stories. These, and the lovely coastland scenes about his squalid cottage-home, were Kendall’s earliest impressions. When he was eleven his education ceased with the death of his father. What became of the young poet for the next few years is

These figures, it will be seen, after allowance is made for the Queensland and Tasmanian irregularities noted above, give an annual total for the Commonwealth of over 500,000*l*. Of this sum it is estimated that about 150,000*l*. is spent in magazines. Messrs. Melville, Mullen and Slade, of Melbourne, basing their opinion on a wide experience, inform me that they consider that about one-fourth of this amount is expended in subscriptions for the ‘serious’ Reviews, such as the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Westminster*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, the *Monthly*, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Speaker*. They also send me an estimate for the total importation of books and periodicals for Australia, which substantially agrees with Mr. Coghlan’s.



unknown. The Nature that he had already learned to love took charge of her votary, still of an age to see

The splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower.

It was to those lonely days that Kendall looked back with affection when he wrote the lines on the *Orara*, by which, through the *Golden Treasury* and other anthologies, he is chiefly known to home-keeping Englishmen.<sup>4</sup>

At fourteen he was taken by an uncle on a cruise in his whaler brig; and the shrinking, sensitive lad, to the music of sailors' curses, saw something of the Marquesas, of Yokohama, and of that tropic isle now holding the ashes of a poet-soul greater than his, and not less solitary.

On his return to Australia, Kendall had the good fortune to obtain employment as a clerk to Mr. J. L. Michael, a solicitor, practising in the country township of Grafton. Kendall found in his employer a man of unusual culture and generosity, who not for nothing had numbered among his friends Ruskin, Millais, and other exponents of the artistic revival in England. Michael himself had published more than one volume of verse,<sup>5</sup> and seems at once to have recognised the promise of his employé, placing an ample library at his disposal.<sup>6</sup>

Kendall was a true-born Australian, and, while assimilating the English poets he found most akin to his spirit, he devoured with especial avidity all the work of previous Australian writers.

Of such, if we take 'Australian' in its widest sense, there were already a goodly number. There was Mr. Barron Field, whose lamentable *First-fruits of Australian Poetry* (1825) is only remem-

<sup>4</sup> The air is full of mellow sounds,  
 The wet hill-heads are bright,  
 And down the fall of fragrant grounds  
 The deep ways flame with light.  
  
 The singing silver life I hear,  
 Whose home is in the green  
 Far-folded woods and fountains clear,  
 Where I have never been.

The characteristic note of the unattained and the unattainable is heard here, as in almost every poem of Kendall's.

<sup>5</sup> Michael's verse was neither strong nor original; yet a true love of Nature is shown in *My Grave*, and in many lines that might be quoted from *Songs without Music* (Sydney, 1857), and *John Cumberland*. It is with evident sincerity that he exclaims:

'Oh, how in the deep longings of my youth  
 I loved thy solitudes of forest glades.'

<sup>6</sup> It is interesting to find in Michael a connecting link between the young Australian poet and the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, with whom, had he lived in England, he might well have thrown in his lot. It is significant that in one of his poems the typical names in literature are given as Homer, Euripides, Dante, Shelley, Ruskin, and Rossetti.

bered through the bantering review of his friend 'Elia.' There was the Rev. John Dunmore Lang, at once Scotchman, wit, theologian (oxymoron and tautology!), ethnologist, versifier, historian, hymn-writer, and politician.<sup>7</sup> There was W. C. Wentworth, prominent among early Australian statesmen, who, in his attempt for the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge (1823), had prophesied an 'Austral Milton,' an 'Austral Shakespeare,' and an 'Austral Pindar.' There was Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Parkes, who, in 1842, had published his first volume of verses, entitled *Stolen Moments*.<sup>8</sup> And more important than these from our present point of view, there was Mr. C. H. Harpur (named by injudicious zeal the 'Australian Wordsworth'), who, in 1853, had published his *Bushrangers and other Poems*, striking, in the *Creek of the Four Graves* and elsewhere, a note truly Australian, if one without much musical quality.<sup>9</sup> Under such influences was it that the genius of Henry Kendall ripened to early maturity. .

Michael, before he died (found in the Clarence River, shot, none knows how), had been the means of introducing the poet to several useful Sydney friends,<sup>10</sup> one of whom presently obtained for him a vacancy in the Lands Office.

Although the publication of his first volume of poetry, in 1862, won him some fame in Australia among those who cared for such things,<sup>11</sup> Kendall recognised that the English hall-mark was advisable,

<sup>7</sup> This colonial Crichton lived from 1779 to 1878. In the interests of New South Wales (he was Presbyterian minister in Sydney), he made fourteen voyages across the Atlantic, and composed a fresh volume every voyage. His *View of the Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Race* shows research and ingenuity. His verses *To the Heads of Port Jackson* prove that he was not without a touch of true poetry in his rugged egotistic temperament. D. H. Denichy is another pioneer in Australian literature whose name commands respect.

<sup>8</sup> 'Stolen,' he tells us, 'from the ordinary duties of a not over-happy life.' Readers of Sir Henry Parkes's autobiography will remember the charming letter in which Mrs. Carlyle, to whom the Australian politician had presented a copy of his book, acknowledged the *δῶρον ἔδωκεν*. 'Is it a compliment,' she asks, 'to my judgment or my mercy, your sending the little book of poems to me rather than to my husband "on second thoughts"?' Anyhow, I am decided to take it as a compliment to something which you think I have more of, not less of, than my husband has! And so I thank you heartily!'

<sup>9</sup> Kendall wrote of him with enthusiasm and affection as one who

'had fellowship with gorge and glen,  
And learned the loves and runes of Nature.'

<sup>10</sup> Chief among these was N. D. Stenhouse, a wealthy scholar and friend of scholars, who had known De Quincey and Sir William Hamilton, and to whom Sydney owes more than she remembers. Largely through Stenhouse, Kendall came to know Harpur, Denichy, Dr. Woolley of the newly founded Sydney University, and Henry Halloran (who it was that gave Kendall his position in the Lands Office).

<sup>11</sup> In his *Poets and Prose Writers of New South Wales* (1866), Mr. G. B. Barton (brother of the Federal Premier) wrote of Kendall: 'Should he live to realise the expectations that have been formed of him, his name will reflect a lasting honour on his native country.'

if not necessary, to colonial acceptance. Accordingly he enclosed in a parcel his book and some separate poems, and sent them to the editor of the *Athenæum*, which at once gave him a kindly and discriminating notice.

In 1866 Parkes, then Colonial Secretary in the Martin Ministry, secured for his *protégé* (first known to him through some verses in the *Empire*) satisfactory promotion. In the following year Kendall met the lady who became his wife,<sup>12</sup> and his devotion to whom was the decisive factor in his life-long struggle with inherited alcoholism and consequent poverty.

Of the originality of Kendall's genius there can be no doubt. All English critics, from Swinburne downwards, have recognised his distinctive note. There is something of Wordsworth in him, something of Shelley, something of Tennyson. But the impress of Australia, rather than that of any English poet, is upon him. The beauty of the Australian bush, the pathos of Australian pioneering life, the bitterness of his own unrealised ideals, these are the main

<sup>12</sup> He had been asked to lecture at the 'School of Arts,' a mechanics' institute in Sydney, and had selected the perilous topic of 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage.' Always morbidly shy, the poet proved quite unable to make himself intelligible or even audible to those present, who slowly filtered out unsatisfied. But, as frequently happens in such matters (we remember Sir Thomas Browne), Kendall's practice was better than his precept. After the lecture, a friend introduced him to his sister, and a walk home across Hyde Park, under the starry southern night, led to the poet's experience, in rapid succession, of the three 'waves' of his subject.

It will be convenient here to trace the outlines of the remainder of the poet's life. His weakness, after two years of happy love in Sydney, lost him his position, and drove him, a wanderer, into the larger capital of the rival colony to see if he could there change ink to bread and cheese. In Melbourne he found that his poems had made him friends, and he was soon able to send for his wife and baby daughter Araluen, whom he had called after his favourite stream. But his second volume of poems brought no money; nor did the poet discover any aptitude for journalism, the useful jackal of literature. At the Yorick Club and at the office of the *Colonial Monthly* he indeed made friends, who admired his gift and did what they could to put things in his way—A. L. Gordon, Marcus Clarke, McCrae, the 'Australian Longfellow,' 'Orion' Horne, and others. But Kendall was his own worst enemy. Premiers, editors, nor gods can help those who cannot help themselves. At the time of his lowest degradation his child died—a blow from which Kendall never entirely recovered. His wife and he returned to Sydney, he to sink still lower. But the miraculous armour of a woman's love won him back for the world, even from the doors of an asylum. Retiring from town life and the eyes of hell that gleamed for him in every tavern window, he was employed as an overseer at their timber-works by two friendly brothers, who redeem the name of Fagan from reproach, and in 1881 was created 'Superintendent of State Forests' by Sir Henry Parkes. It is regrettable that the generous Premier did not boldly make Kendall Poet Laureate, or, if a Poet Laureate seemed an absurdity in an Australian colony, award him a pension for his poetry, without attaching any alien duties to the gift. As it was, the poet, in discharging his new labours, over-taxed a weakened constitution, and on the 1st August 1882 he died at the Fagans' Sydney house, his last desire being to live until the end of July, that his wife might receive the full month's salary. His countrymen, however, might be trusted, if not to buy his poems, yet to see that the wife and children of their first poet should at least not suffer want.

subjects of his verse,<sup>13</sup> and each is treated with a sincerity and a distinction that no follower has approached. The verse of more modern Australian writers seems almost mean and trivial before the heart-broken sincerity of the lines in which Kendall speaks of the death of his baby girl Afuluen :

Ah, the saddest thought in leaving baby in the bush alone  
Is that we have not been able on her grave to place a stone.  
We have been too poor to do it ; but, my darling, never mind,  
God is in His gracious heaven, and His sun and rain are kind.  
They will dress the spot with beauty, they will make the grasses grow ;  
Many winds will lull our birdie, many songs will come and go ;  
Here the blue-eyed spring will linger, here the shining month will stay  
Like a friend by Afuluen, when we two are far away.  
. . . Girl whose hand at God's high altar in the dear dead year I pressed,  
Lean your stricken head upon me ; this is still your lover's breast.  
. . . Three there were, but one has vanished ; sins of mine have made you weep ;  
But forgive your baby's father, now that baby is asleep.  
. . . None will ever, Afuluen, nestle where you used to be,  
In my heart of hearts, you darling, when the world was new to me.

We forgive the fault of taste (venial when compared to Tennyson's 'costlier funeral,' where there is no excuse of strong personal emotion) in the depth of a father's feeling and the tender music of its expression.

It is assuredly in Kendall's *Lyrics of Leaf and Stream* that we find the first utterances of essentially Australian genius. Sometimes, indeed, the influence of English traditions is too strong for him. Thus, when he speaks of bell-birds 'singing in September their songs of the May-time,' or in his *Austral Months* says that at the Australian Christmas

Clear summer streams their glad Hosannas sing,

there is overt or implicit reference to the English seasons he had

<sup>13</sup> Something of all three finds utterance in the lines *On the Karoo*, commemorating the murder of some colonists by aborigines :

'The wild men came upon them like a fire  
Of desert thunder, and the fierce firm lips  
That touched a mother's lips a year before,  
And hands that knew a dearer hand than life,  
Were hewn like sacrifice before the stars  
And left with hooting owls and blowing clouds,  
And falling leaves and solitary wings.  
Oh, dear dead bleaching bones, I know of those  
Who have the wild strong will to go and sit  
Outside all things with you, and keep the ways  
Aloof from bats and snakes and trampling feet  
That smite your peace and theirs. . . .'

• 'Turn thyself and sing.

Sing, Son of Sorrow. Is there any gain  
For breaking of the loins, for melting eyes,  
And knees as weak as water ? . . . Any balm  
For pleading women, and the love that knows  
Of nothing left to love ?'

never known. But generally, unlike Gordon, he sees Australian Nature through purely Australian eyes. He described that Nature as it has never before been described ; and if, judged by his potentialities, he was, as he felt himself to be,<sup>14</sup> a failure, his failure has hitherto transcended any other Australian's success.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than that between Kendall and his contemporary and fellow poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon, 'the laureate of the centaurs.' The one a 'small, dark, fragile, poetical-looking man,'<sup>15</sup> a clerk by training, a poet by instinct ; delicate, sensitive, shrinking from noisy activity. The other a tall, squarely built, open-faced Englishman, by training a soldier, by instinct a rider and writer of horses. The one with his utter lack of sympathy for the healthy insanity of field sports,<sup>16</sup> the other with all the zeal and all the prowess of the sportsman.<sup>17</sup>

For the rest, Gordon was a devotee of Byronic styles and metres, with something of Browning's spirit, and, alas ! something of Mrs. Browning's ear for rhyme. His nature was, in much, the masculine complement of the almost femininely sensitive temperament of Kendall. Gordon could no more have written :

There is a river in the range,  
I love to think about ;  
Perhaps the searching feet of change  
Have never found it out,

than Kendall was capable of the manly stoicism of the galloping quatrain :

Life is mostly froth and bubble ;  
Two things stand like stone :  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own.

It is in accordance with an ironic fate that it was the delicate

<sup>14</sup> *After Many Years* is sad reading, for all its beauty. The wistful melancholy in such utterances as :

' I sit where youth was once, and feel  
That I am growing cold,'  
or ' My spirit fancies it can hear  
The songs I cannot sing,'

overpowers even the sweetness of the verse.

<sup>15</sup> A. Patchett Martin, speaking from personal recollection (v. Pref. to *Sladen's Australian Poets*).

<sup>16</sup> Kendall, as an Australian, felt it his duty to write something of racing. But while Kendall, it has been well said, ' wrote like a poet who had been to the races, Gordon wrote like a poet who had raced ' (D. B. W. Sladen, *Study of Kendall as a Bush Poet*, prefixed to *Australian Ballads*).

<sup>17</sup> Gordon's lines :

' No game was ever yet worth a rap  
For a rational man to play,  
Into which no accident, no mishap  
Could possibly find its way.'

are a familiar proverb in Australian homes.

querulous poet that fought his temptation and came out shaken but victorious; while it was the strong, breezy preacher of manliness who surrendered to the continued assaults of Fortune and blew out his brains among the Brighton heather.

Gordon was an Englishman of Scottish descent (his father an Army captain), whose wildness had led to his emigration to South Australia in 1853.<sup>18</sup> As a colonist, he had shown, like Henry Kingsley, no great aptitude. Two years in the Mounted Police had been followed by several years as horse-breaker<sup>19</sup> and amateur jockey. Some 7,000*l.*, left him on his mother's death, led to his successful candidature for Parliament in the anti-squatter interest; but he made no mark during his two years' membership, except for eccentricity, classical allusions, and a talent for impromptu verse.

In 1862 (the year of Kendall's first volume of poems) he had married Miss Maggie Park, the niece of a bush innkeeper, and had ridden eighty miles with her

•      Through the green and gold of the summer woods<sup>20</sup>

to the nearest church. Until almost the end of his life he retained his passion for racing, and by winning, in 1868, three steeplechases in one day—one being the world-famed Melbourne Cup—acquired a reputation as the most brilliant rider in Australia. But despondency, largely due to money troubles, grew upon him, and although Marcus Clarke and Kendall were generous in their appreciation,<sup>21</sup> and his verse grew every day more popular, he now rode 'in the secret hope of being killed.' In March 1870 he had a severe fall from his horse. The May mails cheered him with favourable English reviews of his *Sea-spray and Smoke-drift*. But the mails of June brought the disappointment of what had seemed the certain hope of succession to the Esslemont barony—the one way of relief from his monetary embarrassments. Overcome with despair, he took his life at Brighton, a Melbourne suburb, at the age of thirty-seven. To-day, without doubt, Gordon is the most popular poet of Australia;<sup>22</sup> an

<sup>18</sup> He was born in the Azores, educated at Cheltenham College, Woolwich, and for a time at Merton College, Oxford. A disappointment in love appears to have been one of the contributing causes to his departure for Australia (c. Turner and Sutherland's *Development of Australian Literature*, which contains excellent biographies of both Kendall and Gordon).

<sup>19</sup> During this period he was befriended by a kindly Roman priest, Father Woods, who resented the social snobbery that excluded his poet friend from a local 'Ladies' Purse' race, as 'not a gentleman'; and who lent him books, especially Horace, Byron, and Browning. Much of Scott Gordon already carried in a retentive memory.

<sup>20</sup> *Ashtaroath*. Cf. the detailed account in that poem of Agatha's elopement on horseback with Harold.

<sup>21</sup> Kendall speaks of his 'ringing major notes' and 'deep, autumnal, half-prophetic tone, like forest woods in March.'

<sup>22</sup> I am informed by a large wholesale bookseller that the sale of Gordon's poems is more than twenty times that of Kendall, to judge from the experience of his firm,

Australian Burns, loved and quoted, recited and read, in every home-  
stead from Barrier Reef to St. George's Sound. His secret of success  
is an open secret. The keynotes of his muse are a love of manliness,  
a love of adventure, a love of horses, and a love of honest dealing;  
and these are the keynotes of the Australian character.

His verse lacks distinction of form. Little or none is technically  
perfect; much of it is beneath the level of a clever schoolboy; most  
of it is disfigured by curiously un-Australian Latin tags, the  
relics of Cheltenham. But distinction of form was not required.  
A stirring writer of galloping verse, with a keen (though unfocussed)  
appreciation of natural beauty, a working knowledge of bush life,  
a touch of 'sentiment,' and a 'manly admiration of healthy living,'  
this was, and is, the poet for Australia.

No one realised more than Gordon the limitations of his muse.  
His verses are, he says, in his dedication to Whyte Melville:

Rhymes rudely strung with intent less  
Of sound than of words,  
In lands where bright blossoms are scentless  
And songless bright birds.<sup>21</sup>

Much of his work was inspired by English memories; much of it  
is imitative of the romantic quasi-mediæval ballad verse of the day.  
But though *How we Beat the Favourite*, perhaps his most popular  
effort, of the first class, and *Fauconshawe* and the *Rhyme of the  
Joyous Guard*<sup>24</sup> of the second, show imaginative force, rapidity, and  
vigour, yet it is in his Australian poems, like *Wolf and Hound* and  
the *Sick Stockrider*, that he reaches his highest level. I quote the  
last lines of the latter poem, eminently characteristic of the man and  
of the people:

For good undone and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain  
'Tis somewhat late to trouble; this I know,  
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again;  
And the chances are I go where most men go.  
The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees grow dim,  
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;  
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,  
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

which sells 400 or 500 copies of Gordon a year. No doubt the difference of price in  
the volumes (Kendall's is thrice as expensive) is partly, but only partly, responsible.

<sup>23</sup> It has been frequently pointed out that these last two lines constitute a libel  
on the crooning carol of the *Magpie* at least, and on some of the most fragrant wild  
flowers in the world. But the poet in *Whisperings in Wattle Boughs* very properly  
contradicts himself:

'Oh, gaily sings the bird, and the wattle boughs are stirred  
And rustled by the scented breath of spring.'

<sup>24</sup> A poem 'worth,' in the opinion of Francis Adams, 'all the *Idylls of the King*  
put together' (two excepted).

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave  
 With never stone or rail to fence my bed;  
 Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,  
 I may chance to hear them romping over-head.<sup>25</sup>

Some reference must be made to Marcus Clarke, the third of the contemporary triumvirate of Australian letters, before we pass to more modern names. An Englishman of eccentric education and mercurial temperament, he joined the staff of the Melbourne *Argus* in 1867, the year of Gordon's first volume and of Kendall's engagement, and shared with Kendall and Gordon the chronic impecuniosity of Australian genius. His Bohemian temperament is perhaps most instructively illustrated by the fact that, after his wedding ceremony, he set out to search for a lodging to which he might take his bride. He died in 1881 of money-lenders and disappointment, in his thirty-sixth year.

The novel on which his fame rests, *For the Term of his Natural Life*, has won praise from diverse critics. Lord Rosebery has declared it 'the most terrible of all novels,' and it has been translated into various modern languages. The genius displayed in it is perhaps that rather of a journalist than of a great writer of fiction. Every fact found in the records of the melancholy convict era is marshalled with amazing force; but of the magic of the imagination that creates from ink and paper living men and women, distinct and individual, of the art of contrast and the religion of reticence, there is too little in his crowded pages. Yet, if Zola is a great novelist, it is hard to deny the title to Marcus Clarke, who employed his methods with telling effect, if in a narrower field.

Of Clarke's shorter stories, *Pretty Dick*, a tale of the all too frequent Australian tragedy implied in the brief words, 'lost in the bush,' stands easily first for pathos and its admirable truth to the facts of Australian scenery. Of his essays, the best known is that prefixed to the collected edition of Gordon's poems. The passage in which he finds the dominant note of Australian scenery as 'weird melancholy,' and talks of the 'subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities,' is brilliantly written, and has had much influence on the attitude of subsequent writers towards the bush. But it may be doubted whether the normal native-born Australian, unsophisticated

<sup>25</sup> The conclusion presents an interesting contrast with the omitted stanza of Gray's *Elegy* :—

'There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,  
 By hands unseen are showers of violets found;  
 The red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
 And little footsteps lightly tread the ground.'

In connection with Gordon's death it is on record that the poet, on the advice of Marcus Clarke and others, omitted a stanza from the *Sick Stockrider* ending with the couplet:

'Yet some as weak as water, Ned, to make the best of life,  
 Have been to face the worst as true as steel.'



by any notions of English prettiness, would consider the sunny eucalyptus groves, that feather the mountain ranges with olive and blue, as in the least 'funereal, secret, stern,' or 'melancholy,' or would agree with this transplanted Englishman's echo of Gordon in his reference to 'trees without shade' and 'flowers without perfume.'

Perhaps, however, the most interesting passage in Marcus Clarke is one from his essay on *The Future Australian Race*. 'In another hundred years,' he tells us, 'the average Australasian will be a tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, excelling in swimming and horsemanship. His religion will be a form of Presbyterianism; his national policy a democracy tempered by the rate of exchange. His wife will be a thin, narrow woman; very fond of dress and idleness, caring little for her children, but without sufficient brain-power to sin with zest.' 'In five hundred years,' proceeds our colonial Jeremiah, 'unless recruited from foreign nations, the breed will be wholly extinct'—surely a consummation, if the propheet be right, devoutly to be wished. It is reassuring to observe that, though a quarter of a century has passed since then, the prophecy shows no sign of fulfilment. Far from being, as Clarke says, 'fretful, peevish, perverse,' the Australian is probably the sanest and most even-tempered person in the world. Individuals 'coarse, strong-jawed, greedy,' will no doubt be found among Australians, as among other branches of the English race; but that they predominate, or show any signs of future predominance, may be confidently denied.

A fourth contemporary of Gordon, of Kendall, and of Clarke still lives in the person of Mr. J. Brunton Stephen, whose *Convict Once* relates in scholarly and musical verse a pathetic story of the early days.

Of the life of the pastoral pioneers whose period was intermediate between the Iron Age of the convicts and the Golden Age of the miners, the best picture has been left us in the charming novel, *Geoffrey Hamlyn*. Mr. T. A. Browne ('Rolf Boldrewood') has recorded the epoch of the bushrangers (may we say the Steel Age?) in *Robbery under Arms*, and has told the tale of squatterdom in the *Squatter's Dream* and many other stories. He is the Australian Trollope—a reliable and readable chronicler of the more obvious aspects of Australian life.

On its more complex social and political sides Mrs. Campbell Praed has perhaps, in her novels, done most to explain Australian life to English people; but her absence from the country has put her in some degree out of touch with modern conditions. These have found their ablest expression in the imaginative writers, in poetry and prose, who are classed together as the 'Bulletin School,' from the name of the weekly journal which has, for the last decade at least,

been the main Australian force in encouraging original work.<sup>26</sup> Of this school Boake, Paterson, Lawson, Ogilvie, and Daly have been, or are, the most prominent exponents.

Boake, the first-mentioned writer of the *Bulletin* group, is the Australian Keats in his high promise and his early death. He has left one or two poems of rare 'singing' quality, virility, and force; he has also left much that is worthless jingle. *Down Where the Dead Men Lie* stands alone in Australian verse,<sup>27</sup> and the hand that wrote it might have done great work.

Mr. A. B. Paterson was the first of the 'Bulletin School' to achieve the honour of publication in presentable book form. A Sydney publishing firm,<sup>28</sup> had the good sense and the enterprise to see that his verse would meet with a ready sale, to purchase the copyright, and issue a five-shilling volume. Success was immediate. First published in 1895, Paterson's *Man from Snowy River* is now in its twenty-third thousand. Indeed, the *English Literary Year Book* for 1900 states that 'no living English or American poet can boast so wide a public, always excepting Mr. Rudyard Kipling,' to whom, indeed, the *Times* compares him. The publication of Lawson's and other Australian writers' verses and tales quickly followed on Paterson's success, until now this one publishing firm can claim an annual sale of twenty-five thousand volumes of their Australian publications.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>26</sup> The Sydney *Bulletin* has a world-wide reputation for wit and audacity, and is at jonce the Australian *Punch*, *Spectator*, *Strand*, *Truth*, *Notes and Queries*, and *Sporting and Dramatic News*; indeed, a very 'Pooh-bah' among papers. Francis Adams, that acute if acid critic of things Australian, speaks of it as the 'only mouthpiece of originality in Australia,' and relates how a back-blocks shearer told him that 'if he had only sixpence left he would buy the *Bulletin* with it.' Whatever be thought of its anti-religious and separatist principles, it must be admitted that this 'Bushman's Bible' has always a sure welcome in its columns for able prose or verse of a certain kind.

<sup>27</sup> I quote two stanzas:

'Out on the wastes of the Never Never,—  
That's where the dead men lie!  
There where the heat-waves dance for ever,  
That's where the dead men lie!  
That's where the earth's loved suns are keeping  
Endless tryst; not the west wind sweeping  
Feverish pinions can wake their sleeping —  
Out where the dead men lie.

'Only the hand of Night can free them—  
That's when the dead men fly!  
Only the frightened cattle see them—  
See the dead men go by!  
Cloven hoofs beating out one measure,  
Bidding the stockman take no leisure—  
That's when the dead men take their pleasure!  
That's when the dead men fly!'

<sup>28</sup> Messrs. Angus and Robertson.

<sup>29</sup> Exclusive of school books.

It must be frankly admitted that much of the *Man from Snowy River* is not poetry, and does not pretend to be. But it is excellent verse, inspired with keen love of horseflesh, shrewd good sense, cynical humour, and a genuine, though unostentatious, liking for the Australian bush.<sup>30</sup>

Messrs. Victor Daly and Ogilvie have each his public in Australia, and though neither reaches great poetic heights, there is a grace and meditative fancy in one and a bush music in the other that conciliate criticism.

But of all the *Bulletin* men, Henry Lawson has, or had, the greatest potentialities. His best verse has the true poetic ring, rough in expression, yet with the roughness of truth and the natural beauty of complete sincerity. He writes of the bush, not as it appears to the gentleman on horseback with a balance at the bank, but to the penniless 'swagman' who tramps the vast Australian wilds. He has no joy in horses, and even speaks with scorn of those who

Immortalise in verse

The gambling and the drink that are their country's greatest curse.

But he has a keen eye for pathos in the common-place, and the unerring instinct of genius in getting at the heart of things and telling more in half a line than most men in a volume. He has glimpses, too, of a creed other than the usual negative creed of revolt found in *Bulletin* writers; the hopeful creed of an ultimate millennium, when, as he says in his lines called *For'ard*, the half-humorous, half-envious reflections of a steerage passenger on the comfort of those in the saloon:

We all will meet amidships on this stout old earthly craft,  
And there won't be any friction 'twixt the classes fore 'n' aft,  
We'll be brothers, fore 'n' aft,  
Yes, an' sisters, fore 'n' aft!  
When the people work together and there ain't no fore 'n' aft.

In *Marshall's Mate*, *Out Back*, and other poems in his first, and best, volume, *In the Days when the World was Wide*, there are an intensity of force, a bitter realisation of the tragedy and sordid monotony of existence in the drought-smitten areas of the back-country, that rivet the imagination of the reader. The poet attains

<sup>30</sup> It is in illustration of the last quality that these lines are quoted from *Clancy of the Overflow*:

'As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing,  
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know.  
And the bush has friends to meet him, and their kindly voices greet him  
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bar;  
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plain extended,  
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.'

It would be hard to find a more rapid sketch of all that is charming in the Australian bush. A few skilful touches, and that with quite ordinary pigments, and what a picture is produced!

to 'something of prophetic strain' in his spirited verses on the *Star of Australasia*.

Lawson's prose work has even more admirers than his poems, and some of the stories in *When the Billy Boils*, such as the *Bush Undertaker* and the *Drover's Wife*, are amazing in their truth and intensity, their subtle blending of grim humour and reticent pathos. Whether Lawson will yet prove himself capable of more sustained effort, and leave anything more than the fifty pages or so of excellent work that has to be sifted from much mere journalism, lies yet upon the knees of the gods.

It has seemed best to devote our limited space to a necessarily cursory review of such Australian literature only as has seemed to the writer most characteristic and distinctive.<sup>31</sup> The list of authors and authoresses more or less connected with the Commonwealth might, of course, be extended indefinitely. Thus the economic and philosophic thinkers, Professor Hearn and C. H. H. Pearson, both wrote notable books while in Australia. 'Orion' Horne was a distinguished figure in the Melbourne of Kendall's day. The history of G. W. Rusden is a painstaking achievement, and Messrs. Quick and Jarran's *Annotated Constitution* something more. Professor Morris's *Austral English* is a valuable and interesting compilation. Good work has been done in biography and criticism by writers whose names have already been mentioned in connection with Kendall and Gordon, and scientific investigation has found competent expositors.

If we turn to fiction, Mrs. Humphry Ward may be claimed as an Australian; for the first five (and, according to Jesuit theories of education, the most important five) years of her life were passed in Tasmania; which may we not hope she will revisit for literary purposes? Guy Boothby, Haddon Chambers, Louis Becke, Ada Cambridge, Mary Gaunt, and Hume Nisbet are all in greater or in less degree Australians; and many other names crowd to the pen-point.

But mere catalogues are a vexation of spirit, and space admits of no more than a brief word in conclusion.

This must take the form of a pious hope for the inauguration of a new epoch in the literature of the Commonwealth, now that the 'Bulletin School' has apparently spent its force. The spirit of revolt is only salutary when combined with a spirit of reform; but, beyond a somewhat narrow conception of patriotism, the *Bulletin*

<sup>31</sup> Even so, many other names might well be mentioned: Edward Dyson, the miners' laureate, A. D. Bayldon, J. Brereton, Essex Evans, T. Heney, J. B. O'Hara, Louise Mack, Ethel Turner, and Roderick Quinn—all more or less intimately connected with the *Bulletin*. Mr. C. Brennan's *Towards the Source*, though by no means distinctively Australian (one might almost say distinctively un-Australian), shows real, if only semi-articulate, power. 'Steele Rudd' exhibits in his short stories a vein of rather crude humour. *My Brilliant Career*, by a young bush girl, is claimed as the first real Australian novel.

has no ideals with which to supplement the dissatisfaction with reality which it encourages in its 'nest of singing birds.' The Commonwealth wants a new centre for her literary activities; a new and healthier atmosphere for her imaginative work. She requires some new literary force, such as that found by the Republic in J. R. Lowell—some writer of distinction who, while possessed of original views of life and literature, yet will not hold that 'phthisis is a phase of genius' or that 'good writing is really a disease of the nervous system,' who will not be antagonistic to religion, to culture, or to loyalty, who will not look upon Australian universities as mere 'declension-shops,' but will prove the long-looked-for means of bringing them into touch with the life of the community.

Under such a man—whether editor of an 'Australian Magazine' (for repeated failures in the separate colonies need not argue failure in a united Australia) or university professor—the literature of the Commonwealth will receive a new impetus, and will become at once sane and original; original not in the obsolete sense of the word in which the old Greek democracies and aristocracies attained their miraculous fruitions of original genius—one 'cannot step twice into the same river,' and the day of mountain-cloistered originality is past—but original in the sense of being literature which, though informed and coloured with the imaginative thought of the world, yet faithfully reflects the distinctive conditions of the life of Australia.

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## *THE NEEDS OF SOUTH AFRICA*

### I

#### CAPITAL AND POPULATION

AT a moment when we are supposed to be entering on a great South African boom, which is not to be confined merely to raising the prices of gold-mining shares already in existence, but is to extend to the exploitation of a vast continent, it may not be amiss to take some stock of our resources, for we shall immediately be called upon for capital and population on a very large scale.

As regards the export of capital to a raw country, we had an experience not long ago, on a comparatively small scale, in the Argentine previous to 1890, and we remember the immediate consequences. The Bank of England, at any rate, is never likely to forget them; and in 1890 we had no war expenditure and a comparatively small amount of Continental money at call in the London market.

Also, since 1890 our whole scale of living has grown prodigiously—eating, drinking, dress and amusement. We have always been an extravagant people, but in the last ten years we have become profusely extravagant, and, what with our Government's growing ordinary expenditure (exclusive of the special South African war expenditure), our municipal expenditure, our constant necessary loans to India and our various colonies, and the development of our home industries—railways, shipbuilding, house-building, electrical appliances and the like—our annual savings must already be pretty well used up.

The trade figures for the last four years certainly show that we have no 'excess of exports'; and therefore, as we have not a superabundance of our own capital nowadays seeking investment abroad, we may either go on borrowing from the Continent 'on call,' or we may go on selling our American securities. These latter are a very liquid asset now, compared with 1893-96, but they are always likely to be largely held in this country, even at high prices, because they provide a war-chest better than any other securities. If, for instance, we can imagine England engaged in war with any European power, or

combination of Powers, the only tolerably free market would be in 'Americans,' for we could export them in order to pay for our food and our cotton.

If France were engaged in such a war combination, there would be large withdrawals of Continental money from London, and no free market outside of England for South African and other colonial securities—in fact they would be absolutely unsaleable, for there would be many sellers and no buyers.

Therefore, although our sales of 'Americans' may continue to some extent, in order to provide capital for South Africa, there must be a limit to the contributions from that quarter, conditioned by this desire of Englishmen to hold part of their means in the United States, as being outside the area of European complications.

But it may be said that although we have sold these securities so largely in the past few years, we still hold in England enough of them to fulfil the conditions of a war-chest, and, at the same time, have a large balance over, that may be realised at the existing temptingly high prices. It may be so, but then we shall be brought face to face with another difficulty in this displacement of capital.

Supposing that English sales of American securities are greater than the excess of exports of merchandise from the United States, then the proceeds of the sales must come back in gold. Now, it is quite true that the stock of gold in the United States has increased very greatly in the last six years—from some 600,000,000 dollars in 1896 to some 1,000,000,000 dollars to-day; and in this respect their position is now very strong. But if the level of all prices, and particularly the prices of securities, remains higher on the other side of the Atlantic than on this side, we may see a formidable drain of gold, and this gold would find its way, through Paris, to Russia, Spain, Austria, and the other countries of the world that want it for currency purposes. London is deeply in debt to Paris, and would liquidate that debt by these remittances from America on account of securities returned.

We must remember, however, that the stock of gold in any country at a given moment must bear some relation not only to the claims on that country from abroad, but also to the mass of credit superimposed on the gold basis at home. The United States now produce some 16,000,000*l.* of gold per annum, and therefore they may ship that amount to Europe, and may still hold as much gold at the end of the year as they held at the beginning of the year. But if the stream of their returned securities continues, and if they are going to import iron on a considerable scale from England, and steel from Germany, instead of *exporting* these articles to Europe, it may require a good deal more than 16,000,000*l.* per annum of gold to pay for these imports. The real fact is that, if we take into account securities as well as commodities, the United States are now exhibiting an excess of imports, as is evidenced by their rates of exchange on

Europe, which have been hovering around the gold-shipping point right through the height of the present cotton and grain shipping season. This unusual financial phenomenon ought to be considered in connection with the excessive increase in the creation of industrial companies in the United States, which has been carried on for the last four years on a scale of capitalisation unparalleled in the history of the world.

Then, if we look at their railroad securities, we shall find that the average quotation of a total of stocks amounting to something like 1,000,000,000*l.* is now in the neighbourhood of par, as compared with an average quotation of about 40 during the lowest period in 1896 and about 65 in 1898 ; and these differences in values mount up to very big figures indeed—400,000,000*l.* or 500,000,000*l.*

It may be doubted whether we in England have ever quite appreciated the *breadth* of the American boom since 1898 ; and to sustain that boom at home, and at the same time to buy back large masses of securities from abroad, may impose a very great strain on the delicate machinery of the internal circulation. There is, perhaps, no better way of conceiving what that strain may be than to look at the comparative bank clearings in New York. They amounted for the year 1901 to 16,000,000,000*l.*, against 6,000,000,000*l.* for the year 1896. No such sudden and violent change has ever before occurred anywhere in the records of finance, and a question may arise whether it is all quite sound. As a standard of comparison, we may call to mind that it has taken us a quarter of a century merely to double our bankers' clearings in London. They were 4,960,000,000*l.* in 1876, and 9,600,000,000*l.* in 1901. And we have an idea that the British Empire has been going ahead pretty fast in these last five-and-twenty years, and that London is the financial centre and clearing-house of the world.

Of course, the New York increase can be accounted for easily enough, considering that the whole mass of railroad stocks is worth nearly two and a half times more than in 1896, together with the immensely greater activity in dealing in them ; and considering, too, the rapid development of industrial companies dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, and the astounding activity of general trade. The difficult factor to determine is, To what extent these increases in values and in quantities may be attributable to inflation of the currency. Anyhow, it is an expansion which must be borne in mind if we look forward to a considerable drain of gold, because the only process whereby a country that is over-importing can check its imports, whether of securities or commodities, is by lowering prices ; and, with the great mass of undigested securities now being carried by finance houses and trust companies in Wall Street, any sudden and violent reduction of values might have extremely unpleasant consequences ; but it would be the only method of counteracting a



threatening drain of gold. And unpleasant consequences in Wall Street would certainly react on Lombard Street.

Therefore, when we talk of getting all the capital we shall want for the exploitation of South Africa from sales of our American securities, a good many things may have to be considered before the promise is translated into performance. It is a question really of prices. For instance, it may be a good thing to sell New York Central Railroad stock at 170 and a bad thing to sell it at 150; all will depend on the attractions of alternative investments in South Africa or elsewhere. For, whatever may be the defects in the American currency and banking systems (and they are many), portending, perhaps, imminent trouble, the great fact remains that 80,000,000 enthusiastically industrious people in an extraordinarily rich country are bound to become solidly richer as the years pass on, notwithstanding the nasty jars they may receive from time to time by pressing the 'pace and doing in five years' time what had better be done in ten years' time, and notwithstanding the pranks they play with their currency. Everything is bound to come right there in the end, because the *real wealth* is always growing at a pace that has never been approached elsewhere, owing to the increased production of corn, cotton, oil, coal, iron, copper, lead, silver, gold, &c.; whilst the Americans, by their methods and mechanical appliances, can compete on favourable terms with any other country in almost every line of manufacture, so that the best of their securities are always likely to be the best in the world, and it will require a very strong inducement indeed to make us part with them permanently. Any sensible reduction in their prices will immediately check English sales, and in that case we shall have to turn our attention to some other quarter for fresh capital.

Practically, there are no other securities that we can sell on a large scale. It would be interesting to see the faces of our 'great sister nations' if we attempted to send back Australian bonds to Australia, or Canadian bonds to Canada for sale. The very suggestion brings up a consideration which is sure to arise sooner or later, and for which we must be prepared—namely, a profound and natural jealousy on the part of these two great sister nations if the third great sister nation is to take all the benefit in future of England's resources in capital and population. Why should South Africa be the spoilt child of the Empire, whilst Australia and Canada are both wanting the right sort of Englishmen—as well as English money—for their own development? And these two sister nations want the men and the money on a large scale. They both talk of having room for future populations of 100,000,000 apiece, and they are always wanting to place fresh loans on the London market. The truth is that our English capital is already very much locked up in these securities, in the sense that there is no market for them except

in London; so that to find fresh capital for South Africa we may be driven to the expedient of increasing our present debt to the Continent. But that is a very risky method of financing, especially in view of the possibility of European war, in which England might be involved. As it is, our debt to the Continent is far too large already. It has been estimated at from 50,000,000*l.* up to 80,000,000*l.*, and is probably to-day about 60,000,000*l.*, held by foreign banks and financial institutions in sterling bills, or money at call short or notice, or in 'Contangoes' on the Stock Exchange, and any increase in this amount would be extremely undesirable.

No doubt it may be argued, and perhaps fairly argued, that the more any country borrows for reproductive purposes, the richer that country will become, because, the annual production of gold being now more than double what it was ten years ago, with the prospect of being again very greatly increased in the coming ten years when the Rand is at full work, all debt will be much more easily paid ten years hence than to-day. It is quite true that the world has produced nearly 500,000,000*l.* of gold since 1890; but it does not follow that a country owing a large amount of money 'at call,' any more than an individual carrying an undue amount of stocks on borrowed money, can be safe from the risk of inopportune demands for repayment. The depreciation of gold may be a great fact of the future, but demands for the repayment of loans may be instant. If the gold has grown in quantity, so have the liabilities founded on the gold grown in volume, and mankind still continues to be subject to sudden gusts of feeling, which are not always governed by rational or logical considerations: sometimes it is a feeling of alarm, often enough well grounded, as between creditor and debtor, when the latter shows signs of fatuous folly; sometimes it is a feeling of animosity. War may be waged through the medium of the money market. Therefore it is not a safe or desirable position, either for a country or for an individual, to owe too much payable on demand to possibly hostile creditors.

The future production of gold, too, will have a double-edged action on us in England, for while on the one hand it may enable us to pay off the fifty million pounds, or eighty million pounds, or whatever it may be, now or in the future, that we owe on 'current account' to the Continent, on the other hand it will enable our foreign debtors, who owe us many hundred million pounds on 'capital account,' to pay us off in this same coin, which may have lost some of its purchasing power. And this may be a very valid reason for not holding too large a proportion of our means in any form of securities bearing a fixed rate of interest. The 'rentier' is the person who must ultimately suffer from excessive production of gold, and as Great Britain produces a plentiful crop of 'rentiers,' the enormous increase in the development of gold mining will not

by any means be an unmixed benefit to this country. The miners' gain may be the rentiers' loss, and this consideration must have its bearing on the financial outlook.

Meantime a great deal must depend on South Africa ; and South Africa must depend, both financially and politically, on its future population. 'Put up the bars' against the foreigners, suggests Mr. Greenwood in his 'Violent Proposal' in the February number of this Review ; and, as he says, the 'proposal may not appear so very violent after all.' But is it practicable ? We must remember that before the war it was estimated by the best authorities that the combined amount of French and German money invested in Rand mining shares was greater than the amount of English money. To-day, perhaps, it is half Continental and half English ; and we may depend upon it that this foreign capital will make its voice heard—and it is very vocal through its command of the Press. All the capitalists of the Rand will be in favour of unlimited immigration, because it will assist the boom. In fact we cannot really have a broad boom without the population. Therefore we must look wherè the population is most likely to come from.

It is constantly assumed that only the Briton and the Boer will have to be considered in the ultimate settlement of the country ; but any one who looks at the world's emigration figures knows that this may be a delusion, and a dangerous delusion. As a matter of fact, the German-speaking peoples, the Italians, and the Scandinavian nations together have formed by far the greatest stream of emigration from Europe for the last ten years. The whole bulk of the German and Scandinavian stream flows at present to the United States, whilst the Italian stream is divided between the United States, Brazil, and the Argentine. But all these streams can easily be turned to any country where the attraction is supposed to be the greatest. If that country is South Africa, to South Africa the streams will flow ; and when equal political rights are granted to 'all white men from the Zambesi to the Cape,' we may find in the ballot-boxes a power mightier than the sword ; with the result that all the efforts and sacrifices of the war may be nullified by voting-papers. This would indeed be a cruel irony of fate, and it has to be faced by looking at the facts, and not by indulging in vain imaginings.

We cannot even reckon on the emigration from these islands as being altogether friendly, because more than one-fourth of the total is Irish ; a proportion less than half what it used to be some forty years ago, but still a large hostile element. If we deduct the Irish we shall find, during the last ten years, that for every English or Scottish emigrant over-seas there were three emigrants from the mixed nations above mentioned—the German-speaking and Scandinavian races, the Italians and the Irishmen—and the

majority of these may be counted on to prefer a South African Republic to the British Empire; and, broadly speaking, they are all pro-Boers.

This is a consideration which is certain to have a profound effect on British investors, for they will naturally ask themselves, Who is to be the ultimate owner of South Africa? Reasoning by analogy, they will say Canada belongs to the Canadians—they donate their lands to the Canadian Pacific or other railroads—and mining royalties belong to the Dominion Government, without any reference to Downing Street; and in the same way Australia belongs to the Australians. Practically both countries can do what they choose to do with themselves. Is South Africa to belong to the dwellers in South Africa, on the same terms, or is it to be held as India is held? Where will lie the right of 'eminent domain'? These are questions to which investors in South Africa will demand an answer. Both political parties in England are more or less pledged to lavish expenditure of English public money in repairing the devastations of the war, and we hear also of great irrigation schemes—for whose ultimate benefit?

It may be said that these are idle fears—that we have never seen any great irruption of foreigners into our other great colonies. True enough. Nor have we ever really seen any great irruption of Britons. Up to this time the mighty stream both of Continental and of British emigration has flowed not to British colonies, but steadily and always increasingly to the United States. Our *theory* in England is that we go on painting the map red chiefly in order to have dumping-grounds for our growing population. The *fact* is that we have not really a quickly growing English population; and in proportion as we increase our over-sea territories, in the same proportion the emigration to them of our people falls off. For instance, in the eight years 1853–60 four times as many British and Irish emigrants went to Australasia as in the eight years 1893–1900. And if we deduct from the emigration to Australasia the immigration back to this country from Australasia, we get the almost ridiculous total of 38,000 in the ten years 1891–1900, or an average of 3,800 a year, which is, indeed, a very paltry contribution to our sister nation; and in the same way our contribution to Canada has averaged only 9,000 a year, whilst for the same ten years (1891–1900) our annual average contribution to the United States has been 52,000 a year. The result is that for every Briton who has emigrated to the two 'sister nations,' four Britons have emigrated to the United States, and the moral is that the average emigrant is four times more greatly influenced by his hopes of material benefit to himself than by the sentiment of belonging to the British Empire.

All this may be changed in the future by the persuasive influence of Mr. Chamberlain and the imaginative appeals of Mr. Rhodes or

Lord Milner. Possibly. 'Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous.' Golden dreams may glitter, but they are not business; and in affairs, although imagination may sometimes be a good servant, it is invariably a bad master. In these days it is unfortunately the master. We have had bitter experience in the last two years and a half of the truth that South Africa is pre-eminently the land of lies, as well as being the grave of reputations. Was it not Ancient Pistol who said, 'I talk of Africa and golden joys'? The whole place, in its booming element, the modern variant of the swashbuckler or the footpad, still smacks of the spirit of Falstaff, and the one bright redeeming page in its late history is the record of the admirable bravery, the more admirable patience, and the most admirable humanity of our soldiers, to which have to be added the manful efforts of Lord Milner and his civilian staff to evolve order out of chaos in the Civil administration. These are fine old British qualities which will be remembered in this country with pride long after the last stamp has dealt with the last ounce of gold in the Promoters' Land. This perhaps is a permissible prophecy.

Meantime, in discussing the future of the country, we want above all things absolute *sobriety* of statement, and the frankest, fullest recognition of the unprecedented difficulties we shall have to deal with after the 'sort of war' is over.

As Mr. Greenwood has pointed out, the greatest danger threatens from German immigrants. To any one who knows Germany the pervasive, persistent spirit of the Pan-Germanic element and its growing aggressiveness is a byword—and it has expressed itself very freely indeed in sympathy with the Boers. South Africa may offer an inducement to these people greater than they have ever had before, because there is a nucleus in the Dutch population that may end in making them supreme. Of course in the United States they have a nucleus of their own people; but there they can never be supreme—they are simply swallowed up in the American nationality; and if the truth must be told, they are looked on rather as an 'inferior people,' 'the servants,' as poor Count von Bülow plaintively and indignantly expressed it; adding that the time had come when they were determined to be servants no longer.

The German population is increasing very much more rapidly at home, by birth-rate, than the English population; and owing to the universal military service they have unrivalled capability for being organised. A systematised emigration movement can very easily be imagined, leading practically to a peaceable invasion, and possibly final conquest by weight of numbers at the polling booths.

In an earlier part of this little paper reasons have been given for anticipating some possible temporary set-back on the other side of the Atlantic, owing to financial considerations, and this should make

us all the more watchful of the Continental emigration movement. The gold and the diamonds of South Africa appeal strongly to the imagination of the needy. But men cannot live by gold and diamonds alone. The lack of diversity in industries is a great drawback, and the problem is complicated by the amount of native and imported coloured labour competing with the white labour. So far, South Africa has been eminently the field for capitalists rather than for white labourers. Nearly everything that has come to us from that region in the shape of companies has a nasty coating of promoter's slime. But there is also a great deal of lonely veldt, which no doubt is more or less the equivalent of the boundless prairies of the Western States in America or the pampas in the Argentine.

My own impression is that this life on and from the soil will prove much more attractive to the Germans and Scandinavians, or even to the Italians, who have been accustomed to the same sort of solitary life in agricultural regions at home, than to the Briton, who dearly loves sociability, the gaslights of the town, and the music halls. Johannesburg may increase and multiply through British immigration, but a great State cannot be built up on Johannesburgs. The scientific production of gold, nowadays, is very like the scientific production of steel. There is not necessarily any greater return on the requisite capital from the one than from the other. But the difference in the employment of labour is fundamental—when the one chiefly employs coloured labour, and the other wholly employs white labour.

All these considerations are taken into account by intending emigrants. Those to the United States think they may carry in their valises a Carnegie or Rockefeller *bâton*; those to South Africa have read of Rhodes, Wernher, Beit and Co. And they may be influenced by the consideration that the two American millionaires can buy up the whole crowd of South African millionaires several times over. Time only can show us which country holds out the greater inducements. It is idle to predict; but we may learn something of practical importance by looking backward.

There is one clear lesson, with an indisputable conclusion, writ large in the emigration movement of the last eighty-five years, and it is this. Emigrants of all nationalities, including the British, have shown a very distinct preference (at any rate in the last sixty years) for a *Republic* rather than an *Empire*. It was not so in the beginning. In the twenty-five years from 1815 to 1840 there was a total emigration from Great Britain of about 1,100,000 persons (including foreigners), of whom only 450,000 went to the United States, whilst 530,000 went to Canada, 74,000 to Australia, and 9,000 to the Cape, &c., or a proportion of 56 per cent. to British colonies against 41 per cent. to the United States. On the other hand, in the last twenty-five years (from 1876 to 1900) about 70 per

cent. went to the United States and only about 30 per cent. to British colonies.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all the flood of talk during this last period about 'the Imperial idea,' it is evident, from the practical test of the emigration figures, that there was a much greater tendency towards the British colonies sixty years since than in these latter days. In fact, if we look at Australasia alone, the figures have never happened to be so low as during the particular seven years of Mr. Chamberlain's tenure of the Colonial Office. The Cape and Natal have made up the deficiency somewhat, but the result of all the figures is 63 per cent. for the United States and 37 per cent. for all the rest of the world. And this falling-off to Australia is the more remarkable because it is the most essentially British of all our colonies. A vast continent without any neighbour impinging on it, with gold and copper in abundance, and with pearls of great price, if not diamonds. It has no difficult native question, and has for the most part a very fair climate. There is no finer wheat than the South Australian wheat, and Queensland revels in tropical and semi-tropical products; whilst Victoria and New South Wales possess the finest pastoral regions in the world, bar occasional droughts. Yet Continental emigration has never been attracted there, and British emigration, as we have seen, has been falling off, and never at any time amounted to more than a net average of 30,000 persons a year. It is no explanation to say that from 1892 to 1897 Australia was still feeling the result of the commercial depression following 1890, because the answer is that the United States was feeling that result still more acutely. Again, it may be said that the smaller emigration was owing to the alleged prosperous condition of our people at home; but that argument affects emigration all round. And, indeed, it would be a very poor look-out if we were called on to rejoice in peopling our sister nations at the expense of the prosperity of our own hearth-sides.

No doubt it was this pressure of bad times at home in olden days that drove a great many of our best emigrants away. By a process of natural selection the fittest went out to work in a new world, with very little aid, except from their own strong arms, and the foundations of the British Empire over-seas were well and truly laid by these people many generations ago, as they only could be laid, by self-help. They were men who were very little conscious of a great Imperial mission. They worked hard to subdue the lands for themselves, and they talked little. Nowadays they work little and they talk hard—and tall. Self-consciousness is rampant as it never was before among our people. The Press teems with the 'Imperial instinct and the marvellous qualities of the race.' In former days the quality of the race was all there, but it was quietly taken for granted, and the self-consciousness was absent. And, curiously

enough, just in proportion as we have increased this un-English habit of excessive self-assertion, in the same proportion the Americans have been quietly dropping their aggressive 'spread-eagleism,' and, whilst gaining on us hand over hand in population, in wealth and in manufacturing aptitude, they have become a comparatively modest and self-respecting people.

Does it not show a certain want of sense of humour to go on 'orating' about 'these mighty commonwealths,' 'great sister nations,' 'orbs that are rising,' &c., &c., when as a matter of fact the whole population of either Canada or Australia is not equal to that of Greater London, nor nearly equal to that of the State of New York or the State of Pennsylvania; and both of these States are growing in wealth and population far more rapidly than the two 'mighty commonwealths,' as is evidenced by the Savings Banks returns of the State of New York, showing deposits on the 1st of January last of 230,000,000*l.* And this may be compared with the total deposits of something under 200,000,000*l.* in all the Savings Banks of the United Kingdom; whilst for the last three years the New York State deposits have been increasing at the rate of about 10,000,000*l.* a year against an increase of less than 8,000,000*l.* a year in British Savings Bank deposits. Nor must we forget that the capital which has been developing Canada in the last four years has come a good deal more from the United States than from Great Britain.

Soberly and justifiably we may claim that, notwithstanding the present unsatisfactory state of affairs in the West Indies and Newfoundland, we have had on the whole a very fair success with our colonies, taking them all together—certainly a much greater success than any other nation has had.

But the supreme success has lain with the colonies that seceded. In the view of Americans, the greatest blessing that ever happened to the United States was parting company with the British connection; and perhaps it may be added, without offence to the Americans, that one of the greatest blessings to Great Britain was parting company with the American colonies. The separation allowed each people to develop on its own lines. Conceive what the situation would have been to-day if this ancient realm of England and its 40,000,000 people had to be steered by 80,000,000 people, 3,000 miles away, and divided by something more than the mere physical division—by an impalpable division, in new ideals, new processes, new ways of looking at life, and not all of them by any means improvements. 'It is the impalpable that has prevailing weight.'

Many individual Englishmen may look at many subjects from very different points of view, but I think all Englishmen will agree that we never want to be governed by our tail, whether that tail is on the other side of the Atlantic, or on the other side of the Pacific, or in Africa. This is a very present danger—a danger chiefly



attributable to confounding being big with being great. Tennyson would never have written 'a craven fear of being big.' Far from being a craven fear, it is a common-sense fear.

The pre-eminent sign of true greatness in a nation is the clear recognition of the limits within which it can do its work supremely well. The sign of the limit being past is when the work ceases to be the work of a master and becomes sloppy and inefficient. No one can read, or hear, the opinions of the leaders of the Imperial movement to-day without being conscious of their conviction that our efficiency has not been growing in proportion to the demands of the Empire.

And perhaps it may be permitted to the ordinary citizen, while questioning the wisdom of a policy which in an exaggerated shape must be fraught with peril, to establish certain facts relating to that policy—and not to be misled by dangerous delusions or by popular fallacies.

J. W. CROSS.

## THE NEEDS OF SOUTH AFRICA

### II

#### FEMALE EMIGRATION

THE emigration of women to South Africa has become a question of national importance. If that country is in the future to become one of the great self-governing colonies of the British Empire, warm in sympathy and attachment to the mother country, it must be peopled with loyal British women as well as British men.

The Government have promised facilities to any men who have been fighting for their country, and who at the end of the war are ready to remain in the new colonies, to carry on their own trades or settle on farms; but South Africa will never be a real home to those men unless they can find there the same family ties as those that have bound them to the land they have come from. Without that home life, settlers will bring with them none of the peaceful influence which will be the surest means of bringing about a reconciliation with their Boer neighbours and fellow-subjects.

It is as well at once to face the fact that intermarriage of British men with Boer women will never produce these results. As a rule the Boer women of South Africa are devoid of many of the qualities which are essential to make a British man's home happy and comfortable. Cleanliness is a virtue too often foreign to the Boer character, and it is not unfrequently replaced by an ignorance of the laws of hygiene which produces habits of slovenliness both injurious to health and distasteful to British ideas.

The Blue-book on the report of the Ladies' Committee of Inspection of the Concentration Camps,<sup>1</sup> just issued, affords startling evidence of this fact. The Committee felt bound to put on record that 'Every inspector has to wage war against the insanitary habits of the people,' and they attribute a large percentage of deaths from disease to the foul condition of the tents, the want of utilising the means of ventilation, and the extraordinarily unwise treatment of the sick evinced by Boer women.

These women have, however, a powerful influence, as they are

<sup>1</sup> *Concentration Camps Committee*, pp. 15-17, 1901, Cd. 893.

possessed of such a strong personality, coupled with a great repugnance to any change from their own customs; and it is to be feared that in the minds of Boer women, even more than among the men, there exists a rooted dislike of and contempt for everything British. It has been proved over and over again that the children of such marriages are Boers and not British in either character or sympathies. This war has shown many instances of men fighting in the Boer ranks whose fathers were British and loyal to their own country. From an Imperial point of view, therefore, the influx of loyal women is of cardinal importance.

Even before the war, in the total white population the number of men considerably exceeded that of women in every one of the South African colonies; and of the women, the large majority was Boer, the minority British. With the extensive influx of men settlers which is sure to take place in the immediate future, the disproportion of men to women will, of course, become much greater if nothing is done, and of men to British women very glaring indeed. In the whole Transvaal before the war there were about fifty-two women to every sixty-six men, while in some districts the disparity in numbers was decidedly more marked. In Rhodesia, where men have gone to 'peg out' gold claims in the hope of rapidly gaining a fortune and then returning home, and where the farming interest has to a large extent been neglected, the contrast is even more significant; the greatest number of women having been in the proportion of one to four or five men, and in some districts only one to forty. These figures alone, apart from any patriotic sentiments, might rouse the British nation to help some of the struggling surplus population of women in Great Britain to seek this land of confident hope and expectation. The feeling that girls may find themselves really wanted must appeal to many of them who have, reasonably or unreasonably, come to fancy that they were in the way at home, and who know the hardships of over-competition. It is not, however, those who fail to succeed through their own fault in this country who would be any help in solving the problem of how to bring about a loyal and peaceful South Africa. It is women of high moral character, possessed of common sense and a sound constitution, who can help to build up our Empire, who, given a fair chance, would succeed anywhere. And the question at once arises, Has this been the class of women who have emigrated hitherto, and are they likely to be available in the future? While I admit that there must again of necessity be some failures, as there have been in the past, the last twelve months (during which I have worked in this direction) have convinced me that the prospect should be viewed in a much more optimistic light than some writers on the subject have suggested.

In the first place, people must be made alive to the fact that we in Great Britain ought to try to send out some of our best women

to the country where we have sacrificed so many of our best men; and, in the second place, we must persuade our South African fellow-subjects that it will be to their advantage to help these efforts. The war has completely altered the lives of many thousands of colonists, and numbers of women who have never worked before may find themselves obliged to earn their own livings, or at any rate to assist in maintaining their homes. But far from this circumstance militating against female emigration from the mother country, it may serve to encourage it. Manual work has hitherto been despised in the colonies by women who would have thought it no hardship to undertake such work at home, simply because in the colonies black labour was to be had, and all manual labour was supposed to degrade a white woman. Even such manual labour as churning or other dairy-work or laundry-work was invariably delegated to the coloured 'boy.'

— Already the change wrought by the war—the readier disposition to earn wages—is noticeable among the refugees from the Transvaal who are still waiting at the coast towns to return. In spite of all their trials and sufferings, only a very small proportion are actually receiving relief; the number is about three thousand out of a total of some sixty thousand. While the men have joined the various irregular forces, the women have gone into domestic service or become employées in match or cigarette or other factories, or supported themselves by needlework or other means. The hardships of many of these women will cease with the war, and the return of the men to civil employment will restore a considerable percentage of them to lives of comparative comfort; but it may be hoped that the lessons they have so hardly learnt will have the effect of widening their sympathy for those of their sex who come out to earn their livings like themselves in South Africa. There are already many clear-sighted women in the colonies who recognise the Imperial importance of immigration, but as a rule the one idea is simply to get a few servants from England, as white domestic labour is so scarce. No doubt in time others will see that only a large immigration of women of the upper and middle classes will bring about that revolution which they desire in domestic service, and consequently in the home-life. They seem never to have heard of the laws of supply and demand. They can justly complain of the high rate of wages, and I have even heard of a proposal to combine together to offer a lower figure than the current rate; but it is clear that a steady supply of servants is the best method of cheapening the value of service, while if more women of all kinds go out who require servants, I believe that the supply of servants will increase with the demand.

Living is still exorbitantly dear, and the rate of wages of all women must be high in proportion. There are many ladies in London at this moment working as secretaries at the rate of from 70*l.* to

90*l.* a year, but how could anyone live on such a salary when living of the simplest kind costs 6*l.* or 7*l.* a month? Prices must become cheaper as time goes on and a normal condition of affairs is established, free from the monopolies and unequal taxes of the late Boer Government, and one of the chief factors in reducing the price of food will be the increase of farming and a proper supply of local markets. In some localities before the war, vegetables and fruit were obtainable at a reasonable price, but that was hardly ever due to either Boer or British enterprise. In most cases the coolies had all the market gardening in their hands, and in some parts it was left to Italians and Germans to furnish what was required. In other places, such as near Bulawayo, there was scarcely any local cultivation at all. Vegetables were despatched up from the Cape, and consequently the moment the war began the supply ceased, and when my husband and I were there in November 1899 potatoes were fetching from 10*l.* to 15*l.* a sack—the ordinary price here now is about 5*s.* to 7*s.* a sack—and green vegetables were not purchasable at all. Surely this points to a possible field for women. Of late years great strides have been made in teaching ladies practical gardening, together with the keeping of poultry. Even in England, where markets are overstocked, some women trained at agricultural colleges, or simply in their own homes, have earned their livelihood. The same amount of energy and capital expended by women starting together a co-operative farm near one of the populous centres in South Africa would meet with satisfactory results, not only to the individuals, but to the community, in cheapening the foodstuffs and cost of living generally. There are difficulties to contend with there which do not occur here, such as drought, white ants, and locusts; but experts who have successfully farmed there for years, and who know the drawbacks, are far from discouraging the idea of women attempting such enterprises, and are in sympathy with the scheme. There is much work on a small farm and market garden that women can do with their own hands, and Kaffir labour can be employed for the harder work. I know it is frequently stated that Kaffirs are not to be had when they are wanted; but though there would be worries with black as well as there are with white servants, the best farming authorities I know declare they are never at a loss for cheap and efficient Kaffir labour. In the Orange River Colony skilled Kaffir labour is not paid more than 8*s.* a week, while the ordinary Kaffir gets 10*s.* a month and his food. The difficulty of managing Kaffirs is often overrated. Their natural respect for white people is so great that a moral influence to a most remarkable extent can be obtained over them by tactful treatment, and their services are entirely at their mistresses' disposal in consequence.

The life of a settler at the outset would doubtless be a hard one,

and it would be wrong to encourage any woman to try it without counting the cost. Food would have to consist of bare necessities without luxuries, and what are often considered necessities here are by no means always procurable there. Settlers, too, would have to a great extent to be dependent on their own produce for food, for except at the beginning they would find tinned meats an unwarrantable expense; and however disinclined they might be to work, the routine would have to be regularly endured, or a year's crop might be lost. In setting up a market-garden near a town, the first difficulty would be to secure suitable irrigated land; once that was obtained, five women could maintain themselves comfortably if they joined together, each with a capital of about 50*l*. To farm on a larger scale, with more land at a greater distance from their market, they would require about 100*l*. each as capital. I have not met anyone who has farmed in South Africa who disbelieved in their making a good living out of it if they were not afraid of work; though everything points to the advisability of beginning on a small scale, as it is the culture of fruit, vegetables, and poultry, with a lesser acreage, which would pay women best. There are women who have already tried and succeeded in South Africa, and their experience would be an invaluable guidance to others. Schemes are already on foot to help women to make a start, and to put them in the way of gaining local knowledge of the crops and seasons in South Africa before they sink their own small capital. Arrangements are being made by which girls will be boarded and lodged on a farm in exchange for their services, under proper tuition, until they are competent to earn wages or start a small farm of their own.

The problem of finding suitable openings for women in the towns is readily solved, but how to place them on the land is a more difficult question. It is in the country that they are most needed. The urban populations in the Transvaal before the war contained a larger proportion of inhabitants loyal to Great Britain than did the rural districts, and the future peace and welfare of South Africa must in great measure depend on the leavening influence of the new agricultural settlers. Women should be encouraged to occupy small farms of their own, working together on a co-operative system, within any newly settled areas. Their work would be greatly facilitated if they met with some assistance by loan in the first instance, and it would be a perfectly safe investment for either private individuals, for companies, or for the Government to advance loans to women settlers on the same business footing as to men, under schemes such as Colonel Hill's, repayable in a certain number of years; for land in the fertile districts of South Africa is full of promise, and is of yearly increasing value. Women, if thus helped, could certainly carry on successful fruit, vegetable, and poultry farms.

What better training could there be for a woman who might

become the wife of a settler than having gone through such experiences? To furnish the wives and mothers of the future is obviously one of the most important indirect results of this emigration, and if we wish a high class of women to go out, who will bring with them a good and wholesome influence and raise the tone of their surroundings, they must primarily be sent to congenial or suitable employment, and every care taken to help them to keep their self-respect. Many girls who have friends or relations already there, who would dislike being dependent on them, and who would scorn the idea of seeking husbands, would willingly go if a fair chance of earning their own living was offered them. The response that the Government has had to its first call for women from this country has proved this beyond doubt. The demand was for 200 teachers for the refugee camps. The girls were to live in tents or huts on the same rations as the refugees, and were to be paid 100*l.* for the year, during which period they contracted to stay. Over three thousand applied, and those selected are ladies and upper-class girls of a high standard morally, intellectually, and physically. This augurs well for the future, when, maybe, some other departments in the Government will equally appeal for volunteers. Numbers of girls, highly efficient in their own work, are awaiting the settlement of the country in hopes that they may find openings in the Civil Service of the new colonies.

There is every likelihood of employment for a certain number of women in various business establishments, Government or otherwise; but even though the employers may wish to secure the services of women workers, there are difficulties to be faced owing to the existing arrangements of the buildings, where there is no suitable accommodation for women. Post-offices, for instance, were in the Transvaal conducted almost entirely by 'Hollanders,' or Dutchmen brought in from Holland by Mr. Kruger and his party, and women have not hitherto been employed at all.

As the colonies become more self-supporting, there will undoubtedly be many trades and manufactures started which require female labour. At the present time some of the varied wants of a social community are badly supplied. There is a deficiency in dressmakers, milliners, and laundresses; tea-rooms, respectable boarding-houses, and nursing-homes are not sufficiently numerous; and all these would furnish desirable callings for women.

The side of emigration which appeals most readily to the overworked heads of households in South Africa is that which concerns the domestic servant. But the idea of emigrating domestic servants is precisely that which is most distasteful to mistresses in England, because they maintain that the difficulty of getting servants is already serious enough, and they object to its being increased by sending a large number of servants away. My answer to those in England is

that the class of servant considered the best here is not by any means the most suitable for South Africa. Here household work is 'departmentalised,' while over there servants have to turn their hands to a variety of work which would never come within their province in England. For instance, in interviewing a cook who was inquiring about a place which was offered her in Johannesburg, I had to explain that besides her kitchen work, in which she would have the assistance of a Kaffir, she was to help in making the beds and answering the door-bell and performing other trivial duties. This she at once flatly refused to do, although she was getting 40*l.* in England and was offered 72*l.* out there as well as her passage-money. The very superior general servant, or a farmer's daughter who has had to do everything in her parent's house, and yet would not go into service in England, are types of the most useful colonial servants. In South Africa, also, mistresses have to be very long-suffering, and the servant question is uppermost in all their minds. One reason why they so often have to endure failures is because, when they are hard pressed for a servant, they are reduced to engaging girls without any character. I have not unfrequently heard of a servant being discharged for some fault and immediately securing a fresh place with higher wages without her last mistress ever being appealed to. There is no encouragement to the honest, sober, and respectable applicants if those without these essentials are engaged with equal promptitude. When the supply of servants is greater and the choice not so limited, it is to be hoped that mistresses will show more discrimination in their selection. They complain, too, that girls who are nice when they leave England become demoralised as soon as they land. This, it seems, is greatly due to the fact that domestic service has been looked down upon by colonial girls, and the employment of coloured labour has affected the relations between servants and mistresses. Ladies forget sometimes that a white servant cannot be spoken to in the same way as they have been accustomed to address their Kaffirs or Cape boys or girls, and then they are surprised that a British girl resents such treatment. Of course many unsuitable servants have gone out from England, but very frequently these are girls who have got out without the assistance of any society, so that no one is individually responsible for them. I must dispute the statement made that 'It is an undeniable fact that unsuitable women cannot come out without assistance,'<sup>2</sup> if that means, as the context implies, assistance from emigration societies. Very commonly people who are returning to South Africa take out a servant, paying her passage in return for her services on the voyage, without any intention of retaining her afterwards. That there are conspicuous instances of success in the selection of servants

<sup>2</sup> 'Female Emigration to South Africa,' Lady Hely-Hutchinson, *Nineteenth Century*, January 1902.



by societies is unquestionable. I can only speak for the one of which I have personal knowledge—the South African Expansion Committee, an offshoot of the British Women's Emigration Association, and formed a year ago to meet the increasing demands for a complete system of emigration of women to South Africa on a large scale. A most careful sifting of cases is undertaken, and numbers are rejected. They must be respectable in the first place, and those who have lost their moral character are at once discarded. Health is another point on which great stress is laid, and no woman is sent out without a medical certificate of soundness. The committee is also careful to have good characters from employers, so that every care is taken to choose only those who are fitted for the work they are called upon to do. And no woman is allowed to go out under the auspices of the committee unless she has definite employment to go to or can show private means of support. That after all these precautions 'every effort has been a lamentable failure' is, I think, a sweeping statement in the face of facts.

There are employers in various parts of South Africa who come back to the society time after time for servants because they have been satisfied with those sent out to them. I could quote numbers of instances to bear out this fact. A lady at Grahamstown has four times had servants, each of whom has been a success and stayed two or three years with her. Several employers at Port Elizabeth apply again and again. At this moment a lady is getting a servant because on two or three occasions her sister, living in the Hex River district, had been so well suited by the society; and the instances might be multiplied. So, at any rate, there are some bright spots in the gloomy picture of domestic troubles so ably sketched in the article I have referred to.

Another question connected with this topic is that of contracts. As a rule, servants are asked to sign some agreement before sailing. The terms are generally drawn up to secure the gradual repayment to the employer of the whole or part of the passage-money advanced by him. Many people maintain that these agreements are not worth the paper they are written on, as if servants intend to be dishonest they will not adhere to them, while if they are conscientious they do not require them. Contracts extending over two or three years are probably a mistake, as it is often galling to feel bound for such a lengthy period. Short contracts are, however, a great protection both to employer and employed. Under the new laws those signed in England are legally as well as morally binding in South Africa.

In considering the subject of domestic service, the point of view of the employée should be looked at as well as that of the employer. However much trouble is taken to explain the different conditions of life in South Africa, it is impossible to prepare a girl for anything like the change, especially to one of the servant class with a very

limited experience. There is a movement on foot<sup>3</sup> to try to teach more about colonial life and ways in our schools and country districts, and the effort is most praiseworthy, for the ignorance often displayed, even among those who should know better, is very disastrous. The houses, the food, the climate, everything must strike new-comers with astonishment. They are constantly confronted with the fact that they must dispense with many little comforts to which they have been accustomed, and acute home-sickness is inevitable. As a rule, a little kindness will soon overcome this feeling, and a girl will settle down to the new life; but if the mistress gives no personal care to the stranger under her roof, and does not help her over the first difficulties, she will fail to adapt herself, and will try to mend matters in her own crude way by asserting an arrogant independence.

Some girls, apparently, before leaving home are so well coached to expect discomforts that these novelities do not appear in such an unfavourable light. I have just seen a letter from a nursery-maid at Cape Town, in which she says, 'I like South Africa very much; it is not a bit what I expected, so much nicer!' Instances such as these are encouraging, and give genuine hope for the future. The standard of efficiency must be kept up, as people naturally will not pay large sums in wages and then have to do the servants' work themselves, and employers on their part should be considerate of the rational demands of their servants for material comfort. In order to secure good and suitable women, protection on the voyage and on landing is absolutely essential. Girls should never be urged to go out on their own account, but should invariably before they embark find employment and be sure a welcome is awaiting them. They should go out with friends or seek the assistance of a society. Without the assurance of such protection it would be most unwise to counsel emigration. In the Government reports on the prospects of settlers, issued before the war, young women were warned against going to Johannesburg, but already the way is being made smooth for them. The South African Expansion Committee have an active branch in Johannesburg, and a hostel and residential club has been opened there, where ladies can live and follow their several callings, and where girls of all classes can find a temporary home. An employment bureau is being started in connection with it. A hostel has also been established in Cape Town on the same lines, and girls are met and cared for as soon as they land; and all through the country local branches are being established in connection with the central office to form a nucleus of information and to keep in touch with all the girls should occasion arise.

These may appear small beginnings, but it can confidently be

<sup>3</sup> Through the South African Expansion Committee, the Victoria League and other agencies.

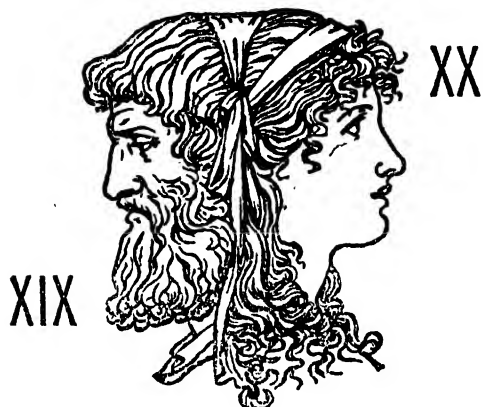
predicted that they are on the right lines. The secret of success will be found in a skilful avoidance of those pitfalls which have caused some of the previous efforts to fail. There can be no doubt that a wide field is open to women in South Africa, not only for servants, which is, after all, only one aspect of the question, but to strong, willing, competent girls of all classes. Only an inconsiderable number of the most obvious opportunities that emigration affords have been suggested. A new era is dawning in South Africa, and the moral force that women must exert on its fortunes cannot be over-estimated. To exalt the tone of social life, to bring a softening, elevating, intellectual influence, is the part that they are destined to play. Women of determination and character placed in changed but congenial surroundings may develop careers for themselves which were never designed by those who in the first instance assisted to transplant them to a new sphere, and contingencies may arise which were never contemplated. It is, therefore, impossible to predict the far-reaching good which may result both to the women themselves and to the country of their adoption: it must remain for the present a fruitful field of hopeful speculation.

ALICIA M. CECIL.

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*THE DREAM OF A BRITISH ZOLLVEREIN*

THE federation or closer political union of the British Empire is so obviously important that proposals to stimulate or accelerate it by means of commercial union appear specially attractive. They are much in the air at the present time. It is to be feared, however, that public opinion to some extent is taking a wrong direction, in which the end aimed at may be missed and great mischief follow.

The expediency of political federation itself may be assumed. It does not receive quite the general assent which it ought to command. There are not only 'Little Englanders' who would like to see the Empire broken up; but not a few besides, whose love for the State and regard for the Empire are beyond doubt, lament the tone of Imperialistic feeling which prevails and the accompanying ideas of policy, as contrary to the traditional feeling for liberty

characteristic of our race and history. These doubters dislike the new atmosphere, and are discouraged by the burdens which Imperial policy seems to entail as well as by the attacks on Free Trade and other parts of the general policy of freedom in which some of the most forward Imperialists love to indulge. But while appreciating the state of mind of this minority, I cannot share their doubts. The necessity for Imperial Federation is so great and overwhelming that all good citizens should join in promoting it. The broad reasons are the sentiment of national unity which makes a British subject settled anywhere under the common flag regard his colony as one with the mother country; and with this the instinct of self-preservation which makes it obvious that in these days of great military and naval empires the lives and liberties, and possessions, of English people throughout the world are nowhere safe from military aggression unless the whole are united for common defence. South Africa would probably be German or Dutch-German at the present moment if our fellow-subjects there had not had the help of the whole Empire. Australia would be exposed to similar risks from French and German ambition without a great Empire with it and behind it. Our own position in Europe would certainly be most insecure if we were Great Britain and Ireland only, and could not call upon our kith and kin beyond the seas or exercise the force of Empire in distant lands. In spite, then, of many faults of logic and argument among advocates of Imperial Federation, the policy, in my view, should command universal assent. It is unwise and unpatriotic to stand aloof.

It is with this opinion about Imperial Federation itself that I propose to criticise some of the suggestions as to commercial union which are put forward as means to the end. Federation is to be reached mainly, I believe, by political changes, assisted, where this can properly be done, by commercial arrangements, but not by the commercial arrangements which are most discussed and most in people's minds, such as an Imperial Zollverein, or what are called 'preferential' arrangements between the mother country and the colonies.

As with many other subjects, an historical retrospect may help to show us where we are. The idea that commercial union inevitably tends to political union, and is the only or best way to arrive at such union, has a slender enough foundation historically.

In older political unions there was little question of mutual commercial advantages. The different provinces of France, for instance, were politically united long before Customs barriers ceased to exist between them. The political union of England and Scotland, again, began to take effect in 1603 by the union of the crowns, but separate Customs continued not only till the formal legislative union

a century later but long after. Ireland, though subordinate to the crown of England (and afterwards of Great Britain), was commercially separate till the union of 1800 and even later. One of the Irish grievances is, in fact, the commercial legislation first of England and then of Great Britain directed against Irish industries. In the same way commercial union with colonies was the last thing thought of until modern times, the exploitation of colonies by and for the mother country being the ideal. The distinction between the idea of political union and that of mutual commercial advantages has thus been complete in past times.

There are cases, moreover, in modern times at least, of commercial unions between politically separate entities, which were not intended to lead up in any way to political union. For many years, as is well known, a Reciprocity Treaty existed between the United States and Canada, in spite of their political separation. In the same way, in South Africa before the war, there was a Customs union between Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State, although the last-named was an independent republic. To the same order of arrangements belong, I think, the special regulations between Austria-Hungary and Roumania and other Danubian States for trans-frontier trade; and similar arrangements between France and China as respects the frontier trade between Tonquin and Southern China. There is no question of political union in the matter, but there are arrangements for frontier trade more or less resembling a Customs union.

In this way the precedents are complete for treating political association and commercial association as different things, and as not necessarily involving and implying each other. The assumption that political union follows commercial union is, theoretically at least, incorrect. It appears to be largely due, in reality, to the frequency with which undoubtedly commercial union has followed the political union of separate States, and to one important instance in which a Customs union (that of the German Zollverein) has contributed to the consolidation of an empire; but the cases of the former description are not to the point, while the single instance of the German Zollverein is not enough to prove that Customs unions always conduce to a closer union of a political kind. According to former experience, the commercial union of the British Empire—in time—will follow the political union; but how far mutual commercial arrangements will assist such an object will depend on special circumstances and the nature of the arrangements themselves, which are all matters for investigation.

Looking at the problem in this way, we cannot but recognise that the commercial union of the British Empire, meaning thereby a real Zollverein, or such a union for commercial purposes as exists between the different States of the United States, or the different provinces or the German Empire, in which the same commercial laws prevail, the

same money exists for all purposes, and, above all, there is a single Customs barrier against the rest of the world with all internal barriers abolished, must in the nature of things be somewhat difficult. The number of separate Legislatures necessitates so many separate commercial codes, which can only be fused into one by common agreement, or by the invention of devices like those of the American Constitution, by which certain subjects are reserved for a central congress. The same remark applies to money which is reserved for the central Government by the Constitutions of both the German Empire and the United States, but has not yet been reserved in the British Constitution, while there would be special difficulties in having a common money in the existence of places like Canada, which happens to lie within the radius of the United States banking system, or Gibraltar, which cannot avoid having Spanish money for common use, or India, which has the rupee for monetary unit and cannot get quit of that unit, or Egypt, which is technically a part of the Turkish Empire and not even a British State. The remark is even more applicable to the subject of a Customs union. This subject is not reserved for a central body by a political constitution as it is in Germany and the United States, while there are obvious practical difficulties which do not exist in those countries, and which would make the establishment of a Customs union impossible even if the central Government had power to deal with the matter. The difficulties are as follows :

(a) The physical separation of the different parts of the Empire. The sea, it is said, unites and does not separate, which is true in a sense, but is not true for the purposes of a Zollverein. That purpose is the abolition of Customs barriers where they are most irksome to trade—that is, between adjacent places. This irksomeness, as we have seen, is so great that it has led in some cases to such arrangements as those existing on the Austrian and Southern Chinese frontiers, or such an arrangement as the former Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States. There is a real practical evil which a Customs union deals with in the most effective manner, and, although the sea unites the separate parts of the British Empire, it does not unite them in such a way that the inconvenience of Customs barriers is felt as it was in the trade between the different States of the American Union, or between the different provinces of Germany, or is felt now between any countries having a long land frontier between them. On the contrary, the longer the voyage the less important are the Customs barriers relatively as an obstruction to trade. The long voyage itself and the transshipment, which cannot be got rid of, are the real evils caused by distance in over-sea communication, and not the intervention of the Customs, serious as the latter intervention may be on a land frontier across which there is trade at many points. A Zollverein, therefore, comprising States or

provinces separated by great breadths of sea, could not give them the special advantages obtained by a Zollverein between contiguous places. Customs regulations, moreover, must still continue to exist at the ports, as they do even in coasting trade, so that, as far as they are an evil, inter-Imperial trade would still be affected by them.

(b) The variety of race and business which makes it expedient for different parts of the Empire to have each its own tariff, even against other parts, if it is to raise revenue by indirect taxes, which all must do. The Indian Empire is obviously so constituted that its inhabitants cannot be brought into line as consumers with the European populations of the British Empire. These populations provide indirect revenue mainly by the consumption of spirits, beer, tobacco, sugar, and tea; and sugar alone among these articles is extensively consumed in India. The people of India, again, are subject to a tax on salt not usually imposed on populations of English race. Still worse, although the Indian people consume sugar, the article with them is also an important article of widespread agricultural production, which would bring the tax-gatherer into close and unwelcome contact with masses of the people if a duty on sugar were imposed. On the other hand, India is a producer of the tea and coffee which are not worth taxing in India, but are a stand-by for Finance Ministers in other parts of the Empire.

The self-governing Colonies, again, in contrast with the United Kingdom, naturally desire to impose duties for purposes of revenue on the manufactures which they import mainly from Great Britain; while in Great Britain, among the articles most suitable for taxation are to be found the tobacco, tea, coffee and sugar which are largely produced in the Colonies.

Unless each part of the Empire, therefore, is to arrange its own tariff, it will be extremely difficult for it, if not impossible, to raise suitable revenue by means of indirect taxes.

(c) This last difficulty is enhanced by the consideration of the 'pooling' arrangements among the different States which are the indispensable adjunct of a Customs union. The idea is that no province of the union is to have a Customs barrier against another part. Duties are to be levied in common. There must be a common purse, accordingly, not only for the Customs duties which are to be imposed on articles imported from the rest of the world, but on similar commodities produced at home. In other words, the Customs and Excise revenue of each part of the union is to be dependent on the vigilance of the revenue authorities in every other part. In such a union for the British Empire, our spirit revenue, for instance, would depend on the vigilance of authorities in Australia and South Africa. And then out of the common purse each State of the Empire would receive its share. In what way the shares are to be fixed, with heterogeneous populations like India concerned, will be no easy



matter, and it will be still more difficult to provide the automatic readjustments, according to the changes in population at each census, which existed in the German Zollverein.

(d) Difficulties arising from the uncertain political status of States or Provinces which form a portion of the Empire as far as the burden of defence is concerned, and which are popularly reckoned as within the Empire, but which are either not internationally recognised as part of the Empire at all or are subject to special arrangements by political treaties—as, for instance, our West African Protectorates. The doubtful position of Egypt has already been referred to in connection with the question of common money, but in the question of a Zollverein the status of that country would be still more embarrassing. Egypt is legally a part of the Turkish Empire, and it is bound by various international stipulations of that Empire as well as stipulations special to itself as regards shipping and navigation. To make it part of a British Zollverein would involve prolonged negotiations with European Powers that would almost certainly fail, or a rupture of treaties in time of peace involving a risk of war and the equal formidable mischief, perhaps, of throwing doubts on English good faith in carrying out treaties, however disagreeable sometimes their stipulations may be. The Soudan, which we hold in common with Egypt, could perhaps be included in a Zollverein more easily; but how odd a Zollverein of the Empire would look with large parts of it outside the union, and especially a part like Egypt, the strategical centre of the Empire itself.

Such difficulties existing, however, they should be carefully thought out by those who talk of a Zollverein or Customs union for the British Empire before we can even get to business in the discussion. I confess for one my inability to imagine how they are to be overcome. There appears to be no help to a solution in any proposals put forward, as far as I have yet observed.

Passing from this question of a Zollverein, we come to the proposal of 'preferential arrangements' in the matter of tariffs between the mother country and the other parts of the Empire. Such arrangements, it is supposed, will effect the same objects as a Zollverein—viz. a closer commercial union, which will also have the same political results as are expected from a Zollverein itself. Such is the abuse of language, that many people when they hear of an Imperial Zollverein are really thinking of a Customs barrier set up in the Empire against foreign countries, leaving the barriers inside the Empire intact, and are not really thinking of a proper Customs union at all.

All such proposals have a common character, so that it would be a waste of time to go into detail. To state their nature is surely to

show their ineptitude. What is proposed in effect is a commercial treaty between the Colonies and the mother country on a reciprocity basis, each Colony consenting to tax differentially certain articles it receives from foreign countries in competition with similar articles received from the mother country or the rest of the Empire, and the mother country in turn taxing differentially certain articles received from foreign countries in competition with articles imported from the Colonies. The business is to be arranged on the *Do ut des* principle, and the effect is to be the increased mutual dependence of the different parts of the Empire and their increased joint and several independence of foreign countries.

Such suggestions involve the certainty of injury to both the Colonies and the mother country if they are tried, and the uncertainty of any advantage whatsoever. Each part of the Empire is to divert a portion of its trade from the channels in which it naturally flows, a procedure necessarily involving loss, and it is to have the same trade afterwards inside the Empire, only at greater expense. Political advantage may conceivably ensue in the end from the different parts of the Empire sticking closer together even in this way, though it appears unlikely; but there is no commercial advantage at any time. But as to the political advantage, where there is no commercial advantage, may there not also be doubts? One or the other party must be exposed to extreme deception. If the Colonies get a better price in the mother country for their raw materials and articles of food than they would otherwise do, some people in the mother country will have to pay more, and it will have to be very clear indeed that they get a *quid pro quo* either in higher prices in the Colonies for what they sell or increased profits from large trade with them. At the time of the famous Hofmeyr suggestion that the Colonies and the mother country should impose a special tax of 2 per cent. *ad valorem* on all imports from foreign countries, duty calculated to yield about 7,000,000*l.*, which could be appropriated to purposes of mutual defence, I recollect making a calculation, (1) that the portion of the 7,000,000*l.* paid by the United Kingdom would be nearly the whole, (2) that the price of the commodities imported into the United Kingdom from the Colonies as well as from foreign countries would be raised by a larger sum, and (3) that the Colonies contributing a small part of the amount would be more than compensated by the higher prices obtained for their produce in the United Kingdom, while the mother country in turn would obtain no such compensation from higher prices in the Colonies on its exports to them, owing to the small proportion of such exports with which foreign countries really competed. Disillusionment must thus follow any reciprocity arrangement of this sort. Instead of tending to political union, it will almost certainly have the reverse effect.

Quite as serious is the prospect of bad blood with foreign countries, especially with the United States, if we make any arrangement with the Colonies which in fact leads to a serious diminution of our trade with foreign countries—the means by which the arrangement is to achieve its end. Could we view without alarm the discontent that might be produced in the United States, with which we desire to promote the most friendly relations, if we differentiated against their wheat, meat, cotton, copper, and other articles for the sake of what we hope our Colonies will give us? The mere attempt, even if it should fail, would tend to exasperate. It is quite true, of course, that the United States—and our leading foreign competitors—would technically have no cause to complain. Their own tariffs are as great a discouragement to trade with the United Kingdom as they can be, and have been so for many years. But as a matter of fact we cannot hope to export to them much more largely than we do, even if their tariffs were now as free as our own, so that we lose little by their discourtesy, while we should certainly lose by an increase of political animosity, if we imitate their example, and possibly better their instruction.<sup>1</sup>

It is a supreme interest with us, again, to promote foreign trade, not only that food may be cheap but that we may have the necessary raw materials for our industries. There is no prospect in reality that the Colonies, from which we import about 110,000,000*l.* annually and to which we export about 102,000,000*l.* annually, could really for generations take the place in our trade of foreign countries from which we import 413,000,000*l.* annually and to which we export 252,000,000*l.* annually.<sup>2</sup> How are the Colonies to do it? Even to take the place of foreign countries to a very partial extent would involve a complete revolution in the conditions of their industry, and an enormous increase in their population which is quite inconceivable.

Apart from the quantity of our purely foreign trade, there is another difficulty in the way of a proposal to substitute colonial trade for it. No country or empire in the world produces every kind of thing it wants; and the British Empire is no exception. However united the Empire may be, the United Kingdom must still go outside for many things—to Spain for iron ore, to the Dutch East Indies for tin, to the United States and Spain for copper, to the United States for raw cotton, and so on. Either foreign countries are the sole producers of such articles or the only producers in quantities necessary for business. It would be no light matter,

<sup>1</sup> See the statements in the *Times* of the 16th of April quoted from the *New York Times* as to American retaliation on Canada if it receives preferential treatment in the United Kingdom.

<sup>2</sup> Excluding in both cases the transshipment trade and imports and exports of gold and silver.

therefore, to penalise our foreign customers, and make access to their markets more difficult than they make it themselves.

Reciprocal or preferential arrangements between the mother country and the Colonies are accordingly most dangerous, economically and politically. It is a complete misconception that they are of the same nature as a Zollverein, which is a measure of pure free trade, but happens not to be possible for the British Empire as a whole.

While the advocates of commercial union as a means to Imperial Federation have thus mistaken their way, and suggested measures that are either impossible or will defeat the object aimed at, the advocacy itself has been hardly less mischievous. The cause of federation of the Empire has come to be identified with a policy of Protection until adherents of a Free-trade policy are almost under compulsion to choose between the abandonment of their ideas and the promotion of Imperial Federation itself. This is not a desirable result. Whether the commercial policy of the federated Empire is to be Protectionist or Free-trading, federation itself is a good thing for sound political reasons. For those who desire it, therefore, to put in the forefront of their arguments a commercial policy which arrays against them large masses of the very people whose co-operation they desire, is a mistake of no small magnitude. It lays them open to the charge from which I fear some of our colonial friends could not easily clear themselves—that it is Protection they seek by means of federation and not federation itself. I recollect first coming in contact with this idea twenty years ago at a dinner in the club at Montreal, when I was obliged to listen to a very heated argument by leading citizens in favour of a preferential duty of 2s. 6d. per quarter in England on grain from the United States as compared with grain from Canada, an argument so heated that a modest speaker could hardly get in a word edgewise on the other side. Such heat is still observable in colonial arguments for a ‘preference.’ They want a ‘pull,’ an advantage of some kind out of the mother country, not for the sake of federating the Empire, but because they want Protection so much. They offer hardly any *quid pro quo* which will stand discussion; but even if they did it is surely most lamentable that colonial appeals to the mother country to federate should be mixed up with bargaining on the lowest level of any commercial transaction.

As I write additional evidence is furnished us as to the anxiety in the colonies for Protection. Only the other day Mr. Seddon was reported to have said that the attachment of New Zealand to the mother country was not sentimental, but was based on £ s. d. The mother country bought New Zealand mutton, and that was the reason why. No one would attach too much importance to a casual expres-

sion in conversation, even if true, but that it should be reported when Mr. Seddon is coming home to advocate his ideas of preference is not quite pleasant reading for friends of Imperial Federation on patriotic grounds. At the same time, we hear from Canada that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has refused an invitation to an Imperial Conference to discuss the subject of defence—surely the main problem of federation—though he was willing to discuss the subject of commercial relations. The Opposition in the Canadian Parliament in turn have complained of the Prime Minister (in long debates) that, if he had acted differently, Canada might have received exemption from the new corn duty, with more of like favours to come. Thus it is always Protection that is being argued for, and not so much the federation which is professedly the excuse. Not only, then, is the cause of Imperial Federation being sought by means of preferential arrangements which will tend to frustrate the object, but the argument is all in the wrong key, and tends very strongly to set against the cause some powerful influences that should be wholly in its favour.

How is federation to be promoted, and what sort of commercial arrangements, if any, will really assist? While rejecting the notion of a Zollverein because it is impossible in the peculiar circumstances of the British Empire, and while rejecting most strenuously the notion of preferential arrangements as economically and politically dangerous, and deprecating the line of argument by which the latter policy is supported as additionally fatal to the prospects of success in promoting federation by means of commercial union, I believe that in various ways such a union may be promoted with mutual advantage to all parts of the Empire, including the further advantage of accelerating a closer political union. We ought to see, at any rate, what can really be done, and walk warily, avoiding above all any obsolete fiscal ideas such as are involved in Protection.

The initial step should be, I think, the recognition by the Colonies of the immense aid that has been given to commercial union throughout the Empire by the Free-trade policy of the mother country itself. Just as our Free-trade policy has undoubtedly benefited the whole world because trade with the British Empire is the main part of the foreign trade of every country, and, however Protectionist other countries may be, their foreign trade on one side at least has been carried on under conditions of freedom; so we may contend that the Colonies of the United Kingdom which do so much of their business with the mother country have specially gained. The most natural channels for their business have not been interrupted in any way by the policy of the mother country, but mutual trade has been facilitated in the highest possible degree. Colonists may think that the mother country in addition should have given them some bonus or premium to trade more with them, but at least they have not done badly. There is no colonising country in the

world, as they must admit, with which they would have done half so well.

From this to the further admission that Free Trade must inevitably be the policy of the British Empire ought not to be a long step. If the United Kingdom is for Free Trade, surely it is a great mistake for self-governing Colonies, having only a fifth of the population of the United Kingdom, to try to force the mother country into their view, and drag the rest of the Empire with them. Whatever else may be said for Free Trade, it is at least a uniting force. It does not promote political by means of commercial disunion. It may not promote peace and harmony to the extent Cobden anticipated, but it does help towards these ends. As the hope of the world must still be in peace, therefore, the Colonies of a Free-trade Empire can hardly complain that the mother country is attached to a policy which tends to the breaking down of barriers between nations as well as between the separate parts of some nations. As their views of policy enlarge they ought to perceive that many things have to be considered between States besides momentary advantages of the market which may bulk very largely in the eyes of small communities. Larger horizons and larger ideas belong to the politics of Empire.

One of the first points to be determined when the Colonies and the mother country are in council cannot but be this question of Free Trade or Protection as the policy of the Empire; and it is the Colonies and not the mother country that should give way. Their so doing will be the first step to Imperial Federation, which will hardly be possible on any other footing.

I would next suggest as a help towards commercial union, and as being, in fact, a union of that nature as far as it goes, the formation of an intimate postal, telegraph, and *communication* union, independent of, though not opposing, postal and telegraphic agreements with foreign countries. The means of communication between different parts of the Empire should not only be promoted in common, but as much as possible the general direction should be the same. As far as postal and telegraphic communication is concerned, it may be assumed, all will be agreed, but the question embraces much more than merely posts and telegraphs. Railways in certain directions—as, for example, between South and North Australia, or the Cape to Cairo Railway, or the Canadian Pacific Railways—are of interest to the whole Empire. In the same way, I believe it is an Imperial concern that shipping communication between the different parts of the Empire, not only for mails but for the conveyance of goods and passengers, should not be left mainly to chance—as is now practically the case. Steam-shipping subsidies are too exclusively settled as mail subsidies from the departmental view of the Post Office, whereas there are other considerations of a vital kind for the Empire that should not be overlooked. If we are to be a united

Empire, the whole body should be knit together by lines of steamers under the Imperial flag which omit no port of consequence, present or prospective, in their visits—direct lines of steamers, for instance, between *East* and South Africa and the mother country, or between East and South Africa and India, Australia, and Canada. In this matter we must add, after the evidence laid before the Shipping Subsidies Committee, that the Imperial authorities, hitherto, have been remiss. ‘Unconsidered trifles’ of trade between British ports have been left for our German friends to pick up, and the employment of British shipping, essential to the life of the Empire, has been correspondingly diminished or checked. This ought not to be. Adequate shipping facilities under the British flag should be provided between all parts of the Empire as a matter of the common business of all. A special union for such an end, besides the immediate good it would do, would clearly help towards a more general federation.

Monetary union, again, should be promoted as far as practicable and the subject, at any rate, should be studied in common. A complete union for this purpose, at any rate for a long time, for the reasons already given, appears to be out of the question. But the money of the mother country is already the money of South Africa and Australia, and there are some points in which these portions of the Empire are mutually interested with us, such as the division of the profit on token coinage and the arrangements as to the intrinsic value of such coins, which ought not to be left, as they now are, to the decision of the mother country alone, or to be matters of direct correspondence and bargain with each Colony. A complete monetary union is also more likely to come about all the sooner if it is a subject of regular official discussion.

Similarly, there could be unions within the Empire for identical legislation in each part as to the various subjects of commercial law—bills of exchange, marine insurance, shipping law generally, bankruptcy, copyright, patents, trade marks, and so on. The business could only be promoted by mutual agreement; but even internationally agreements on some of these matters have been made, and with a decided impulse towards unity in the Empire they should receive a great extension, pending the establishment of an Imperial constitution which would give to a central council some direct legislative power.

Another step that might be taken would be the common negotiation of all commercial treaties, so that no treaty could be made that did not bind the whole Empire on the one side, and did not bind each foreign Government to the whole Empire on the other side. In other words, the unit in all negotiations should be the Empire as one State, so that foreign Governments should not have the chance of recognising different States as existing within its

bounds. Everybody was shocked the other day by the reappearance in the Brussels Sugar Convention of a clause binding the mother country to levy the same duties on colonial sugar as on sugar from foreign countries—the same sort of clause that had been the object of adverse criticism in the Belgian and German treaties and had led to the denunciation of those treaties. Against all such possibilities in future the Empire should be prepared, which can only be done effectually by our diplomatists insisting on Imperial unity. It would clearly follow from this arrangement also that the Foreign Secretary should be continually advised, not only by his own permanent officials but by representatives from all parts of the Empire. The misfortune is that some States which are really portions of the Empire, like Egypt, would have to be left out. This exception is rather a serious one, as we have seen, in forming a Zollverein. But it would not be fatal to a union as far as it goes for different purposes between all those parts of the Empire which are internationally recognised as such.

In these different ways, then, I believe, a beginning could be made with an effective commercial union which would tend to unite the Empire and not to dissolve it, and would prepare the way for a formal federation. The condition of most of these arrangements, it need hardly be pointed out, would be the formation of a Council of the Empire, which would consider among other things the whole question of Imperial communications, monetary union, assimilation of commercial law, and finally the negotiation of commercial treaties for the Empire as a unit. At this point we touch upon the more political side of federation. A council of the Empire is as obviously required for purposes of common defence, and for promoting the general welfare of the whole body, as it is for commercial union. By suggesting a variety of matters, therefore, for consideration and treatment, we bring the idea of a council more and more within the sphere of practical politics and with it the question of Imperial federation itself. Preferential arrangements, as many people are so much attached to them, especially our fellow-citizens in the colonies, would probably enough come up for discussion in such a council; but the existence and usefulness of such a body would be quite independent of that subject, while the discussion might even be of advantage by compelling every side to face the difficulties and to make sacrifices all round for the sake of the common Empire.

ROBERT GIFFEN.



*SOUTH AFRICA AND INDIA*

FOR some years past the attention of those who are specially interested in India has been directed to the treatment of Indian immigrants, labourers, traders and artisans, in the British Colonies and the Boer Republics of South Africa, and their grievances have formed the subject of frequent protests addressed to the Colonial Office and the Indian Government. The difficulty of interference with the legislation of independent British communities was fully admitted, while the strained relations of this country with the Transvaal in regard to the status and treatment of European settlers made it inconvenient to deal separately with the cruel restrictions which the laws of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State imposed on Indian traders. The war, with its consequent extension of British authority, has necessarily swept away the worst of the outrages and disabilities of which Indians complained in the annexed Republics; and although the grievances which they endure in British Colonies remain unredressed, the question of Indian immigration into South Africa seems to require and deserve a wider and more general discussion than was possible previous to the war which is now approaching its natural and inevitable termination by the exhaustion of the enemy. Many grave and important questions of administration, requiring the highest statesmanship, the proper settlement of which will for ever affect the destinies of the continent, are pressing for decision. Among these the immigration of Indians into Africa—not only Southern but Central Africa—takes a foremost place. It is important from the point of view of India, where emigration on a large scale may materially help to solve the problem of the ever-increasing pressure of the population on the means of subsistence: and equally important from the African standpoint, where an undeveloped continent cannot make quick or satisfactory progress without a large immigration of colonists of loyal tendencies, industrious habits and intellectual capability. Nor are sterile working bees required in the colonial hive—an army of male labourers, miners and artisans, who only intend to remain in Africa till they have made sufficient money to return to their native countries. The only colonists of real and permanent value must

come to settle, with their wives and families, ready to undertake the industrial and agricultural development of the country, not merely summoned to supply the required labour in the mines, which is the chief demand now made by South Africa, though it is far less important than agricultural settlement when the future of the country and the interests of the Empire are considered. The present paper is no more than an attempt, without dogmatism or too great insistence, to induce thinking people in this country and in South Africa to consider fairly, dispassionately and impartially whether a large State-assisted emigration of Indian colonists would not prove to be the most reasonable solution of one of the most complicated African problems, and whether the advantages of such a measure would not outweigh its disadvantages, difficulties and dangers.

It must be at once admitted that the long and costly war, with its enormous sacrifices of British lives and treasure, the annexation of the Boer Republics and the creation—at no distant date—of a great South African Federation, rivalling in extent and population the Dominion of Canada or the Commonwealth of Australia, have, in one sense, diminished, and in another increased, the importance of the question of the settlement of Indians in South Africa and the conditions of their residence there. It can no longer be treated as a mere matter of the equitable redress of a grievance of a small and alien community, but has become a leading administrative problem deserving the careful consideration of statesmen who are concerned with the prosperity and progress of India and Africa. The war has been waged, the burden has been borne and the victory has been won by men of British blood. It has been a white man's war; and the settlement will be made in accordance with the wishes and interests of the Anglo-Saxon race alone, determining whether for the future they are to keep South Africa a white man's land, so far as this may be possible in the presence of a considerable savage aboriginal population, or whether they are to stimulate the development of the country by the aid of immigrants of other than European races. If the deliberate and well-considered decision be against Indian colonisation, there is nothing further to be said: every State has the right—which many, like Russia and the United States, freely exercise—to determine which are desirable and which undesirable immigrants, and to refuse admission to the latter either absolutely or under stringent and protective conditions. All that I am here suggesting is that of all possible, or rather probable, emigrants, Indians are the best; the most docile, industrious, loyal and civilised; while the vast and superfluous population of India, increasing with a rapidity which is the despair of statesmen and economists, can supply any number of millions to fill up the vacant places of Africa.

The advantage to India of such a scheme I will briefly notice later. But the requirements of Africa must first be ascertained, and the possible manner of supplying them. It must be realised that the vast possessions of England in Africa are divided into those suitable for colonisation by white races and those in which the climate does not permit Europeans to rear families, to work, or even to live in health and comfort. In this survey we will exclude Nigeria, the West African Colonies, and Egypt (which is merely under British protection). But we may include the Soudan, with the Bahr-el-Ghazel—the possession of which Great Britain, as the predominant partner, shares with Egypt—Uganda, the East Africa Protectorate, and the whole of Rhodesia north of the Zambesi as British possessions in which it is hopeless to expect any effective and successful white colonisation. The highlands of Uganda are probably the most healthy of these territories; but the whole of Central Africa is, for white men, a land of misery and desolation, of pestilence, famine and death. The worst and least desirable part of habitable Australia or Canada is to be preferred to the best of Central Africa between Khartoum and the Zambesi. Those who desire to understand what this melancholy region of despair is like should read Mr. Moore's *Mountains of the Moon*, a graphic picture of Central Africa by a man of high intelligence engaged on a scientific mission, and who thus saw the country without the glamour through which the gold prospector or the sportsman is accustomed to regard and describe it.

South of the Zambesi is the region where the white man can live, thrive and bring up a family, and where he might even work as an artisan or an agricultural labourer if he could be induced to do so. But this he will not do. Over all the land the curse and the blight of slavery still hang like a dark cloud; and the dignity of labour does not there signify that all work is honourable if only it be honestly and energetically done, but only that the white man must perform no menial duties and very little industrial work which, in the old evil days, were performed by slaves and are now made over to the free black population. The situation of the European colonist in South Africa is altogether different from that of the same individual in the other great dominions of the Crown. He is not a colonist in the best sense of the word at all; nor will he ever be worth much until he learns to cook his own dinner and plough his own land. The only apparent exception to the general disinclination to engage in manual labour was the case of the Boer farmers in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal; but the difference was purely imaginary, and the Boers were far more lazy than any other class in South Africa. They cultivated their farms by slave labour, as real and as cruel as that of the Southern States of America before the Civil War. The blacks on a Transvaal farm were *serfs*, *adscripti glebæ*—with a pretence of wage it is true, but kept at work under the

sanction of the flogging-block, forbidden to leave their location without a pass which might be demanded of them by any white man who met them, and, failing production, the result was restoration to their master and the whip. The certainty of losing this black labour under the old conditions is at the root of the savage resistance of the Boers in the present war, as it was the abolition of slavery in Cape Colony which originally determined the migration of the Boers to the Transvaal. This, again, will prove the chief difficulty of the resettlement of the Boers on their return from captivity after the war. Will they ever be able or content to cultivate their farms, when the strict administration of British law has abolished forced labour, and made the flogging of blacks a punishable offence?

If it were possible to provide for the emigration of a large number of suitable British colonists to South Africa to settle on the land with their families, this would be the best solution of the problem of the future development of the country. Something may be done by the Government in this direction in connection with extensive works of irrigation and storage of the somewhat scanty rainfall, so as to make agriculture and cattle-breeding less precarious occupations than they are at present. But South Africa is not, and never has been, a favourite field for British emigration. The whole white population, English and Dutch, of Cape Colony and its dependencies, was no more than 376,987 in the year 1891, and that of Natal in 1898 was 53,688—together less than the population of Birmingham. Nor is there any reason to believe that intending emigrants will, in the future, prefer South Africa to Canada, the United States or Australia, whatever the inducements offered by the Government. Failing British emigrants, there is no need for the Home or local Governments to favour and encourage emigration by any of the European nations, like Italy or Germany, whose superfluous labourers have during the last quarter of a century added so largely to the population of Brazil, the Argentine and the United States. Where the existing white community is so equally divided between English and Dutch, it may well be feared that a large foreign contingent, hostile or unfriendly, would increase both our anxieties and our dangers. We cannot forget, and it would be criminal folly to forget, the abuse and insults that have been heaped on England during the course of the present war by the Press and people of the principal European nations. But even if such emigration were desirable, it is very improbable that serious European colonists would choose South Africa for their home of adoption. At the close of the war, when the goldfields are again open to the industry of the world, and unknown and untold wealth, as yet unsurveyed and undiscovered, is laid bare, there will doubtless be an invasion of South Africa by tens of thousands of men eager for a share of the spoil.

But this fugitive and cosmopolitan horde, gathered from every nation, are neither settlers nor colonists who will in any way add to the permanent wealth and progress of the country. They are not builders of the Empire, nor will their presence strengthen the Government which protects them. If the industrial settlement and agricultural development of South Africa are to be dependent on European emigration, they will probably be no farther advanced one hundred years hence than they are to-day. By that time the mines will be exhausted, the gold-seekers fled, and this great dominion, which might be a land of promise and prosperity, will have to be flung, as a worn-out possession, on the Imperial scrap-heap.

Effective white immigration being, then, abandoned as impracticable, we have to consider what can take its place. In the first place, we cannot overlook the available black population, large when compared with the number of white colonists, but extremely scanty for occupation of the vast area of South Africa, and probably less than four millions. But from these savages, physically of a fine type, little can be expected. Grapes cannot be gathered from thorns or figs from thistles. The savage can bring no more to the development of his country than he possesses; and it is clear beyond all controversy that the black races of Africa have no capacity for any high intellectual advance. They are of a degraded, unimprovable type, even when living under the most favourable conditions, in contact with a high civilisation, as in the United States, or in full independence, as in Hayti. Ethnological experience contradicts the idea that all members of the human family possess the same capacity for mental or moral development; and the South African black, though in some ways superior to the majority of the negro races, is equally lazy, sensual and unteachable. Sir George Goldie seems to believe that the Hausa race of Nigeria might in time supply the labour requirements not only of their own country, but of the Gold Coast and the territories south of the Zambesi. But this mixed race, who are the traders of West and Central Africa, and who take rank far above the pure negro stock, will have quite enough to do in meeting the labour demand in their own part of the continent for many generations to come, while their commercial attitude would be as obnoxious to the white colonist as is that of the Hindu trader to-day. For the labour-supply of the mines the aboriginal blacks are available, although unsatisfactory and insufficient. Their wages are extravagant, and will remain so until reduced by outside competition; and their work is only continued until they have made sufficient money to buy women, who are called wives but are no more than beasts of burden, to cultivate their land and allow them to enjoy the indolence which is the supreme delight of the savage. For the commercial and agricultural development of South Africa they are useless.

The importation of Chinese for mining work has been largely

discussed in Africa, and a short time ago I received from a mining engineer in Rhodesia a highly interesting collection of articles, speeches and resolutions which had been written and delivered in Bulawayo on the subject. The general view seemed hostile to importation of any foreign coloured labour; but the need of Rhodesia for miners was so urgent and extreme that a powerful section of the community favoured the introduction of Chinese as indentured labourers, under strict conditions to work only in the mines, neither to settle in nor move about the country, and to return to China on the termination of their contract unless this should be formally renewed. The feeling against the introduction of free Chinese colonists is as strong as in Australia, and is probably ineradicable. I am in agreement with this colonial sentiment. The Chinaman is not a desirable settler in South Africa, though a certain number may be introduced with advantage for mining work under indenture. Not that the prejudice against the Chinaman is founded on reasonable grounds. He is industrious, sober and intelligent; and in morality and cleanliness will compare not unfavourably with many other races, white or coloured. In the Eastern Colonies of England the Chinese are the best possible citizens; while, as for their domestic virtues, I was often told in Burmah that the native women, who are the most independent and among the most intelligent in the world, preferred Chinamen as husbands to their own countrymen. The objection to the Chinese in the United States and Australia is no more than a trade-union jealousy of workmen who are more industrious and more skilful, and whose labour is so cheap that it lowers the European wages. This is the beginning and the end of the question of opposition to Chinese emigration. But although I recognise the admirable qualities of the Chinaman, he is not wanted as a South African colonist. He owes no allegiance to the British Government, and although he is usually an orderly citizen, his community is permeated in all directions by secret societies which require constant watchfulness on the part of the authorities. No Asiatics are in sympathy with Europeans; but the Chinese are the most unknowable, and with them there is no bond of hereditary loyalty such as that which exists between the Hindus and the British Government and which has created an artificial but sufficient sympathy for all practical purposes. There are many British Colonies where the Chinese are valuable, and indeed necessary: the Straits Settlements, Burmah, Borneo, New Guinea and the Northern and Eastern districts of Australia—all unsuited for European manual labour; but in South Africa there is no such necessity, and Chinese colonists would only be one more difficulty and danger.

The argument of this paper, thus far, may be summarised that the chief requirement of South Africa is population; that the indigenous black races are useless for all purposes of civilisation or

progress; that British immigration is and will always be insufficient, and that of other European nations most undesirable; while the Chinese are obnoxious to the white colonists and unsuitable to the conditions of the situation.

The only solution of the difficulty would seem to be the abandonment of the fantastic dream of South Africa as a white-man's land, which it is not, never has been and never will be, and for the Colonial and Indian Governments to inaugurate a scheme of State-aided emigration of Indian settlers, artisans and agriculturists, accompanied by their wives and families, on an imperial scale. With an extensive system of water storage, carried out by engineers such as those who have doubled the productive powers of Egypt, the more fertile districts of South Africa might, in a few generations, become a rich and self-sufficing portion of the Empire, thickly inhabited by a loyal and civilised race who would be a lasting source of strength and profit. An emigration of this nature would not be primarily in the interests of mining labour, though no doubt a large number of Indians would devote themselves to such work—and competent miners they make, as experience in the coal and gold mines of India amply proves. But the mining industry is so wealthy and well organised that it can always command a sufficiency of labour if it be ready to pay for it. The Indian immigration is of far more importance in turning a desolate region into a garden, and strengthening the Empire for all time when the mines of the Transvaal and Rhodesia have become exhausted. From such a scheme, in deference to local sentiment or where the native indigenous population is warlike and numerous, certain districts, such as Cape Colony, Natal and Zululand, might be excluded, though the time would probably come when the two former would desire to share in the benefits which would accrue from Indian immigration. But a vast area in the annexed Republics, in Rhodesia and Bechuanaland would remain, many times larger in area than the British Isles, in which the scheme could be carried out with a reasonable prospect of success.

It is unlikely that Indian colonisation on a large scale will at present be acceptable to the European residents in South Africa. It may take some time before the failure of other schemes of colonisation will induce the South African provinces to turn for help to the great Indian Empire, with its three hundred millions of inhabitants fellow-subjects with ourselves of the King, governed by the same laws and enjoying the same freedom; a docile, industrious, sober, orderly and loyal race of men, heirs of an ancient and noble civilisation which had given to the world poets and philosophers of the first rank at a time when our own immediate ancestors had hardly emerged from barbarism. From that country and from that race alone can come a colonising force sufficiently strong in warlike qualities and sufficiently

numerous to counterbalance the danger from the indigenous black population, uncertain in temper and incapable of civilisation. This danger is ever increasing, for the Pax Britannica is doing for Africa what it has done for India, and the native population is growing at a much swifter rate than the white colonists. Yet this is no argument against Indian immigration, for tribal wars, which generally involve wholesale massacres of men, women and children, have so reduced the population that great provinces like Matabeleland and Mashonaland have a scanty black population of about half a million between them. This paucity of inhabitants in Southern Rhodesia, and their disinclination to work in mines without such pressure from the chiefs as is undistinguishable from coercion, makes the labour problem of that promising colony an immediate and urgent one.

It must be recognised that a great Indian immigration could not be successful without a favourable change in the present sentiment of the European inhabitants of the South African Colonies which finds its expression in the legislation of the several local Governments and which must be pronounced in many cases to be harsh, unjust, and un-English. Natal is a case in point, and it is against the treatment of Indian traders in this Colony that the East India Association has so often protested. Into this question I do not propose to enter. It is sufficient to say that the root of the dislike to Indians is trade selfishness and ignorance. The Colonies are eager enough to receive those Indian labourers who come under indenture to perform work which the white man and the indigenous black man will not or cannot do, for without them many important industries would be at a standstill; and colonial hostility is displayed towards free Indian immigrants, merchants and petty traders, whose industry and sobriety make them inconvenient competitors. It is the same trade-union feeling which in Australia and the United States is shown against the Chinese. In South Africa this sentiment is intensified by the old taint of slavery, and the existence of a great black population whose irreclaimable savagery renders them objects of contempt only tempered by the respect due to their warlike tastes and aptitude. The European colonist, of whatever nationality, is not an educated man; he knows nothing of India or its immemorial traditions; nor does he recognise that its inhabitants are of the same Caucasian stock as his own, or that his and their languages have a common origin. He confuses all the coloured races in the same condemnation, and the Indians, who, in the opinion of all cultivated people, take a very high place in the human family, are classed with and treated like African barbarians. So far as the eradication of this ignorant sentiment is concerned, and consequently in the best interests of South Africa, it is a misfortune that Indian troops have not been employed in the Boer war. In discipline and *morale* they are superior to many European armies, and I cannot



but think that twenty regiments of the finest irregular cavalry in the world would have had a very appreciable effect upon the cost and duration of the war. Thus would have been created a wholesome sentiment of gratitude towards India, and of respect and admiration for the Indian people. I am well aware that there were certain superficial objections to the measure; but these were insignificant compared with the advantage to be gained. A great statesman brought Indian troops to Malta when we were on the brink of war with Russia, and it would be absurd to suppose that, in default of conscription, we should not employ in any European war the warlike millions we have at our command in Asia. For what other purpose do we maintain our perfectly appointed Indian army? Nor has it had a good effect in India, that when all the great Colonies have joined us and sent their contingents to the war, India, the greatest and most important dependency of the Crown, loyal and eager for service, has received no summons.

The question of a vast scheme of State-aided emigration from the Indian point of view is too wide and complicated for treatment in the present paper. It is sufficient to say that although the difficulties and prejudices to be overcome are great, they are not insuperable; while the advantage to India from the relief of the pressure of population in congested districts would be considerable. At first the whole cost would fall upon the supreme and local Governments, but with the progress of time, as the experiment proved a success, the voluntary stream of emigration would flow and swell, until it became a perennial river, which would fill up the desert places of South Africa with a loyal and industrious people. The three great needs of India are the improvement of agricultural methods, so as to ensure a far larger food-supply; the creation and fostering of manufactures, thus withdrawing a considerable proportion of the population from dependence on agriculture; and emigration from districts already overcrowded. These three measures should be worked together, and for their full realisation the highest statesmanship will be required, and a great expenditure, which will be amply repaid in a near future. It is with the last of these schemes that South Africa is concerned, and no success can be attained unless the South African Colonies and the Indian Government are in full accord and sympathy, which can hardly be said to be now the case.

There may be other solutions of the South African problem in the kaleidoscopic changes of the future, when many combinations now unknown will reveal themselves; but at the present time it certainly seems that in Indian immigration alone will be found that fruitful and stimulating force which may cover these desolate and silent regions with life and verdure. Without it there will be no such permanent settlement of agricultural colonists as will secure the future prosperity of the country and become a source of strength to the Empire.

The mines, with their tens of thousands of feverish workers of every known nationality, will in time be exhausted, and South Africa will be left, as it was before their advent, a scantily peopled wilderness. The Boers, a far more prolific race than the British, will, by mere weight of numbers, recover their lost ascendancy, and our lavish expenditure of blood and treasure in the present war will have been in vain.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.

## PROBLEMS OF THE EMPIRE

THE results of the South African War, the death of a great Imperialist, Mr. Rhodes, the assemblage in London of the Colonial Premiers, the very Coronation itself—the first *coronation* of an English Sovereign who has definitely added to his title an official recognition of the extension of his rule over many and vast countries outside the islands of Great Britain and Ireland: these are some of the reasons why the present moment seems opportune to discuss Imperial problems that await solution. Those problems are mainly connected with the relations between forty millions of Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen in the United Kingdom on the one hand, and the self-governing Colonies, Empires, Crown Colonies, Protectorates, and tutelary States which constitute the rest of the British Empire.

We are just emerging from a war which has cost (or will have cost before it is finished) the fifteen million taxpayers of the United Kingdom 200,000,000*l.*, and the lives of some 20,000 of their fellow-citizens. At one time, indeed, during the first year of the struggle, it seemed quite possible that Great Britain and Ireland would have several worse things to face than the loss of 20,000 soldiers in South Africa and 200 millions of money spent on warfare: we probably ran a distinct risk of hostile action at the hands of a European League (a league which might have attempted—and with not absolutely certain failure—a descent on the British coasts); a rising in Egypt; an insurrection in India; a partition of China with but little regard to British interests; a French protectorate over Morocco; and a Russification of Persia: in all of which events it would have been the forty million inhabitants of the British Islands who would have been the principal sufferers. The wisdom or unwisdom of this nearly terminated war is now only of academic interest. Mistakes no doubt were made by us in the preceding fifty years alternately of want of tact, of undue lenience, of indifference to the value of inner South Africa, of sharp practice when we realised too late the foolishness of past indifference, of hasty grabbing and equally hasty restoration of the ill-digested booty. We refused to take, we took away, we gave back and we hankered after. From 1830 to 1894 we followed no consistent policy in South Africa.

During all this period the sturdy Dutch race, which lived ordinarily a healthier life and bred larger families of children than the British colonists in South Africa, gradually became impregnated with modern notions by university-educated politicians from Holland and Germany. These had conceived and fostered among the Boers and Cape Dutch an idea of driving the British flag out of South Africa and creating, in the place of a congeries of British or British-protected States, a vast Afrikaner Federation which might have aspired in time to a position scarcely less important than that reached by the United States of North America. Perhaps during the phases of this struggle there were middle courses to be pursued which might have made the British flag pre-eminent and yet have involved no war with the Dutch. Perhaps there were; it is so easy to be wise after the event.

The Jameson Raid, however, destroyed any prospect of a Federation of South Africa brought about by persuasion alone; by the fusion of commercial interests and the intermarriage of Boer men with British women, and English officers and colonists with the charming, handsome and often talented daughters of the South African Dutch. The Jameson Raid at this distance of time appears to us an egregious blunder; to purists, even a crime. But history will regard it as Rhodes's ineffective counterstroke to Kruger's policy. President Kruger, under the influence of Dr. Leyds, nurtured several projects. One was the carving of a way to the sea through Portuguese East Africa. Another was the invasion of the newly formed Rhodesian territories, and an attempt to create a Dutch State right across from the Western Transvaal to the German possessions in South-West Africa. Another was the notion—by no means an improbable one—of gradually winning over the indigenous negroes and turning them against the British.<sup>1</sup> It may be said that any one of these projects carried into execution would have entailed war with Great Britain; but the Boers were beginning to take our measure, and were rapidly coming to the conclusion that war with Great Britain was not at all unlikely to result in the success of the Boer arms. At any rate Kruger and Leyds, and those who gathered about them, formed an insoluble obstacle to the federation of South Africa under the British flag. Yet as events were turning rapidly towards the unification of interests among all the white men dwelling between the Zambesi and the Cape Peninsula, it was clear that federation of some kind must eventually take place. If it was not under the British *ægis* it would be under the Dutch.

Great Britain therefore felt obliged, more in the interests of the

<sup>1</sup> In reciting these charges I do so without any sense of reproach to the persons concerned. Dr. Leyds, at any rate, was not a British subject, and he had a perfect right, without incurring any moral aspersion, to oppose the extension of the British Empire.

Empire at large than to benefit the fifteen million taxpayers of the United Kingdom, to run the risk of arousing against her a European coalition, to endanger the value of British funds and in some respects of purely British commercial interests, to commence the expenditure of millions of British money and of valuable British lives in order to frustrate Dutch ambitions and compel Boer States and British colonists alike to join together in a South African Confederation which should remain within the British Empire. The great self-governing Colonies no doubt were sounded beforehand as to the sentiments of their peoples. The whole trend of public opinion in Canada, Australia and New Zealand ran strongly in favour of a war policy; but although these great divisions of the Empire sent us valuable contingents of soldiers, they ran very little risk of eventual disaster, and they contributed nothing but the armament of their soldiers to the war expenditure. All the risks arising from failure or partial failure to subdue the Boers, all the expenditure of hardly earned money, three-fourths of the loss of life have fallen on the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Yet the advantages to be ultimately derived from this exhausting campaign will be shared alike by the whole of the British Empire, no portion of which outside these two islands has contributed seriously towards the expenditure.

The first problem, therefore, to be considered is: How long can this state of affairs last without serious danger to the welfare of Great Britain and Ireland? Some wild action of the United States authorities in Alaska might threaten serious peril to Canadian interests and independence. The brunt of the appalling struggle between two of the most civilised nations of the world, which might follow, would again fall on the forty millions of these islands, and would affect but remotely the wealth and independence of a federated South Africa, an Australia or a New Zealand. On the other hand, France might conceive herself justified in annexing the New Hebrides; or let us say that a recognition of exclusive French influence in the New Hebrides might be a most valuable asset in negotiations with France for an 'easement' in other directions where French treaty rights press heavily on the development of British commerce. Yet, although Eastern Australia alone would be disagreeably affected by a French annexation of the New Hebrides, an attempt to resist such action on the part of France would, under present arrangements, cause misery and loss to Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen alone; or, on the other hand, refusal to negotiate on the subject of these islands might be prejudicial to the interests of the Empire at large, though it gave a selfish satisfaction to the Eastern Australian States.

The commercial interests of the Australian Commonwealth in India are rapidly growing. A revolted India also would cause indirect damage to the trade of South Africa, and even to the trade of

Canada. Yet if Russia attacked India to punish England for an unyielding attitude in other directions, or if plagues, famines, high taxation and other causes brought about—let us say, unreasonable—dissatisfaction with British rule, and another mutiny occurred, on ourselves, the forty millions in these two islands, would fall the whole financial burden and nearly all the blood-tax, the risks—even the risk of utter and irreparable disaster—involved in an attempt to retain India within the control of the British Empire, open to free and unrestricted commerce, and profiting alike the Britisher, Australian, Canadian, Afrikaner, Maltese, Aden Arab and Hong-Kong Chinaman. Really in present circumstances there *is* an excuse for a Little Englander Party. No European or American Power would think of attacking these two islands for the mere wanton pleasure of conquering them, even if such a thing were possible. War would only be declared on Great Britain because of some question connected with her outlying Empire. Dissociated from our self-governing Colonies, no longer pledged to maintain a single soldier in South Africa, we should possess practically the same navy that we have at present and an army quite large enough in its present condition to retain India and the African Protectorates as fields for our commerce, to insure the ‘open door’ in China, and the independence of Morocco and Persia. The fact that Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand had become independent yet friendly republics—as friendly, at any rate, as the United States—would probably not in the long run affect the value of our trade with those countries.

Such a poor ending to all our hopes of a federated Empire would, I admit, be a bitter disappointment; but perhaps to those who live in these two islands it would be preferable to the growth of a taxation which must become eventually intolerable, and to the constant monthly risk of some accident arising in the Pacific or Western Atlantic which might launch us on a world-wide struggle and lead to the invasion of these happy islands by a foreign foe.

Therefore, as our daughter nations are now grown up and have long since cast off their swaddling-clothes—as, happily, a bond of genuine affection links most of them to the Mother Country—is it wise or fair that they should shirk any longer the proper regulation and assumption of their Imperial burden? Is it not time that they dealt no longer in evasive phrases, but prepared to discuss the federation of the Empire (*i.e.* of Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, the West Indies, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Mauritius, South Africa, Malta; possibly later on, Cyprus, Ceylon, India, Hong-Kong and Malaysia) into one equally taxed, equally responsible Unity, so far as the following policies or departments of the King's Government were concerned?

These would be (1) *Foreign Policy*: namely, the policy of the

Empire at large in relation to other Governments of the world outside our Empire ; and the maintenance of an Imperial British Diplomatic and Consular Service, representing abroad (as it does at the present day) the interests and the subjects in every State within 'the Empire.'

Most people, I find, seem to be hardly aware of the fact that at the present time the Diplomatic and Consular officials who represent the British Empire in all foreign countries are, with the exception of five or six maintained at the expense of the Indian Government, entirely paid, allowed and pensioned by the fifteen million taxpayers of the United Kingdom. The Consul at Noumea (New Caledonia) is maintained there more in connection with the interests of Australia than for any other reason, yet he is paid and supported only by the taxpayers of the United Kingdom.

(2) A contribution, according to some fair *ratio* of means, from every part of the Empire which is self-supporting, towards the upkeep of an Imperial Defence Force, of an army intended to act for Imperial purposes, as distinct from local militias.

(3) A similar contribution towards the upkeep of the Imperial Navy, as apart from mere coast-defence or police boats maintained by local Administrations.

(4) The establishment of a differential tariff; dependent no doubt on reciprocity, on local interests, but still a tariff which should give some slight degree of favour to a wise fostering of Imperial products.

I consider also that the Empire at large—these more or less self-governing, and at any rate self-supporting, States which would form the Federation—should contribute in an equal degree to the support of those dependencies of the Empire—mainly African protectorates—not yet able to stand alone. Great Britain alone has borne the cost of constructing the Uganda Railway. Yet an Australian born occupies one of the leading administrative posts in that country, and the trade of India mainly (that of Australia, Mauritius and Natal in a lesser degree) benefits by the opening up of these territories rather than does the commerce of the manufacturers of the United Kingdom. I would propose, therefore, that every taxpayer in the self-supporting divisions of the British Empire should pay, in addition to his local taxation required for the upkeep of his own land, a small Imperial tax<sup>2</sup> (it need not amount to much per head), which, together with the profits derived from the preferential tariff, should constitute the Imperial Fund out of which the Imperial Army, Navy, Diplomatic and Consular Services should be supported. Necessarily in return for this taxation there must be representation on the Imperial

<sup>2</sup> Or there need be no direct Imperial taxation. Each State of the Union might contribute to the Imperial Exchequer an annual contribution from its revenues, calculated according to population and other considerations.

Council, and this perhaps constitutes the gravest obstacle to the realisation of federation schemes.

British statesmen do not in their heart of hearts welcome the idea of delegating any portion of their powers and responsibilities to the representatives of other parts of the Empire outside Great Britain. Yet it seems to me that this sharing of responsibility as well as of taxation must come if the Empire is to hold together. Naturally, as long as there were forty millions of white people in these two British Islands, as against some six millions in Australasia, five millions in Canada and three in South Africa, and so long as a disproportionately large amount of the Imperial taxes was contributed from the United Kingdom, the centre of government of the Empire would be in London,<sup>3</sup> and Ministers elected by the British people would predominate in the Imperial Cabinet, and the voice of Great Britain be represented by a majority of votes in the Imperial Council. Still, for these five great departments to be constituted to control Foreign relations, Army, Navy, Imperial tariffs and the charge of the Protectorates and Dependencies, the Ministers or Secretaries of State need not of necessity be members of the British Cabinet, nor would our administration of the interests of the Empire at large be other than benefited by the introduction into our great Departments of State of men from larger territories, with broader minds, a love of foresight and a solid business training. To such a Council as this would be submitted all questions of foreign and inter-Imperial relations, and the majority of votes in an Imperial Cabinet would confirm momentous decisions. If such a Cabinet as this—carrying with it the dominant public opinion in Great Britain, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and other self-governing divisions of the Empire—decided by a majority of votes on the prevention by force of the secession of any part of the Empire, or on a foreign war to defend that Empire or its allies, we who live in the United Kingdom would be free from the burden of the sole responsibility, danger and expense involved in carrying out such a decision. Moreover, our own public men would be strengthened in maintaining a policy which was supported at the polls, by the knowledge that they had on their side some at least of the representatives of such countries as Canada, Australia and South Africa. On the other hand, even if all the British representatives voted together, and thus outnumbered the dissentients from parts of the Empire outside Great Britain, the fact that a strong minority existed opposing a measure which was deemed prejudicial to all parts of the Empire but the United Kingdom would probably cause British Ministers to hesitate in taking advantage of their superiority of votes at the Council Board. Take even the case of Ireland. I have no means of deciding at the present

<sup>3</sup> Sentiment alone, besides many other considerations, would in all probability fix the heart of the Empire in England as long as the Empire lasted unbroken.



time from personal knowledge (for my own information) whether the Unionists are wholly right in their policy of an English administration of Ireland (they may be), or whether the Nationalists have any justification for, at any rate, a portion of their aims. What a relief it would be to a British Cabinet of either Liberals or Conservatives if it could place the whole question of Ireland before the Imperial Council ! The representatives of Australia, New Zealand or Canada might make valuable suggestions for the betterment of the Irish Administration ; or after an impartial examination of the whole Irish question they might decide that there were no grievances at all ; in which case we should know that we had the whole support of the Empire in resisting the extreme claims of the Nationalist party. On the other hand, if the Imperial representatives outside Great Britain opined in favour of some degree of Home Rule, and were prepared to stand the consequences which might result from the abuse of this grant, the British Ministers might be less reluctant to take a step which involved momentous issues. Nay, more : the world at large outside the British Empire would probably cease to believe in the grievances of Ireland if the citizens of Australia and Canada decided that there were no such grievances or that every effort had been made within reason to do justice to Irish national aspirations. It is within our knowledge that whatever slight modification of hostile criticism took place on the Continent and in the United States regarding our war in South Africa arose from the patent fact that we were heartily supported in the policy of that war by our self-governing Colonies.

As one result of this federation the word ' colony ' would—except in the case of new Imperial territories—cease to exist. The self-supporting divisions of the Empire—namely, those portions of the Empire which were not dependent on the British or on the Imperial Exchequer for subsidies—would be constituted self-governing States, each with very large powers for the settlement of its own interior concerns, and only pledged by its representation on the Imperial Council Board to the maintenance of that Imperial policy which was determined by the majority of votes.

The case of India is beset with so many minor problems that in an article of this description one can only throw out tentative suggestions as to the place which India should occupy at the Council Board. The Indian Empire at the present time not only defrays out of its revenue the expense of the British garrison and the maintenance of a small marine, but contributes towards the salaries or expenditure of our Diplomatic and Consular representatives in Mesopotamia, Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, China and Siam. India, however, is so hard put to it to raise a revenue which shall meet the expenditure of her own administration that it might be difficult amid present circumstances to call upon her to find a further contribution towards the Imperial expenditure ; consequently

the problem of her representation on the Imperial Council (which, if in proportion to taxpaying inhabitants, would completely swamp all the rest of the British territories) could be well postponed for further consideration. She might be represented on the Council Board by the Imperial Secretary of State for India, additionally even by some ex-Viceroy or Indian prince or statesman to be selected by the Emperor of India. For some time to come, however, India would be regarded as the Ward of the British Empire, until her advance in general intelligence, civilisation, wealth and order entitled her more and more to self-government and to a larger voice in the affairs of the whole Empire.

It is possible that as the federation of the Empire takes definite form there may grow up along with it, attached by close political bonds, certain semi-independent States, such as Egypt, Afghanistan, Nipal, Bhutan, Johore, perhaps even the Kingdom of Uganda and the Kingdom of Barotse : States under the tutelage of the British Empire, but governed so far as native affairs were concerned mainly by their own monarchs and Ministers ; bound to the Empire by pacts or conventions bringing them into line with us on the subjects of tariffs and contributions towards the defence of their own territories by land or sea ; in that sense, tributary States. Outside the widest circles of the Empire, I am—if I may say so without impertinence—warmly in favour of alliances with Japan and Portugal. The feelings of the Anglo-Saxon element in the British Empire must always lean in great friendliness towards such kindred peoples as the Norwegians, Swedes, Danes and Dutch. (It should not be forgotten that Anglo-Saxon is not a dead language, but is spoken as a living tongue in the northern province of the Netherlands.) Englishmen also have immense commercial interests and much personal sympathy with the Republics of the Argentine and of Chili. It would be open, no doubt, for any of these States (or any others, for the matter of that) to discuss terms of reciprocity regarding commercial tariffs with the British Empire, and, if that Empire ever really does become an actuality instead of a half-finished masterpiece, it would no doubt be willing to admit within its league of peace, of fair and free trade, any of these outside nations who chose to join it on mutually self-respecting terms. Perhaps it might be added that the British Empire must of necessity feel deeply interested in the continued existence, as independent States, of Persia, Siam and Morocco.

The day has gone by when we must look to force, and mainly to the force inherent in the two British Islands, to extend and maintain our vast Empire. People like the Maltese, the Egyptians, the natives of India, the Dutch of South Africa, the French of Mauritius and of Canada must be led more and more to feel that it is to their advantage and happiness to remain within the British Empire. No

doubt for many, many years to come, the Anglo-Saxon element must predominate in the councils of the Empire. It may not be wise yet awhile to appoint a Maltese nobleman as Civil Governor of Malta; we must have far greater proofs than we at present possess of the existence in India of really capable Sikh, Muhammadan or Hindu statesmen—impartial as well as honest—before we can contemplate the gradual withdrawal of Englishmen from posts in India involving the dealing out of international justice and the administration of public funds. There will probably be less delay and difficulty in restoring or entrusting self-government to Dutch-speaking people in British South Africa; but it is difficult to see any time approaching wherein a Cinghalese or Tamil could govern Ceylon or a Malay prince administer the Straits Settlements. Still I repeat, unwearying efforts must be made to make our interference in the affairs of other races more and more tolerable to those we are governing. Not even our harshest critics have a word to say about our most splendid attribute: justice. As a race I should also say we were perhaps the most honest in the administration of public funds. Further, we allow remarkable liberty and expression of opinion to the races we govern. Justice, probity and liberty are therefore three undeniable characteristics of Anglo-Saxon rule in the British Empire.

Why, therefore, are we not liked, not really liked in Malta; not as much liked as we should be in Egypt—though in that country ‘Cook’s Tourist Agency’ and British tourists have done much to popularise the Anglo-Saxon; respected but not liked in India; tolerated in Ceylon; foolishly and unreasonably disliked wherever Dutch is spoken in South Africa; detested (at one time) in Mauritius; and not better liked in Ireland to-day than when, following our Norman lords and Tudor Sovereigns, we took possession of that kindred island? The reason lies in the disagreeable side of the Anglo-Saxon nature as it has developed more especially in England. The English are wanting in tact, and in that sympathy with or tolerance for the opinions of others which makes most other European nations that have been administering inferior races less disliked as governors than the British, even though the true verdict of history may be that their administration was more corrupt, less just or less liberal-minded. There is a seeming contradiction in my argument. What I mean to imply is that we are perfect so far as political liberty is concerned, but are tyrants in fashion and social custom, and that our faults are faults of manner.

I cannot but think that if the Empire is to hold together, not only as far as the peoples of Anglo-Saxon descent are concerned, but also in regard to those Southern Europeans, those Arabs, Somalis, Negroes, Persians, Hindus, Mongols, Chinese and Malays who have joined it, we should accustom ourselves to the possibility of having some day to treat men of other races and skin-colour as equals, and

at all times with more tact and sympathy than we employ at present. Our national colours should be white, yellow, and black, with a touch of the British red. The alternative of course will eventually mean the enslavement of the other races, the keeping of them down by force, or the parting of their territories from the Empire. As they outnumber us vastly at present, and can support existence far more cheaply than we can, it is no case (on our part) of preponderance of numbers, but only of higher courage and superior armament. As regards courage, there are many Negroes, Arabs, Malays, and Polynesians who can vie with the British soldier as 'first-class fighting men.' As regards armament, profound discontent on the part of our subject populations would prove a strong temptation to unfriendly nations in Europe to bring about the armament. We have accomplished wonders in the past, but we cannot sit still and content ourselves with the state of the Empire in 1880. We have little to learn in the way of justice, honesty, and liberty, but we have a great deal to learn in the department of manners.

Here and there, however, are unreasonable minorities. A headstrong, foolish girl of sixteen with no knowledge of the world and its dangers might arrogate to herself the right to leave her father's roof and go out into the world, and if the father used actual force to restrain her from doing so until at any rate she was of an age to bear the consequences of un wisdom he would meet with general sympathy in his action. In like manner it might arise in the future history of the British Empire that some small or large portion of it with no just grounds of complaint sought to withdraw from the League. If federation had really been effected the rights and wrongs of its secession would be submitted to the Imperial Council, and if it were decided that withdrawal was not justified by circumstances, or was dangerous to the security and welfare of the other component parts, force might be applied by the Empire at large to compel adhesion to the league. With large powers of self-government, however, granted to every portion of the Empire which was entirely self-supporting (so far as its local Administration was concerned) it is difficult to see what temptation there would be to secession, since, while united, each petty State could wield the powers of the whole Dominion. For a long while to come Negroes and Chinamen, Arabs and Hindus, Somalis and Malays, must be considered as subject races—subject, that is, to the government and control of white men from the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Malta, and Cyprus. But the Imperial Council should be trusted to see that these subject races endured no grievances that could not be remedied, were treated not only with absolute fairness, but with a reasonable degree of kindness. So far, in the history of the Empire, the best governors of subject races have ordinarily come from the British Islands. In spite of slight

defects in manner and prejudices which are sometimes foolish, the Englishman rather than the Australian or New Zealander has shown more fairness in his treatment of the Fijians, and perhaps of the Maoris in earlier days. In South Africa Englishmen had to be sent out to replace Cape Colonials in the management of the Basuto. Englishmen have more leisure for sentiment in dealing with subject races than the roughened pioneer or colonist, whose contact with them is influenced by greed for their land and by indignation at their acts of hostility. But the present position of the Maoris in New Zealand shows how well this lesson can be learnt by our daughter nations.

The Imperial Council would be little more—at any rate, at first—than an outgrowth from and enlargement of the British Cabinet. The Secretary of State for the Colonies might become the Imperial Chancellor; the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs remain, as he is at present, in charge of the foreign relations of the whole Empire. The Lord Chancellor of England might be the supreme judicial authority for the whole Empire; the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary of State for India would continue their present functions on scarcely altered lines. It might be possible to arrange that these functionaries held office in the Council as long as the political party who elected them as the representatives of Great Britain held sway in the House of Commons. A change of the dominant party in the British Parliament would entail their resignation and the election of other Ministers more representative of the dominant public opinion. But it might also be arranged that the Sovereign of the British Empire was entitled to nominate several distinguished members of His Majesty's Opposition in the British Parliament to sit on the Council Board for the Empire. Each of the self-supporting States of the Empire might elect, and send to London to be represented on the Council Board, at least one delegate; more than one if the State exceeded a certain minimum of population, or contributed more than a certain amount in Imperial taxation. In short, this Council Board might consist of very much the same elements as the Bundesrath of the German Empire. In the Bundesrath Prussia at present has a far greater number of representatives than any one other German State. In like manner, so long as the United Kingdom maintained its present superiority in population over the other self-governing, self-supporting States of the Empire it would considerably exceed any one of these States in the number of its representatives.

Purely British affairs, the maintenance of a home militia, of port-defence vessels and the Coast Guard Service, British Customs duties, all matters which only concerned the maintenance of order, the interior commerce of the British Islands would be dealt with by the British Parliament, much as local affairs in the German States are

dealt with by national legislative bodies. In fact, in several respects the constitution of the German Empire offers valuable suggestions for us to follow. The Imperial Council would only vote the expenditure of Imperial moneys which would be derived from the contributions of all the States represented on the Council in fair relation to their voting population, their wealth, or their special demands on the Imperial Army and Navy.

Each self-governing State would continue, as at present, to make its own laws about religion, education, language, &c., and to frame its own Customs tariff, levy and expend its own interior taxation; provided only that it should make and maintain no law which a majority of votes on the Imperial Council declared to be harmful to the Empire at large or prejudicial to its foreign relations; and that, if so directed by a majority of votes on the Imperial Council, its Customs tariff should include a lower or preferential duty on goods produced within the Empire, with facilities of course for extending reciprocal privileged trade to friendly lands giving an equally favourable treatment to British goods. The Imperial Council would probably declare that the English language was to be the official tongue of the whole Empire, so far as was practicable; but this would not prevent many other languages existing alongside English, or any one of the States of the Empire recognising one, two, three, or more of its peoples' languages as enjoying the same privileges as English within the limits of that particular State. Every effort should be made to bring about the uniformity of coinage and stamps.

A great deal of improvement might be effected by an Imperial Council in our Diplomatic and Consular Services. I do not mean so much in the choice of men as in the now necessary improvement of the conditions under which existing officials serve. With the exception of the European Embassies, the Chinese Legation, and perhaps of three Consulates-General, it may be stated without fear of contradiction that it is almost impossible for Diplomats and Consuls to live within the limits of their official salaries and yet worthily represent their country. It seems to be forgotten by the British Treasury that salaries and allowances which were sufficient during the 'sixties' for a Consul or a Minister are, with the marked increase in the cost of good living, inadequate forty years afterwards. Most of the Consuls, in order to be able to live in the style expected of them by the country they represent and the country to which they are accredited, are obliged to turn their hands to the writing of guide-books, the painting of pictures, the collection and discreet sale of bric-à-brac, and any other lawful means of increasing their incomes without contravening the prohibition to engage in commerce. Some men of course have private means, and therefore do not need to resort to such methods of increasing their incomes. Occasionally, however, there

is sore temptation to a man with a wife and a family, with clerks and an office and the necessity of attending and giving entertainments, to speculate in house property, to buy land and build cheap villas on it, if he be residing at a health resort, or to infringe the spirit of the regulations against trading by interesting himself privately in the affairs of provision contractors. The consul almost more than the diplomatist hands himself over body and soul to the Government service. If he transact thoroughly his consular business he has enough to occupy his time during all the working hours of the day, and if he set aside other hours of the day or night in which to work on his own behalf he is not unlikely to injure his eyes, his hands, or his head, or his liver by want of exercise and over-exertion of the brain. As likely as not, after many years of service, when he retires with enfeebled health, he will find that the regulations concerning his pension entirely depend on the interpretation of the Treasury; and if the Treasury be in an economical mood at the time of his retirement, unprinted regulations may be quoted and the Consular pension may shrink to half the expected average. Very much the same thing might be written about all diplomatic posts except Embassies. The casual newspaper reader who sees in the minor paragraphs of his journal that His Majesty's Envoy at the Court of Barataria gave a dinner to fifty guests who were invited to meet their Royal Highnesses or their Serene Highnesses, and that the dinner was followed by a ball, probably does not realise that this entertainment may have cost 600*l.*, and that the same Envoy was practically obliged by his position not to confine his hospitality to this one outburst, but to give several other entertainments as large and a great many of a lesser degree in the course of the twelve months, and in all probability relied on his own or his wife's private funds to meet the inevitable deficit between his official income and his actual expenditure. I think I may say without fear of contradiction that with the exception of the Ambassadors, and perhaps the Minister to China, there is not a single diplomatic or consular official, without private means of his own, who is not more or less in financial difficulties—difficulties honestly incurred by his attempt to live in the style expected of him as the representative of the British Empire. At one time this was less felt, less obvious, because very few people were selected for these appointments, especially diplomatic, who were without some guarantee as to private means. But the United Kingdom, which has hitherto supplied the diplomatic and consular corps, though it may have been increasing in wealth in the aggregate, has been getting poorer where its educated men are concerned; or it may be that young men of wealth and position who were formerly eager to enter the Diplomatic Service, or the retired officers on half-pay who desired to become Consuls, are less and less willing now to place their talents at their country's disposal in services which are

often treated ungraciously and ungratefully by the British Treasury. In my humble opinion, the highest-paid diplomatist or consul is a very cheap item in the Empire's outlay. An able, tactful, and hospitable Minister at 6,000*l.* a year at some foreign Court, or a British Consul-General crammed full of knowledge in some Levantine district, is as valuable to the Empire's interests as a whole army corps, and infinitely cheaper.

No change need probably be made in the present methods of selection for and appointment to diplomatic and consular posts, with the exception that when the rest of the Empire contributed to the cost of these services the Imperial Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs would no doubt make a point of selecting a proportionate number of candidates from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, Malta, etc., no doubt on the recommendation of the Governors or Prime Ministers of those States. At the present day of course these services are theoretically open to all the countries mentioned; our Consular Service contains or contained several distinguished natives of Malta, for instance, as can be seen by a glance through the Foreign Office List. Still, undoubtedly at the present time the inhabitants of the United Kingdom are considered by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to be the only ostensible recruiting-ground for his diplomatic and consular appointments; and this is quite right, since it is only the inhabitants of these two islands who supply the money for the upkeep of that service.

A last word on a differential tariff for Imperial products. The large amount of self-government which must necessarily be accorded to each State of the Union will leave each State the right to protect by its own tariff the industries of its own country, but a fundamental necessity of the Union would be agreement on the principle that the Union should differentiate, if necessary, in favour of the products and industries of the Empire as against the outer world. Friendly nations that desired to show us reciprocity could no doubt be granted the same or nearly similar rates as those prevailing within the Empire. But—I may be purblind, I may be only half-educated, I may be a mouthpiece of other people's theories—it seems to me inconceivable that the majority of voting men should not be in favour of a slight protective duty which should differentiate in favour of things grown or produced within the Empire. Take, for instance, the case of cotton. At the present time the manufacturing districts of England, North Ireland, and West Scotland rely almost entirely for their supply of cotton on the Southern States of the American Union. We have put all our eggs in one basket; and if a negro rising, or an unexpected drought, or unlooked-for floods, or a new beetle, or an old blight should ruin that cotton crop, or war between America and us or some other Power should interrupt the supply, that large section of our populace dependent on cotton mills and manufactories for their



income would undergo worse miseries than they had to suffer during the War of Secession. Yet it has been recently shown that cotton of an excellent quality grows readily on the banks of the River Volta in British West Africa. For the matter of that, I can personally testify that the cotton-plant is more or less indigenous to the whole of tropical Africa except the Sahara Desert. Excellent cotton grows in British Central Africa, Uganda, East Africa, Zanzibar, Nigeria; in India, in Cyprus, in the West Indies, and no doubt in Queensland. But in each of these countries it is very difficult to compete at the present time with the United States. There is just that difference in the cost of production, or more probably in the cost of freight to the English manufacturing centres, which might be balanced by a slight protective duty on cotton in favour of the Empire. With this as a fillip, the cultivation of cotton throughout the tropical regions of the British Empire would be so enormous that we might become relatively independent of an American supply. The same thing almost to the same degree applies to wheat. Somehow or other to my ignorant mind wheat seems the most important product in the world at the rate at which the human race is increasing. Until they have discovered how to extract nutriment by chemical means straight from the rock, we must increasingly regard wheat, and perhaps in a lesser degree beef, as the first interest of our lives. It is just possible to sustain life without clothing and without jewellery, but it is impossible to do so without food. Putting aside the conceivable dangers of a war with any great European State or coalition, or with the United States of America, so long as we look in the main to Russia, the United States, the Argentine, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, and North Africa, to supply us with bread, beef, eggs, butter, fruit, vegetables, and most comestibles, we are always in danger of interruptions or added costliness in our food supply. If there is no diminution owing to such causes as war, disease, blight, or drought, there is the growing danger of Trusts—Trusts wholly beyond our control. If by a slight protective duty we favoured the products grown within our own Empire—an Empire which, of all others in the world, should be able to keep us supplied with every possible product without the need of our going to any foreign country—we should at any rate run less risk of failure at some time or other to receive the necessary supply of food at a cost within the means of the national income.

Many of the ideas which I have had the temerity to put forward may seem to readers of this Review to be crude or to have been uttered (it is quite possible) by others, of whom I have been the unconscious plagiarist. But the expression of these views can do no harm, as I am not a person of sufficient authority to give dangerous impetus to a policy which the better informed can show to be fatal to the real interests of Great Britain.

This much, however, I know: that many moderately educated, commonplace persons like myself, with incomes like my own, and with votes, are asking themselves (with some unreason, no doubt) what is the good to them, as British taxpayers, of an empire as vast as the British Empire, which, with the exception of India, must be defended and represented solely at the cost of the inhabitants of England, Scotland, and Ireland? They are also asking themselves whether, if the case were put plainly and fairly to our brethren in the other self-governing States of the Empire, the latter would not at once take upon themselves their fair share of what are really Imperial burdens, and whether with and under such a fair, all-round sharing of the expense of the Empire there would not grow up the most closely knit, the most unassailable, the most wealthy, the happiest Commonwealth that the world has ever known?

H. H. JOHNSTON.

## THE LAND WAR IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

THE fool's paradise with respect to Irish affairs in which Englishmen had of late been kept, by interested partisans and ill-informed scribblers, has been proved to be a deceptive mirage. We have ceased to hear that Home Rule has 'been killed by kindness'; 'Balfourian amelioration' is seen to be a sorry failure; an effusion of milk, despite Mr. Horace Plunkett, it is now acknowledged, cannot be a cure for the deep-seated and inveterate ills of Ireland. The United Irish League, the avowed successor of the Land and the National Leagues of 1880-1889, permitted to grow up by a policy of weak makeshifts, has grown into a formidable power in large parts of Ireland; it has almost created a State within the State, and it has sent more than eighty men into the House of Commons who, not to speak of the utterances which they have made their boast, have successfully bearded and thwarted Parliament. The Local Councils, called into being in 1898 by a measure of which the least that is said is the better, have become in Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and even in half of Ulster, largely agencies of this organisation of lawless force; they echo with revolutionary and Socialistic clamour; they have a strong resemblance to the Jacobin Assemblies of the Communes of France, denounced by Burke in striking and most instructive language; and, at the same time, the United Irish League, keeping in view a main object of its fore-runners, the utter annihilation of the Irish landed gentry, has set on foot a movement against Irish 'landlordism'; and this, if not stained by much open agrarian crime, is marked by widespread terrorism and the wicked device of 'boycotting,' persistently carried out over whole counties, and is strengthened by an artificial stimulus, the result of a policy in my judgment essentially bad, on which I shall dwell at some length afterwards. This movement as yet has not much power, but it is increasing in volume, and has a threatening aspect. It has come fully and plainly to a head in the 'Land War,' as I have called it, 'in the West of Ireland.' The circumstances connected with this agrarian outbreak are significant in the extreme, and deserve

attention. Some months ago a huge estate in Connaught, comprising many square miles and hundreds of tenants, was transferred to its occupants, under the system of what is absolutely falsely known as 'Land Purchase,' by what practically was an act of the Government. Through this transaction the tenants on this great area were made owners in fee of their farms without contributing a shilling of the price; they now hold these possessions at annuities much lower than any conceivable rents, and payable only for less than half a century. As the inevitable result, the tenants on the neighbouring estates were discontented at being left out in the cold while their fellows were made to bask in the warmth, and resented a harsh and unjust distinction; and they made a demand on their landlords for a reduction of rent equivalent to the reduction effected in the renders on the other estate. Their landlords, who obviously had been wronged by the false standard of rent which had been set up against them, not unnaturally refused to make any concession; the matter was taken up by the United Irish League, delighted to have a grievance to work on; leaders were easily found to direct the movement, and these tenants have entered into a combination to pay no rent whatever until the terms they insist on have been granted to them. The combination is general, and very strong; hundreds of judgments have been obtained against the defaulters; several of their advisers have been sent to prison, but there is no sign, as yet at least, that it is being dissolved or weakened.

It is impossible to justify this wholesale repudiation of debts, especially as the rents of many of these tenants have been fixed by a tribunal of the State, and have been pronounced to be 'fair,' though it is but right to observe that recent legislation on the Irish Land has all but destroyed the sanctity that ought to be due to contracts. Still less is it possible to justify the conduct of the leaders of these men; they have thrust themselves into a controversy in which they had no real part, and they have egged on peasants to defy their landlords in the interest mainly of the United Irish League. But when this has been said, can an impartial mind deny that these tenants have been led into temptation by an act of the State, and owing to the operation of an evil policy; and that even their directors have, for this reason, a shadow of excuse? Human beings are not the counters of politicians, they have passions and wills of their own; tenants on estates cannot be expected to submit to see themselves deprived, without a pretence of right, of immense advantages lavished on their neighbours; to be treated as if they were a flock of starvelings in one pen with a pampered flock in another; and even their friends may have just sympathy with them. The system of 'Land Purchase,' which makes this harsh and most unfair difference between rent-paying and so-named 'purchasing' tenants, is naturally, therefore, productive of discontent wherever its influence is felt on

landed relations; and if not the proximate it is the ultimate cause of the Land War now raging in a part of Connaught. I foretold twelve years ago,<sup>1</sup> when this system was unhappily made law, to what it would in the nature of things lead; and I repeated the prediction, within the last twelve months, in a work which has attracted a good deal of notice.<sup>2</sup> It should be added that the results of the present agrarian struggle are, as yet, in their beginnings only; their full development may be very alarming. I shall not refer to the cruel suffering which the landlords of these tenants must endure by being robbed of their property, and perhaps involved in ruin; prejudice and ignorance have so perverted opinion that Irish landlords have been placed by many people outside the pale of justice. But what will probably, nay all but certainly, happen when the judgments recovered against these tenants in default shall be put in force by the ordinary process of law? Evictions will take place on an enormous scale; hundreds of families will perhaps be driven from their homes; their farms will be left waste and derelict; misery will extend over a large area; and 'boycotting,' carried out with the most extreme severity, will in the long run, as usually has been seen, be attended by crime and widespread disorder. And all this will have been the natural result of 'Land Purchase,' an utterly untrue name; and it is to be borne in mind that wherever this system exists there will be a tendency, at least, that these results will follow.

It is of some importance to recollect what was the origin of a system, certainly not the least pernicious of the experiments which, in the last half-century, have, it has truly been said, strewn the Irish land with ruins. In 1870 Mr. Gladstone took the Irish Land Question, for the first time, in hand. He had little real knowledge of Irish land tenure; but he carried through Parliament a Bill which, grave as were its defects, is nevertheless the only statesmanlike measure which has dealt with Irish landed relations during the last thirty years. Mr. Gladstone announced that this was a complete and final reform; but, throwing his pledges to the winds in 1881, and succumbing to the terrorism of the Land League, he brought in and passed a Bill which it has been untruly said was a development of the Act of 1870, and to which no parallel can be found in civilised lands. The Minister brought, with some exceptions, the rented lands of Ireland under a mode of tenure known, in popular language, as the Three F's. An agency of the State was to determine what were 'Fair Rents'; 'Fixity of Tenure' was to be assured to the tenant by giving him a term on his holding of fifteen years, renewable for ever to all intents and purposes; and the tenant, under

<sup>1</sup> In a series of letters published in the *Manchester Guardian* in 1890, and since republished.

<sup>2</sup> *Present Irish Questions*, p. 289.

certain restrictions, was to have a right to the 'Free Sale' of his farm. At the same time—an excrescence on the Bill as it was first drawn—tenants' improvements were declared exempted from rent, and the agency of the State which was to carry out the law was to be a Land Commission, assisted by Sub-Commissions subordinate to the higher tribunal. This legislation, it is unnecessary to say, was revolutionary in no doubtful sense; it completely transformed the Irish Land system. The Conservative Opposition resisted it with extreme vehemence, though the resistance ultimately proved fruitless. But when the Unionist Government came into office in 1886, it repudiated the principles on which it had taken a stand; it practically adopted Mr. Gladstone's policy; it extended and enlarged, in a variety of ways, the measure it had denounced, as it were, but yesterday. Ordinary leaseholds, excluded before, were made subject to the 'Three F's,' and so before long were perpetual leaseholds. In 1896 a further and great innovation was made; the law as to the exemption of tenants' improvements from rent was placed on a wholly new basis, in the interest of the tenant and against that of the landlord. The tendency of the Bill was seen to be so dangerous that it was very nearly thrown out by the House of Lords. Meanwhile the administration of the Act of 1881 and its supplements, especially in the fixing of 'Fair Rents,' had provoked such complaints and caused such scandal that the Government appointed a Commission to report on the subject; and this tribunal, of which the head was a most distinguished judge, pronounced such a censure on the Land Commission and its Sub-Commissions as has, perhaps, never before been pronounced on judicial bodies. The conclusions it formed have never been impugned: yet the Government has hitherto turned a deaf ear to every effort that has been made to obtain redress.

History, I am convinced, will severely blame the conduct of a Unionist Ministry in this matter. But what have been the fruits of the agrarian legislation of 1881, and of the legislation which has widened its scope? Mr. Gladstone declared that he was 'walking in the Divine Light of Justice,' and sent Political Economy to Saturn with a wave of the hand; his footsteps led him into a maze of injustice, and Political Economy remains among us, looking sadly at the ruins caused by setting her teaching at reckless defiance. The fixing of 'Fair Rent' by methods akin to the mediæval practice of fixing the price of bread and the wages of labour has cut down the rental of Ireland to an extent that nothing can excuse. The apologies made for this spoliation scarcely deserve notice. 'Fixity of Tenure' has drawn out of the landlord's fee simple, and vested in the tenant, without a pretence of right, what really is a perpetual estate; as the result the landlord is severed from his lands; has no interest to lay out a shilling on them; is assimilated to a mere rent charger, or more nearly to the superior Irish landlord of the

eighteenth century, the creator of that pest of Irish land tenure, the oppressive middleman. The right of 'Free Sale' has conferred on existing tenants a property in their farms, to which they had no claim except in some of the counties of Ulster; but it has compelled incoming tenants to pay huge sums for the acquisition of land, and has subjected them to what virtually are excessive rents, which depress their industry and starve their capital. A great confiscation has thus taken place in the Irish Land, all the more perilous because veiled and gradual; property has been iniquitously transferred from the landlord to the tenant, and that to an enormous extent: the conclusive proof is that the interest of the landlord has immensely declined in value, and the interest of the tenant has immensely risen. And, at the same time, the Irish Land system has unjustly been turned upside down; the tenant has been made far more an owner than his former lord; the lord has been all but converted into an annuitant only. And yet these evils, great and far-reaching as they are, are not perhaps the worst evils of this vicious system. The Act of 1881 and its successors have had a direct tendency to cause the deterioration of farms, with the object of working rent down; the litigation to which they have given birth, and this has been prodigious, has increased the feuds and divisions of class in Ireland; they have produced demoralisation widespread and profound; they have been absolutely destructive of the respect that ought to be paid to contracts; they have been ruinous to security and stability in landed relations. The administration of these measures, it should be added, marked by false principles and most faulty methods, has made what was bad distinctly worse.

Though they extended this legislation to save themselves trouble, Unionist statesmen were not unaware of its mischiefs. They devised a nostrum of their own to mitigate, as they hoped, its effects; but this nostrum was, perhaps, as ill-conceived and pernicious as the Gladstonian nostrum of 1881. They showed that they did not understand Irish land tenure; and, besides, like most Englishmen who have dealt with the subject, they thought English land tenure the perfection of wisdom, and believed that Irish should be made uniform with it, although almost the exact opposite. With curious self-confidence they laid down the dogma that Mr. Gladstone had created 'a dual ownership' in the Irish Land; that this was a nuisance to be abated; and that, as far as possible, the Irish Land should be brought under the system of 'single ownership,' which, if it prevails in most parts of Great Britain, is the exception, not the rule, in five-sixths of Europe. Unfortunately Mr. Gladstone no more 'created dual ownership' than he created the mountains and lakes of Ireland; he merely developed the joint ownership which the peasantry of Ireland had acquired in their farms, in tens of thousands of cases—as Burke had pointed out more than a century ago, and

as all competent thinkers have since recognised—if he developed it under the very worst conditions. The methods adopted to abolish ‘dual ownership,’ and, as was facetiously promised, to ‘settle the Irish Land Question,’ were marked by an extraordinary want of judgment and insight. Since 1869, in furtherance of the policy of John Bright, Irish tenants had been encouraged to become owners of their farms, with the aid of the State; the system of ‘Land Purchase’ had been invented, but it was ‘Land Purchase’ in a legitimate sense of the word. The tenants were compelled to find a considerable part of the price, the only security for honesty and thrift. In 1885 and subsequent years this just and proper condition was arbitrarily removed; the system of sham ‘Land Purchase’ was introduced in order to extend ‘single ownership’; tenants were invited to acquire the fee in their holdings without making a single effort, and without contributing any moneys of their own, and they were to become owners of these at terminable annuities much lower than any rents, even than rents pleasantly described as ‘fair.’ Two sums of 5,000,000*l.*, and a third of about 30,000,000*l.*, were voted by Parliament to carry out this policy, and ‘Land Purchase,’ as it was falsely called, was to be effected by agreement between ‘selling’ landlords and ‘purchasing’ tenants, the Land Commission, a Department of the State, being the agency to make the transaction complete. The conditions under which the fund of 30,000,000*l.* was granted were unconstitutional in the very highest degree, and characteristic of the contempt too commonly shown to the rights of Irishmen. In order to disarm the opposition of the British taxpayer, who had no notion of sinking a great sum in the Irish Land, a series of grants absolutely necessary for Irish uses were made answerable for defaults of ‘purchasing’ tenants, and Irish counties were made answerable in the last instance. Lunatic asylums and National schools were to be shut up, and landlords were to pay for the debts perhaps of their former tenants, should the ‘Land Purchase’ annuities fall into arrear.

Of the 40,000,000*l.* set apart for the purpose, some 22,000,000*l.* has been spent; some 60,000 Irish tenants have been made owners of their farms, under the conditions of the juggle falsely styled ‘Land Purchase.’ But, as I shall briefly point out later, the rented lands of Ireland are worth about 150,000,000*l.*; the tenant occupiers are still more than 400,000 families. This system, therefore, in the course of sixteen years, has been made applicable to a fraction of the class only; and the fund available is probably less than 20,000,000*l.*, reckoning any accumulations that may have been made. ‘Dual ownership’ obviously cannot be got rid of under these conditions, unless, what is not the least likely, Parliament would vote another sum of more than 100,000,000*l.*; and the process at the present rate of advance would take, it may be asserted, well-nigh a century.



Meanwhile the harsh and most unjust distinctions between rent-paying and so-named 'purchasing' tenants would continue, and extend over an increasing area; they have already stirred up the Land War in Connaught, they would create centres of disturbance in many other counties. 'Land Purchase,' in fact, is a destructive, not a beneficent force with respect to estates not within its scope, and these must be the immense majority for a long series of years; it is like one of the old fireships driven into a fleet to scatter devastation around. It is puerile nonsense to say that these results are, or could be, due to the agitator's arts; they are, and would be, due to a thoroughly bad policy: in the words of Junius, 'it is not the disorder, but the physician; it is not a casual concurrence of circumstances, it is the hand of the Government which has made the case' pernicious and full of mischief. Yet these consequences, disastrous as they are, are not, as experience is already proving, and would not be, the only evils flowing from this ill-conceived system. 'Land Purchase,' as it is deceptively called, is not 'Purchase' in any real sense, for no money passes on the 'purchaser's' part; it is a gift to a class in the nature of a bribe; it is, therefore, a profoundly immoral expedient; like most immoral expedients it has largely failed, and if extended it will be a still greater failure. It has not produced, as was the hope of its authors, a body of loyal and law-abiding freeholders; it has not even created generally a body of successful farmers. Hundreds of these 'purchasers' are agents of the United Irish League; hundreds have become the prey of local usurious harpies. Those who knew Ireland predicted that this would happen; indeed, the bribery of a class has never turned out well; what is good and wholesome cannot grow out of corruption. Besides, these 'purchasers' have, as a general rule, cut down every tree on the holdings they have acquired, ruinous waste in a climate wet to a proverb; and they have altogether neglected arterial drainage—an essential requirement of Irish agriculture—which, indeed, small owners of land can hardly carry into effect. Worse than all, as the terminable annuities they pay to the State are very much less than any rents, they largely subdivide, sublet, and mortgage their holdings; they are thus reproducing the class of the almost extinct middleman, the rack-renting tyrant of down-trodden serfs.

One of the worst evils, however, of the falsehood known as 'Land Purchase' remains to be mentioned, and deserves attention. This system, from the very nature of the case, has led to the cry, now loudly heard in Ireland, for what is called the 'Compulsory Purchase' of the Irish Land; that is, for the expropriation of the landed gentry by force, and for the placing their tenants, in their stead, as owners. This demand in the southern provinces is revolutionary to some extent; it is part of the evangel of the United Irish League, as it was of the Land and the National Leagues; but it is largely due to the-

injustice caused by 'Land Purchase' on its existing lines, as the Land War in Connaught has amply proved. In Ulster the demand is economic only, not revolutionary, in its Protestant counties at least; it is almost wholly owing to the distinctions before referred to, and certainly it has some logic on its side. 'Compulsory Purchase' would efface these sharp and unfair distinctions, and would place the class of the occupiers of the soil on an equal level. But because peasants on one side of a ditch cannot obtain advantages peasants on the other side enjoy, it does not follow, looking at the subject from a broad point of view, and with regard to the general interest, that this would be a possible or a wise policy; I hope it would be impossible; it would, I know, be disastrous. Mr. Gladstone valued the land of Ireland at 300,000,000*l.*; the best estimate, I have said, is about 150,000,000*l.*; and were the Irish landlords compelled to give up their estates, they would be, in accordance with all usage, entitled to a bonus, which could hardly be less than 50,000,000*l.*, as compensation for the penalty inflicted on them. It is scarcely credible that the general taxpayer would make himself liable for 200,000,000*l.*, the ransom Germany extorted from France, in order 'to create a peasant proprietary,' as the phrase is, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, especially as the security for the repayment would be of more than doubtful value; he would not burn holes in his pockets or be caught by chaff. Besides, the distribution of the agricultural population of Ireland would simply make such a scheme monstrous. Are cottars holding from one to five acres, are capitalist farmers holding from 300 to 2,000, to be thrown into a common mass, and to be all indiscriminately bribed into the ownership of the land? The very configuration of Ireland almost forbids this policy: a land with a small agricultural area, with huge tracts of morass and bog, with some fine breadths of pasturage, and with few and petty towns, makes it impossible that 'a peasant proprietary' on an universal or an extensive scale could flourish under such adverse conditions. The worst effect of the revolution would, however, be this: the 'compulsory purchasers' would act as their fellows are acting, but that over the whole of Ireland; the land would be disafforested to an enormous extent; arterial drainage would go to ruin; above all, middlemen would grow up all over the country, lording it over a race of rack-rented paupers. Ireland, in a word, would return in whole counties to the state in which she was before the Great Famine; and as to the landlords, not to be treated, I presume, as wolves, they would be simply beggared as a class, and expelled from their homes in ruin. An infamous confiscation, the most infamous Ireland has ever known, would in a word inevitably take place. I at least cannot forget these words of Burke: 'It is with the greatest difficulty that I am able to separate policy from justice. Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society, and any eminent

departure from it under any circumstances lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.\*

The evident purpose of the general taxpayer not to throw 200,000,000*l.*, or even half that sum, into the turbid maelstrom of the Irish Land is a real security against 'Compulsory Purchase' and the extinction of the Irish landed gentry, as a class, by force. But a security depending on the trend of opinion is not good or adequate; as long as the so-called system of 'Land Purchase' continues, and draws the iniquitous distinctions already dwelt on, property in land in Ireland will be utterly unsafe. It is significant in the highest degree that the present Ministry, it may be affirmed, have no objection in principle to 'Compulsory Purchase'; no doubt they have made professions against it, but, save that they dread the taxpayers' wrath, they do not condemn this policy at heart; if they could see their way to carry it out, in all probability they would do so. The Chief Secretary for Ireland a few weeks ago talked against this scheme of confiscation, but moved his lips only; he did not utter a word against its foul injustice; he did not put forward one of the conclusive arguments which may be urged against it; he dwelt only on difficulties of detail, mere leather and prunella that may be brushed aside. With the Land War in Connaught staring him in the face he did not, moreover, express the least sympathy with the landlords wronged by the quackery of 'Land Purchase'; he would not admit that they were aggrieved by having a false measure of rent made current against them, exactly of the nature of a base coinage; he was indifferent how they were despoiled, perhaps ruined. He indeed stuck to his nostrum of 'Land Purchase,' as Molière's doctors stuck to the drugs that killed their patients; he plaintively protested that his favourite scheme had nothing to do with the disorders in the West of Ireland, a funny paradox that shows, in the words of Junius, how 'opinions may be too absurd to be easily renounced.' The Chief Secretary, in fact, has lately introduced a Bill to facilitate and extend 'Land Purchase,' of course with the sanction of the Cabinet. This is not the place to examine the project; I shall have an opportunity to deal with it elsewhere. It will, should it become law, expedite 'Land Purchase' to a certain extent; but its effects will not, I believe, be great; the chief inducement for the transfer of the Irish Land from owners to occupiers has not been forthcoming. The Irish landed gentry very generally assumed that, in order to encourage them to part with their estates, they would receive a bonus upon the transaction;

\* For the ruin that would befall Irish landlords under a system of 'Compulsory Purchase,' see my work, *Present Irish Questions*, p. 248. I have understated the case, but have proved that a country gentleman in receipt of 1,100*l.* a year before 1878 would, if expropriated by force, receive only 240*l.* It is a mockery to assert that Irish landlords could retain their demesnes.

language of the Chief Secretary, fairly interpreted, pointed in this direction. For one, I never entertained the idea; Irish tenants no doubt may be bribed wholesale, but that Irish landlords should be bribed was not to be thought of; nevertheless if, as has been asserted, there was a clause in the measure to that effect, which has not been allowed to see the light, this is only one of the many proofs how Irish landlords have been deceived and betrayed. These unhappy 'rent-gatherers,' indeed, in the language of Burke, 'have been so displumed, degraded, and metamorphosed, such unfeathered two-legged things, that we no longer know them.'

In two other ways property in the Irish Land is exposed to the gravest danger under existing conditions. The wrongful distinction between 'purchasing' and rent-paying tenants is so evidently a cause of discontent and trouble that there will always be a temptation to efface it; a Government may yet be formed which will cut the knot, by transferring the rented lands of Ireland at an illusory price. The Land Commission, too, may be induced to cut down 'fair rents' until they shall have fallen as low as 'purchase annuities'; they may annihilate property wholesale to effect this purpose. Let no one babble that this apprehension is vain. I am old enough to recollect how the Encumbered Estates Commission sold estates at much less than half their value, in order to carry out a policy; and Irish history is full of examples of the kind. In truth, as long as the sham called Land Purchase is continued, the property, or rather what is left of it, of the Irish landed gentry is absolutely insecure, and must be so from the nature of the case. It is extraordinary that many of this order of men will not see what is as plain as daylight, and for different reasons have supported 'Land Purchase.' Excuses, no doubt, may be made for them: some have cleared off encumbrances through this method; others have endeavoured to save all they could from a shipwreck. But it is not wise 'propter vitam vivendi perdere causas': thoughtful and really well-informed landlords know that 'Land Purchase,' on its present lines, is a cunning device to ensure their destruction by degrees; they are not flies to be lured into the web of the spider. I trust Irish landlords will avoid 'Land Purchase,' or, at all events, will insist on getting such a price for their property as will make the 'purchase annuities' nearly as high as 'fair rents.' Some have been severely taken to task for announcing that this was their purpose—a strange commentary on what is going on in Ireland—as if men could not put a value on what is their own. 'Land Purchase' unhappily must go on until the fund appropriated to it shall have been expended: but Parliament, I hope, will never vote a sixpence again to promote an experiment, essentially bad and immoral, and proved to have led to disastrous results. A reform of the Irish Land system should be effected on different principles, and made after a searching and full inquiry:

though much mischief beyond recall has been done, something useful and valuable may be yet accomplished. That reform should be sought in an improvement of the conditions of Irish Land tenure, that is, in the relations of landlord and tenant, as has been the opinion of every thinker from Burke to John Stuart Mill, and from Longfield to Butt: it will never be effected by the legislative and administrative quackery of the last twenty years. And an enquiry would prove the right of the Irish landlord to compensation for the grave wrong he has suffered, a right which even Mr. Gladstone predicted might be his due, a right which civilised usage has always recognised, a right, moreover, which can be realised without the charge of a shilling to the State.

'They who destroy everything,' Burke sarcastically wrote, 'certainly will remove some grievance. They who make everything new have a chance that they may establish something beneficial.' I am free to admit that the Irish agrarian legislation of the last two decades, revolutionary and socialistic as it is, has been productive of a certain measure of good—has not been in every respect pernicious. The mode of tenure created by the Act of 1881 has put an end to rack renting where this existed, if it did not exist to any large extent; it has given the peasant increased security; it has made the Government of Ireland somewhat less difficult. 'Land Purchase,' too, may have planted in the Irish soil a certain number of industrious and solvent farmers, though considering the vices of this policy I do not look for grapes from thistles, or for figs from thorns. But whatever advantages have been derived from these nostrums, the evils they have caused immensely preponderate. The structure of a whole land system has been violently broken up; nothing solid or lasting has been put in its place; the inheritances of a kingdom have been tossed on a sea of troubles, and we see the results in a wide-spread shipwreck. Nothing is fixed or stable in Irish landed relations; a cry has gone up for the annihilation of a whole class, without a shadow of excuse, and for a universal confiscation of the Irish land; a dangerous restlessness pervades the minds of the occupiers of the soil, and a vague desire for a revolutionary change, both fatal to the sober pursuit of industry; law has decried the respect that should be given to contract; demoralisation and endless litigation abound. And the consequences are what ought to have been foreseen. Irish agriculture has distinctly declined; emigration and pauperism have increased; capital shuns the Irish Land as a quicksand; this is kept out of commerce, in a kind of mortmain. For boldly expressing views which do not fall in with those of the United Irish League or of ministerial partisans, I have been subjected to some vitriolic abuse, and to apologies which I might resent more; but I can afford to treat such sorry stuff as it deserves. I write with authority in this matter: fifty years ago I condemned the Encum-

bered Estates, Act — ‘the regeneration of Ireland,’ as it was then described—as the scheme of confiscation which it has proved to be. I have steadily denounced the legislation which began in 1881, and the policy of that falsehood called ‘Land Purchase’; and the disastrous results are now but too manifest. On the other hand, no living man has contributed so much as myself to the passing of the Irish Land Act of 1881—on the whole, a great and wise remedial measure—and to the enactment of another excellent law, which relieved the Irish peasant from the ruinous weight of long standing arrears. I have always been on the side of reform in this province. For the rest, if I am an Irish landlord my rental has been rather raised than lowered in consequence of the changes of the last twenty years; and if I am an Irish landlord owing to the accidents of life and of historical associations I do not care to dwell on, I have no sympathy with the existing settlement of the Irish Land, so far as it rests on confiscation and conquest.

WILLIAM O’CONNOR MORRIS.

## THE UNIQUE CONTINUITY OF OUR CORONATION RITE

THE usually unimaginative public has of late been mildly astonished to learn that the kings of this country are inaugurated with the oldest coronation service in the world, and in fact that England, apart from Hungary in the West and comparatively modern Russia in the East, is unique in possessing an ancient rite at all. The Holy Roman Empire is no more. Spain, Portugal and Belgium have passed through revolutions and retain only a bare regal installation. The new Italian monarchy sits excommunicate in Rome. The other dynasties are young or Protestant. Until a new Joan of Arc arises Rheims, the scene of every coronation of the House of France (save Henri Quatre's), will witness no royal sacring, and the mediæval French Use was after all but a replica of the English. It is certainly extremely remarkable that the Church of England alone should have conserved this highly ceremonious and mystical rite. 'The form of consecration,' wrote the late Lord Beauchamp in his edition of *Liber Regalis*, 'remained essentially unaltered from the time of Ethelred to that of George the Fourth'—for whose coronation copies of 'Abbot Lytlington's' precious manuscript were privately printed. But Lord Beauchamp might well have lengthened that secular continuity in both directions. The central point of the service is the Anointing, which is the principal feature of a still earlier Anglo-Saxon *Ordo* than the one called Ethelred's, viz. Archbishop Egbert's, c. 737. Again, the last two coronations need not have been excluded. For though some unfortunate excisions were made in 1831 and 1838, and though everything save the actual service in church was abolished, the continuity, in most details the minute conservatism, of the rite was not substantially impaired.

Ours is a land of old and just renown; but it has seen considerable political and religious upheavals. Changes of dynasty, it is true, are not opportunities for alterations in coronation ritual. The new régime is anxious to link itself with the old, and to strengthen rather than weaken the supernatural sanctions of government. The Conqueror was crowned beside the reliques of the Confessor with the Anglo-Saxon rite. Edward the First 'conveyed' to Westminster

the Stone of Destiny on which the Celtic sovereigns had been constituted, and since his day every English ruler has sat on it at his inauguration. The balsam committed by the Mother of God to St. Thomas of Canterbury for the consecration of the Kings of England was re-discovered in time for the sacring of the House of Lancaster, thus evening the red rose with the lilies of the Kings of France, whose *sainte crème* had been brought to St. Rémy by a milk-white Dove for the baptism and coronation of Clovis, A.D. 496.

The Reformation found a firmly established Monarchy, and an undisputed succession. Yet it left hardly any mark upon the Coronation, though Dean Stanley describes this, 'at once the most ancient and the most flexible portion of the Anglican ritual,' as revealing 'the changes of ceremony and doctrine, and at the same time the unity of religious sentiment and faith which escape us in the stiffer forms of the ordinary liturgy.' On the contrary, any Protestantising of the service or lowering which has taken place in its language is to be ascribed to a Roman Catholic king and an archbishop who became a Nonjuror. The Tudors, to be sure, had a strong conception of monarchical authority. But it is rather monarchical responsibility to God and His Church which the Coronation service enforces, and at that responsibility, as well as at the high sacramental and sacerdotal conceptions of the service, the sixteenth century dealt a great shock. The fact is that kings in old times were crowned at the very beginning of their reigns, before changes of policy could be carried out. Had Edward the Sixth been crowned (as Henry the Eighth seems to have designed) before his father's death, or a good time after it; had Elizabeth succeeded him instead of succeeding her sister, or had she been crowned (perhaps Stanley's handwriting is to blame here) a twelvemonth—it was really two months—after her accession; in any of those cases the tendencies of the age might have probably left a considerable impression upon the Coronation service. As it happened, every Tudor sovereign was crowned according to the *Liber Regalis* and with the Latin Mass of the Holy Ghost, save that for Edward and Elizabeth the litany was sung in English, the Epistle and Gospel 'fyrst in Latin and after that in English,' and at Elizabeth's Coronation the Host was not elevated. It is true that the meagre accounts which we possess of these two coronations suggest that some of the investitures and ceremonies were omitted, and Collier and Burnet even say that a 'new form' was drawn up for Edward the Sixth, quoting the Council order directing the shortening of the service 'for the tedious length of the same, which should weary and be hurtsome peradventure to the king's majesty, being yet of tender years, fully to endure and bide out,'<sup>1</sup> and also 'for that many points

<sup>1</sup> Richard the Second, who was about the same age as Edward, had to be carried back to the palace quite worn out and faint; he was, of course, fasting, and the *Law*



therein were such as by the laws of the realm at that time were not allowed'—clearly referring to the king's promise to the abbats to maintain their dignities and lands. The programme does not mention sermon or litany, the girding with sword, or the investiture by ring and staff; and, though the sandals and spurs were put on, the only robe prescribed was a white tabard, shaped like a dalmatic. In the 'goodly mass' which followed the young king is not plainly directed to offer the bread and wine. Yet we do not detect any particular desire to mutilate or obscure the more mediæval ceremonies. Twice the king is to 'fall grovelling before the high altar.' The double anointing, first with oil and then with chrism, was fully performed (even the feet are said to have received the unction), a pall of red tinsel gold was held over the child during this action, and afterwards he received the chrismale, or coif, and gloves of fine lawn, which were to be worn for eight days out of 'reverence of the anointing.' There were eleven mitred bishops, copes, 'goodly crosses' and smoking censers, and 'the high altar was richly garnished with divers and costly jewels and ornaments.' In Elizabeth's coronation no bishop officiated except Oglethorpe of Carlisle, who, the papalists asserted, died not long after of remorse. But the ancient use was followed. She did not have recourse to the three deprived Edwardian bishops, who would have scrupled, doubtless, at the ceremoniousness of the rite.

When the next century brought in a new dynasty the ecclesiastical tide had begun to turn in a conservative direction, and, so far from the Coronation being puritanised, any omissions made for Edward and Elizabeth were repaired. Between the death of Elizabeth and the coronation of James three months elapsed. Heylin says that the 1603 Order was 'drawn in haste, and wanted many things which might have been considered in a time of leisure.' Yet, except possibly that the anointing was not '*in formâ crucis*,' the usual features of the old rite were observed. The only important difference henceforth was that the service was in English and that the reformed Order of Holy Communion was used. Even in this, however, certain details omitted in the Book of Common Prayer were, and are, found. Besides the proper preface, there were retained a special 'offertory,' 'communion,' and 'secret' (at the setting apart of the bread and wine before consecration). The King descended from his seat of majesty to serve on the altar-step in the office of sub-deacon, offering bread and wine 'in imitation of Melchisedek,'<sup>2</sup> and kneeling to present his second oblation of a mark weight of gold

*Times* of the 16th of February, 1901, mentions one reason for the deferring of her late Majesty's coronation till she was nineteen, that it was feared she would be unable to bear the weight of the Regalia during so many hours. Edward the Sixth was carried by two noblemen from place to place of the church in a chair, probably because of the weight of his robes and ornaments.

<sup>2</sup> In its origin the King's offering was that of an intending Communicant.

—the first oblation at the beginning of the rite consists of a wedge of gold weighing a pound, and an altar-cloth—after which followed two ancient prayers, omitted in 1685 and not since restored. One other variation of the Stuart from the earlier Orders must be noted. There had hitherto been a double anointing, first from the silver ampulla, with simple olive oil, such as was blessed on Maundy Thursday for the unction of catechumens and the sick, and secondly (on the crown of the head only) from the golden eaglet, with a rich compounded chrism, such as was used for confirmation and for consecration of a bishop. Since Henry the Fourth a drop of the sacred balsam before-mentioned, which was preserved in the Tower, was perhaps added to this. Speculating about James the First's coronation the Venetian Agent supposes he would be anointed with the unguent, as Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth had been. (The latter irreverently declared that the 'grease' smelt ill.) James the First's Order certainly speaks of 'the Ampull wherein is the oyle with which anciently the Kings and Queens have been annoynted.' But the double anointing—the distinction is, of course, a Scriptural one<sup>2</sup>—has been since the beginning of the seventeenth century discontinued. What was continued was, during the Stuart era, a mixed unguent, not that 'balm' which, Shakespeare says, all the waters in the rough, rude sea cannot wash from an anointed king, and which had been the prerogative of the Kings of France and England only. The Stuart oil was compounded of many rich ingredients, and in 1685 we read of the King's apothecary receiving 200*l.* for a composition 'exceeding rich and fragrant.'

We see then that the first opportunity which occurred, viz. in 1603, for re-modelling the Coronation Service in the same way that the other ancient services of the Church of England had been re-modelled was deliberately ignored. And any ritual defects that there may have been in James the First's Coronation rite were made good in his son's—that white-robed Candlemas consecration so full of strange omens of the approaching crown of sorrows. It was a thrifty coronation, and the plague, which postponed the ceremony for ten months, forbade the usual splendid and costly progress from the Tower. But Charles was resolved that everything should be done with the utmost seemliness and regard for antique precedent. 'My lords,' said Archbishop Laud at his trial, 'I had liturgies all I could get, both ancient and modern.' Besides serving on the commission of review, he performed at the coronation, Bishop Williams being in disgrace, the important duties of Dean or Abbot—the word is retained in the 1603 Order—of Westminster. Cosin, who afterwards had so much influence on the revision of the Prayer-book, was 'Master of Ecclesiastical Ceremonies.' Here Stanley's fascinating *Westminster Abbey* must again be accused of inaccuracy. The com-

<sup>2</sup> See Exod. xxx. 23-25, and St. Luke vii. 46.

mission, the Dean says, had been appointed by Charles the First 'to draw up a more purely Anglican service' (is there any proof of this?), but nevertheless 'several significant changes were made in the Ritual indicative of the grasping tendency of the Stuart kings' (pp. 87, 88). For 'elect' was substituted 'consecrate'; for 'commons' 'commonalty of your kingdom'; 'agreeable to the King's prerogative' was appended to 'laws and customs'; the clergy were especially to be honoured as 'coming nearer to the altar' than others; in the phrase 'franchises granted to the clergy and people' the last two words were left out; a forgotten mediæval prayer was revived, ascribing to the king 'Peter's keys and Paul's doctrine'; and finally the anointing was done in the form of a cross. These charges, raked up by Prynne against Laud, were easily shown by the old man, even without his books, to be malicious, and the facts alleged either no innovations or else untrue. It was true, however, that the ancient crucifix which went with the Regalia stood on the altar. Nothing is recorded about incense, but the 'perfuming pan' was certainly used in the procession until the nineteenth century. The censuring and aspersing of the crown and the aspersing of the ring, before delivery, as well as portable lights, did not survive the sixteenth.

At the Restoration another opportunity occurred, had it been desired, for profoundly modifying the character of the royal inauguration, the feudal system being legally abrogated in 1660. But the services of Grand Sergeantry were expressly excepted from this abolition, and the knightly, as well as sacerdotal, investitures of the Sovereign, his Vigil and that of the Companions of the Bath (who for the last time rode with the King from the Tower to Westminster) were carefully retained. Charles the Second's English Coronation was not hurried on. The ancient Regalia had been destroyed by Parliament and the historic vestures sold for a few shillings, so that new ones had to be made. On St. George's Day, 1661, the rite, in spite of the King's carelessness about externals, was performed, Clarendon records, 'with the greatest solemnity and glory that ever any had been in that Kingdom.' All was done in accordance with ancient prescription.

It is from the next reign, and not from the Reformation, the Great Rebellion or the Revolution, that the first serious innovations must be dated. Sancroft—who was contemplating a revised Prayer-Book with a view to comprehension of Dissenters, and fancied his own judgment as a manipulator of ancient liturgical models—was desired by James the Second's Council to 'View the Forms used at former Coronations, and (keeping to the *Essentia*) to abridge, as much as might be, the extream length thereof.' He carefully examined all the mediæval, as well as the later, forms, but it was well understood that 'abridgement' was a euphemism. Certainly

the situation was a delicate one. That James should accept consecration at the hands of Anglican prelates must have seemed to them, troubled about the future of Church and State, a wonderful point gained, and to him a miserable necessity. Macaulay's remark that James committed what was 'little short of an act of apostasy rather than forgo the childish pleasure of being invested with the gewgaws symbolical of kingly power' is superficial. What would have been the King's position before the nation had he remained uncrowned? Cromwell himself had thought it necessary to be inaugurated on the Fatal Stone. A papal dispensation was procurable, for scruples which were felt nearer home carried little weight in the Curia. On the other hand it was impossible for the King to communicate. The celebration of the Eucharist, therefore, for the first and only time in English history, was excised. The high language of the service was modified, as well as certain lofty expressions about the nursing-fatherhood of the King as the 'bountifull comforter' of the Church and of holy societies. The 'hallowing of the ornaments'—'Sanctify this Sword,' 'this Ring,' 'this Crown,' 'this kingly Ornament'—was altered into a prayer for the sanctification of 'this thy Servant'; and with the blessing of the 'Ring of England' disappeared the curious and striking petition (in allusion to the *charisma* of hallowing cramp-rings communicated to our sovereigns by the possession of St. Edward's sapphire) 'that whatsoever he shall sanctify may be holy, and whatsoever he shall bless may be blessed.' When the Sheerness ruffians rifled his pockets the fugitive Monarch managed to conceal this ring from them. The whole service must have seemed to the chief actors an unreality.

At the double coronation of four years later Sancroft refused to act but gave possibly a commission to Compton, who threw the service into what is practically its recent shape. 'In its general structure,' Stanley says, 'it represents the complex relations of the Church and the State of England.' The remark is surely very misleading. The House of Commons has been as much ignored since 1688 as before that turning-point in English history. The oath as amended by Parliament two days before William and Mary's coronation no longer spoke of the laws, customs, and franchises granted by the glorious King Saint Edward; but the Confessor's name and memory are to this day attached to every ornament and ceremony. Parliament for the first and only time, despite the reluctance of Convocation, introduced the word 'Protestant' into a formulary of the Church of England. But the expression is glossed in another part of the service as 'defence of the Catholick faith.' The 'Recognition' is more feudal and less popular than it was even in Charles the First's time. The whole tone of the service is mystical, chivalrous, sacerdotal. Indeed, the more unceremonious and democratic the practical basis of politics becomes, the more striking and valuable is

the idealism and supernaturalism of this solemnity. In 1689 any changes in a Whig direction would have been jealously resented by a sore and uneasy churchmanship. Sancroft's evisceration of the prayers remained, but such new departures as were made were on the whole improvements. The celebration of the Eucharist was of course restored; and Compton, reverting, perhaps unconsciously, to Saxon and Frankish precedents, made it not the sequel to the coronation ceremonies but their organic framework. The hallowing of a king, like the consecration of a bishop, now comes between the Creed and the Offertory. The Litany, which till James the Second had (together with *Veni Creator, Sursum corda*, and the consecratory preface 'It is very meet, right, etc.') led up to the anointing, was in 1685 inserted at an earlier and meaningless point of the service. In 1689 it was made introductory to the Communion Service. The anointing was now deprived of all introduction save *Veni Creator* and a consecratory prayer. The latter, however, was unique in containing an explicit petition, 'Regard, we beseech Thee, the supplications of Thy congregation. Bless this Oyl,' with a direction to the archbishop to lay his hand upon the Ampulla. Analogous words had in 1662 been introduced into the Baptismal Service to take the place of the preliminary hallowing of the water ordered in 1549 and earlier; and it seems to me plain that Compton intended the new formula to be instead of the consecration of the Oil performed for Charles the First, Charles the Second, and James the Second on the morning of the coronation by the Chapter of Westminster, if any of its members was in episcopal orders; otherwise by the archbishop. In 1702 the petition 'Bless this Oil' disappeared, and one might imagine that Anne, with her High Church views, reverted to the preliminary office of benediction. But I do not know of any evidence that this was done. It seems there has been no separate consecration since the accession of the House of Hanover. On the other hand the direction for the manual act remains to this day; and this may perhaps be regarded as sufficient for consecration. It is a matter about which Churchmen are naturally sensitive. It should be mentioned that Compton introduced an explicit statement of the grace sacramentally bestowed through the unction, viz. the sevenfold gift of the Holy Spirit. The places anointed were reduced to three—the head, the breast, and the palms. The delivery of the Ring and Sceptres, with Cross and Dove, henceforth preceded the crowning; but after all these investitures, and before the inthronisation, was introduced a ceremony borrowed from the consecration of a bishop, the delivery of the Holy Bible, carried in the procession. Bale has a story of Edward the Sixth, when he saw Curtana and the Swords of Spiritual and Temporal Justice, asking for a *fourth* sword—the word of God, and Macaulay, Dean Stanley, and others write as though the presentation

of a Bible was from that time a coronation ceremony, omitted only by James the Second. The sole precedent for the 1689 use, one not likely to have been consciously imitated, was Cromwell's 'large Bible richly gilt and boss'd.' There was no mention in the 1689 rubrick of the 'sacerdotal ornaments,' viz. the colobium sindonis or albe, the supertunica or dalmatic, and the armill or stole, though these have always been worn, and the armill is mentioned in the Georgian orders, the supertunica in that of William the Fourth. The placing of these vestures on the Sovereign, like the Anointing, is screened from public view by a silk pall, held by four Knights of the Garter. In place of the King's Vigil an early matin office was appointed in 1689.

From the Revolution to William the Fourth, save that the preparatory matin office and the choice of a Sunday or holy day dropped out of the rubrick, the Coronation remained almost unaltered. That of George the Fourth was solemnised with a splendour which fascinated Sir Walter Scott. But ten years later the Reform agitation was at its height. The most prosaic of all our kings was on the throne. The Gothic and ecclesiastical feeling which was beginning to stir, that glamour of old romance which has ceased to move the cold and scientific antiquarianism of our day, was as yet unequal to stemming the flood of utilitarian liberalism. The *Times* spoke of the Coronation as a barbarous ceremony 'compounded of the worst dregs of popery and feudalism.' Lord Grey wished the King to declare it unsuited to modern ideas, and William, under pressure from Archbishop Howley, only consented to be crowned as a concession to scrupulous consciences. The hard times called for public and private economy, and the cost of the Coronation was therefore struck down to a sixth of what was spent in 1821. Everything was abolished except the service in the Church. There was no assembling of the magnates of the realm in Westminster Hall, no solemn carrying thither of the Regalia borne by the prebendaries in rich copes—though these are still worn—no great liturgical Procession of the Estates on a raised platform from the Hall to the Abbey, with standards flying, trumpets blowing, drums beating, and the richly vested choirs singing psalms and antiphons. In the church itself there was no room for any but a short and huddled marshalling. The Banquet with all its splendour and picturesque chivalric services, the Champion and the rest, was swept away. In the service itself certain minor changes were made. The King, attired in admiral's uniform with trousers, was anointed only on the head and hands, Queen Adelaide only on the head. There was no girding with the sword, no houselling pall, or silk towel, held before their Majesties at the moment of Communion; the coif and linen gloves, the tissue hose, buskins and sandals disappeared. William the Fourth had vowed he would not kiss the consecrating prelates, and did not. Certain of the prayers were shortened, and a

few phrases watered down. The Low Church influences of the time were shown in the direction for Litany, Creed, Offertories and *Gloria in Excelsis* to be 'read' instead of 'sung.' The crown of St. Edward was not exchanged for the crown imperial (lying on St. Edward's altar) at the end of the service, since that concluded the ceremonies. Seven years later the profoundly moving, but ill-managed and ill-rehearsed, Coronation of the sailor-king's youthful Niece followed much the same lines, but there was a more extended procession to the Abbey. This street procession was meant as a kind of compensation to the public for the abolished spectacles. Next June, for the first time since 1661, the Progress is to have a day to itself. Under modern conditions State carriages make a better show than a cavalcade, which would have to be extremely sumptuous and stately to avoid looking like a circus. The charming pageants and allegorical triumphs which are such delightful reading in the old chronicles will hardly be revived by the eminent artists who are to supervise our street decorations, and an extraordinary 'on' licence would be required for fountains running with sack and rhenish. It is to be hoped, however, that the recent tendency to turn State ceremonials into mere military displays will be departed from. Nothing can be more unmeaning or less spectacular than miles of inartistic modern uniforms blended with acres of crude-coloured bunting and cloth. The general hope that the parsimony and prose of William the Fourth's churchwarden coronation will not be stereotyped as the model for days to come is likely to be realised. Those, too, who care for liturgical propriety are likely to be gratified with a service returning nearer to ancient models than any since the disfigurement of the coronation for James the Second. It will be a religious rite rather than a series of spectacles; the musical element will not be allowed to drown the service; and the tendency to make the crowning rather than the anointing the central feature will be checked. And no effort is to be spared to produce a spacious and stately function which will do credit to England and to its Church in the eyes of the world.

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

## *THE GENIUS OF SPAIN*

### I

WHEN I attempt to define to myself the special note or mark of the genius of Spain I am faced by contradictions. All nations, like individuals, must have the defects of their qualities, but both the qualities and the defects of the Spanish character are so emphatic, so various, at first sight so unrelated, that it is difficult indeed to fit them into any single formula, however simple, however complex. Whatever can be done by sheer force of genius or the impulse of some ardent passion, whether in the physical world or in the spiritual world, that a Spaniard has done. But in the aptitude or the inclination to organise practical life, or to furnish that basis of efficient mediocrity on which alone man's progress is possible, Spain has always been hopelessly wanting; despots and monks have alone sometimes succeeded in obtaining a temporary factitious unity. In this respect Spain lies at the farthest possible remove from Germany, where plodding pliability, easily accepting the organisation of a strong arm, furnishes results which in the individual are inconspicuous but in the social body overwhelming. There is no end to the audacity or the variety of Spain's achievements in the world. Spaniards and Portuguese penetrated to the furthest seas before any other nation; to Spain, through her recognition and patronage of a Genoese adventurer, belongs the most stupendous discovery that Europe has ever made. Even in the sixteenth century, when England had no empire at all, Spain was in possession of a colonial empire which remained vaster than that of any other country even until the last century. In the spiritual world Spain can show names as great as those of Columbus, Hernan Cortes, and Vasco de Gama in the physical world: St. Teresa, Juan de la Cruz, Xavier, Loyola. There have been no great groups of Spanish novelists or painters, yet a Cervantes stands out as the author of the greatest and most popular novel that Europe has produced, and Velasquez now appears as perhaps the greatest painter of Europe. We are accustomed to say that the Spaniard has no genius for government. And yet no country has ever produced greater rulers, and at one period no country possessed better laws. The Spaniard Balbus was the first



barbarian who reached the Roman Consulship; the Spaniard Trajan was the first barbarian elected emperor, while Hadrian was also a Spaniard and Marcus Aurelius was accounted one. \*So that, as has often been pointed out, Spaniards ruled the world during nearly the greater part of that period—from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus—which Gibbon declared to be the happiest in human history. At a later period Aragon and Catalonia possessed extraordinary political and municipal freedom when England was still crushed beneath the mailed hand of the Normans. Against the English Alfred, Spain can place her Alfonso the Wise, and in the long roll of great queens Isabella must always be placed near the top.<sup>1</sup>

Thus a first glance at the history of Spain, and at the great figures Spain has given the world, reveals little but a perplexing series of glaring contrasts. On the one hand no country in Europe can produce such a series of magnificent achievements; on the other hand we can nowhere find so prolonged a history of misrule and ineffectiveness and failure. From the days of Diodorus down to the present, Spaniards have impressed other nations by their courage and obstinate tenacity; yet of all the great countries of Europe Spain alone has allowed herself to be effaced from the map of the extra-European world.

There is only one assertion that at the outset we can safely make concerning the genius of Spain. Its first characteristic is individualism. Its successes are due to fine personalities; its failures to the lack of concerted and organised action. Its contributions to the world have been the gifts of men who were mostly indifferent to the virtues of association and subordination, who were above all original persons, careless of their environment, daring to assert themselves. Spain, as one of her own children has said, is 'the land of holiness and of chivalry'; of all the manifestations of the human spirit there are none in which the personal qualities of the individual count for so much as the knight and the saint.

Both the knight and the saint are really militant personages, and the Spaniard has been from the first a soldier. Even the Romans learnt lessons in the art of warfare from the most skilful and determined enemy they had ever encountered; the national hero of Spain, the Cid, was a soldier of fortune; and down to the middle of the seventeenth century Spanish infantry was unsurpassed in Europe. It is noteworthy that even so peaceful a profession as that of letters has in Spain been throughout associated either with the conduct of affairs or more usually with the profession of arms. It would be tedious to enumerate the examples which Spain offers of this unusual

<sup>1</sup> It may be added, however, that neither Isabella nor Berengaria, the favourite heroine of Spain, was wholly Spanish; Isabella combined two English Plantagenet strains with her Spanish blood, Berengaria was half English.

association, found even in the greatest of her writers, for Lope de Vega, who in mere amount wrote more than any Grub Street drudge, was a man whose chief interests were in life, and who was always ready to fight when called upon, while Cervantes was essentially a soldier, a battered veteran who wrote his books in the intervals of life. It is this characteristic more than any other which has given the chief impress to Spanish literature, its special qualities of swift, pungent, picturesque life, of vivid movement and intrigue, as well as its absence of self-consciousness, its carelessness of artistic perfection. The phenomenon can scarcely be met with elsewhere. All the great English poets, for instance, from Chaucer and Spenser onwards, have been dreamers, spectators of the world, vividly interested, indeed, but rarely—as in a slight degree Milton—themselves men of affairs, and never by preference soldiers. Sir Philip Sidney was a soldier, but he occupies only a small niche in English letters. Ben Jonson was once a soldier, but it was merely a youthful episode; it was possibly the same with Chapman, who in some respects recalls the characteristics of Spain. And even if we turn to a southern country like Italy we find that the same holds good, and that from Dante to Carducci there has been no special connection between the sword and the pen. Casanova, certainly, reveals a passion for letters dominated by a still more ardent passion for life, but Casanova was a man of Spanish descent, indeed of most characteristically Spanish ancestry. The predominance in Spain of these special embodiments of independent originality, the knight and the saint—more precisely the soldier, the man of affairs, and the monk—is so complete that every distinguished Spanish writer, down to Valera, may fairly be included in one or the other category.

## II

No doubt the fundamental independence and originality of the manifestations of Spanish genius are not wholly inexplicable. One naturally turns in the first place to examine the racial elements composing the Spanish people. But even here the path is far from clear, and though it is no longer necessary to adopt the hasty conclusion of one baffled investigator who decided that the people of Spain had been dropped directly down from Heaven, it is only recently that any definite conclusions as to their origin have been generally accepted.

In a study of the genius of France I have elsewhere shown that every province of that country has an intellectual character of its own, and that when we examine French history and apportion the great men of the country to their proper districts, a vast mass of complex phenomena falls into harmonious order. At the first glance we should expect to find the same spiritual diversity in the provinces

of Spain as we find in those of France. The obvious differences in the ancient kingdoms of Spain are so marked, and their political histories so distinct, that we look for something radically different in the temperament of their peoples as manifested in their men of genius. For the most part, however, it seems to me that we shall look in vain. We find, speaking generally, that religious fervour is predominant in Castile, practical initiative and commercial aptitude in Aragon and Catalonia, that Galicia and the other northern provinces produce manual workers, while Andalusia and the other southern provinces are marked by a love of the arts. But the distinctions between Norman and Provençal, Breton and Gascon, are far more radical. And when we come to map out Spanish men of genius (as I have before mapped out French men of genius) according to their places of racial origin, the discrepancies are everywhere conspicuous. It is not obvious why the Cid should come from the north-east, the Great Captain from the south-west, why Martial should come from the south-east, and Campoamor—the chief Spanish poet of recent days, with a method of art and an attitude towards art resembling that of Martial after an interval of two thousand years—from the north-west.<sup>2</sup> Nor, so far as I can see, have the great men of any Spanish province characters so distinct as in Great Britain mark off the finest men of Wales from those of the Lowlands, or the Cornish from the East Anglians.

The primitive population of Spain, as far back as we can go, was mainly Iberian. Who the Iberians were is a problem that long perplexed anthropologists. The early investigations of a great anthropological pioneer, Broca, as well as those of Thurnam, followed by the more recent researches of Cartailhac, Siret, and Sergi, have in the main settled this problem. It is fairly clear that the Iberians formed part of a great Mediterranean race which reached Spain from Africa—possibly, as Sergi believes, having their original home in north-east Africa—where they may still be seen in their purest form, by the ancients called Libyans, by the moderns Kabyles and Berbers. This race gradually over-spread all the coast of the Mediterranean and in the north-west extended even into Britain in days previous to the arrival of the Celts. Spain as the nearest country to Africa became the special European seat of the Eurafian race and has remained so to the present day, the Basques in their isolated fastnesses, as is now generally recognised, having best preserved, though still with much modification, the primitive Iberian traits. The Celts came at a later date, chiefly to the northern and north-western coast, forming a fringe to the Iberian population, and the Carthaginians, preceded by the Phœnicians, formed a similar fringe along

<sup>2</sup> How native to the whole Spanish people is Martial's epigram, Campoamor's *Memorada*, we may find evidence in the abundance of popular single stanza poems of which various delightful collections have been made.

the south and south-western coast. With this southern fringe the Romans mingled their civilisation; and then the Visigoths penetrated to the centre of the country and ruled it for many centuries, to be driven to the north of the peninsula, together with all the most unyielding elements of the population, by the irresistible Arabs and Berbers who developed in the southern half of the country the most exquisite civilisation that Islam has ever attained. Then after five centuries the northern element of the population rolled back with renewed energy to overlay and expel the Mohammedan population. From that time there have been no new immigrations, and so far as the composition of the race has been altered it has been by the more unfortunate methods of banishment, emigration, and destruction. An interesting and probably very significant point about the immigrations is that they were largely constituted by similar elements. Cut off on every other side by the Atlantic and the Pyrenees, Spain was chiefly open on the Mediterranean side, and every immigration on this side, probably even to some extent that of the Romans, was mainly composed of some branch, usually African, of the same Mediterranean race. Only the Celts and the Goths brought in new elements, which, however, have failed to modify greatly the general character of the race. The recent researches of anthropologists have shown that the physical characters of the Spanish population reveal a degree of fusion and uniformity which renders them perhaps the purest race in Europe. The absence of fundamental diversity in the racial characteristics of the several provinces, and possibly the general lack of pliability in the whole nation, may be explained by this uniformity of constitution. Both by its physical features and also by the race and temper of its population, Spain is, then, far more than any other European country African in character. I see curious evidence of the affinity between Africa and Spain in the resemblance in literary spirit between the Latin African writers and Spanish writers. Nowhere but in St. Augustine and Tertullian, the most typically African authors, can we find the torrid emotional fervour, the inflexible ethical independence, dominating all other elements of character, which we so often find in the men of Spain.

This moral element, this peculiar independence, sometimes coarsely fibred, more often finely fibred, seems the predominant element of the Spanish mind. The Spanish are not a great artistic race like the French or the North Italians, in spite of isolated achievements in painting and architecture; still less are they a race of abstract thinkers and philosophers, like the southern Italians or the Bretons: not one of the pure thinkers of Europe has been a Spaniard; not one of the great discoveries in science has been made in Spain<sup>3</sup>; the Spanish are not even, in the strict sense, an emotional

<sup>3</sup> At the present time there is not one Spanish man of science, except Ramon y Cajal, the histologist, whose work is followed by the scientific world in general.

people like the Germans, and the large emancipating emotional personalities, of whom Luther is the supreme type, are not produced by Spain, whose Luther was a Loyola. But to a greater extent even than England, Spain is the land of character, of originality, of independence. Character and conduct, alike on the grave and the comic sides, from the subtleties of the theologians to the gusto of the picaresque novelists, have ever occupied the Spaniard in a peculiar degree. In a people more than any other impelled to become the prey of their instincts and passions—by no means always ignoble instincts and passions—conduct and character become matters of more vivid interest than they can ever be to a tamer race. One may note the tendency to sententiousness which characterises this serious and laconic people; no country is so rich in proverbial wisdom. Nor is it by accident that the greatest and most typical of European moralists is Seneca of Cordova.

Although at the first glance the statement may seem paradoxical, it is probable that in this racial tendency to moral fervour we may really find the ultimate basis of the chief defect in the Spanish character. Sweet-natured, generous, affectionate, faithful, as the Spanish man or woman can be in personal relationships, that inflexibility of fibre which is the virtue and quality of the race at its best easily becomes cruelty. Indifference to the sufferings of animals seems natural to Spaniards (except perhaps the Basques), though to a far less extent than to the Moors. The bull-fight, though not originally a Spanish institution but apparently the mediæval development of Moorish boar-baiting, is certainly a true expression of the people, and though it would be unjust to say that the attraction of the bull-fight is its cruelty, it remains true that a people more sensitive to the infliction of pain could not so long have tolerated a sport in which the infliction of pain is at all events more obvious, if not greater, than in the hunting of foxes or the shooting of pheasants. But when we talk of Spanish cruelty we must always remember that a Spaniard can be at least as cruel to himself as he is to others. The Spaniard has ever been ready to apply the lash to others, remorselessly, but never more remorselessly than he has applied it to himself. He is only indifferent to the pain of others because he is indifferent to his own pain. Even Strabo noted this aspect of Spanish cruelty; Spanish mothers, he says, slay their children rather than that they should fall into the hands of the enemy, and he tells how certain Spaniards when taken prisoners by the Romans, and affixed to the cross, still chanted songs of triumph. One may perhaps say that it is on the side of its austerity that Catholicism has appealed so strongly to Spaniards; Spain was always antagonistic to the domination of Rome, but it was Spain that created the counter-Reformation, and saved the Church. It was in Spain that the celibacy of the secular clergy was first declared, a

century before it was accepted by the rest of the Christian world. One may recall that the first Christians who were willing to die at the hands of the Church for fidelity to unorthodox opinions, as well as the Churchmen who slew them, were alike Spaniards. At a later date the early Inquisitors were themselves martyrs; and the violent excesses of a Torquemada and a Lucero were the acts of men who had no brutal thirst of blood, but who naturally and habitually subordinated the infliction of pain to the achievement of their fervid and narrow ideals. The atrocities of the Inquisition, committed on Jew and Moor and heretic, become intelligible when we remember that from the days of Saguntum and Numantia unto our own time, the Spaniard has never been surpassed in the capacity for facing calmly and deliberately every form of suffering and death. Nietzsche has preached to a sceptical generation the ennobling virtues that are born of hardness and pain, but that is a lesson that the Spaniard has at no time needed to learn.

### III

Not only are the characteristics of the Spanish people, however superficially various, fundamentally the same from Biscay and Asturias to Andalusia and Catalonia, but they have remained the same from the beginning of history. It happens that this opinion is not incapable of verification. When the traveller to day enters Spain he will, for example, observe that the favourite colour for dresses is black, that the men wear cloaks, while the women are fond of embroidered shawls, their national headdress also being a mantilla coquettishly shading the face, while the hair is done in certain peculiar fashions, especially in an elevated structure. He would also observe that they are fond of the flesh of the goat, that they use oil instead of butter, that they drink water and are extremely frugal and temperate. He might note that the women till the soil and that it is common for two people to ride on one horse. He would be struck by the confidence with which the maimed beggars rely on the passer for charity. He would find the inhabitants sometimes urbane, sometimes with a certain ruggedness of character, always brave. And he would find that while not avoiding necessary labour they are very disinclined to unnecessary labour. Now every one of these observations, literally true to-day of the manners and morals of the Spanish people, was made 2,000 years ago by a famous Greek traveller who wrote before the Christian era. If Strabo returned to life to revise his *Geography*, there is probably no part of it which would need so little change as the book on Spain.<sup>4</sup> What ancient writers have told

<sup>4</sup> Even when the facts have changed their form we may still trace a continuity of tradition. It was customary in Strabo's time for men to be put to death by stoning; it is still common to see dogs so put to death. Strabo tells us that the

us about Britain is almost wholly meaningless as regards the British to-day; in what they have told us of France and Germany we discern a resemblance to the general temper and character of the people still inhabiting those countries. But in what has come down to us concerning Spain we recognise the very accent and gesture of the modern Spaniard, just as the statue of the Gaditanian dancing girl in the Museum at Naples presents the precise pose of the modern Spanish dancer. The bull-ring and the Church have indeed been added to Spanish institutions, but they have only been grafted on to more ancient habits of the people.

We realise the singular persistence of the Spanish genius if we trace the history of a single district. We could not take a better example than Cordova. Even the names of cities seem to have changed less in Spain than elsewhere, and Cordova still retains the name by which it has always been known. Before the Christian era the civilisation of which Cordova is the centre was so ancient that Strabo tells us it was thought to possess laws and poems not less than six thousand years old. In any case the inhabitants of the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir, always famed for its olives, were even then regarded as the most polished and urbane people of Spain, and such qualities are the surest index of an ancient civilisation. The first important Roman settlement was at Cordova, and from the time that we first begin to trace its history definitely it has never ceased to produce great men. The first of these—as also the first great Latin author of non-Italian origin—was the elder Seneca, as man and as writer a representative of that mixture of sternness and humour which marked alike the early Roman and the Spaniard, as also, it may be added, in later times the English and the Lowland Scotch. The traditions of Cordova were carried on by the younger Seneca and by Lucan, who with much foreign rhetoric exhibits in full development the arrogant and perfervid independence of the Spanish temper; the sentiment of the well-known line:

*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni,*

represents an attitude which has always been peculiarly Spanish. The establishment of Christianity in no way affected the intellectual position of Cordova, and in the days of Athanasius and Constantine, the greatest of Western ecclesiastics was no Italian, but Hosius, Bishop of Cordova. The Moslems came, but Cordova only flourished the more, and in the fourth century was the most civilised and the most magnificent city in Europe. Almanzor, the greatest statesman and general of Mohammedan Spain, began life as a poor student of Cordova; Ziriab, the most accomplished dilettante and Epicurean of

Iberians thought the Romans mad because they walked for mere pleasure; the same observation to-day is made by many southern peoples, beside the Spanish, concerning the English.

the mediæval world, also belonged to a city equally pre-eminent in the arts of war and of peace. In its famous mosque Cordova possessed a temple which even now is only exceeded in size, though scarcely in interest, by St. Peter's. Before the institution of universities Cordova was the chief centre of European learning, and Albucahis, Abenzoar, Al Hazen were the chief scientific luminaries of their time, while it was a Cordovan of distinguished Cordovan family, Averroës, who by introducing Aristotle to the modern world led to the revival of learning in Europe. When Cordova again became Christian it played a smaller part in the world but never ceased to be a great city. Gonsalvo, 'the great Captain,' one of the glories of Spain and of Europe in the fifteenth century, was of old Cordovan family. Even to the present Cordova has maintained its reputation as a city to be born in, and Valera, the best novelist and the finest prose-writer of modern Spain, is a son of Cordova. To-day as we wander through the ever-delightful streets of the ancient city we are far from conscious of the gloom that broods over the dead cities of Europe; the grass may grow on the streets that were first in Europe to be paved, but we everywhere feel the presence of a race of unconquerable fibre. It is a climate of extremes, like that of Florence, and the men of Cordova and the men of Florence alike possess a peculiar intellectual energy, separating them, as an elect people, from their fellows. But while the energy of Florence has been mainly compressed into a few centuries, that of Cordova has been spread over a period that cannot be measured.

#### IV

What is the cause of the sudden extinction of all the finest intellectual elements in a civilisation that flourished during so vast a period? Before we attempt to answer that question we have to go beyond the characteristics of the Spanish people and to consider the special conditions under which the nation has evolved.

A fact which seems of the most fateful significance in the history of Spain is the ultimate domination of Castile. When at the end of the fifteenth century the masterful, fervent, bigoted Isabella united Aragon to Castile and drove the Moslems of Granada out of the country, she at once laid the foundations of Spain as a great power in the world and insured its speedy overthrow. A country that is dominated by its most central region is sure to be badly dominated. The centre may possibly contain the strongest race, but it will certainly be unprogressive and conservative to a dangerous extent. In the centre the race will be most homogeneous, with least of that pliability tending to civilisation which comes from a fine blending of races, and the centre is necessarily more impregnable to external influences. If we could imagine France dominated by the pure and



unprogressive Celts of Auvergne we should have to picture a wholly different France. Peter the Great knew well what he was about when he transferred the capital of Russia from Moscow to St. Petersburg; and it may be doubted whether the domination of the German Empire by its most remote and least civilised region will eventually prove an unmixed advantage. There can be little doubt that the pre-eminence of Castile has exerted an unhappy influence on Spain. The special inflexibility and fervour of the Spanish people is more unmixed in Castile than elsewhere; in Castile also there was a conflict between the ruling classes and the people, who, while marked by more excellent qualities than their rulers have usually possessed, have seldom shown any desire or aptitude to take the reins into their own hands. Their activities have chiefly run into religious or literary channels, and how great a race they were in temper and capacity we may be content to find witness in the tongue they fashioned, a speech which for the special qualities of strength and beauty can only be equalled by English among the living tongues of Europe. As a people they deserved the highest admiration; as rulers they were utterly unfit to govern an empire. That intense racial fervour, which in the spiritual sphere produced results we may sometimes admire and sometimes deplore, when turned into a practical direction produced only the gloomiest and most suicidal results.

Until the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, the history of Spain, though sanguinary and confusing, is on the whole cheerful and certainly picturesque, full of freedom and fine energy, of variegated activities in every field. From the sixteenth century onward it is a record of intense and unrelieved gloom. It was no doubt the influence of Isabella, perhaps the most masterful and powerful woman who ever sat on a throne—in harmony with her wily and rapacious husband, Ferdinand—that finally moulded the temper of Spain, such as it existed when the first great world-power of the modern world, such as we now know it in its decay. Without Isabella there would have been no Ximenez and no Torquemada; without the protection afforded by her great personal character and wifely devotion Ferdinand could not have corrupted the Spanish spirit so safely and so thoroughly. Up to the end of the fifteenth century Spain had for 2,000 years been a land of great men, it had never been a great nation. Even under the rule of wiser kings and better laws than were elsewhere to be found in Europe, the people had preserved a sturdy distrust both of kings and laws. The task that was too great even for Alfonso the Wise was accomplished by the quiet, beautiful, inflexible, remorseless girl who once and for all dominated the firm and stubborn men of Spain; henceforth they were chained to the car of a great state, obedient to the crack of the whip. But that result was attained not only at terrible ultimate cost, but with an

effort that would have been impossible to monarchs less bigoted than Isabella, less greedy and unscrupulous than Ferdinand. These qualities were required not only to build up the financial prosperity of United Spain, but to wield the fearful instrument of the Inquisition, by which, above all, Spain was moulded into a homogeneous whole, a great State without great men. Hitherto Spaniards had been the least intolerant of peoples; not only were they natively opposed to any interference with individual freedom, but intercourse with the cultured Moors had made bigotry difficult, and Spain had taken no part in the Crusades. The Inquisition met at first with opposition from clergy and laity alike, and not a few early Inquisitors were slain or grievously injured. Torquemada only became possible in Spain because the religious Isabella and the greedy Ferdinand saw in the Inquisition a marvellous device for the double purpose of exterminating the heretic and appropriating his gold. So, in spite of all pledges, in spite of the Pope himself, it was set up throughout the kingdom. A great Inquisitor cannot, however, be manufactured by royal mandate, and just as there is something in the Spanish character which makes the bull-fight, though not originally Spanish, the most characteristic of Spanish institutions, so we can see how, when once his humanity and independence had been crushed, the terrible fervour and inflexibility of the Castilian, that power of ferocious concentration on a single aim, lent itself peculiarly to the skilful and thorough manipulation of this awful instrument. It has often been pointed out, and it is needless here to repeat, how the Spanish character was modified by the Inquisition, not merely by the direct elimination of the most independent elements of the population, such as at a later date the revocation of the Edict of Nantes effected for the spiritual impoverishment of France, but by the modification of traditions. On the one hand bigotry, greed, bribery, indolence became habits of the governing class, parasitism and servility habits of the governed classes;<sup>5</sup> on the other hand, the reserve and gloom, of which the germs lay in the Spanish character from the first, were intensified in days when the only sure way to be a free man—and that open to but few—was to become oneself a familiar of the Holy Office. Thus was formed the typical Spanish don of the seventeenth century, well known throughout Europe. The free-thinking, free-speaking, free-acting Cid had always been the national hero of Spain; henceforth the Cid had no more relation to Spanish life than Robin Hood to English life. The last great Spaniard in practical affairs belonging to old Spain was

<sup>5</sup> Salillas, the ablest of Spanish criminal sociologists, in his instructive book, *Hampa*, has lately shown how radically parasitism is rooted in the national character, and how truly and significantly this is illustrated in picaresque literature. But it can scarcely be said that we find much of this characteristic until the sixteenth century.

Gonsalvo, the 'Gran Capitan,' a great soldier, a great diplomatist, a great gentleman; and even he was not wholly untouched at the last by the methods of his master, Ferdinand. From that time it was not in life but in art, in novels, in drama, in poetry, in painting—and sometimes in religion—that Spain could claim any unmixed reverence. Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega, and Velasquez nobly filled the seventeenth century, together with a group of great religious mystics, above all, St. Teresa, the chief of European woman saints. Since they died Spain has not given the world one manifestation of supreme original genius in any field.

The final seal of Ferdinand and Isabella was stamped upon Spain when their achievements in unifying the country, establishing the Inquisition and extinguishing the Moslem civilisation of Granada culminated in the expedition of Columbus. It was only with reluctance that Isabella could be persuaded to consent to that expedition; she might have divined that she was signing the ultimate fate of Spain. Possibly if the new world could have been left in the capable hands of Columbus the result might have been different. But the newly inaugurated order of things, by which the world was regarded as the prey of rulers, parasites, and friars, was in the first flush of its success. Those colonial methods were inaugurated which only ended yesterday in the Philippines. The new world was pillaged of its wealth, and its population was left to the tender mercies of friars and cut-throats. The home country, already undergoing a slow process of depopulation through the sanguinary violence of its history from the time of the Romans onward, was drained of its men and its energy. Three centuries later, as we know, the rule of Spain was as extinct in the new world as its genius was in the old world.

## V

Although it may seem an extravagant assertion that the genius of Spain was extinguished in the seventeenth century, we may fairly claim to measure Spain by the standard she has herself set. From the days of Seneca and Martial to the days of Cervantes and Velasquez, a period of two thousand years, the great men of Spain were the great men of the civilised world. That has never been so since. Spain has produced noble and admirable figures, but they have seldom or never possessed fundamental originality or executive effectiveness. If we look around at the most conspicuous representatives of Spain to-day in literature and art we find none who will stand examination by international standards. Castelar exhibited something of the nobility and independence of old-world Spain, but with nothing of its aboriginal force; in literature the much admired Nuñez de Arce is only an ambitious and well-intentioned rhetorician. Echegaray, the dramatist, is an accomplished adapter of foreign methods and

ideas ; Valdes and Emilia Pardo Bazan, the novelists, are disciples of varying French schools ; the success of Coloma is merely a success of scandal. Even Campoamor, no doubt the best of recent poets, while genuinely Spanish in his laconic art, has but followed tamely where Martial led ; and Valera, the most accomplished novelist and the best writer of the day, would lose his pre-eminence with his nationality ; imagine him transferred to Paris, and, except in that special charm which comes from a knowledge of life and of affairs, he would scarcely rank higher than Anatole France. In other forms of art Spaniards have deserted their own country for lands of more flourishing culture ; Diaz, the chief of Spanish nineteenth-century painters, had even the good fortune to be born in France and belongs to the French school, in which school, more recently, Gandara has been content to merge his own exquisite and truly Spanish art.

We too often forget, however, that the genius of a nation is not always concentrated in great personalities of unique intellectual pre-eminence. It often happens, and perhaps especially so in the oldest civilisations, that the tree dies at the head, that a general population exhibits personal qualities that have ceased to become conspicuous either in its social or its intellectual aristocracy. In its disintegration the diffused spirit of a people may still be noble and beautiful. Even on the physical side this is often manifest. I may recall the contrast which strikes the traveller in Russia and in Poland. Russia, a young country with an immense future, is a land of strong personalities dominating a vast population of patient, ugly, unkempt peasants, who are still mainly barbarians. In Poland, a country of ancient civilisation, where the political and intellectual aristocracy are crushed or decayed, an instinctive culture is the inheritance of the whole people ; even your waiter at Warsaw has an air of nobility, and the market girls in the *Bramah Zelaj* have the gracious beauty and bearing of court ladies. In the same way, if we wish to learn to know Spain to-day, it is useless to read the cable messages of newspaper correspondents at Madrid, or even to study modern Spanish literature ; it is necessary to live among the people themselves, who are alone to-day the more or less inarticulate exponents of the genius of Spain.

I have already pointed out how, even in such minute peculiarities as those of costume, usually so fleeting, the Spaniards of to-day resemble the Spaniards who lived before the Christian era. It is one of the results of this racial conservatism, that of all European countries except Russia—which has not yet emerged from those ages—Spain alone presents to us something of the aspect of the Middle Ages. The piety of Spain is mediæval ; in the cathedral of Saragossa the unaffected dramatic attitudes of the ecstatic worshippers belong to a time when the religious attitude was natural to all men. Not less mediæval it seemed when, within the walls of the *Troitsa*

monastery of Central Russia, I noted the peasants on a great feast-day crowding into the church as into their own homes, to rest and talk and eat. In the modern world men and women have learnt to fear both God and their neighbours, and march into their sacred temples with such decent, self-conscious uniformity, that a church nowadays is the last place in which a lover of human nature would seek to observe his fellows. It is such points as these that indicate the profound but subtle difference in the atmosphere to which in Spain, as in Russia, we are brought back. As in sacred so in secular things, Spain clings to the old ways. Everywhere one may see the signs of British and, more especially of late years, Belgian enterprise and industry in Spain, but of Spanish rarely indeed. The Italians have become showmen and restaurant keepers and waiters, to exploit their country as a comfortable and well-kept museum of antiquities. The Spaniard, neither anxious to attract nor to repel the foreigner, calmly maintains his ancient traditions, and in his manners and customs we may still read those generous and chivalric traits which delight us in mediæval Spain.

In the modern world as we know it to-day, and above all in the English-speaking world, there is nothing that seems to the great mass of the population so worthy of pursuit and so satisfactory as a standard of progress, as the cultivation of commerce, education and politics. Among the common people of Spain these things are dead or have never existed. Commerce, except in Catalonia, is treated with indifference or contempt; education is so neglected that in no European country is there so large a proportion of individuals who can neither read nor write; while the experience of many centuries has shown the people the futility of politics, and there is no motive power to renovate political life as some other countries have been renovated in the past century; Greece and Italy had political independence and unity to fight for; Germany was stirred by a great crisis and the genius of a few strong men; there are none of these things in Spain, and a modern Spanish revolution is but a fresh shuffle of the same worn old cards; the only political activity which really arouses any enthusiasm among the masses is, not socialism, but, in accordance with the fundamentally free and independent temper of the people, a kind of moderate anarchism. The splendid energy of the Spaniards of old in war and in religion has passed away without giving place to any enthusiasm for the aims which impassion the modern world. Thus, for instance, Malaga might be one of the greatest ports of the Mediterranean and one of the chief health-resorts of Europe. But although it is as old as the Phœnicians and still bears the same ancient name, its harbour works were only completed yesterday, when trade was already falling into other channels, and even to-day it has scarcely taken a single step to attract the health-seeker to its perpetual warmth and sunshine. The Spaniard is

content to live leisurely on the traditions of a great past, or the hopes of an infinite *mañana*.

When we live with the Spaniard, however, we learn to recognise that the modern method of compressing the maximum of feverish haste into the day's work—'and for life's sake losing the reasons for living'—is perhaps less wholly desirable than we have sometimes imagined. There is no need to haste after wealth in a land where men are agreed that poverty is not contemptible, and that the best things cannot be bought for money. The only worthy social end that can be reached by money is democratic equality, and that has already been attained more perfectly in Spain than in any newer civilisation is even conceivable. There is no new country where equality of social intercourse, courtesy, and sympathy are more general among all classes of the population, and where the habits of an instinctive fine breeding may be found even among the poorest. The sense of personal dignity and consideration for others have already bought all that the *mirage* of wealth only promises. Again, while the absence of education is doubtless a real loss—and certainly to those who measure the civilisation of a country by the magnitude of its newspaper press Spain must indeed be contemptible—it is a vast mistake to suppose that there is no education in Spain. The traditions of the old civilisation diffused throughout the country constitute an atmosphere in which every boy or girl grows up naturally and which cannot by any effort be produced in the most vigorous and progressive of newer and cruder civilisations. The woman who can with difficulty write her name shows an unfailing instinct where the essentials of good breeding are concerned; the fine-fibred *toreador*, brutal as his occupation may seem to us, need fear no comparison either in physical or mental qualities with the athlete of the English-speaking world. That hideous laugh which rings out in the night air of London—as pathetic in its reckless vacuity as any cry of sorrow—is never heard in the lowest quarter of any Spanish city, not because there is no mirth there, or any forced restraint, but because the gracious traditions of an old civilisation are part of the lives of the commonest people. Thus it is that in Spain, unlike those centres in which civilisation has ripened too quickly, vulgarity and prudery are alike absent. We have indeed left behind our own civilisation and the virtues that belong to it: but we have entered another civilisation in which virtues that we vainly and ineffectively strive after are the common possession of the common people.

## VI

It is usually the women of the country who present most clearly its fundamental racial character. Certainly it is so in Spain; and whatever the reputation of Spain in other respects Spanish women at

all events have never lacked fervent admirers. Even here, however, the admiration of the foreigner has more often been remarkable for its enthusiasm than for its insight. Far from being the gaily dressed beauty who raises her skirts and ostentatiously flirts behind her fan, the typical daughter of Spain is grave, quiet, unfailingly dignified, simple and home-loving, singularly affectionate in her domestic relationships.<sup>6</sup> Passionate she can doubtless be, but passion to a Spanish woman is a matter of life and death, far too serious a matter to be played with, and flirting is unknown to her. That is the secret of that simple, direct bearing and speech of the Spanish woman, so free from the embarrassing consciousness of sex, which renders a Spanish woman so charming, with a charm in this and in many other respects so unlike that of the Frenchwoman; and the poorest of Spanish women, however gracious she may be, has no difficulty in conveying an assurance of the fact that she belongs to herself. The saying of Pope that 'most women have no character at all' would at all events not have suggested itself in Spain, where the sense of almost self-sufficing self-possession seems to be the rule among the women of the ordinary population, who often retain both vitality and charm of manner into old age. There is no class of the population of whom this is not true, perhaps least of all that class (on the verge of gipsydom) which still keeps up the dances of old Spain for the joy of an ever smaller circle. Abroad, the dances of Spain are transformed by the original skill of an Otero or a Carmen-cita (Guerrero being the splendid exception); at home they are attenuated in polite society, rendered common-place in *cafés-chantants*, suppressed in their favourite haunts by the unregarding Spaniard. In Seville nearly every home of real native dancing is now closed; in Malaga you may think you know everything, and yet never see or hear of the Chinitas, with its malodorous approach, with the strange old-world picture it presents within, such as one sees in seventeenth-century Dutch paintings. Here one may sometimes witness the best performances in Spain. The dancers sit in a row at the back of the stage, the guitarist sits in front, and one by one, or two by two, the dancers come forward, in their exquisite dresses, the beautiful Manila shawl and the skirt that reaches the ankles, like great beautiful butterflies, as they sway and bend and curve in those slow solemn movements which mark the most characteristic Spanish dances. In the near East a dance is a rhythm of the body alone, in the far East dancing is all done with the arms, in the North with the legs. The most ancient and famous art of dancing in the Western

<sup>6</sup> It is common outside Spain to hear the Spaniard, and especially the Spanish woman, spoken of as lacking the virtues both of sincerity and cleanliness. This is for the most part the reverse of the truth. It may perhaps be accounted for by the general belief of the northerner that the southerner is false, and, as regards cleanliness, by national differences in sanitary and other habits.

world is a rhythmic and harmonious motion of the whole person, a motion in which body and limbs, even head and eyes, all play their measured part. It is this above all that marks the dances of Spain as attaining the highest point which the poetry of movement has ever reached. Even when the dance becomes, as in its essence it often really is, the conventionalised physical expression of the most profound emotion of human passion, it never loses its reserve or dignity in its added intensity of meaning, nor passes beyond the bounds of art. It is Spain alone which justifies the saying of Nietzsche, that dancing is the highest symbol of perfected human activity.

Every dance-tune in Spain may be a song-tune, and when the dance passes into a song, and we hear that soul-stirring extraordinary chant that is partly Moorish, partly gipsy, wholly Spanish, we begin to understand why its dancing is so peculiarly attractive to all those who are held by the fascination of Spain. In this dying and neglected art we reach the last stronghold in which the spirit of the race has entrenched itself. Dancing is the final embodiment of the genius of Spain, the epitome of its great and sorrowful history.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.



## THE CASE FOR HOSPITAL NURSES

## I

IN the April number of the *Nineteenth Century and After* there appeared an exceedingly unfair article against hospital nurses, written by Miss M. F. Johnston.

The article is headed 'The Case against Hospital Nurses,' but almost the whole article is an attack on them in their capacity of private nurses. That part of the article which treats of hospitals shows so much strange ignorance that it carries its own refutation to anyone who knows about them, and I deal with it first.

I have searched in vain to discover what experience Miss Johnston has had with nurses. Every word of her article leads me to believe that she has had none at all with hospital and a very specially unfortunate one with private nurses.

I claim to be able to speak of nurses collectively and individually with some knowledge, and I only allude to myself, and ask pardon for doing so, with the view of showing that I have an experience which ought, at least, to get me a hearing.

For twelve years I have been very closely, I had almost said daily, working at hospitals. I happen at the moment to be on the committee of three hospitals, and of these the 'London' has 500 nurses, of whom 100 are on the private staff, and the 'Poplar' has thirty. I am also on the Council of the 'Queen's Jubilee Nurses,' with its 1,000 nurses working in all parts of the United Kingdom; so I ask that what I write may, at any rate, have the same attention shown to it that has been shown to Miss Johnston's unfortunate diatribe.

The comments on the training given in hospitals put into kinder language than Miss Johnston has used are, that the hours are so long and work so hard that nurses cannot do more than learn the technical side of their work, if they do not break down altogether; that the treatment they receive is harsh if not brutal; that under such conditions their characters not only do not develop, but deteriorate; that nobody cares if they do deteriorate, nobody caring about the personal character of the nurses provided they do their work; and lastly, that there is no one responsible for the nurse's efficiency when her apprenticeship is over.

Such is the case to be answered so far as hospitals are concerned. I admit that the hours of nurses are long both in hospitals and when nursing private patients. But it would indeed increase the cost, and, according to Miss Johnston, the curse, of an illness if we had to engage three nurses instead of two to divide the twenty-four hours of the day and night between them.

A twelve hours' working day or night, however, sounds to some extent worse than it is. While 'on duty' nurses must be at hand to attend to any needs that *may* arise, but they are not *working* all the time in the sense that a factory hand is. The rough work of the wards is, moreover, done by wardmaids, and so is the heavy part of the fetching and carrying.

No one who has any knowledge of the working of hospitals throughout the country is ignorant of the fact that the hours of duty have been much lessened of late, and the off-duty times increased.

At the London Hospital, for instance, care is taken to provide a long half-day every week for sisters and nurses, though not necessarily always on a Saturday. Nurses get this half-day on a Saturday occasionally, and then take it in conjunction with every fourth Sunday, which is their regulation day off, sleeping the night away from the hospital if they like. Sisters, who are the only members of the nursing staff in a well-managed hospital who may be detained on duty overtime, get a half-day every week, and every other Sunday off duty, and may take the Saturday afternoon and sleep away every fortnight if they prefer to do so. Staff nurses on night duty may sleep away from the hospital for a night every fortnight if they like. Probationers both on day and night duty get a whole day off every fortnight, with breakfast in bed to ensure a long rest, or an early pass to get a long day in the country if inclination points either way. There are two hours 'off duty' daily in daylight to be spent wholly or in part out of doors, and extra time granted, as far as possible, for attendance at the necessary lectures and classes. I only quote the London Hospital because I happen to know the details of the hours there, but some such regulations as the above obtain at all the best hospitals.

Miss Johnston laments that Sundays are not free, and that all Saturdays are not half-holidays. She forgets, however, that there is no cessation in the suffering of the poor patients as these week-ends come round.

It is sheer nonsense, and shows a complete ignorance of hospital life, to write that because nurses have long hours of duty they have only *time* to learn the technical part of their work, and that therefore their characters deteriorate.

No training, whether the hours be long or short, will endow a young woman with gifts which Nature has failed to bestow upon her.

No training will make a selfish, hard, or self-centred woman into a good nurse, any more than teaching a woman how to rear children will make her a good mother. Maternal instincts and nursing instincts are much the same, and women are born with them or without them. Few women will stay in a hospital for the years necessary to learn the technical part of nursing if they have not nursing instincts. Apart from the desire to serve others, and to brighten other lives by the cheerful devotion of their own, there is not much in the prospects or pay of nurses to attract many women. The fact that large numbers of women take up nursing because they must earn their living is not incompatible with their rejoicing in the work for its own sake.

The care of sick people is arduous work. No one says the life of a nurse is easy, but there is abundant testimony as to the happiness to be found in it. In whatever conditions it is carried on, *it will never be possible to have perfect nursing without willing self-sacrifice*. But to write as Miss Johnston has, that as a result of hospital work a large number of nurses fall victims, and collapse and go home in a more or less shattered condition, is grotesquely untrue, and a visit to any of the London hospitals would convince anybody as to this. A more healthy-looking and more cheerful body of young women it would be impossible to find, comparing well with any other set of women working in any other profession.

It further pleases Miss Johnston to make general charges of inhumanity both against nurses towards each other and against hospital authorities towards their nurses. Even the doctors, whose kindness to sick nurses is proverbial, do not escape Miss Johnston's hasty censure. Wholesale accusations prove nothing. But why should Miss Johnston be so eager to make us believe that women and men who work in hospitals have such exceptionally harsh dispositions? To put the question on its lowest grounds, would it 'pay' to wear out valuable material at the preposterous rate Miss Johnston describes? Would it be to the interest of the authorities to do so? Would it be to the 'interest' of the nurses to submit?

If the workers in a hospital were habitually treated with the cruel indifference to their happiness and welfare that Miss Johnston states, it is possible that the results might approach what she conceives them to be. But I must insist on the claim that daily familiarity with hospital life and its workers gives me to speak, when I maintain that Miss Johnston's attack on the system is as grossly unfair as is her flagrant disregard of the true proportion between good and bad nurses when she writes of private nurses.

And this daily familiarity with hospital life enables me to say, without the smallest fear of contradiction from anyone with knowledge of hospitals, that far more attention is paid to and value put

upon the character of the nurses than on their success in the technical part of their training.

Of course no woman could be kept in a hospital who found it impossible to master the technical part of the work, but it is equally certain that none would be kept who proved wanting in those qualities which alone will make a good nurse.

When a nurse has left a hospital with her certificate, and is private nursing on her own account, it is true, as Miss Johnston writes, that 'no one is actually responsible for her efficiency.' I agree that the public, if they will not go to the hospitals or good institutions to get their nurses, have a difficulty in protecting themselves from bad nurses.

A woman whose technical knowledge and skill are her sole claim to don a nurse's uniform is a very unsatisfactory representative of her profession. This is one reason why it is such a mistake for people to agitate for the 'registration of nurses.' It sounds so plausible to say that if all nurses were registered the bad ones would be stamped out. The subject is too long to deal with here, but it is obvious that registration *could only deal with the technical qualifications*, which, as a rule, are never complained of (except in the case of the self-christened midwives), and *would leave the important question of character untouched*. Moreover, once on the register, it would be almost impossible ever to remove a nurse's name from it, except for some gross or criminal act, and so bad and worthless nurses would be going about hall-marked, and would do still more harm to the public and to their fellow-nurses.

But this objection that 'when a nurse has served her apprenticeship no one is actually responsible for her' as applied to the profession generally is largely met by the increasing number of hospitals which keep and send out a private staff of nurses, and are, of course, very directly responsible to the public for their efficiency—efficiency, may I emphasise it once more—not merely in the technical part of their work. It is also met by the various agencies who send out nurses, who are similarly responsible for those they send out.

(In passing I may say that it would help if patients and doctors would send confidential reports as well as formal ones to the various matrons or institutions who have supplied the nurses.)

From these two sources most nurses are obtained—and all should be. The first is the best source because the nurses are better known in their hospital than they can be to the secretary of an agency to supply nurses, who has only their certificate and the reports from their cases to go on. But both hospital and agency would be greatly discredited if it were known that they were supplying bad, or even indifferent, nurses.

And now to pass on to what Miss Johnston has to say against private nurses. I think it is to be regretted that she should have

served up for her readers a collected mass of ill-natured gossip reflecting seriously on the characters and conduct of a large body of very hard-working and good women.

To cry aloud that nurses are a bad, cruel set of women appeals to the few who have found them to be so, who have been badly served by them, and who have never hidden their experience, we may be sure. But it proves nothing reflecting on nurses generally. If I proclaim that in my experience, nurses are not what Miss Johnston has described them to be many will agree with me, but we neither of us advance matters. Yet there is very little else to be said in answer to Miss Johnston. She has collected many evil reports, and evil-speaking and slanderous spread more quickly than the remembering of merits. An ill-natured story spreads further and is believed more readily than any kindly one. We see this in nature. One fried fish shop can scent a whole district, but it takes many thousand roses to make an ounce of attar-of-roses.

I do not deny that there are some bad nurses, some of them well trained technically, perhaps, but bad in the sense—the all-important sense—that they think of themselves first, and their patients afterwards; that they are in a word selfish and inconsiderate. And if in illness one has been unfortunate enough to have had such a nurse, it is perhaps only human nature thereafter to abuse nurses generally. No one speaks of the blessing of thirty-two good teeth, but let him, or shall I say her, have one bad one, and who is not told of it?

The same treatment is meted out to the members of any profession which we think we can criticise—barristers, solicitors (when we lose our case), and in a less degree doctors (when we do not get well), and even to domestic servants, though the good outnumber the bad one hundredfold.

Last year we had 1,000 applications for our London hospital private nurses, and I have before me as I write piles of letters from patients and their friends expressing the deepest gratitude for the help the nurses have been to them, written not in the formal language of a testimonial, which so often suppresses the real truth, but in language which shows that the nurses have not only been a comfort to the patients, but by their unselfishness and adaptability have been of real help to the whole household.

I am sorry to refer so often to one hospital because I fully realise the suspicion to which I lay myself open. I know that what I have said of the London Hospital and of its nurses applies with equal force to other hospitals. I claim no special merit for the 'London,' but am compelled to give definite facts with chapter and verse for them, and to quote the actual experience gained there to refute Miss Johnston's vague generalities.

Impartially judged nurses will be found to be very like other women—never mind of what rank—some perfect, some good, some

indifferent, and a minority bad, and, as I have said before, it is the bad ones which bring discredit on all their fellow-workers.

Dealing with Miss Johnston's remarks about the conduct of nurses in private cases, how strangely she misconceives a nurse's duties when she writes, 'It cannot be denied that they have effected a vast number of marvellous cures,' as if it were a nurse's duty and not the doctor's to effect the cure! This sentence at once leads me to tackle the real reason of many complaints against private nurses. It is this, that the public expect too much of them and are vexed when they do not get it.

Consider what a difficult position a nurse finds herself in when she goes to a private case. Who of my readers would care to face the ordeal of entering quite a strange house, occupying a sort of stratum between the top soil of the mistress of the house and the impermeable clay of the servants? The nurse is expected at once to be an angel of comfort, a model of skill, of patience miraculous, of temper perfection. She is expected to keep the patient's spirits up, she must please but not bore. She must be a diplomat in dealing with the patient whose character is unknown to her, who may be queer, hysterical, a nuisance to his family when well, and worse when he is ill. Her advent is often resented by the patient if not seriously ill, often resented by the wife or daughter whose devotion to the patient is breaking her down, and who has had the nurse forced on her, and too often resented by the faithful servant whose ignorance of nursing enables her to speak with assurance against any suggestion made by the nurse. The servants feel that the arrival of the nurse may mean more work for them, and manage to show her this very plainly. Over and over again have we received letters complaining that the nurse will not sleep in the patient's room. We forbid this because it means nothing more nor less than she is on duty all day and up all night. Though her health depends on being out of the sick-room for at least two hours a day, to ask for this is constantly put down to a want of interest in the patient. People seem to forget that nursing is her profession and livelihood, and to think that they are justified in working her to the breaking point if only the patient they love can be made well.

All this, and much more, nurses have to face cheerfully. They have to do their duty under the microscope of criticism turned on to them by people all having different ideas of what they think they ought to be. Nursing is a calling which assuredly demands higher and more varied qualities than any other. No wonder, then, if some nurses fail; but again I ask, do not a great number succeed?

It would perhaps be useful for me to state exactly what treatment a nurse in our opinion may expect and what she is not to put up with. At the same time nurses are always told that they must adapt themselves as far as possible to the arrangements in each family,

that they must accept any treatment cheerfully, and complain if need be to the hospital or institution to which they belong, and not to the family where they are nursing. It is easier thus to get things remedied and friction avoided.

We do not think it fair to expect a nurse to nurse all day, and then to have to sleep in the patient's room or to be called at night if wanted. This means, unless the calls are quite exceptional, day and night nursing, especially if the case is at all an anxious one. It is not right to ask a nurse to have her meals in the patient's room. A nurse ought to be allowed two hours 'off duty' in daylight for fresh air and for exercise; and as to meals, which are as a rule the main cause of trouble, it is not fair to ask nurses to have meals with the servants.

Quite recently we had a nurse on our staff of equal rank to the noble peer in whose house she was nursing: she loved nursing for nursing's sake, and had no care nor want for the money it brought her. She was sent down to have meals with the servants, but succeeded in persuading the cook to allow her to have them in the 'room' after the others had finished. In all kindness of heart the cook, pitying her loneliness, brought the footman in and introduced him: 'Here, nurse, here's a young man for you.' This nurse was happily able to appreciate the humour of the situation, but it is not given to all to do so.

I could give many instances of what nurses have to bear when sent down to the basement for meals, where not the least unpleasant experience is having often to be the unwilling hearer of disloyalty to their mistress and her patient.

The ideal arrangement is for the nurse to have her meals brought to her in her own room or in the dining-room; but this gives trouble, and is not possible in many houses. The next best is for her to have her meals in the nursery or schoolroom with the children; but many mothers do not like this. The remaining alternatives are for her to have meals with the family, which sometimes is not desirable, or for her to go down to the basement and fetch up her meals to her own room (if the dining-room is not available), taking down the plates &c. afterwards. This last is the arrangement which is most generally acceptable, and where a nurse fetches up her own meals the servants soon see that she is anxious not to give trouble, and will generally do their best to make her meals nice and to help her in many small ways, and it frequently ends by some kindly maid carrying up the dinner.

Lastly, if a nurse is on night duty we do expect that care shall be taken that she has a room where she can sleep comfortably during the day, and we prefer that her bed should not be one which is occupied by a servant at night. Do not smile, readers; this is often asked of nurses, and they do not write to this Review if they

have to accept such and worse conditions. It is surprising, too, how often people will forget in the stress of their anxiety that a nurse who is sitting up all night will require some food during the long hours, and at any rate a cup of tea or cocoa. Perhaps I may whisper that good chocolate to eat is not only a weakness of all nurses, but is very sustaining.

If nurses were to combine to make public their complaints of the unreasonable and unreasoning treatment they too often receive from families where they nurse, not one article, nor ten, in *The Nineteenth Century and After* would suffice. There is absolutely no exaggeration in *Punch's* picture a few weeks back: 'What, you want to go to bed? Why, I thought you were a trained nurse!' I could quote many instances also of cruel neglect of all consideration for nurses in school sanatoria and in many semi-public institutions. One such instance may very shortly be public property.

To sum up, all that is asked in return for the inexpressible benefit conferred by the nurse's skill is that she should have meals in quiet, rest sufficient, and sleep undisturbed—no very great burden surely on a well-regulated household.

Miss Johnston complains that nurses talk about former patients. But how can they help it? Their whole experience—and after all that is the sum of most of our conversation—has been gained in nursing. However, cant apart, all patients are inclined to encourage such talk, and most of them like to hear it, and are equally to blame with the poor nurse who falls into the trap of trying to please by telling something of her life and experiences. But nurses seldom mention names, and their gossip is not more unkind than that of other people—far less so than Miss Johnston's. I do not defend such conversations, I only enjoy them, and claim that another prisoner should be placed in the dock beside the nurse. And if she survive all, if her nursing is successful, and her conduct without fault, she is rewarded by seeing her profession branded in *The Nineteenth Century and After* as one 'earning neither respect nor gratitude'!

I shall pass by as unworthy of serious reply the complaint which Miss Johnston thinks worthy to chronicle, that nurses talk 'shop' in 'buses. How dreadful! Are they the only offenders? Try any 'bus in the afternoon in Regent Street, and you will hear other ladies talking 'shop,' especially at the times of the periodical 'sales.' I am sorry they offend; it is horribly bad mannered so to talk, almost as bad as to listen; but I am glad to hear even from their hostile critic that the care of their patients has so entered their souls that even in their short time off duty they can care for nothing so much. When the heart and mind are full the lips will often speak.

But let me deal with the most cruel accusation of all, that nurses are, as a rule, callous to suffering. May I repeat Miss Johnston's own words as applied to nurses both in private and hospital nursing



'Their callousness to suffering and the indifference they display even in the hour of death, and this is a charge which is frequently brought against even the most skilful and experienced of nurses [by whom I ask?], amount almost to brutality,' and this she describes as being characteristic of the profession as a whole and the exceptions to be in a small minority. Later on in the article she writes: 'It is easy to bring a charge of hard-heartedness and callousness against nurses.' Yes, it is; but I cannot conceive a statement more contrary to truth. I appeal to everyone who visits or works in hospitals whether anything can be more touching than the behaviour of nurses in the presence of suffering or of death; whether anything more respectful than the silent, gentle attention they give to the stranger and foreigner, suffering, dying, or dead.

Nothing that I know of causes more depression in a hospital than a death, and, so far from getting even used to it, I can most truthfully say that the whole demeanour of the nurses in a ward is changed by a death, and most markedly so if there are any special circumstances about it, such as its suddenness, or the fact that the patient has been in the hospital long enough for them to know him or her, or that the one who has died was especially loved by wife, husband, or had little ones dependent.

Nurses do get used to seeing suffering and being present at death in the sense, and only in the sense, that such sad scenes do not unnerve them. They can be present and yet do their work with accuracy and promptitude; but it is a cruel libel on these women to write that they are callous and unmoved by misery, suffering, and death. I declare, with all the earnestness at my command, that nothing they have to bear is harder than being constantly present at the passing away of a dear life, or of witnessing sufferings which cannot be alleviated, and nothing is harder for nurses than the undeniable fact that their lives are saddened by the recollections of many sad scenes.

I cannot write with the same absolute certainty about the conduct of private nurses in the presence of suffering and death, because I have not been present, except where such have occurred in my own family, and there, thank God, my experience and Miss Johnston's are quite different.

Superficial, hysterical people may mistake sentimentality for sympathy, but the quiet, self-controlled woman who knows how to help, and is unwearied in trying to do so, is of greater service to the sufferer. It is incredible that women who feel so intensely when in hospital can suddenly change to cold-blooded ghouls when nursing in private.

I can, however, testify to its being an accepted fact amongst private nurses themselves that they 'dread a death in a private house even more than in hospital.' They 'suppose it is because we see so much more of the friends, and understand more what the loss

means to them than is generally the case in the wards.' Has it ever happened to Miss Johnston to come across some of these good women when they have just returned 'from such a sad case?' There is no mistaking the sympathy felt. It is evident in every tone of the voice. There is no room to doubt that the sorrow which has been witnessed has been fully shared.

As such recollections crowd upon me, and I think of these women who have given of their best to strangers, and who come back tired out mentally and physically with the strain they have undergone, I have no words strong enough to refute the cruel injustice of Miss Johnston's accusation, or to deprecate the narrow-minded prejudice which can condemn the many in this wholesale fashion for the wrong doings of the few.

Let me here allude for a moment also to the work done by the 'Queen's Nurses' and those sent out to district-nurse by other similar organisations. These good women are often nurse, mother, and servant all in one in families the most ignorant, miserable, poor, and neglected. Are these women 'callous, indifferent, and brutal' too? Yet they come from the same hospitals whose systems of training are so roundly abused in 'The Case against Hospital Nurses.

Finally, think of the multitude of earnest, noble-minded, large-hearted women who are discharging their duties faithfully by night and by day, 'not with eye service as men pleasers,' but in all simplicity ministering to the sick, the querulous, the grateful and the ungrateful, the loved and the unloved, the living and the dying, with no thought of self, with that tenderness of human pity which brings the divine very near to us, and tell me if the sum of this good work which goes on around us from morning till night, and from night till morning, is not sufficient to wipe out the offences of the unworthy.

SYDNEY HOLLAND.

*THE CASE FOR HOSPITAL NURSES*

## II

HAVING had nearly twenty-eight years' intimate acquaintance with hospital nurses, it is perhaps fitting that I should attempt to answer the article which deals so severely with them in the April number of this Review, although I am one of the Matrons of whom Miss Johnston has so low an opinion.

Miss Johnston brings against nurses some terrible charges, of which 'talking shop, without a decent regard to the suitability of time and place' is so comparatively slight that it seems almost out of place in the long catalogue of the more serious accusations. She does not hesitate to assert that they are 'wholly inconsiderate,' 'offensive in their general behaviour,' 'callous to suffering,' 'indifferent in the hour of death,' and this amounting to 'brutality.' Nor does she admit, throughout a long article, a single redeeming trait in their conduct and character, although allowing that their work is good, for she says 'it cannot be denied that they have saved multitudes of lives,' and 'that they have effected a vast number of marvellous cures.' Medical men might take some exception to the latter statement, as nurses' work consists mainly of obedience to and intelligent carrying out of instructions, and leaves but little room for the initiative which effects cures. These grave accusations are brought against nurses generally, for she is careful to state that it is not the black sheep only in whom such serious shortcomings are found, but that they are 'characteristic of the profession as a whole, and the exceptions to this rule are in a small minority.' The nursing profession includes many thousands of women as its members, and one rather wonders if Miss Johnston's experience and knowledge of nurses are sufficiently wide to warrant the severity and scope of her censure.

Few men and women adopt a profession solely from the highest motives: a very large majority do so because it is necessary for them to earn a living. Nurses are no exception. There are many reasons why the daughters of men of the higher middle class should wish to leave home: a stepmother is a not uncommon factor, an unsuc-

cessful love affair is not unknown, although it is a rarer reason than is generally supposed; but the main reason is the desire for independence. To the lower classes nursing offers so many advantages as to create no surprise that they crowd into the profession when possible. Improvement in position, associated with less of the so-called menial work to which they have been accustomed, and higher wages are cogent reasons for this influx. No doubt somewhere in the minds of the candidates there hovers an idea of doing good to others as well as providing an independence for themselves, but it is nebulous in the minds of the majority and rarely expressed by any; and it develops later into conscientiousness in the discharge of their duties.

Nurses are recruited from all classes. Even in the large London hospitals a housemaid may be found sitting next to a baronet's daughter, and all the gradations of rank between these two may be found at the same table. In many infirmaries, and in the smaller hospitals, the working class contributes in higher proportion to the nursing staff. The majority of this class who leave their training school as fully trained nurses take up private nursing, whereas the more highly educated women seek appointments in institutions, because the work, though less lucrative, is more congenial.

It must be borne in mind that nurses are drawn from all ranks, are not usually women of an exceptional type, and enter the profession for much the same reason that other girls might take up typewriting. Their failings, then, must surely be such as apply equally to a majority of their sex without reference to a particular profession. If, therefore, they are inconsiderate, unsympathetic, brutal, it must be that these characteristics appertain to women. It does not seem possible that three, or even four, years spent in the worst-managed training school conceivable could generate them. That Miss Johnston is generalising from inadequate knowledge is a not unreasonable inference, and I will venture to assert that she is at least mistaken, and that nurses as a class are neither brutal nor unsympathetic.

As evidence in support of this statement I may point out that the demand for trained nurses is increasing, which would hardly be the case if they were the creatures that Miss Johnston depicts. The private nurse who is principally in question has at times a very hard, strenuous life. She is often expected to be on duty sixteen hours out of twenty-four, and should her patient be very ill she may be called once or twice during her hours for sleep. I have rarely heard a nurse complain of this except when she has been otherwise inconsiderately treated. The cartoon in *Punch* a few weeks ago was not greatly exaggerated. As a rule, however, nurses are well—even generously—treated, and complaints of their conduct and unkindness are very rare.

It must also be remembered that these nurses go from case to

case, sometimes leaving one sick-bed to go straight to another. If under such conditions nurses gave each patient a full measure of sympathy, their lives would shortly become unbearable; if they 'save multitudes of lives' and 'effect marvellous cures,' surely even Miss Johnston must allow that they have done their duty, and nothing more ought to be expected from them. But in the large majority of cases they do give much more, or why the repeated request for the same nurse and the lifelong friendships between them and many patients and their patients' friends? I do not, of course, say that this is always the case, but the nurse is not invariably to blame, even when friction arises. The nurse often finds herself in a very difficult position, from which nothing but the most delicate tact will extricate her, and this she may not possess; but a nurse who has worked well for perhaps years cannot be condemned because she fails to give satisfaction in one house.

Miss Johnston is not more unfair to private nurses than she is to hospitals. She asserts that the reason of the unworthiness of the former is the hardness of the latter, and as an example she says that fifty per cent. of probationers leave hospitals before the end of their training, in consequence of 'ill health' and because 'the novelty of the thing has worn off.' That number could be halved and yet be a liberal calculation. The causes that give rise to resignations are in a great measure very different from the reasons given by Miss Johnston. Altered home circumstances call some away, a certain number marry, ill health claims a few, want of capacity accounts for some, and now and then a sentimentalist leaves when she finds that nursing is hard and very practical work. The work is strenuous, no doubt, and the hours are somewhat long, but they are full of acute human interest. Hospital nurses do not work twelve hours a day: taking the monthly average it will be found that in general the workers' hours are about ten a day. The hours off duty are regular and punctually taken, and every nurse knows when she will be free. A few hospitals have adopted the eight-hours system, but this is not likely to become general very rapidly, as it necessitates considerable augmentation of staff, and greatly increased accommodation and consequent expenditure, which few hospitals can well afford. Some, indeed, seem to have reached a maximum limit, their nursing staff being in proportion of one to two patients.

Have the charges which Miss Johnston brings against hospitals any more foundation than those she brings against nurses? I think not. At the head of each ward is a sister, fully trained, and in most cases an educated and refined lady, who looks after her nurses as well as her patients. Should any of the former appear to fail in health and to be overtaxed, she reports the fact to the matron, who arranges for the nurse to see the medical man who visits the Nurses' Home daily. Over the sister is the matron whose duties are multifarious,

but there are few matrons who will not acknowledge that the training and health of her nurses are her first care. Nor do I think that nurses are overworked. In a staff of 244 nurses the average number off duty through illness has in this hospital during 1901 been five, with a maximum of ten, and at times none at all. Considering that the nature of their work brings them in contact with nearly all the infectious diseases from time to time, surely this shows a good health standard and little overwork. Nor can I agree with Miss Johnston in her estimate of the result of three years' hard but interesting work and strict discipline on nurses. At the close of their career in the hospitals they have for the most part developed into upright, conscientious, self-respecting women, ready and fit to take their place in the world as respected citizens. Some, no doubt, do not improve, but my experience is that their number is wonderfully small.

Miss Johnston lays her hand on the weak spot when she speaks of the want of control after the period of training is over. The nursing profession has evolved itself in forty years: there were no trained nurses at the time of the Crimean War: what wonder, then, that it should not yet be perfect? At present anyone can put on a uniform and call herself a nurse, and, in fact, a very large number of women now working as nurses have had most inadequate training. Some have served a short time in a fever hospital, others have worked in a small general or special hospital, while there may be not a few whose sole experience has been gained in private nursing homes. All those women receive the same fees as those who have been trained in the general hospitals of London and the counties. The more thoughtful among the profession are alive to the evil of this state of things, and are eager to obtain some legal status for the efficiently trained nurse. Indeed, an association has just been formed solely for the purpose of bringing this question before the public, for it is a matter which affects everyone who may be ill. Nurses are not a rich body of women, and they cannot without help hope to obtain an Act of Parliament. Those who, like Miss Johnston, feel the need of reform to be so urgent will no doubt help to forward the measure.

Nurses in the past have suffered from being too highly thought of, and therefore too much has sometimes been expected of them. They are not angels, and certainly not the demoralised creatures Miss Johnston paints them. All I claim for them is that they are for the most part hardworking womanly women, with the faults that belong to other women, but with the better part of their nature and character developed and strengthened by contact with much suffering, the exercise of much self-denial, and a cheerful submission to duty. Nor are they the overworked victims of the harsh government of hospitals. The authorities acknowledge that the work is second only to that of the medical staff, and they

are cared for and valued accordingly. They are also a happy set of women, as all are whose work is appreciated and whose life is full and absorbingly interesting. These remarks do not of course apply to all nurses, but to so large a majority, in my experience, that it seems almost a crime that any woman should attempt to disparage a whole profession of her own sex, upon apparently quite inadequate grounds. Nurses have their faults, but, taken as a whole, the nurses of to-day are the worthy product of Miss Nightingale's endeavours, and I know many whose names are worthy to stand with those of the best women of the past.

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## DANTE AND THE FINE ARTS

MR. BERNARD BERENSON, whose writings on Italian art have attracted much attention amongst the admirers of the school of art criticism founded by the late Signor Morelli, has in a recently published volume propounded the strange theory that mere learning has, perhaps, done its utmost in exploring the mind of the greatest of mediæval poets, and that further light may best be got from a study of the miniatures which decorate the earlier manuscripts of the *Divina Commedia*. He asserts unhesitatingly that we must turn to the illuminators and painters of the fourteenth century if we would attempt to discover what images stood before Dante's mind when he was writing the profoundly imaginative work to which, as he himself tells us, both Heaven and Earth had set their hands. Mr. Berenson is accustomed, when he writes about pictures, to lay stress upon what he calls visualisation, or the power which artists and lovers of the arts possess of retaining a vivid mental image of an object or scene. He argues that, as Dante was a lover of the arts, the visual images formed in his mind must have been largely determined by the works of art with which he was intimately acquainted. We are asked to believe not only that Dante's conception of the Virtues, the Heavenly Host, Christ, the Virgin and St. Francis could not have been very different from Giotto's, but also that the 'visual image' of Beatrice herself must have closely resembled one of that painter's 'sleek-faced, almond-eyed, waistless women.'

Let us, to begin with, see how Dante represents the Virtues to which Mr. Berenson first refers. In the triumphal procession of the twenty-ninth canto of the *Purgatorio* they are described as ladies dancing in a ring, three at the right and four at the left wheel of the chariot of Beatrice. Of those on the right, one was so red that she would hardly have been marked within the fire, the second was as if her flesh and bones had been made of emerald, the third appeared like newly fallen snow. The four ladies to the left were clad in purple, and they followed in the steps of one of their number who had three eyes in her head. This description



hardly recalls the art either of Giotto or the miniaturists: although the lovely colours of the windows in the lower church of St. Francis at Assisi, if they were finished before Dante wrote the *Purgatorio*, might possibly have suggested it. Less painter-like still is the vision which we get of the Blessed Virgin in the thirty-first canto of the *Paradiso*. In the far distance, within the great white rose of the Celestial Paradise, Dante beheld an oriflamme, most brilliant at its centre and gradually diminishing its brightness all around; and at that centre with their wings outspread, he saw more than a thousand angels, each different in kind and splendour, making festival. He tells us that he there beheld a beauty, which was joy in the eyes of all the other saints, smiling upon the playful sports and singing of the angelic host. The beautiful idea of the saints in Heaven rejoicing in the beauty of the Virgin Mother, who sits smiling upon the games and songs of the angels playing like children round her throne, is conveyed with inimitable skill by the fewest possible touches; but the art here displayed owes nothing to the pictorial artists of the fourteenth century. Still less could the more than half-closed eyes in the pictures of that age be associated in any way with Dante's brilliant conception of the joyous light beaming from the 'emeralds,' whence Love had been wont to draw his shafts, and upon which the poet, after ten years of separation, gazed so intently in the Earthly Paradise, that he lost all power of sight. Dante, lover-like, is never tired of dwelling on the beauty of his lady's eyes, but he naturally tells us nothing of her waist. We cannot, therefore, test Mr. Berenson's assurance that her figure, in Dante's imagination, must have been as waistless as the women of Giotto. We know that when she descended into Limbo, to beg the aid of the courteous Mantuan spirit for her friend's salvation, her eyes shone brighter than a star, and that she spoke softly and gently with an angel's voice. We are told that she turned away her bright eyes weeping when she had finished her appeal to Virgil; but not a hint is vouchsafed to us as to her bodily form, nor is a word said as to her apparel, although in the famous scene of the mystic procession at the latter part of the *Purgatorio* we have colour at least in the flame-coloured robe and green mantle and the long white veil bound with an olive wreath.

It is a remarkable circumstance that, throughout the whole course of the *Divina Commedia*, not a single fact is recorded as to the personal appearance of so important a character in the story as Virgil, the 'sweet father and guide' who leads Dante through the dark pit of Hell and up the sides of the mountain of Purgatory to the river bounding the Garden of Eden on its summit. Not only is no suggestion given which would support Mr. Berenson's assertion that Virgil appeared in Dante's mind dressed like a mediæval schoolman, but there is nothing whatever to indicate whether he was clothed at all.

It is insisted upon over and over again, in the *Inferno*, that the lost spirits were naked ; but as to the appearance of the spirits of Purgatory we have hardly anything to guide us. It is certainly nowhere said that they were naked ; and, in fact, the envious are given earth-coloured mantles, although possibly solely for symbolical purposes. At the same time, the use of the word ' mantle ' might reasonably be held to imply an under-garment or robe. It might also be fairly argued, from the circumstance that the leanness of the spendthrifts and misers in the *Purgatorio* is only mentioned as affecting their faces, that their bodies were conceived as covered. There is, I think, one touch, and only one which may be supposed to imply that the mighty spirits of old in Limbo, within the noble castle seven times encircled with lofty walls, were not naked like the miserable denizens of the circles of Hell. Amongst the spirits assembled on the smooth green lawn, within the castle walls, Dante was shown Cæsar with the falcon eyes ' armed '—a word which, thus used by a writer of the beginning of the fourteenth century, must be held to imply that the founder of the Roman Empire appeared clad in chain mail.

If there is any truth in Mr. Berenson's theory that the form of Dante's imagination was largely conditioned by his knowledge of contemporary works of painting, it may be tested in the most convincing way, perhaps, by trying how far it applies to the description of supernatural or imaginary beings, which the poet can never have seen in reality, but whose representations in painting he must have known more or less familiarly. He describes himself, in the romantic story of his boyish love, the *Vita Nuova*, as being on one occasion absorbed in the occupation of drawing the figure of an angel on certain tablets—no doubt wax tablets are meant. It is clear from the context that he was endeavouring to portray the form and features of his dead mistress, of whom the passers-by in the streets had said, ' This is not a woman, but rather one of the most beautiful angels in Heaven.' We must readily allow that Dante, however much he may have been inspired by the memory of Beatrice, could not have inscribed on those tablets the figure of an angel very different from those of contemporary painters and illuminators. The art of painting in Italy was in a very immature condition at that time and its resources were extremely limited, even in the hands of so great an innovator upon Byzantine tradition as Giotto. But Mr. Berenson seems altogether oblivious of a fact which Dante constantly lays the greatest stress upon : the immeasurable distance that may exist between a mental conception and the power of realising—or, in other words, expressing—it. Assuming that Dante had some training as a draughtsman, a matter on which we are wholly ignorant, he was necessarily a mere child with the pencil, whilst with the pen he was a mighty master, having at his full command the accumulated treasures of sacred and classical literature,

besides the intellectually brilliant, though somewhat barren, philosophy of such a fine thinker as St. Thomas Aquinas.

The first occasion—the only one in the *Inferno*—on which an angel appears is when the truculent demons, after parleying a while with Virgil at the entrance of the City of Dis, suddenly rush within the gates and shut them in his face. The resources of human wisdom are exhausted, and the poet looks for help, not in vain, from above.

And now there came o'er the perturbed waves  
Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made  
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind  
Impetuous, from conflicting vapours sprung,  
That 'gainst some forest driving all his might,  
Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls  
Afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps  
His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherd fly.

Mine eyes he loosed, and spake: 'And now direct  
Thy visual nerve along that ancient foam,  
There, thickest where the smoke ascends.' As frogs  
Before their foe the serpent, through the wave  
Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one  
Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits  
Destroy'd, so saw I fleeing before one  
Who passed with unwet feet the Stygian sound.  
He, from his face removing the gross air,  
Oft his left hand forth stretched, and seem'd alone  
By that annoyance wearied. I perceived  
That he was sent from heaven.

To the admirers of Dante the original words are too familiar to need quotation; yet how vividly does this simple narrative, even in the imperfect translation of Cary, bring the marvellous scene before us! But where is the 'unequally plasticity' which Mr. Berenson finds in Dante's descriptions; and how would the fourteenth-century miniaturists help us to realise it?

It may be objected that I have selected the description of a scene, rather than of a personality, and that something of a more directly personal and purely descriptive character should be quoted. Let us, then turn to the account of the Valley of the Kings in the *Purgatorio*. There the angels, armed with fiery swords, who guard the valley from the attacks of the fell serpent, are dressed in trailing robes of green, brilliant in colour like the newly sprouted leaves, their wings also of green. Dante could see their fair hair (this is a lovely touch of nature), but their faces were so bright he could not look upon them.

So far as I can see, this description is based neither on painting nor sculpture. The same may be said of the angels of the *Rose of Paradise* with their faces of living flame, their wings of gold and all the rest of them whiter than snow. Dante's angels are rather

inspired by Holy Writ than by the painter's or sculptor's art; and when he adds ideas of his own, they come direct from nature. Thus he speaks of 'an angel with widespread wings which seemed like a swan's'—very unlike Giotto's angels' wings, by the bye; and the beat of the wings of one of the angels of Purgatory gave forth the fragrance of ambrosia, whose odour brought back the memory of the wind of May laden with the scent of wild herbs and flowers.

It will generally be allowed that one of the most powerful creations of Dante's imagination is the monster Geryon, on whose back Virgil and he descend into Malebolge. The appearance of this symbol of Fraud is described more fully perhaps than that of any being met with in the poet's fateful journey. His face was like that of an honest man, but all the rest of him reptilian. He had paws and hairy arms; and his neck, breast, and flanks were brilliant with many coloured knots and circlets like Tartar or Turkish carpets. These descriptive details, however, count for very little in the horror which the descent into Malebolge creates in our mind. It is the description of the movements of the beast, and not his hybrid form, which stirs the imagination of the reader. We dimly see his monstrous shape swimming upwards to us from the dark depths of the central shaft of Hell 'like a man coming up to the surface of the sea, who has dived down to loose an anchor from the rocks.' We see the brute landing his head and bust upon the margin of the pit, whilst his quivering tail, armed like a scorpion's, hangs in the abyss, often twisting upwards its <sup>poisoned</sup> fork. When the poets have mounted on his back (Dante <sup>became</sup> dead with fear), slowly the monster, sliding off the bank, turns <sup>he on</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>back</sup> <sup>and</sup>; and, as he finds himself at free play in the void, gently descends in spiral course, stretching out his tail like an eel, and gathering the air together to him with his paws. The mere mention of the fact that the poet did not notice the descent otherwise than by the wind upon his face coming upwards from below, makes us realise the movement as nothing else could do. How can the miniaturists of the fourteenth century help us to a 'visual image' of this scene?

From Geryon we may naturally pass to the consideration of the outward form of Dante's devils. Here he has frankly accepted the popular conception of his age, which was probably more accurately embodied in sculpture than in painting. His devils are winged, have beast-like heads of various sorts, and tails. From the one of them who carried a sinner by the heels, head downwards, over his back, being spoken of as 'light upon the feet,' it may be inferred that bird's feet, commonly given to devils in mediæval art, are indicated. A rather detailed description is given of Satan himself, the evil worm who was created more noble than any other of God's creatures. He is conceived as fixed in the centre of the world and of the universe in the form of an enormous bat, some seventy feet high, with shaggy

sides and a head bearing three faces, one in front and one over each shoulder. The central face is crimson in colour, the one over the right shoulder pale yellow, and that over the left shoulder black; beneath each face there is a pair of wings. Of this description the last-mentioned feature may be called the least pictorial; and the early illustrators had to meet the difficulty either by suppressing two of the pairs of wings or by attaching all three pairs to the shoulders. It is fair to surmise that Dante had not a very clear 'visual image' of Minos when he thought of him as a devil with a tail long enough to go nine times round his body. Here, as in the case of men and angels in other parts of his poem, it is the conception of the devils in action rather than their grotesque bodily forms that shows the imaginative power of the poet.

I must not omit to mention that Mr. Berenson cites the detailed account of the marble reliefs on the walls of the first terrace of Purgatory as evidence of the plastic quality of Dante's conceptions. According to our critic, 'these reliefs are simply the description of the visual images called up in Dante's mind by the acts of humility.' If, however, anyone without any preconceived notions on the subject, will read lines 28 to 96 of the tenth canto of the *Purgatorio*, he will, I think, see that what Dante really describes are the acts of humility themselves, and that he gives no idea of a representation in sculpture beyond making the bare statement that the scenes were carved on the very marble. When he adds that not only Polycletus but nature itself would have been put to shame there, we may regard the statement as a mere echo of the exaggerated stories in classical writers illustrating the imitative perfection of painting or sculpture. But when we are told that the smoke of the incense burnt before the Ark of the Covenant was carved so naturally that only the sense of smell gave assurance that the fumes were not real, or, again, that the golden eagles of Trajan, in the story of *Justice to the Widow*, moved in seeming to the wind, it becomes hard to believe that Dante had in his mind any clear image of the scene as sculpture. Mr. A. J. Butler, in his note on the passage of the *Purgatorio* here in question, expresses doubts about the ordinary view that the Roman eagles in the scene are meant to be embroidered in gold on a banner which waved in the wind. He says that Dante must have known that the eagles were not banners, as sculptural representations of Roman triumphs, &c., are common. Apart, however, from the fact that by the fourteenth century the ruins of Imperial Rome had been so built over and disguised that there was very little in the way of sculptural representations to be seen, we must bear in mind that in the writings of Dante there is an almost total absence of allusion to Roman architecture or sculpture. Lanciani, who gives the honour of the first revival of classical archæology to Cola di Rienzi, 'the last of the Tribunes,' and denies it

to Dante or Petrarch, points out that, although Dante must have been intimately acquainted with the amphitheatre at Verona—to say nothing of the Roman remains of the finest period at Arles and Nîmes—he never alludes to them. The tombs by the Rhone at Arles and those at Pola are almost the only Roman remains mentioned in the *Divina Commedia*. If Dante saw some of those now in the museum at Arles, he had an opportunity of knowing something about Roman sculpture, but whether he really looked at the tombs except as a group ‘making all the place uneven’ may well be doubted. In the *Paradiso* he alludes to the pilgrim coming to see Rome and its mighty works; but it is by no means certain that he refers to classical remains: on the contrary, there is strong presumption against it. He notes the astonishment of the pilgrim when the Lateran church and palace, probably then the most conspicuous group of buildings in Rome, break upon his sight; but the Colosseum and the Pantheon are not mentioned.

Lanciani and others assert that the idea of the relief of Trajan and the widow, alluded to above, was derived from a relief on a triumphal arch, called the Arch of Piety, which formerly stood opposite the Pantheon, but was destroyed by Pope Alexander the Seventh. This relief contained a female figure, representing a conquered nation, kneeling and begging for mercy before the Roman invader. There is, however, no real authority for the statement, which is not very probable in itself. It seems that the relief was popularly associated with the story about Trajan, but it is almost certain that Dante’s version of that story was derived, as Paget Toynbee supposes, from the *Fiore di Filosofia* which borrowed it from the *Speculum Historiale* of Vincent of Beauvais.

In the generation before Dante, the sculptor’s art, which had long been utterly dead in Italy, although it was flourishing in France and even in England, had new life given to it by Niccola Pisano, who derived his inspiration from the study of Roman sarcophagi; and then again, in Dante’s own time, Giovanni Pisano, who seems to have been acquainted with the sculpture of the North gave the art a dramatic force and freedom wanting in his father’s work. Dante must often have seen with his bodily eyes the fine, sculptured pulpits of these masters, but neither their works nor their names are anywhere mentioned by him. Kraus has remarked the absence of mention of the great monuments of Gothic architecture in Italy, but the terms in which Dante speaks of the baptistry of Florence, *il mio bel San Giovanni*, show that he was not altogether insensible to the charms of fine architecture. The almost total absence of allusion in Dante’s works to the material remains of that Roman Empire whose origin and course through the centuries he so magnificently describes in the sixth canto of the *Paradiso*, presents the most striking contrast with the extent of his acquaintance with Greek and Roman

literature as evidenced by the use he made of them in his writings. Dr. Edward Moore, who has gone most carefully into this subject, tabulates more than three hundred references by Dante to Aristotle, about two hundred to Virgil, one hundred to Ovid, fifty to Cicero, between ten and twenty to Horace and Livy, besides an appreciable number to Homer, Plato, Juvenal, Seneca, Ptolemy, and Æsop.

It would seem, then, that Dante, as a poet, was but very little indebted to either painting or sculpture. The numerous instances which are given by writers on this subject of supposed borrowings of ideas from pictures or other works of art are purely conjectural, and are most naturally accounted for by the circumstance that Dante's main theme was identical with that of the artists—the great mediæval science of theology. The commonplace illustrations of that science were naturally made use of by both freely, and coincidence proves nothing but a common literary origin. A great deal too much has been made of some extremely obvious references in Dante's writings to the simplest facts with regard to drawing—as, for example, when he says that a painter must first have formed an idea of a figure before he can put it down on paper, or that artists work from a model, or that they cannot make proper use of acquired skill of hand if the hand trembles. Kraus, in his very full, but by no means convincing, discussion of Dante's relation to the formative arts, argues quite seriously that the points I have just mentioned prove that Dante habitually frequented the workshops of painters.<sup>1</sup> It is admitted that we have nothing to show where and when Dante and Giotto met, and that their having met at all is nothing more than probable, although the vault of the lower church of St. Francis at Assisi bears sufficient testimony of Giotto's having been acquainted with Dante's writings some years after the poet was dead. We have Dante's own assurance that he was personally acquainted with one artist, the miniaturist Oderisi of Gubbio, into whose mouth he puts the constantly quoted passage about Cimabue and Giotto.

Whatever the extent of Dante's interest in or knowledge of art

<sup>1</sup> If the interpretation of *Paradiso* XXIV. suggested by Gildenmeister and endorsed by Kraus could be accepted, it would be the strongest argument in favour of the view that Dante had a more intimate knowledge of the art of painting than can be gathered from his writings elsewhere. But this entirely depends in the first place upon the point whether the word *pieghe* means folds in the passage in question, which is very doubtful, and then upon our acceptance of the absurd supposition that colours can be too bright (*troppo color vivo*) for painting folds—or drapery, as A. J. Butler translates it. Kraus explains that the shaded parts in drapery with folds require the most delicate handling, in order that the colour may not be too bright (*lebhaft*). If, however, he had looked at a fourteenth-century picture, such as one of the brilliant little Duccios in our National Gallery, he would have seen that the folds are not shaded as in modern practice, but are painted with richer and stronger tones of the same colour as the parts of the drapery free from folds. In fact, Duccio, following the Byzantine manner, sometimes paints the folds of drapery in gold. There is an example of it in Trafalgar Square.

may have been, he was most certainly a keen and close observer of all the ordinary sights and sounds of nature. The form of his imagination was, in fact, mainly conditioned by his direct observation of nature and human life. In this respect he differed but little from the greatest of the painters and sculptors of Greece, Italy, or France but, unlike the artists, he expressed his ideas by purely literary methods having no relation to those of either sculpture or painting. 'The unequalled plasticity of all his descriptions,' which has so impressed Mr. Berenson, has no real existence. It is only the art critics' misinterpretation of the clear, logical, and definite form of conception which is most characteristic of the genius of the Latin nations and finds its highest expression in the *Divina Commedia*.

The method of Dante is the method of Homer so ably explained by Lessing in his *Laocoon*, where he clearly lays down the essential difference between poetry and painting, 'the one a visible progressive action, the various parts of which follow one another in time, the other a visible stationary action the development of whose various parts takes place in space.' When Lessing asserts that we can recall a motion more vividly and easily than mere forms and colour he expressed not only his own experience but the common experience of mankind. This assertion may not be true of a Michel Angelo or a Tintoretto; but even Mr. Berenson cannot suppose that Dante was a genius as a painter, assuming that he could paint at all.

Although Dante, like Homer, conveys to us his imaginations by descriptions of progressive actions in time, and not by figures or combinations of figures in space, he follows the 'Sovereign Poet' also in the great use he makes of elaborated similes; and of course he does not disdain to give descriptive touches which fire the imagination of the reader, although he does not describe in detail.

Ruskin in the second volume of *Modern Painters* carefully defines the different action of fancy and imagination. He rightly I think, lays down the rule that 'the imagination sees the heart and inner nature and makes them felt, but is often obscure, mysterious, and interrupted in its giving of outer detail.' The absence of full and detailed portraiture of the outside of things in Dante's poetry would thus be accounted for irrespective of his great use of the true literary method explained by Lessing. This explanation is perfectly good within its proper limits, but the literary character of Dante's imagination has been far too much overlooked by modern writers. It is by following the method peculiar to his own art, the art of poetry, that he exercises such a powerful spell over the minds of artists. Actions are most clearly and vividly seen and described by him, but the actors themselves are not directly or distinctly pictured, and the total result cannot in any intelligible sense of the word be called plastic. Dante was, as I have already shown, deeply read in the poets as well as in the historians and other prose writers of antiquity. It is inconceivable,



therefore, that he did not know that Virgil, Statius and the other classical figures of his drama were men of another carriage and another costume than the men of his own age. There can consequently be no justification for the assertion that the illustrations in the fourteenth-century manuscripts, which make Virgil look like a mediæval doctor, are identical with or in any way resemble Dante's visual image of Virgil. I believe that Dr. Moore, who not long ago showed us how closely the Florentine poet has followed the expressions and thoughts of his Roman predecessor, has given a more real help to those who wish to enter into the mind of the author of the *Divina Commedia* than anything that can be got from the study of the work of the miniaturists, who were totally unable to embody the powerful conception of their great contemporary.

Mr. Berenson has from time to time made some interesting suggestions in his own special field of study, that of Italian painting, but his recent excursion into the province of early Italian literature can hardly, I think, be called a fortunate one.

ALFRED HIGGINS.

## THE ASCENDENCY OF THE FUTURE

SOME years ago Mr. Kidd attracted general attention by his book upon *Social Evolution*, and now develops the same theme in *A Study of Western Civilisation*. Mr. Kidd has been profoundly impressed by the great social problems of our time; he has endeavoured to regard them in the light of philosophical principles; he has extended his inquiries over a vast range of subjects, from the origin of the Christian Church to the growth of trusts in the United States; and he writes with the fervour and rhetorical force of one who sincerely believes that he has an important message to mankind. I will not waste time by dwelling upon many excellent literary and moral qualities which will, no doubt, recommend his book to many readers. My purpose is simply to inquire into the real meaning and value of his most characteristic doctrine. A certain theory runs through the whole argument, and is supposed by Mr. Kidd to coincide with the latest results of scientific inquiry. I confess that it appears to me to be much in need both of proof and explanation. But I will endeavour to state as briefly as I can what appears to me to be the pith of his argument. I must put aside a good many collateral issues, which could not be discussed in any limited space, were I competent to discuss them at all. Mr. Kidd, in the first place, is an evolutionist. We are all evolutionists. We all agree, at any rate, that to understand an animal form or a political institution we must study the history of its growth. But agreement as to the method may leave diametrical opposition as to the results. We have not decided disputes, but only agreed to refer the decision to a new tribunal. Mr. Kidd's book sufficiently illustrates this fact. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, is regarded by his friends as the true prophet of evolution. Mr. Kidd, on the contrary, takes him to represent an obsolete phase of thought, and devotes much of his argument to the demolition of the Spencerian doctrine. Mr. Kidd again, though an anti-Spencerian, is a thorough Darwinian, but holds that Professor Weismann must be taken as the legitimate interpreter of Darwin. I have no pretensions to take part in a discussion of Weismannism, but the application of that view made by Mr. Kidd may be sufficiently indicated. Darwin, says Mr. Kidd,

laid down two principles, both of which have been victoriously established. One asserts the variability of the descendants of any organism, and the other the elimination of unfit and the preservation of fit varieties through the struggle for existence. By carrying out these principles systematically we may discover how men grew out of monkeys, or the modern State from the primitive tribe. We have in either case to fix our attention upon the efficiency of the competitors in the struggle. Success proves fitness, and fitness is measured by success. The application of this doctrine to social evolution shocks and alarms many excellent people. If success be the sole test of the goodness of an institution, we have to appeal to might instead of right. We do not ask what ought to be, but simply what is. A race of animals thrives by extirpating its rivals, a civilised nation by extirpating savages, and a manufacturer by ruining his rivals. Our whole knowledge, whether of the physical or the social organism, is based upon experience, and it is idle to say that anything ought to or ought not to have succeeded. 'Ought' means simply 'able.' The ethical principle itself must be evolved from the conditions of success in the struggle, and we cannot lay down any independent criterion of right and wrong. I do not inquire whether this version of Darwinian principles involves any, or, if so, what misrepresentation. Undoubtedly the conclusion, if logical, is unpleasant; and Mr. Kidd offers us a solution of the resulting difficulty.

We escape, according to him, from the pessimistic view when we pass from Darwin to Professor Weismann. The nature of the change in our conceptions is sufficiently indicated by the paper which first announced the later evolutionist theory. Professor Weismann there argued that a race might become more efficient by becoming shorter-lived. That follows, speaking roughly, if by shortening its life the race becomes more prolific or more capable of useful variations. The life of the individual, then, is shortened for the good of its descendants. Success is won by sacrifice—'the sacrifice on a vast scale of the present and the individual in the interests of the future and the universal.' Other phenomena, such as the growing dependence of the offspring upon the parent, show how the burden of the future presses with ever-increasing weight upon the present. The ape, for example, is bothered with parental functions for a longer time than the ostrich, and the ostrich is more heavily burdened than the oyster. Looking back, we see that those forms have succeeded in which the conditions of life 'were most favourable to future generations of their kind. The individuals may have had their struggle burdened, their interests sacrificed, the contents of their lives curtailed in length and breadth, and yet that form must have come down to us as a winning type,' having ousted its competitors whatever their other advantages. This, it seems, entirely alters the case, and alters it for

the better. Nature, we are told, no longer appears to us, as it did to the early Darwinians, the proverbial power with tooth and claw reddened by a perpetual and internecine struggle. When we see that the present is bearing the burden of the future we are reconciled to the suffering involved.

Now this connection between the premisses and the conclusion seems to imply a considerable logical leap. It looks at first sight as if the theory made the prospect worse. 'Hereditry,' according to some people, is bad enough because it makes them suffer for the sins of their ancestors. 'Progenity,' or, as Mr. Kidd calls it, 'projected efficiency,' makes us suffer for the good of our descendants. I am to bear a burden to enable my grandchild to live; and he, as the efficiency is further projected, will have to bear one for the good of his great-grandchild. The race, it seems, is always making advances of happiness in hopes of a repayment which is always being postponed. Meanwhile the struggle goes on in precisely the same way: the weakest is always being thrust to the wall, and the only difference is that the strongest is himself no better for his victory. Some comfort may be derived from a consideration noticed by Mr. Kidd. 'Though the operation of natural selection,' he says, 'tends to be, as it were, projected into the future, the battleground remains, and must for ever remain, in the present.' That is undeniable; though for 'tends to be, as it were,' I should substitute 'is not really.' I compete with my contemporaries, not with unborn and non-existent generations. A race cannot possibly succeed in virtue of qualities which fit it for the future unless they also fit it for the present. To put it in that way is to invert cause and effect. We may reason backwards or forwards—from cause to effect, or from effect to cause. Given the powder there 'must be' an explosion, and given the explosion there 'must have been' powder. The two statements imply each other, but that does not make the explosion the cause of the powder. The existing form 'must have been' the fittest, whatever its disadvantages, undoubtedly, since it has succeeded; and it is equally true that, whatever the disadvantages, they 'must have been' compatible with success in the actual struggle. A race survives at every stage by fitness for the actual conditions. When a variety comes into existence, and ousts the old form, it has made a successful experiment. It has acquired some new properties and lost others, but, taking the variation all round, it is a more efficient form. It follows, again, that the properties which it inherits are so far turned to a new account. The ancestral form, therefore, transmitted qualities which were not useful to itself in the same way. The new generation has to start with the old organisation, and in that sense the old provides the materials which are worked up into a new shape. If, however, we say that the present is 'subordinate' to the future, we assert equally that the future is limited by the present. It is quite true that a race will

have posterity if the properties which it transmits are adapted to the needs of the future. It 'must have' had them if the posterity exists. But that does not alter the other fact—that the properties must always have been useful. The utility now does not prove inutility in the past, and no progress can be made except by making new application of the results achieved under previous conditions.

Where, then, is the 'sacrifice'? A race which is stamped out can have no posterity, good or bad. 'The individual,' says Mr. Kidd, is sacrificed because its life is shortened. But it is not the same individual. It is a new form (say), with shorter life but with greater powers of varying or reproducing its kind. We are not comparing two individuals, differing solely in length of life, but two varieties, one of which has longer life, and the other greater powers of a different kind. The very essence of the doctrine is that the new organisation differs throughout from the old, and is, as a whole, more efficient. If by 'sacrifice' is meant a sacrifice of happiness, I do not see how the problem can be solved. The shorter life may be also the merrier, or the pleasures of a large family compensate for the loss of a more solitary prolongation of life. All that the evolutionist can say is that the more efficient form survives, whether it be or be not the form which gets most pleasure out of its existence. The argument, so far, seems only to state the very obvious truth that those forms will continue to have descendants which are either themselves fitted to permanent conditions and have transmitted such fitness, or are themselves fitted to the conditions, and whose descendants have in some way managed to make a better use of their inherited properties. But a sacrifice of actual fitness in consideration of something that will be fitness hereafter must always be suicidal.

When, therefore, Mr. Kidd uses language which seems to imply some kind of mysterious preadaptation, his theory seems to be equally incompatible with Darwin and with Weismann, or any intelligible view of the struggle for existence. His mode of statement is really, as I think, an erroneous application of another very simple principle. Individuals and races will survive which are best adapted to reach the future. They must, then, act in the present so as to meet the coming danger. The animal which runs away when it sees an enemy will live, and the animal which does not will be eaten. The human being has a better chance of survival in proportion to his powers of forecast. A power of anticipating the future is, therefore, a factor of the highest importance for preserving a race, though the future itself cannot be a factor at all. When Mr. Kidd speaks of the 'ascendency of the present' as an evil, he is most obviously right, if he means simply indifference to all the consequences of our actions. Man, as Hamlet tells us, differs from the beast in that he 'looks before and after.' Or, in Johnson's famous phrase, which might have been a motto for Mr. Kidd's book: 'Whatever with-

draws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of human beings,' and gives us, as the evolutionist adds, a better chance in the struggle. Another equally obvious truth, which Mr. Kidd seems to identify with this principle, is that a race thrives by developing social qualities. And in both cases we may certainly say that a sacrifice of individuals is often demanded. The savage who lives from hand to mouth and will not sow seed because he cannot look forward to a harvest escapes a good many anxieties. The selfish man who will not die for his country or take care of his family escapes the fate which patriotism or the domestic affections would involve. But when we say that 'the individual' suffers, we must again remember that the individual has become different. We have to compare the prudent man with the thoughtless. So far as a man looks forward, the present gains new values. It is contemplated as the necessary stage towards future pains or pleasures. Life in general is enriched by a greater variety of interests. So the man who identifies himself with the society in which he lives has a vast variety of interests inaccessible to the simply egoistic. Whether, on the whole, the change of character involves 'sacrifice' of happiness is another question. It does so, of course, in particular cases. But moralists are generally disposed to think that men gain even in happiness by becoming more thoughtful, more prudent, and more capable of all the social affections. On the whole we are, I am inclined to guess, not only more efficient but happier than our ancestors the apes. The oyster, in spite of Sheridan, cannot be crossed in love, but he also loses the pleasure of love-making. The comparison is not between two men, one of whom is forced and the other not forced to sacrifice the present to the future, but between the man to whom the present means only the present, and the man to whom the present includes the foretaste of an indefinite variety of future joys and sufferings. Nobody can really live in two centuries at once; but the power of anticipating future centuries adds enormously to the efficiency, and gives a wholly new meaning and a different set of values to all our present conduct.

It seems to me, therefore, that Mr. Kidd inserts a kind of mystical or transcendental meaning into some very simple truths by a misuse of language. I cannot see that any sacrifice is involved in what he calls the 'ascendency of the future,' and am therefore unable to follow his applications of the formula. I am afraid, to speak frankly, that it presents itself to me as a paralogism. A race continues because what it does to-day will also be good for it to-morrow; not because it does what is bad for it to-day and will be good in the future. Mr. Kidd, however, finds in his theory a clue to the history of the Western races, and explains the strength and weakness of the ancient city State, of early Christianity, of the mediæval Church and Empire,

of Protestantism and modern democracy, and of the great economic movements of the present. I cannot follow him over so wide a field, but I will speak briefly of certain salient points.

No problem can be more interesting than that of the growth of the Christian creed and Church. In treating the enormously difficult questions which arise the evolutionist must accept certain canons. Since it is his principle that the growth of every institution implies a continuous reconstruction of the existing order, he must reject the supernatural explanation which supposes a discontinuity caused by the impact of inscrutable forces. The success of the new order implies, again, that it was in some way fitted to the general social and intellectual condition; but the 'fitness' in that sense may, of course, imply an acceptance of error. The new creed must be a modification of the old in order to gain a hearing; though in the long run it may derive strength from being a closer approximation to truth than its predecessor. The endurance of a creed affords some presumption that it has this advantage. But the success of the religion must depend upon the whole set of intellectual, social, ethical, and political conditions of the time; and it must be a task of enormous difficulty to unravel all the complex relations involved, and to assign with any confidence the precise secret of the vitality of the successful system. Mr. Kidd, of course, does not attempt fully to investigate this gigantic problem; but he accepts a view which will have the merit—for many readers—of falling in with orthodox opinion, and being a kind of translation of familiar assumptions into the language of science. He repeats the old contrast between the haughty Stoic and the humble Christian. Stoicism, he says in a phrase of Mr. Lecky's, was a 'majestic egoism.' It aimed at 'creating a kind of equilibrium of the intellect centred in itself and in the present time.' With Christianity 'human consciousness becomes related to the principles which transcend all the existing interests of the individual and all the recognised aims of the State.' For the 'equilibrium' it substitutes 'the entire insufficiency of the individual to fulfil the standard required of him by any merit, however transcendent.' Therefore it expresses that 'larger principle of the evolutionary process which is destined in time to control all the phenomena of history'—the principle, that is, 'that the present and all its interests is, by necessity inherent in the evolutionary process, to pass entirely under the control of the future and the infinite.' Now, it is true that Christianity succeeded, and that Stoicism failed, in the attempt to become a religion. Christianity, therefore, was best suited to the wants of the time. Some people, however, at the present day find Marcus Aurelius more congenial than Augustine; and Mr. Kidd, as an admirer of Kant, would agree, I think, that the 'categorical imperative' has more affinity to Stoicism than to the Christian teaching. This suggests the question

whether the success of Christianity was due to its infusion of truth or to congeniality to existing and perhaps superstitious modes of belief. According to Augustine, morality rests upon the relation of man to an infinite and inconceivable Being who is yet endowed with personality. The elaboration of this conception led ultimately, as Mr. Kidd remarks, to those controversies over predestination, free-will, and so forth, which were once so intensely interesting. Such controversies bring out the antinomy which results when the omnipotent Creator has to be identified with the personal ruler. They have ceased to be interesting because even divines have given them up as insoluble. Many evolutionists will draw an inference the reverse of Mr. Kidd's. They will hold that the religion succeeded for the time because the anthropomorphic element was congenial to the prevalent belief; and that it decayed just because it included a 'transcendental' element, or attempted to get beyond the limits of human intelligence. So far from embodying the evolutionary principle, it was inconsistent with that principle. Instead of ordering that men should subordinate the present to the future—that is, to the future of the evolutionist—it ordered him to look to a 'future' in a totally different world. The 'controlling centre of human consciousness,' says Mr. Kidd, 'passed out of the present.' Possibly; but where was the new centre? It is not the same whether I subordinate the present to the future in the sense of looking forward till to-morrow, or subordinate it in the sense of attending to my dreams of heaven and hell instead of attending to actual facts. By what criterion must we judge of the true secret of vitality? There can be no doubt as to the alternative which must be taken by the evolutionist. He is bound to interpret the success of Christianity, so far as it succeeded, to its suitability to the conditions of the time. The whole order of things of which it formed a part was, he may infer, superior to the preceding, and the superiority was proved by its efficiency in the complicated struggle. The social organism was transformed into a more advanced stage—one, let us say, in which the permanent conditions of social health were more fully realised. Now, if it could be argued that the success resulted from not recognising those conditions, we should certainly have a remarkable result; but it would contradict the great evolutionary principle. What, then, is really meant by the statement about 'the centre of human consciousness'? It sounds like a familiar Christian principle. Ostensibly, no doubt, Christians told men to think of a world anything but continuous with this—to a world where there is no marriage or giving in marriage, and where all the conditions of this life are entirely abolished. Human nature was held to be corrupt at the core; the State was the work rather of the devil than of the Deity; and a man's aim was to be the saving of his soul, not the welfare of the State or the race to which he belonged. The logical development of such a creed, as Mr. Kidd again notices, sent Stylitus to his pillar, and declared



the sexual instinct to be essentially evil. Life was regarded as a state of probation: but not a probation which is to eliminate those who are unfit for this world, but to make that unfitness a claim for an eternity of happiness. It is, of course, obvious that the success of such a creed—had it been the really operative creed, instead of being a theory as to what the creed ought to be—would have been opposed to evolution principles. As a matter of fact, I suppose, the Christianity which seriously accepted that version led to decay instead of success. The Christianity which succeeded was that which made a compromise with opposite principles. It is a commonplace that a race which seriously accepted the morality of the Sermon on the Mount would have been stamped out. Had Christians always turned the second cheek there would have been no Christians left. 'The actual polity of Europe,' says a recent eloquent writer,<sup>1</sup> 'is of the earth, earthy, while from heaven, far above, cries like a ghost the voice of the Nazarene, as pure, as clear, as inefficient as when first it flung from the shores of Galilee its challenge to the world-sustaining power of Rome.' It may be held, of course, that the Christian morality, though impracticable in its absolute form, was an essential factor in the humanisation of the world. It was a mode of condemning the materialism and selfishness of the existing order. The priest had to make an alliance with the soldier and the secular ruler, and the Church and the Empire came into a relation of reciprocal support. The actual morality, therefore, was a compromise, which certainly admitted conduct quite incompatible with the ostensible code. The evolutionist, at any rate, is bound to accept this view; and it implies that the supposed transference of the 'centre of consciousness' is an illusion. The 'centre of consciousness' must, I fancy, always remain just where it always was—in the conscious being. He may fancy that he is arguing from a 'transcendental' to the actual world; but he is really arguing in the inverse direction. He comes to object to certain modes of conduct, and infers that the men guilty of them will be damned. He talks as if the damnation had been revealed to him and the evil nature of the conduct inferred. His logic is therefore confused and his doctrine in many ways erroneous; but it is his practical conclusions that are important, and not the way in which they are supposed to be reached. Whether we consider an animal species or a social institution, the evolutionist must study the actual world, and not pretend to base his speculations upon data outside of all possible experience. Christianity, and every other religion, must be taken to have succeeded so far as it managed to recognise the existing conditions; and the attempt to deduce the actual from the transcendental led to logical confusion, and only escaped from being fatal because it was not the real process of thought.

<sup>1</sup> The author of *John Chinaman*.

This leads to another difficulty. What was the change implied by the growth of Christianity? Mr. Kidd can tell us what was 'the meaning of the ancient world.' He can pack it into a single formula — 'the ascendancy of the present.' This, however, is identified with a different phrase. The ruling end was 'the subordination of the individual to existing society,' whereas in a later stage 'the existing society is itself destined to be subordinated to a meaning projected beyond the content of its political consciousness.' Here, it seems to me, we are really introduced to a different set of considerations. The ascendancy of the present was shown by the old city State of the classical nations. The ancient Greek or Roman was entirely devoted to the interests of the little body which was to him at once his Church and State and a good deal more than his Royal Academy. His morality was confined to his duty to his fellow-citizens, and implied absolute indifference to the interests either of outside peoples or of the slaves who formed so large a part of the community. How, in the first place, does this mean an 'ascendancy of the present'? The patriotism of the old citizen implied his identification with the interests of an organism which had a life of indefinite duration. If Leonidas died for the sake of Sparta, he must have been moved by hopes and fears for the future, and partly by devotion to other interests than his own. 'Ascendancy of the present' sometimes seems to be identified with the ascendancy of merely sensual enjoyment; as a man who thinks of the present is more likely to prefer a bottle of gin to intellectual pleasure. But that cannot be Mr. Kidd's view, for he tries to prove (by an argument which I cannot follow) that the Greek supremacy in art was due to the ascendancy of the present. Nobody, in fact, can doubt that, whatever the faults of the Greek's morality, he was abnormally susceptible to intellectual and æsthetic pleasures. His fault seems to be indicated by the other formula about the 'limits of political consciousness.' Now, devotion to a State may be too exclusive, but it does not imply the absence of 'altruistic' sentiment. The objection to the old State is not that men failed to recognise the claims of other people, but that they recognised the claims of too narrow a circle. The code of duty which they observed might be good in substance, but it was only operative within the sphere of fellow-citizenship. In fact, the moral principles admitted by Plato and Aristotle, to say nothing of the later Stoics, have been incorporated in the Christian code, and are admitted to be good as far as they go. The change which is generally supposed to have taken place does not imply a diminishing 'ascendancy of the present,' nor even a sudden appearance of 'altruism,' but simply an extension of the sphere of moral obligation. Men in general, instead of fellow-citizens, were brought within the purview of the moral law. The old citizen was bound to sacrifice himself for the good of his neighbour; but he now began to accept the

interpretation of neighbourhood which was set forth by the good Samaritan; and such a change was obviously correlated to the great political and social changes of the period. When the old States enslaved instead of extirpating, they were making a slight step towards recognising the claims of humanity. When they were broken up, and brought into subordination to a single authority, common and friendly relations could spring up, and—in Mr. Kidd's language—the 'limits of political consciousness,' that is, the exclusive devotion to a little community, would be 'transcended.' How a cosmopolitan religion and a corresponding society, with the distinction between a spiritual and temporal power, grew up is a problem for the learned and philosophical historian. There is, at any rate, no reason why the evolutionist should regard the process as anything but continuous. Mr. Kidd notices the gradual extension of the rights of Roman citizenship and the incorporation into the legal system of the 'humanitarian conceptions of Stoicism.' The spectacle, he says, is 'one of the most striking and imposing in ancient history.' But then, he assures us, the development was 'not a phenomenon of life at all, but a process of death.' The old State, he declares, owed its success to the 'almost savage exclusiveness' of its moral code; and the gradual extension of legal rights meant the decay of the Roman Empire.' As the Roman law, anyhow, survived, and has been a most potent factor in modern civilisation, it seems rather hard to call its development 'a process of death.' But surely the old code did not succeed because it was 'savagely exclusive,' but because it was intensely though narrowly inclusive. It was to the strength of the cohesive, and not the strength of the repulsive, forces that the State owed its power. The process by which the smaller group becomes fused in the larger, and interests grow up which lead to a great association independent of particular States, and involving a separation of the functions previously discharged by the separate bodies, must be taken together as parts of a single elaboration. The growth of a wider humanity must be regarded not as the reversal of an old mode of thought, but as the gradual extension of forces already at work. Mr. Kidd, for example, attributes the decay of slavery to the influence of Christianity. That is to take for granted the results of an exceedingly complicated investigation. The evolutionist will infer that the world reached a stage at which a society of freemen was more efficient than a society of slaves and slave-holders. To explain how that came about would require a consideration of innumerable conditions, social, economical, political, and religious. The growth of the Christian Church was part of a reorganisation and reconstitution of society which implied, we will assume, a new 'enthusiasm of humanity,' a wider recognition of the rights of men as men, and a clearer perception of the permanent conditions of progress. Against that statement, which

is admitted by many authorities outside of Christianity, I have, of course, nothing to say. Only, I do not see how we are enlightened by the doctrine about the ascendancy of the present and the limits of political consciousness. The evolutionist, it seems to me, is bound to consider the whole process as continuous, and as governed by the struggle for existence. Success must mean, for him, that the new order was more efficient than the old, though it was bound to use the old imperfect order. The present was always in the ascendant, as it always must be. But those creeds and institutions succeeded best which implied the closest recognition—more or less explicit—of permanent conditions of welfare. It was not by sacrificing the present to the future, nor by taking a transcendental world for a 'centre of consciousness,' that Christianity succeeded; but by accepting laws good both in the present and future, and managing in a roundabout way to give sound rules of social welfare, obscured by the necessity of adopting transcendental or supernatural language. No ingenuity can make evolutionism of the Darwinian variety supply any test, except that of the fitness of the organism to the actual conditions of growth, or prove that an institution thrives because it neglects those conditions. A creed is forced to express them imperfectly because it must start from the actual beliefs; but the imperfection is a source of weakness, not of strength. Adaptation to the actual conditions is always a condition of success, and to permanent conditions a condition of continuance. But that means fitness for this world, not for a transcendental world, and implies that what Mr. Kidd takes for the merit of the creed was really a necessary defect.

In the survey of European history from the ancient to the modern period Mr. Kidd lays down many generalisations, upon which I cannot touch. His two formulæ, however, remain prominent, and the second, about political consciousness, occurs with rather excessive iteration. The 'tendency of human development,' we are told, 'is to project the controlling meaning of the evolutionary process in society beyond the limits of political consciousness.' A clearer definition of this phrase is much to be desired. It seems to cover the unconscious logical stratagem by which the doctrine about the 'ascendency of the present' is modified so as to bear a really different meaning. The true nature of this phrase is indicated, I think, by the polemic against Mr. Herbert Spencer and the *laissez-faire* or Manchester school. Mr. Kidd is, of course, not alone in regarding their position as obsolete. He observes that they are legitimate descendants from Hume and the empiricists generally. The merit of Kant was the introduction of a transcendent element into speculation; whereas empiricism leads logically to utilitarianism, egoism, and materialism. This recalls the difficulty as to Mr. Kidd's own position. He is a Darwinian; and Darwinism was

suggested by Malthus—whose opinions are described by Mr. Kidd as ‘socially suicidal and biologically foolish.’ Yet the Darwinian applied Malthus: and Professor Weismann develops Darwin. What right has the disciple of Weismann to attack the base of the whole argument? He complains that Mr. Herbert Spencer interprets evolution as a struggle ‘between the past and present,’ which I take to be an impossibility. The Spencerian evolution, this would seem to imply, does not recognise the subordination of the present to the future. Yet evolution, in any form, certainly implies both anticipation of the future and acceptance of the past. Mr. Herbert Spencer looks forward to a millennium as much as Mr. Kidd, though their anticipations of its nature differ materially. The whole empirical school not only believed in ‘progress,’ but made that belief a characteristic tenet.

Was it, then, the fault of the empiricists that they appealed to ‘experience’? Undoubtedly they held—and to my mind it was their special merit—that all scientific knowledge must be based upon experience. That is a tolerably familiar view, and it is needless to repeat the old commonplaces about ‘Baconian induction.’ Social as well as physical science must proceed by the impartial interpretation of Nature. Kant himself admits that knowledge must be in some sense deduced from experience; and if he managed somehow to get into the transcendental world of ‘things in themselves,’ that, as most critics think, was his weakness, if not his inconsistency. The evolutionary theories which started from a transcendental base gave rise to mere cobwebs of the brain, which led to no tangible result; whereas Darwin started an effective working theory, and modified all speculation, precisely because he kept to the solid ground of verifiable experience. A thinker who accepts Darwin is surely bound to repudiate transcendentalism, so far as it professes to override ‘experience.’ We may aim to ‘transcend’ experience in the sense of making the knowledge already gained a base for anticipations of the future of this world; but if we try to get into a transcendental world, we are dropping the substance for the shadow and wasting energy on the hopeless pursuit of chimeras.

There is, no doubt, an important sense in which Mr. Kidd’s criticism may be accepted. The empiricists, as most of us hold, interpreted ‘experience’ too narrowly. They said, rightly, that the mind must have materials to work upon; but they were so anxious to get rid of any ‘innate ideas,’ or ‘intuitions,’ that they came near to abolishing the mind itself. It came to be the name for clusters of ‘ideas,’ bound together by arbitrary assertions, which somehow constituted belief. Their analysis ended in ‘atomism,’ both in physical and moral sciences. The State was regarded as a mere aggregate of individuals instead of an ‘organism’; and the bonds, political or social, which held men together could only be regarded

as modifications of egoism—that is, of the instinct of self-preservation which produces the struggle for existence. So far as Mr. Kidd endorses this judgment I have certainly nothing to say against him; nor do I deny that Mr. Herbert Spencer inherits too much of the corresponding mode of conception. This, however, I take to give the meaning of the formula about the limits of political consciousness. That phrase applies to two schools which would certainly object to being identified: to the individualist, who would reduce the functions of the State to a minimum, and to the Socialist, who would extend them indefinitely. Socialism, in one form, at least, also raises individualism to the highest power. Since every individual has the same right to happiness, all inequalities of wealth must be suppressed by the State. The opposite school holds that since each individual has a right to the fruits of his own labour, the State must protect property and all the inequalities which arise. Monopolies must be suppressed, in order to give each man an equal chance, and a free competition will ensure that the advantages gained by any class will be distributed through the whole society. The Socialist replies that if the State does nothing but secure 'fair play,' the result will be the spontaneous growth of an industrial order from which there is no fairness; and the *laissez-faire* retorts that, if you enforce equality, you destroy all motives for improvement. They are alike, it may be said, in failing to recognise the true nature and utility of the social organism, and of the moral bonds by which it is held together, and therefore fail to recognise the true methods of approximating to a satisfactory reconciliation of the sound doctrine embodied, though without the necessary qualifications, in each of the opposing schools. Mr. Kidd's theory of the modern world seems to correspond to this view. He condemns the Marxian Socialism as 'materialistic,' because it makes the 'economic factor' the ruling factor in human history, and the economic factor means the 'ascendency of the present.' Anyhow, the economic factor is a most essential factor, and if Marx emphasised it too exclusively, he was certainly calling attention to a point of vital importance. History written without reference to economic conditions, to the physical welfare of society, and to the relations between classes and nations which are governed by the industrial development, must be hopelessly superficial. Mr. Kidd fully accepts this obvious truth. The essential fact is that the world at large is becoming the scene of a vast industrial competition, carried on with unprecedented intensity and upon a scale becoming ever more and more gigantic. Following the teaching of German economists of the historical school, he notes that the state of things in which each town formed a closed industrial circle, attending to its own economic interests, has been changed by the fusion of the separate communities into nations. At each step, a wider set of

conditions has come into play, and a corresponding change has taken place in the corresponding organisation. We are now in presence of a cosmopolitan competition, and all races and nations are brought into effective contact. The gigantic struggle for existence will still be carried on, and the result be still governed by 'natural selection.' Success will depend upon the efficiency with which a few great systems of social order have been embodied in the world-process—the principle of the subordination of the present to the future. The struggle will be more strenuous than ever. It will involve a rivalry 'between all the forces within the social consciousness—a rivalry in which the best organisation, the best methods, the best skill, the best abilities, the best Governments, the best standards of action and belief, shall have the right of universal opportunity.' I do not see that Mr. Herbert Spencer or any other evolutionist need object to this statement in general terms. Mr. Kidd, however, holds, as I think, rightly, that an inadequate view of the process is suggested by the doctrine of 'individualism.' That doctrine, as he argues, allows of the formation of such bodies as the Standard Oil Trust of the United States, which is wicked enough to aim simply at making as much money as it can. The principle of free competition thus applied leads to the formation of virtual monopolies. The self-interest is embodied in what Mr. Kidd calls 'absolutisms.' The ordinary illustration is the shortsightedness of the English capitalist, who, before the factory legislation, reduced children to virtual slavery and injured the future efficiency of the race. It is a particular case of the exploitation of the poor man by the capitalist against which Socialism protests. Industry becomes organised on principles which fail to embody sound ethical doctrines; or, as J. S. Mill declared, there is in the present state of society not even an approach to justice, because success is determined less by merit than by accident of position and birth. Here we have, of course, a familiar difficulty, and most people admit that no absolute dogma of either variety can give a satisfactory solution. The doctrine of evolution has been invoked on both sides. Mr. Kidd holds, with Mr. Spencer, that success will be determined by 'natural selection,' or by the struggle for existence. He condemns the individualist, however, for taking an inadequate view of the real conditions of efficiency. The individualist fails to appreciate the truth generally expressed by the statement that society has in some sense an 'organic' character. The Socialist overlooks the utility of the industrial structure, and in advancing an absolute equality attacks necessary conditions of progress. The *laissez-faire* theorist overlooks the fact that the egoistic aims of industrial bodies may lead to oppressive or demoralising systems, not the less mischievous because not directly imposed by the State. The relations between the State and the

individual cannot be laid down absolutely, because society has an exceedingly complex structure; and the problem is to adjust a number of reciprocal relations, including political, economic, religious, and moral factors. Both individualist theories imply a crude and hasty attempt to give absolute, and therefore inadequate, answers to the problems raised by the conflicting forces. Happily, or otherwise, the struggle is really carried on not by abstract logic, but by concrete human beings, who can hardly be said to have theories at all. The attempt to construct theories brings out important aspects; and Socialism or Nihilism draws attention to truths which neither can put into adequate formulas. The evolutionist must hold that mankind is making a series of experiments upon itself, and that the way to found a 'sociology' is to watch the experiment as carefully as possible and try to unravel the conditions of permanent success.

The question remains whether Mr. Kidd's doctrine makes those conditions any clearer. Does he enable us to perceive more clearly the meaning of the great evolutionary principle? I have said sufficiently that the doctrine about the ascendancy of the future appears to me to involve confusion, and a confusion which leads to an awkward mode of twisting sound criticism of individualism into obscure language about the limits of political consciousness. Mr. Kidd tells us that in the good time which is coming 'increments in the profit ownership of the instruments and materials of production which are measured in terms of social utility shall form part of a common inheritance, to which the skill and energies of the individual shall be applied in conditions tending towards equal economic opportunity.' The phrase is, perhaps, a little vague and cumbersome, but it means, I presume, that the new industrial system will be just, and that a man will be rewarded in proportion to his utility to society. We may hope so on the ground that a just will also be an efficient, and therefore a permanent, order. This, again, leads to a doctrine which seems to be given as the conclusion in which the whole argument culminates. It is given in italics.

It is only within the spaces cleared in the world-process round ideals which are in the last resort the expression of the ethical principle here enunciated, and which are held open and free in the present by an irresistible will, operating in obedience to a sense of responsibility to a principle of tolerance transcending the claims of all existing interests, that the controlling meaning of the economic process can ever be permanently projected out of the present on the world-stage.

This, we are further told, is 'the meaning which the peoples that represent certain organised phases of the life of our civilisation are now struggling to express.' They do not seem to have succeeded; so far, in expressing themselves very clearly. The peoples in question are the English-speaking races, who have learnt principles of toleration and free competition, and who also, as Mr. Kidd thinks, represent



a pre-eminently military type. They have still got to learn that selfish and material aims must be controlled by a wider morality based upon the general welfare of the social organism. This suggests some very wide problems. I confess that I do not see that the principle clears up the problem as to the proper relations between the State and the individual, nor do I blame Mr. Kidd for not succeeding in so enormously difficult a task. But I cannot see that it will ever be advanced by phrases about 'the irresistible will' and 'projection of economic processes on the world-stage.' I cannot satisfy myself that I understand what they mean. I only ask, once more, how they are connoted with the principles adapted from Professor Weismann. It seems to me that we are still in presence of the good old struggle for existence. We have still to trust to experience and to muddle on by letting institutions and creeds fight it out by keen competition. I entirely agree that one condition of success is that a race must conform itself to permanent conditions, and therefore not allow an ascendancy of the present in a sense which implies unfitness for the future. If it does, it will, of course, die out in the future. And I agree cordially that a further condition is that the social arrangement should not outrage a sense of justice; or, in other words, that a man's happiness should depend as far as possible upon his intrinsic merit, and not upon accident. The struggle for existence nevertheless improved morality, and improved morality means a more stable order and more vigorous social order. But so far as Mr. Kidd endeavours to show that the process involves a 'sacrifice' of present to the future, or of the actual to the transcendental, it appears to me that he is not applying, but reversing, the true logical development of his first principle. Therefore, though he says a great deal to which I can subscribe, and puts some aspects of the modern struggle in a striking form, I cannot see that his special formulæ, derived from Weismann, take us any further, or, in fact, do anything except put some sound doctrines into a distorted and not very intelligible form.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

## THE GREAT IRISH EPIC

IRISH national life in the last ten years has had a wonderful new literary birth. I remember, less than two decades ago, lamenting with the authoress of the great work of translation now before me that the political campaigns of her people, their wars in Parliament, and battles in the Press during the later half of the nineteenth century had evoked no corresponding movement of romance. The poets of the rebellion had died out, and the notable little volume of verse, *The Spirit of the Nation*, published in 1845 and run to a fiftieth edition, seemed their expiring effort. We grieved together that no Scott, no Burns, showed any sign of being in the field to explain to the outer unbelieving world what treasures of passionate emotion lay buried in Celtic history, the true basis of Ireland's claim to be a nation.

To-day the scene is changed into one of hope, almost of fruition. The nakedness of the bitter political strife has clothed itself anew in poetry, as the winter fields just now in their sudden burst of April green. The language of the people has been rescued from its decay. The Celtic literature, so long despised by schools or universities too ignorant to understand it, has been rehabilitated; and at the present moment the Irish sagas are being accepted by modern criticism as the most interesting as well as the most ancient of Western Europe, the richest in primæval tradition, and the least obscured by Latin uniformity. A band of enthusiastic workers has ransacked the libraries of the world for manuscripts dispersed from Ireland at various tragic dates—the invasions of Elizabeth, the invasions of Cromwell, the invasions of William of Orange. Within the last half-dozen years new poets have sprung up and found more than a local audience, and new Irish plays have been acted on a national stage. Last year Dr. Douglas Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland* claimed the first place in learned attention; and to-day we have Lady Gregory's monumental translation into noble and rhythmic Anglo-Irish prose of the great Erse Epic, *The Life and Death of Cuchulín*. It is of the last that I propose here to say an introductory word.

The Epic cycle of Cuchulín, or Cuchulain, is a series of heroic tales recording the wars of Ulster and Connaught fought towards the

close of pagan times. As Christianity was first preached in Ireland in A.D. 434, the events narrated cannot be less old than the fourth century of our era, and are believed by the German critic Zimmer to have received their literary shape at least as long ago as the seventh or eighth. As is the case with most ancient sagas in whatever language, they are made up of prose and verse, the latter the more ancient, the prose portions being later in date and less fixed in form than the canticles, songs of triumph, and laments, some of which may be contemporaneous with the events themselves. The prose varies much in the various manuscripts, being at first little more than connecting links for the verse, memoranda for the use of reciters, explanations developed from age to age, and becoming longer and more detailed as facilities for writing were acquired by the transcribers. The full text, as we find it now, seems to have been acquired in the twelfth century, and it is from manuscripts of about that date that Lady Gregory has taken most of her translations.

With regard to the historic character of the events there has been hitherto much difference of opinion, but Dr. Hyde has, I think, fairly established it now as authentic—authentic, that is, in the main lines, as the siege of Troy is authentic. As to the details, they have doubtless been filled in, amplified, and changed in the course of the long telling of the story. There is a strong element of the supernatural throughout, just as there is in Homer's narrative; but this is kept well subordinate to the simpler human interest, and the prodigies performed by the heroes are not greater than those of the *Shah-nameh* or the romance of Antar. Of witchcraft and Druidry and second-sight there is abundance. Spells are cast upon whole armies, and at a pinch the champions have resort to magic feats or are themselves assailed by magic. There are transformations into birds and fish and beasts of prey. The gift of prophecy, dimly extant in the *Morte D'Arthur* in the character of Merlyn, is here almost a common thing, and there are twenty ladies at least who, like Morgan le Fay, are of the race of the fairies. Nevertheless it is all strangely real, real in the essential characteristics of Celtic human nature as one can conceive it untinged with Christianity. Nothing is more convincing about the cycle than the absence of all trace in it of Latin influences in the ways of thought or morals. Though the women pride themselves upon their chastity, virginity is no virtue with them. The men have but one wife, but are subject to many lapses, and the estate of marriage seems to both rather a preference than a bond. The women enjoy rights both of property and independence unknown to the Anglo-Saxons. They take part in the councils of war, and occasionally lead armies and fight on the field of battle. Another most convincing characteristic of extreme antiquity is that the fighting is done, not on horseback, but in chariots, and with javelins rather than lances. Each hero has with him, as at

Troy, his charioteer, and carries spear and shield. This is the true aspect of Celtic antiquity, from which Malory with his mounted chivalry has very widely strayed. There are wonderful horses, but they are harnessed in pairs, never singly, and the chariots of wicker-work are clearly the true Celtic chariots.

The outline of the story is as follows: We are introduced in the opening scene to the Court of Conor MacNessa, or Conchubar, King of Ulster, in his capital of Emain Macha. Conchubar, though popularly acknowledged, is not the rightful lord, having dispossessed his step-father, Fergus, who later joins his enemies. The first episode is the birth of Setanta, afterwards nicknamed 'Cuchulin,' or the 'Little Hound of Culain,' from a fierce hound he slew while yet a child. He is shown 'hurling' with the other boys of the Court, and already, though the youngest, masterful through his strength. Presently, grown older, he takes up arms, having heard it predicted that the day would be fateful for whoever should make it the first of his fighting career, that such a one would achieve a great name and die young. This glorious fate he covets. He mounts Conchubar's chariot with his charioteer Laeg, crosses the frontier challenging all comers, slays his man, runs down two stags, and captures a flight of swans with his sling. These are his first victorious deeds. We find him next with all the women in Ulster in love with him for his skill in arms, the lightness of his leap, his chess-playing, his wisdom, and his beauty, so that the men of Ulster are alarmed for their domestic peace and seek him out a wife. At last they find one endowed with the 'six gifts'—the gift of beauty, the gift of song, the gift of sweet speech, the gift of needlework, the gift of magic, and the gift of chastity. 'I was brought up,' Emer says of herself in answer to his questions, 'in ancient virtues, in lawful behaviour, in the keeping of chastity, in the stateliness of form, in the rank of a queen, in all noble ways among the women of Ireland.' After some new love episodes with other women, he marries her, Emer, daughter of Forgall, and is soon after acknowledged champion of Ulster.

The next episode is amusing. It is of a quarrel got up by the mischief-maker Bricriu, at a great feast he gives to Conchubar, between the three chief ladies of the court. There is much that is humanly modern in this ancient story. Bricriu persuades each lady in turn that she is the noblest and most beautiful, and so entitled to go in first to dinner, and by doing so become the recognised social Queen of Ulster. When dinner, therefore, is announced, they race for the door. Emer is the quickest afoot and outruns the other two, and puts her back to the door calling on the doorkeepers to open. But there is a delay, the others come up, and the men 'rose up each to open the door before his own wife, so that they might be the first to come within.' 'It is a bad night this will be,' remarks Conchubar, as the ladies enter on a war of words. Each boasts of her husband's merits. 'My

husband is Cuchulin,' cries Emer; 'he is not a hound that is weak; there is blood on his spear; his white body is black with sword-cuts; there are many wounds on his thigh; his chariot is red; its cushions are red; he fights from over the ears of his horses; he leaps in the air like a salmon when he makes his hero-leap. Your fine heroes of Ulster are not worth a stalk of grass compared with him. Your fine women of Ulster are shaped like cows beside the wife of Cuchulin.' The dispute is suddenly solved by Cuchulin, who lifts up the wall of the house in front of Emer, and she walks in first to the banquet-room and is proclaimed the noblest.

Tragedy, however, soon begins, and the narrative gains dignity and power. The fate of the children of Usnach is a story worthy of all Irish tears. It might have been told by Malory himself. Like all great tragedies since the world began, its chief actor is a woman—Deirdre, 'on whose account many shall weep, for whose sake deeds of anger shall be done and wounds and ill-doings and the shedding of blood, a tale of wonder for ever—Deirdre!' Predestined by Cathbad the Druid to sorrow, she is kept secluded from her childhood under the charge of a wise woman; but the fame of her beauty reaches Conchubar, for she is 'straight and clean like a rush on a bog,' and the king resolves to marry her. She has already seen another, however, prefigured in a dream, with raven hair and a skin like the swan on the wave, and cheeks like the blood of a red-speckled calf, Naoise, son of Usnach, who with his two brothers in due time arrives and carries her away to Alban, which is Albion or Western Scotland. Then Conchubar is angry, but conceals his rage and sends, as messenger to the runaways, Fergus, the dispossessed, and, in spite of Deirdre's warnings, relying on his promise, they go back with him to Ulster. Fergus's pledge is nevertheless broken by Conchubar, thus alienating Fergus for ever. Fergus's two sons are slain in defending them, and then the three sons of Usnach, all treacherously betrayed. And Deirdre pathetically sings her threnody at which half a hundred generations of Irishmen have wept:

Dear to me the land of the East, Alban with its wonders. I would not have come from it hither, but that I came with Naoise.

Glen Laoi! where I was wont to sleep under soft coverings. Fish and venison and badger's meat were my portion in Laoi.

Glen Masan! my grief! Glen Masan! High its hartstongue, bright its stems. We were rocked to pleasant sleep above the harbour of Masan!

Glen Archan! my grief! Never went young man with a lighter heart than Naoise in Archan.

Glen Eitche! my grief! it was there I builded my first house.

Glen da Rua! my grief! sweet was the cuckoo's voice on the bending bough above Glen da Rua. Never would I have come from it at all, but that I came with my beloved.

Once, when the nobles of Scotland were drinking with the sons of Usnach, Naoise gave a kiss secretly to the daughter of the Lord of Dunreem. My head was full of jealousy; I put my boat on the waves: it was the same to me to live

or to die. They followed me swimming, Ainnle and Ardan (the brothers of Naoise); they turned me back. Naoise gave me his true word he would vex me no more until he would go from me to the hosts of the dead. Och! if she knew to-night Naoise to be under the clay, it is she would cry her fill, it is I would cry along with her.

Long is the day without the sons of Usnach. Three lions were they of the hill, three darlings of the women of Britain, three heroes not good at homage. Their three shields and their spears made a bed for me how often? O young man digging the new grave, put their three swords close over them. Till the making of this grave I was never one day alone, though it is often that myself, with yourselves, was in loneliness.

The High King of Ulster, my first betrothed, I forsook him for the love of Naoise; I left the delight of Ulster for the three heroes that were its bravest. It was Naoise that would kiss my lips, my first man, my first sweetheart. It was Ainnle would pour out my drink. It was Ardan would lay my pillow. Their dear grey eyes that were loved by women! Many looked on them as they went. Their steps were pleasant on the dark mountain.

I am Deirdre, without gladness, and I at the end of my days. Since it is grief to be without them, I myself will not tarry long.

Conchubar tries in vain to console her. Deirdre dies on his hand, and Fergus in anger secedes from the Ulster clan and war follows, and ruin and the death of thousands. The war, called 'the war of the bull of Cuailgne,' is too long here to tell. In spite of the valour of Cuchulin, Ulster is harried and burnt by Fergus and the Queen of Connaught, and, though these are eventually driven back, there is never peace again in Ireland, and Conchubar goes down to his grave in the undying trouble roused by him for Deirdre's beauty.

Last of all Cuchulin, overwhelmed by numbers and betrayed by the spells of the daughters of Calatin, is slain by a magic spear, and with him Laeg his charioteer, and his war horse, the grey of Macha, by the King of Leinster, Lugaid. Wounded to the death, Cuchulin drags himself on foot to the shore of a lake, like King Arthur in the romance of Malory. He binds himself there to a stone pillar that he may die standing, while his enemies, afraid of him, look on from afar. At last a raven settles on his shoulder and they know that he is dead.

Then Lugaid came and lifted up Cuchulin's hair from his shoulders and struck off his head. And the men of Ireland gave three great heavy shouts, and the sword fell from Cuchulin's hand, and the light faded away from about his head and left it pale as the snow of a single night . . . . But the three times fifty queens that loved Cuchulin saw him appear in his Druid chariot, going through Emain Macha; and they could hear him singing the music of the Sidhe.

Such in outline is the great Irish Epic. Of its English rendering by Lady Gregory it is impossible to speak too highly. Mr. Yeats, in his preface to the volume, calls it 'the best book that has ever come out of Ireland,' and the praise seems to me hardly too great. Its immense merit as literature is that, without tampering

with the text, or rather the many texts, of the manuscripts it has followed, it has succeeded in giving to a series of disconnected episodes a single romantic form, building them into a single tragic story, precisely as five hundred years ago Malory constructed out of the Arthurian legends his eternal monument, *The Life and Death of King Arthur*. The language chosen by the translator, also, is new in literature, and so has the charm of being entirely original. It is the Anglo-Irish speech of the Galway peasantry, to whom Lady Gregory dedicates it, with its inversions of the 'woulds' and 'shoulds,' its peculiar grammatical forms and its idiomatic phrases. These perhaps for an instant may shock the English ear, but it is impossible to read many pages of it without recognising the absolute fitness of the medium for the text translated. Thus we are startled at such phrases as these: 'Now just at that time peace was after being broken'; 'and he saw a beautiful young girl, and she sitting there alone'; 'Is it taking arms this young boy is?' 'And he had on his back a black-bristled pig, and it squealing'; 'It is beautiful you were up to this, proud and tall, going out with your young hounds to the hunting; it is spoiled your body is now; it is pale your hands are now.' 'It is a pity you to say that, and they only just after joining us.' It must be remembered, however, that, though published by John Murray in London, Lady Gregory's translation is primarily intended for home consumption among those who, without being anglicised in heart or mind, have yet lost their true Irish language. To such the Anglo-Irish, a distinct dialect in use for quite two hundred years, is their living form of speech no less than Lowland Scotch is for the peasantry north of the Tweed. To have captured this for literary purposes is a very notable triumph.

Hardly less commendable is the skill with which Lady Gregory has steered her course between the rocks and shoals of taste in sexual matters which beset the translators of most ancient stories. These are admirably evaded, and as it stands the volume is one in which even the sensitive Irish soul will find no cause of offence. Some day, perhaps, when *Cuchulain* has taken rank, as it is sure to do, with its literary compeers, the sagas and romances of Norway, France, and Germany, it may be necessary to have a hardier translation, but I doubt if for general reading there will be ever one more acceptable, more brilliant, and more popular than Lady Gregory's.

WILFRID SCARLETT.

## NEWTON HALL

ON Whitsunday (the 18th of May) there is to be unveiled in Paris, by a Minister of the Republic, a monument erected to the memory of Auguste Comte, who died in 1857. The site given by the Municipal Council in the Place de la Sorbonne, in the precincts of the University of Paris and in the heart of the academic, literary, and scientific world of old Paris, is close to the house in which Comte lived and died, the house which has ever since been the seat of the Positivist body, and is surrounded by the buildings and memorials beside which his whole life was passed. The Prime Minister of the Republic, the Minister of War, and many of the most eminent men in the official and academic world of France are members of the memorial committee and subscribers to the fund.

Between one and two thousand subscriptions were received (many of these being from collective bodies) from France, England, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Holland, Spain, the British Colonies, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Switzerland, Turkey, the United States, Brazil, Mexico, the West Indies, the Argentine Republic, and Chili. The trans-Atlantic subscribers exceed in number those of Europe; the German exceed the British. The monument itself is the work of Injalbert, the sculptor of the friezes of the Petit Palais; it consists of a bust of Comte, after that executed by Etex in 1852, and a *stele* carved in relief with allegorical figures of Humanity, and of the part taken by women and by labour in the progress of civilisation. M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself was to have presided at the inauguration about Easter; but his accident and the elections caused the ceremony to be adjourned to Whitsunday. General André, the Minister of War, will represent the Government, and delegates from England and many European countries will take part in the proceedings.

Though the memorial has been largely supported by the official world of France, ministers, senators, deputies, judges, and directors of public institutions, it has also been subscribed to in a great degree by the academic, scientific, and literary notables of various countries. There is hardly a university of distinction in Europe from which members of the committee fail to be represented.



When the memorial scheme was formally launched in September 1900 by an international Conference and a series of addresses in various languages, the delegates who spoke came from England, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Russia, Portugal, Turkey, Brazil, and Mexico. At the same time the philosophical press of France has been issuing a series of works upon the writings and theories of Comte, the books of Professor Lévy-Bruhl, of the University of Paris, being the most friendly as well as the most important. All this does not look as if Comte was so completely forgotten as some specialists try to make out. He is recognised in liberal France, and in some of the centres of thought outside France, to be what Gambetta called him, 'the greatest thinker of the nineteenth century.' Bodies of his followers exist in most civilised countries, and periodicals devoted to his ideas are published in English, French, German, Swedish, Spanish, and Portuguese.

I take occasion of this commemoration to say a few words about the very unpretending body which for twenty-one years has had its home in Newton Hall. The Royal Scottish Corporation, which has owned the property since 1782, now requires it for their own gatherings, and at the close of their lease the Positivist Society has been forced to leave it. The spot was originally the garden attached to the house of Dr. Barbone, a grandson of the notorious Praise-God Barebone of Cromwell's Parliament. In 1710 Sir Isaac Newton, then President of the Royal Society, in conjunction with Sir Christopher Wren, purchased the house and garden between Fetter Lane and Crane Court for their society, and about the middle of the century the existing Hall was built in the garden from a good design of the school of Wren. Down to 1782, when the Royal Society moved to Somerset House, the Hall served as a museum and meeting-room, until the collections made by Captain Cook and Dr. Banks were removed to Montagu House and became the nucleus of the British Museum. It may be taken that the eminent men, foreign and British, who were admitted to the meetings of the Royal Society during this period, have been present in the existing Hall. The old house was burnt down in 1877, but the Hall was fortunately preserved. When the Royal Society quitted the City in 1782, the Hall was used and let off for various purposes. At one time it was rented by the London Philosophical Society, and in 1818 Samuel Taylor Coleridge gave a course of lectures there on 'Language, Education, Social and Moral Questions.' In 1819 he delivered there his famous twelve lectures on 'Shakespeare,' the last lectures he ever gave in public. At other times the Hall has been used as a concert-room, for which it is peculiarly adapted by its acoustic qualities. Hobbes of Malmesbury once lived close by, and Dryden is said to have occupied the house in Fetter Lane, putting on the Hall, and Otway was his neighbour. The inscription to the memory of Dryden on the walls of the old house was removed a few

years ago. Richard Baxter, Tom Payne, and Dr. Johnson all lived a few yards off. It was in 1881 that the Positivist Society took a lease of the Hall, decorated it with mottoes and legends, a large copy of the Sistine Madonna and busts of the great men of all ages from Moses to Bichat, whose names are in the New Calendar. The Positivist Library of 270 standard works, ancient and modern, stood in the centre. On each side of the Madonna and the platform and desk were the organ and a grand piano, once the property of Charles Darwin.

As sundry foolish myths have from time to time been hatched about Newton Hall and what was done there, I will take leave to state a few very plain facts about its history and uses in the last twenty-one years. It is curious that any kind of myth could have grown up, inasmuch as everything about the place and the body meeting there has been always open to all comers, according to the Positivist maxim inscribed on the wall, *Live without concealment*. The very thought of any secret society, or private discussion, or even an anonymous publication, is abhorrent to their sense of social duty. And, besides this, thousands of men and women known to the world of literature, politics, science, or society have freely taken advantage of the policy of 'the open door,' which always stood wide to all men in Fetter Lane. Those who differ from the majority in these days must expect opposition and odium; but this is hardly an excuse for preposterous misstatements of facts and wild travesties of natural and reasonable conduct.

Auguste Comte was an idealist, who, like all the social and religious reformers of every age had visions of a Utopian future, a new heaven and a new earth. We at Newton Hall have treated these visions with reverence; but we have never dreamed of witnessing in our age any such Apocalypse, and assuredly we have never presumed to attempt any crude model of a society which after ages will have to work out in reality and which must follow and not precede an entire re-organisation of life and of thought. We have not presumed to use the sacred name of a church for our tentative group. We have had no priest, no ritual, no adoration, no ceremonial. We have not assumed to speak of 'services,' or 'worship,' or 'religion,' excepting in so far as the 'Service of Man' may mean the fulfilment of human duties, or as 'worship' may mean manifest honour and reverence for whatsoever things are true, whatsoever are honest, whatsoever are just, whatsoever are pure, whatsoever are lovely. If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, we think on these things, and that is *worship*. And as to 'religion,' we extend that most ancient and most grand of all names to all belief in solid truths, whether physical or spiritual, cosmical or human, which inspire right action and sincere enthusiasm for the fulfilment of personal and social duty. As a form of worship, Positivism is

simply right living inspired by humane feeling. As a mode of religion, it means nothing but the religion of duty—duty as revealed by science and as idealised by the reverent soul.

I say this because my friend, Professor Huxley, shortly before his death, once in conversation with me about Positivism said: 'Why! I always thought you swung a censer on Sundays before the altar at Chapel Street.' And he seemed honestly surprised when I told him that I had never been in Chapel Street for more than twenty years, and had never seen either censer or altar or anything of the kind at any Positivist gathering. Though I do not go to Chapel Street myself, being occupied at Newton Hall, the present director there is my good friend and has published papers of his own in our *Review* and in that directed by Pierre Laffitte in Paris. On his appointment he asked the fraternal support of Newton Hall. Then wild stories were passed about as to dissensions amongst Positivists and their schisms, and so forth. There have been, of course, differences of views and some personal difficulties amongst Positivists, as there must be in all healthy and living movements; but these differences and difficulties are trifling compared with the schisms, heresies, heart-burnings, and animosities common amongst all Christian bodies and flagrant in the Established Church. All I can say is that I have never made public any utterance unfriendly to other Positivist groups, even when I heard of things that I disapproved. I have heard of groups in South America where odd things are done and said, and where we at Newton Hall are regarded as Gallios and Supra-Lapsarians; and we are not responsible for what may be done by some other groups in the British Islands. But all that I am now concerned with is to say a few words about what has been attempted at Newton Hall during twenty-one years in the way of scientific education, social progress, and religious culture.

When giving the inaugural address at Newton Hall in May 1881, I took occasion to say that it would be at once school, club, and chapel—a place for education, for political activity, and for religious communion. And these three aims have been steadily kept in view. At the basis of them lay the need for scientific training, for we have always insisted that the very existence of Positivism as a scientific system of belief depended on a complete education in real knowledge and the formation of a competent body of trained teachers. We have never limited the term *science* to physics and nature, but rightly extend it to sociology and ethics. If we did not summarily accept all the various hypotheses of every professor who might dogmatise about the atomic theory or evolution, we were absurdly represented as indifferent to science, and even lenient to obscurantism, because, with some Christian philosophers, we have always insisted that religion and science must co-operate in cordial alliance to combine in regenerating conduct as well as knowledge.

But all such taunts of satirists are as idle as the jest that we were polishing up a guillotine in our dress coats; and, in point of fact, they came from specialists to whom religion and science had as little in common as trigonometry and the Lord's Prayer.

Newton Hall, at any rate, has been primarily a seat of education in useful knowledge. We do not pretend that it could compare with the systematic education given in an endowed college of the highest class. It was from the first a people's school, on the lines of a Mechanics' Institute, offering free lectures of a popular kind. But at the same time the lecturers have always been men of regular academic training, for the most part themselves engaged in academic or professorial teaching, and uniformly teaching their science with full familiarity with the accepted curriculum of the Universities. In this way we have treated geometry, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, social statics, history and the theory of politics and of ethics. The teachers in all cases have been professors and lecturers at colleges, doctors of medicine and of science, and others professionally engaged in teaching. The courses in history, in social economics, and in morals have been the most continuous and important, as in the Positivist scheme they must be. Professor Beesly, in twenty years, has given a continuous synopsis of the entire body of history, ancient and modern. Mr. J. Cotter Morison, Dr. Bridges, Mr. Vernon Lushington, Mr. Swinny, Mr. Marvin, and myself have given long and systematic courses of history, both ancient and modern. We do not pretend that lectures of the kind would attract the undergraduate eager to get 'tips' for his 'exams;' but, at any rate, they may show that we did not offer the public an introduction to Positivism in any spirit of obscurantism.

How, it may be asked, did all this differ from all the Mechanics' Institutes, Toynbee Halls, Polytechnics, Working Men's Colleges, Passmore Edwards Settlement, and other institutions of the kind? In general aim, and to some degree in spirit, it went on similar lines with these excellent institutions. But in other things it did essentially differ. These may be grouped under three main heads:

(1) Newton Hall from first to last has been an absolutely *free* school in every sense. No teacher, except a professional musician, has ever been paid even the expenses of materials, books, or apparatus. No fees were ever paid by any student. Even high-class concerts, given by professional musicians, both vocal and instrumental, have been free. There have been no booked seats, no collection, no examination, no certificates, no test, and no qualification. The Hall has always been free to all comers, whether subscribers, or registered members, or mere strangers declining to give a name. All publications, books, pamphlets, lectures, reviews and charts, &c. &c., have been sold at the bare cost of printing and not seldom something less. It has always been one of the cardinal principles of the Positivist

movement to make all religious or scientific teaching gratuitous, to offer it freely to all who will accept it, and to separate teaching from any question of personal profit. I remember a working man who had attended a course of lectures on history coming up to me to say that the workman did not value that which he did not pay for, and he wished to know what he should pay. I told him that he might subscribe anything he pleased to the fund, but that the market rate of the course he had followed might amount to five or ten pounds. This is not the place to discuss so wide a question. But the Positivist practice of gratuitous teaching rests on the principle that it is a social duty in those who have acquired useful knowledge to impart it, and that so sacred an obligation should be kept from the higgling of the market, at least so far as it assumes the form of a religious propaganda.

(2) The second character of difference between Newton Hall and a Mechanics' Institute is this: The education aimed at was to be neither literary nor professional. It was not designed to turn out journalists or to enable clerks to improve their salaries. It avoided all desultory and miscellaneous information, and was essentially *systematic*, based on the scheme of general scientific training, which Comte proposed as the ideal of a regenerated future. We were often offered popular lectures 'with lantern slides,' 'half-hours with novelists,' 'recitations from *Pickwick*,' and the like; but they have always been declined with thanks. All the courses, and even the entertainments, have had for their subject the great names of all time, the immortal books of the world, the great epochs of human history. Many a clerk, workman, and man of business, who had neither time nor money for a college, has been able in twenty years to get a general conception of history, science, and literature, such as many a B.A. has never heard of. The *New Calendar of Great Men* contains a summary of universal history, which is the permanent residuum of a long series of Newton Hall courses.

In this connection also stood the *Positivist Library*—the list of 270 great books of the world which Comte drew up as an antidote to too miscellaneous and desultory reading. Almost all of these books have been the text of some lecture or address at Newton Hall. One of the myths, by the way, was that Comte selected one-hundred volumes as worth reading and desired to have the rest destroyed. It was, in fact, Sir John Lubbock who chose out the one hundred 'Best Books,' and had the collection printed in uniform shape—and an excellent idea it was. Comte's 'Library for general reading' was to consist of 270 works; and certainly it was not intended to exclude other reading. Yet people still repeat this idle jest which some ill-natured pedant found amusing.

(3) The third and principal characteristic of the Newton Hall education was this: The entire course of study was moulded on

a *religious* basis, and was animated by a *religious* purpose. Of course by *religious* we did not mean theological or preternatural; but humane, social, and ethical. That is, all knowledge was treated as conducive to train every man and woman to fulfil their appointed service to humanity, and not to gratify their vanity or assist them 'to get on.' In this it may be a surprise to some persons to find Positivists uncompromising adherents of denominational education, if by the term we mean education invariably interfused with a definite system of religion. It may be a still greater surprise to tell them that Positivists alone can offer a truly and systematically religious education. The great bulk of science, of literature, and of history cannot be connected with theology and the supernatural, except by torturing it into fetters; and this causes the interminable quarrel between science and theology. The whole Company of Jesus and the Roman propaganda could not screw anything celestial out of the elements of geometry and conic sections; and in teaching mathematics they are forced to put theology, the Creeds, and the Bible aside. But when the Positivist lecturer treats the first book of Euclid or conic sections, he is inspired with memories of some of the critical epochs in the history of humanity; he recalls with reverence the names of Pythagoras and Archimedes; he points out the places they hold in the sacred calendar of humanity; he turns to all that Comte has written on the inevitable necessity for *demonstration* to found any permanent religion. When the Positivist is teaching mathematics, he knows that he is teaching *religion*. The Jew, the Musulman, the Christian does not and cannot.

And now I may be asked, 'What about religion in the stricter sense—worship and ceremonies?' Well! as I have said, we at Newton Hall have never instituted any ritual, any adoration, or sacerdotalism of any kind. We do not prejudice the question of such things being spontaneously evolved in the future on humane and rational bases. We understand reasonable worship to be the expression of reverence for all that we can conceive of Providence in the past and of all great ideals in the time to come. We warmly repudiate the arid conceit of Atheism; and even Agnosticism seems to us but a barren negation of which we need not be proud. Without presuming to dogmatise on the origin of the universe, or the purposes of a creator, we find what visible signs of Providence we can recognise in the vast and gradual evolution of human civilisation, in the almost miraculous dominion over his earthly home that man has won, and the even more marvellous regeneration of his own nature from primeval brutality and ignorance. If the moral guidance of our world means anything real, it means this. It fills us with reverence as it is, even though we know not whence it came nor whither it may lead.

Accordingly, an essential part of our religious teaching has been to commemorate the great men of all ages by whom the mighty course of civilisation has been achieved. We do not exclude Moses, Confucius, or Mahomet. The centenary anniversaries of such men as Alfred, William the Silent, Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Washington, Gutenberg, Calderon, Raffaele, Hunter, Diderot, Comte, have been used to impress on our friends the story of their lives and achievements. In connection with this we have instituted the practice of pilgrimages to the tombs, or the homes, or the birth-places of great men such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Cromwell, Newton, Bacon, Harvey, Locke, Penn, Darwin, and scores of others famous in history and in science. We are not afraid of the good old name of pilgrims, for we go to these spots consecrated by their associations in a spirit of religious reverence for the services of men whose dust lies beneath our feet or whose eyes have looked on the very walls we see to-day. Our pilgrimages, of course, have nothing superstitious about them. We practise no mediæval folly. We listen to an address on the life of the man, on the history of the spot or building, we learn a little and we enjoy the trip very much, when we spend such a time at Stratford-on-Avon, or Oxford, at Canterbury, Winchester, Huntingdon, Cambridge, or Paris. And in the same way, we have systematically studied the public museums, galleries of art, science, or antiquities, the libraries and ancient monuments of our country.

Art—the history of art in all its branches, the lives of artists—has always formed an essential element of our scheme of education, even of our religious celebrations. Every accessible collection of pictures, statues, fabrics, or antiquities, every memorable public building, has been systematically studied and its lessons enforced in appropriate lectures. Buildings, statues, and pictures we can visit or study in representations. The musicians can be even better studied by performance of their typical works. And the presenting of pieces by Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, by our choir, assisted usually by professional performers, have been delightful occasions when Mr. Vernon Lushington has given us a stimulating address on the career of each of these musicians in turn.

Any one who still confines the idea of *religion* to the adoration of unseen and inconceivable beings, and to visions far transcending our poor earth, may possibly ask:—‘What has all this to do with Religion?’ ‘Friend!’ we say, ‘you take a stunted idea of religion, as if it only concerned ecstatic moments of the soul.’ We take it to concern the whole of life, and every hour of life. Homer and Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Molière may not have an intimate relation to the devotional spirit, if its vision is rigidly fixed on the Throne of Grace in the Heaven of Heavens. But as prophets inspired with insight into human nature, as potent forces in the rich

story of humanity, these glorious poets have a lasting claim on our reverence, and a truly religious use in making us comprehend the height and the depth of the human soul. To understand this, to be inspired by it, to work towards it as towards a 'new life,' is religion. This is to live:—

In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable ends that end with self.

Certainly, the main aim of the Newton Hall addresses has been to illustrate, explain, and enforce the essential maxims and principles of a religion of Human Duty, to awaken the sense of man's dependence on the human Providence which surrounds him from the cradle to the grave, and to comprehend the material environment in which his life is cast. And for this end no means of rousing the emotions to a devotional spirit has been neglected, short of any attempt to invoke the creatures of our own imaginations, to persuade ourselves of the reality of things of which we can have no certain knowledge. And, accordingly, we have collected a small volume of well-known hymns and poems which were sung by a trained choir with an organ accompaniment. Although containing nothing theological or superhuman, it had pieces by Cardinal Newman, George Herbert, Archbishop Trench, C. Wesley, and by Goethe, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Shelley, Browning, G. Eliot, Blake, and Tennyson. It has also hymns written by our own members for such special occasions as Birth, Marriage, Death, Morning, Evening, the Day of All the Dead, and New Year's Day.

A word now about those special occasions which Comte called *Sacraments*. This grand old word, the military *oath*, adopted by the Church from the Roman army, properly means nothing but the public pledge to fulfil some sacred duty, and Comte borrowed it to denote a religious ceremony which might give a public consecration to some critical epoch of life. There was nothing mystical or fanciful about this. The idea of Positivism is to connect each typical event in the life of the individual with the interests of society at large by a public profession of duty under some visible external sanction. The *presentation* of a child, and the public promises of its parents and sponsors, answer to Baptism. *Initiation*, at the entrance on systematic education, is the same as Confirmation. *Admission* is the entrance on adult manhood or 'coming of age.' *Destination* is the public adoption of a profession or career. Thus, when one of our body went out to his office as Consul in the East, he was publicly reminded in a special address of the duties he had undertaken, and he publicly pledged himself to fulfil them in the service of humanity. I suppose no other religious community ever dealt with a diplomatic official in this way, or would exactly know how the Christian formularies could be adapted to such a purpose.



To the Positivist this is easy and natural, and of really great importance. Would that Lord Milner and Lord Curzon could have taken such a *Sacrament* and listened to such admonition, when they went to assume their Vice-regal functions!

The most common of these *Sacraments*, of which Comte proposed nine, are *Marriage* and *Burial*. These have been constantly celebrated in Newton Hall with appropriate forms. They are published, and any one who looks into the books will see that they come quite naturally out of the Positivist scheme of life and religion. For Marriage, it borrows from the Church the admirable question and answer which the Church borrowed from the *Stipulatio* of Roman Law. The ring, and mutual promises of husband and wife, are the inheritance of monogamic civilisation. The exhortation naturally avoids the gross and monkish crudities of the Church service, and the ceremony concludes with a discourse on the history, meaning, and duties of marriage, and hymns by the choir. Indeed, a wedding at Newton Hall is usually pronounced to be both a graceful and an impressive ceremony, bringing home to bride and bridegroom the tremendous responsibilities of married life, calling on them to make serious pledges of duty face to face with their families and their fellow-believers, and dedicating their lives, not only to each other but to the community in which they live. It is no longer an affair of clothes, simpering, and idle jollification, such that the conventional phrases of the bishop and his assisting priests are lost in the chatter of a dressy mob and the contemplation of 'costly' presents.

The Funeral or Memorial Address for the dead has always been a central interest to Positivists, and for twenty years has been in practice with the Newton Hall body. Comte instituted nothing in the way of ritual for this or any other sacrament, nor have we attempted to found any formal ceremony. At times beside the open grave, or at the crematorium, or in a mere memorial address after interment, the religion of humanity affords abundant scope for fitting thoughts. The funeral discourses that I have given for J. Cotter Morison, George Macdonell, Grant Allen, and others have been published. And the reader can judge how deeply abhorrent to Positivism is the thought that the grave is the end of man, how real are the consolations it finds in the presence of death, and all that death should mean to those who survive. On the last night of each year we have been wont to commemorate those whom we have lost—those who, of late, have been lost to the world, and above all the countless host of the unknown and unnamed dead by whose toils we live, who in us continue to live again.

The simple story of the humble experiment which we sought to make during our tenure of Newton Hall should suffice to satisfy any candid mind how unfounded is the gibe that anything to be seen or heard there was a parody of Catholicism or showed an indifference to

science. With all modern historians, Comte recognised the high ideal of Mediaeval Catholicism. But we have made no pretence of copying it by crude imitation. The best Christian aspirations have undoubtedly been to us the essence of religion and of morals. But we can accept nothing that has not behind it solid reality and usefulness on earth. The purport of the Positive scheme is nothing but this : an effort to preserve the essence of Christian ethics, in an age of materialism and of egoism, by placing them on a secure basis of scientific truth. It has visions of a time to come when, as in the Early Middle Ages, Church and School shall be, not enemies and rivals, but phases of the same force and organs of the same religion.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CECIL  
RHODES

I

SOME CONVERSATIONS IN LONDON

THE personality of Cecil Rhodes can best be revealed, if at all, by the few intimate friends who knew him well through the changes of his varied career : his actions and his place in history can be more impartially discussed by those who are entirely free from the curious attraction he exercised over all who came, for however brief a space, within the orbit of his personal influence. I have no title to speak of him in either capacity. But it happened to me, as no doubt it happened to many others, to enjoy several lengthy and rather confidential conversations with Rhodes in the course of his frequent visits to London during the last few years of his life. He left upon my mind, from the very beginning of our limited intercourse, a definite impression, which deepened each time I talked with him. And as it chanced that our conversations turned on large subjects, and were in some cases held at critical periods of his fortunes, my recollections may be worth giving, scanty and fragmentary as they necessarily are.

My first interview with Rhodes dates back nearly ten years. It occurred on the 10th of December 1892. Up to that time the managing director of the Chartered Company had been to me a vague, and not altogether a sympathetic, figure. I had followed South African affairs with some attention, and I was far from enthusiastic over the methods and constitution of Mr. Rhodes's Company. I recognised the importance of keeping open the road from Cape Colony to the north, and was prepared to admit that the countries of the Matabele and the Mashona should be placed within the British sphere of influence, if only to exclude the possibility of foreign interference. But I held that if the work of conquest or annexation were worth doing, it should be done directly, with a full assumption of responsibility, by the Imperial Government itself. The delegation of the duty to a body of private adventurers, aiming primarily at their own profit, seemed to me a doubtful expedient; and the Chartered Company, with its mixture of high politics and Stock

Exchange speculation, I regarded with some distrust. What I could gather of the financial arrangements of the concern did not increase my confidence; and I felt that to hand over a vast territory, containing a large native population, and marching with the frontiers of foreign States and colonies, to this characteristically modern version of the East India or the Hudson's Bay Company was a hazardous proceeding. At any rate, I did not think that such a corporation should be allowed extensive political powers and almost sovereign prerogatives, with the right to maintain and control a considerable armed force. These views I expressed in a London newspaper, the *St. James's Gazette*, of which I was then editor. Rhodes had his attention drawn to my articles. At all times he was extremely sensitive to the criticism of the Press. I remember calling upon him some years afterwards, when he was at the very height of his influence and popularity before the temporary eclipse of 1896. To my surprise I found the lion of the *salons* and idol of the pavement in a very bad temper, smarting under the sense that he was not properly appreciated in England. I endeavoured to point out that this was an error, and that, in fact, he had been praised and flattered almost to excess. Rhodes was not mollified. 'Look at your newspapers!' he exclaimed. 'See what *Truth* says about me, and the *Daily Chronicle*.' The attacks of these two journals clearly outweighed, in Rhodes's mind, the chorus of enthusiastic approval with which he was acclaimed by almost all the rest of the English Press.

To return to my first interview. I happened, shortly before the date mentioned, to meet a person much interested in the Chartered enterprise, who attempted, not very successfully, to convert me to a more favourable opinion of the project. He urged me to see Rhodes, and arranged a meeting. At the appointed time I presented myself at the Burlington Hotel. My credentials were duly passed by some members of the little court of secretaries and retainers, whom Rhodes always had about him. He was simple enough in his personal habits, but there was something regal in his dependence upon his suite. He required his trusted favourites and henchmen to be constantly at hand, and he could scarcely write a letter without the assistance of one or other member of his private Cabinet. Eventually I found myself at the end of a large room, in front of a large man, standing before a large fire. Size was the first external impression you received of Cecil Rhodes. In whatever company you met him he seemed the biggest man present. Yet, though tall and broadly built, his stature was not really phenomenal; but there was something in the leonine head, and the massive, loose pose, which raised him to heroic proportions. He received me with a cordial smile and an invitation to sit down in one of the two comfortable arm-chairs, which flanked the fireplace. After a question or two to break the ice, he began to talk, and he went on for an hour almost without intermis-

sion. Sometimes I put in a word or two to open the points, and switch him from one track to another; but in the main it was a monologue by Rhodes, or perhaps I should say a lecture on the future of South Africa. As he sat up in his crumpled tweed suit, with his left foot twisted round his right ankle, I lay back in my arm-chair and listened, amazed and fascinated, while the rapid sentences poured out of the broad chest in curiously high notes, that occasionally rose almost to a falsetto. Rhodes's voice was peculiar. It was uneven and apparently under no control. Sometimes it would descend abruptly, but as a rule when he was moved it reached the upper part of the register in odd, jerky transitions. But if it had been full of music and resonance it could have had no more effect upon the listener. I never heard Rhodes make a speech in public, and I am told he was no orator. But a talker he was, of more compelling potency than almost anyone it has been my lot to hear. Readiness, quickness, an amazing argumentative plausibility, were his: illustrations and suggestions were touched off with a rough, happy humour of phrase and metaphor: he countered difficulties with a Johnsonian ingenuity: and if you sometimes thought you had planted a solid shot into his defences, he turned and overwhelmed you with a sweeping Maxim-fire of generalisation. Yet in all the intellectual accomplishments of conversation and debate he was inferior to many men one has known. Wittier talkers, more brilliant, far better read, infinitely closer and more logical in argument, it would be easy to name. But these men produced no such impression as Rhodes. It was the personality behind the voice that drove home the words—the restless vivid soul, that set the big body fidgeting in nervous movements, the imaginative mysticism, the absorbing egotism of the man with great ideas, and the unconscious dramatic instinct, that appealed to the sympathies of the hearer. One must add a smile of singular and most persuasive charm. It would break over the stern brickdust-coloured face like the sun on a granite hill, and gave to the large features and the great grey eyes a feminine sweetness that was irresistible. I once asked a lady, who has known intimately all the remarkable men of our generation—all the statesmen, soldiers, orators, wits, authors, and courtiers—to tell me which of the brilliant throng had most impressed her with the force and vigour of his personality. She named first a certain famous and tragic figure, now no more, and next to him she placed Cecil Rhodes. Many others have said the same thing. Rhodes could conquer hearts as effectually as any beauty that ever set herself to subjugate mankind. From the drawing-rooms of Park Lane to the caves of the Matoppo Hills he was equally successful. The man who could persuade persons so little alike as, say, Barney Barnato and Mr. Stead, as Lord Rothschild and Mr. Hofmeyr, must assuredly have had a most unusual power of evoking sympathy.

The causes of this influence are not easy to analyse. I came away from my first interview with Rhodes rather fascinated than convinced. 'It was the character more than the mind one admired. Then, and subsequently, it seemed to me that Rhodes's weakness was on the intellectual side. He was not a clear reckoner or a close thinker, but rather—so he himself admitted—a dreamer of dreams, vague, mighty, somewhat impalpable. Nor did it seem to me that he was an originator of ideas, but one who took up the conceptions of others, expanded them, dwelt upon them, advertised them to the world in his grandiloquent fashion, made them his own. Of late years he has been taken as the typical Imperialist. But in 1892 he seemed to me not an Imperialist at all, in the sense in which we then understood the term. He had risen to power at the Cape, it must be remembered, as the opponent of direct Imperial rule, and of all that was known as 'Downing Street.' His alliance with the Afrikaner Bond was based on joint antipathy against the Colonial Office. When he talked of eliminating the Imperial factor he may have used a casual phrase, with no very precise meaning; but in fact that was what he wanted, though of course he did not mean to eliminate the British flag as well. His ideal was South Africa for the Afrikaners *utriusque juris*. Colonists of both races were to be worked together and federated to form an Afrikaner nation, just as the Australians have formed an Australian, and the people of the Dominion a Canadian, nation. To some of us in 1892 the notion of bringing about this result by means of the Dutch, whose hostility to England and the English was well known, seemed dangerous. I asked Mr. Rhodes if the end would not be a secession and the conversion of the Federation to an independent Republic. 'Are you going to be the Bismarck or the Washington of South Africa?' I said. Rhodes had his full share of vanity, and was delighted at being linked with these great names; but he hesitated, in order to ponder the question, and then replied with much seriousness, 'Oh, Bismarck for choice of course.' I suggested that his alliance with the Dutch Nationalists might really involve a danger of separation. He denied it emphatically. He said that he had joined Mr. Hofmeyr, in order to bring the Dutch into Cape constitutional politics and to prepare the way for a United South Africa, able to manage its own affairs, which it had a perfect right to do. 'You people at home,' he said, 'don't understand us.' But he laughed at the notion of secession, and he declared that neither Hofmeyr nor any other Dutchman would really want to get rid of English supremacy. 'We must have the British Navy behind us,' he said, 'to keep away foreigners. We all know that.' I said that this seemed a little like the idea of some of the Irish Home Rulers. He rose to the hint at once: 'Yes, and that is why I subscribed money to the Nationalist funds. My notion is that Ireland, like every other portion of the Empire which

has a distinct identity, should be allowed complete control of its internal government. But there must be representation in the Imperial Parliament; and in time, I suppose, we shall have colonial delegates there too, and so gradually work round to a complete federal system.' It appeared to me that his liking for provincial and local autonomy was largely based on a mistrust of the methods of the central authority, and, indeed, of the insular Briton generally. On this occasion and subsequently, I heard him speak with a certain contempt of the home-staying Englishman. Rhodes sometimes spoke of England and the English with that kind of irritation which many energetic colonists and Americans feel for this comfortable old country, with its innate conservatism, its arrogant belief in itself, its indifference to new ideas, and its absorption in controversies which, to the pushing new man from beyond the seas, seem time-worn and threadbare. Mr. Kipling's line 'What do they know of England who only England know?' had not been written at the date of my first meeting with Rhodes; but the sentiment it conveyed was shared by him to the full. He thought of the British Isles as a few crowded specks of European territory, whose swarming millions should be given room for expansion in the vacant lands of the ampler continents. He was possessed—I had almost said obsessed—by the fear that if we neglected our chances, they would be taken from us by others, and the English people would be throttled for lack of breathing-space. This work seemed to him of such paramount importance that everything else in politics sank into insignificance beside it. He believed sincerely that the service he had rendered the nation by securing Rhodesia as a field for British colonisation could hardly be over-estimated, and he was astonished that the public took the gigantic benefaction so calmly. He would sometimes speak bitterly of the indifference, as he conceived it, of the Press and the electorate to the larger issues in which he was absorbed. 'Jameson and I,' he said, 'came home after giving a new Dominion to the Empire; and we found that nobody took any notice of us, but that all your people were full of excitement because a Mrs. Somebody hadn't been elected to the School Board.' In this, no doubt, there was some lack of the sense of proportion, which, indeed, was not Rhodes's strong point. The domestic affairs of some forty millions of people seemed to him hardly worth considering when any question of territorial or colonial expansion was in the balance. Lord Salisbury once recommended the use of 'large maps' as a corrective to groundless political alarms. Rhodes was fond of large maps too, but they had a different effect upon him. He would gaze upon the great polygon between the Transvaal and the Zambesi which he had coloured red, and expatiate upon the vastness of the country; then he would run his finger northward, and explain how Africa was to be linked up and thrown open by his Cape-to-Cairo telegraph and rail-

way. It was in my first conversation with him that I heard Rhodes mention this project, which was a novel one to me. I hinted some doubts—whether anyone would want to use the through route, whether the native chiefs and slave traders would not interfere with the poles and wires. Rhodes took up the latter point with one of his touches of cynical humour: ‘The slavers! Why, before my telegraph had been running six months they would be using it to send through their consignments of slaves.’ Something was said about the Khalifa, and the obvious difficulty of constructing a railway through the Equatorial Provinces, then in the hands of fanatical barbarians. ‘You ask me,’ said Rhodes, in words which, I believe, he afterwards repeated in public, ‘how I am going to get the railway through the Soudan; well, I don’t know. But I tell you, when the time comes we shall deal with the Mahdi in one way or another. If you mean to tell me that one man can permanently check an enterprise like this, I say to you it is not possible.’ This was very characteristic of Rhodes in two ways. He had a profound belief in destiny and in the power of world-movements to fulfil their ends. And he had also a conviction that almost any man could be ‘dealt with,’ if you knew the right way to go to work with him. It was based, I suppose, on his own experience, for he had been singularly successful in manipulating and moulding men to his own purposes. From the keen-eyed speculators in Kimberley to the suspicious savages in the Matoppo caves, there were few with whom he had failed to come to terms when he desired to make them his instruments or allies. Partly I am sure that this was due to the mere personal influence, the ‘magnetism,’ to which I have already referred. But Rhodes was always a believer in the arts of bargain and management. He held that most people have their price, though the currency is not always notes or cheques or shares. By appealing to a person’s vanity, his patriotism, his ideals, or his cupidity, you can generally contrive to get him to do what you want. It was part of the piquancy of Rhodes’s character that he mingled the practical shrewdness of the diamond mart and the gambling table with his prophetic visions and imaginative enthusiasms.

He could deal more surely with men than with things. His weakness seemed to me at our first interview—and my opinion was confirmed later—to lie in an incapacity for strict reasoning or close analysis; an utterly insecure grasp of facts, and an unwillingness to give definiteness and meaning to the large and somewhat nebulous generalisations in which his mind lay habitually immersed. The epithet that occurred to me, when I had conversed with him some little time, was ‘uneducated.’ Nor do I think it was unjustified. His Will has shown the world that he had the noblest conceptions of the value and political results of a high academic culture. In the Oxford of the future—an Oxford perhaps modified and transformed



by his benefactions—he will have built for himself a monument *cere perennius*. I know, too, that of mere school and book learning he had as much as many other men who have gone high in the active professions and in the service of the State. He had read his classics and his Gibbon, he was interested in history and archæology, he had considerable appreciation of the artistic side of life. But his intellect appeared to me, with all its native vigour, essentially uncultivated and irregular. He shrank, I think, from the mental effort of following to their conclusions his own trains of thought, and he had a quite remarkable incapacity for seizing detail. As a prophet he was sometimes extraordinarily incorrect. It was so late as July 1899 that he laughed to scorn the alarms of those who feared there would be war with the Transvaal: he would as soon imagine that a King of Samoa could be a danger to the British Empire as President Kruger and that ‘unpricked bubble’ the military power of the Boers. When I saw Rhodes in December 1892 he questioned me as to one of my objections to the position of the Chartered Company. I told him that, to speak frankly, I thought his own position was the greatest danger of all. He was Premier of the Cape, managing director of the Chartered Company, and virtual dictator of Rhodesia; and he had a miniature army, with horse, foot, and artillery, at his own disposal. ‘Some time or other, Mr. Rhodes,’ I ventured to say, ‘we may find that you are making a little private war on your own account, with those armed police of yours.’ Rhodes was not offended, but he scouted the suggestion as fantastic. ‘Why,’ he said, ‘I can’t do a thing without having to consult the Colonial Office. If we want to put up a station-house or a telegraph-hut we have a sheaf of correspondence with Downing Street. You may take it from me that we couldn’t move our police *en masse* a mile without the British Government wanting to know all about it.’ I reminded Rhodes of his words after the Raid. ‘You see, Mr. Rhodes,’ I said, ‘I was right, and you were wrong: you *did* make war on your own account, and the British Government did *not* know all about it.’ Rhodes was seldom without an answer; and on this occasion he had one—which on the whole it is more discreet not to give.

I left Rhodes after my first interview with a cordial invitation to come and see him whenever he was in London—a permission of which I took advantage several times in the course of the next four years. In these conversations I found that Rhodes constantly and unconsciously recurred to the ideas, and sometimes even the phrases, which had fixed themselves in my mind at our first meeting. A confidential friend of his once said to me, in reply to a question as to some action likely to be taken at a critical juncture, ‘Oh, you never can tell what Rhodes will do.’ I do not know how this may have been; but I am sure that it was often quite easy to predict what Rhodes would say. There were a few large thoughts perpetually

vibrating through his brain, and you had only to touch the right key to get one or other note sounded. Sometimes, especially in a mixed company, he was apt to be *distract* and would not talk at all, particularly if he imagined that an attempt was being made to lionise him. I have seen him at a dinner-party, where fashionable ladies and gentlemen were chattering about Africa, and Rhodes, half sulky and half amused, would talk about nothing but bridge or pictures. But as a rule it was easy to get him to discourse on his theories and projects. Whatever inconsistency there may have been in his actions, his opinions, so far as I could perceive, did not vary. In fact, he repeated himself a good deal, having a kind of apostolic fervour in expatiating on the broad simple tenets of the Rhodesian religion. His cardinal doctrines I should say were these: First, that insular England was quite insufficient to maintain, or even to protect, itself without the assistance of the Anglo-Saxon peoples beyond the seas of Europe. Secondly, that the first and greatest aim of British statesmanship should be to find new areas of settlement, and new markets for the products that would, in due course, be penalised in the territories and dependencies of all our rivals by discriminating tariffs. Thirdly, that the largest tracts of unoccupied or undeveloped lands remaining on the globe were in Africa, and therefore that the most strenuous efforts should be made to keep open a great part of that continent to British commerce and colonisation. Fourthly, that as the key to the African position lay in the various Anglo-Dutch States and provinces, it was imperative to convert the whole region into a united, self-governing, federation, exempt from meddlesome interference by the home authorities, but loyal to the Empire, and welcoming British enterprise and progress. Fifthly, that the world was made for the service of man, and more particularly of civilised, white, European men, who were most capable of utilising the crude resources of nature for the promotion of wealth and prosperity. And, finally, that the British Constitution was an absurd anachronism, and that it should be remodelled on the lines of the American Union, with federal self-governing Colonies as the constituent States.

On the question of tariffs he had a good deal to say. He believed in something like a British *Zollverein*. He had a nervous, almost a superstitious, dread of the results of foreign import-duties, apparently thinking that it might be in the power of alien Governments to close the mills and factories of these islands, and almost to drive our teeming population to starvation. He lamented that we had not long ago formed a commercial union with our colonies, so as to secure a free market for our own wares, and at the same time to have in our hands a lever with which we could force our economic opponents into reciprocity. On one occasion when he expatiated on this theme, I urged that some of our own colonies had shown themselves more unfavourable to us in their tariff-legislation than almost

any foreign State. 'Yes,' replied Rhodes, 'but you ought never to have allowed the Colonies to protect against the Mother Country. It is all very well to say that to dictate to them on questions of taxation is to interfere with their local liberties. But you could have done it easily enough when you granted the constitutions. You could have made it a condition that they should not levy import-duties on goods brought from England or from any other part of the Empire. If they had started on this basis, important mercantile interests would have become identified with Free-trade in every colony, and you would have always found allies in resisting a Protectionist movement. As it is, the interests are bound up with Protection, and of course they do not want an alteration of the system, unless you can make it very well worth their while. It is a difficult matter now; but there would have been very little trouble if you had gone the right way to work at the start.' As to the species of Divine right to inherit the earth, which he claimed for the Teutonic races, and in particular for the Anglo-Saxon stocks, I believe it was grounded mainly in a belief in their efficiency. He had a reverence, such as is more common now among Americans than Englishmen, for enterprise on an extensive scale. Man in his view was clearly an active animal. He was made to do 'big' things, and to do them in a modern, scientific, progressive manner. With the obstructionist, who clogged the wheels of the machine, whether from indolence, ignorance, or an exaggerated regard for the past, he had no patience. Some months before the opening of the South African War I was dining with him and a number of his friends, who were mostly interested in one way or other in Rhodesian or Transvaal affairs. The conversation turned on the condition of Johannesburg, the grievances of the Uitlanders, and the possible attitude of Great Britain. 'If I were in the position of the British Government,' said Rhodes, 'I should say to old Kruger, "Mr. Kruger, you are interfering with business, and you will have to get out of the way."' The little speech was characteristic; so, by the way, was the pronunciation of the ex-President's name. Rhodes, as I have said, had no mastery of detail. In his thirty years in South Africa he had not learned how Dutch words should be spoken. He called his ancient enemy 'old Krooger,' like the man in the street.

My most interesting talk with Rhodes occurred in the early days of February 1896, after the shattering collapse of Jameson's failure, when the deeply compromised Cape Premier hastened to England to 'face the music.' I was anxious to see him. Knowing that he was an early riser, I thought I should have the best chance of catching him disengaged if I went before most other callers were out of bed. So on the second morning after his arrival, at about eight o'clock, I sent in my name at the Burlington Hotel. My access to Rhodes on this occasion, when few but intimate friends were allowed to approach

him, was facilitated by the fact that he had been reading some articles of mine on the events of the preceding month. I was no apologist for the Raid, nor have I ever been able to regard Rhodes's participation in the plot against the Transvaal Republic as anything but an unpardonable breach of trust and a monstrous abuse of the exceptional powers and privileges which had been conferred upon him. But if I did not excuse his conduct, I thought it was possible to explain it; and, as it happened, my explanations were very much on the lines of those which he himself would have framed. On this morning—the 6th of February 1896—I was taken up to Rhodes in his bedroom. He had risen, but was not quite dressed, and as he talked he walked feverishly up and down the room, awkwardly completing his toilet. He had been dining out the evening before; the dress clothes he had worn were scattered in disorder about the room; the large, rather bare, hotel apartment seemed strangely cold and friendless in the chilly light of the grim London morning; and the big man, with the thatch of grey-brown hair, who paced up and down in his shirt-sleeves, was a pathetic, almost a desolate figure. He was much changed by these few bitter weeks of suspense and suffering. Through the ruddy bronze of the sea wind and the veldt breezes his cheeks showed grey and livid; he looked old and worn. He asked me to sit down while he finished dressing; and presently he began to talk about the Raid and the conspiracy. I had felt some diffidence in approaching the subject; but he was full of it—too full to keep silence. He was, as I have said, always candid; but on this occasion, considering the circumstances in which he stood and my own comparatively slight acquaintance with him, I was amazed at his freedom. I thought, indeed, that he was saying too much, and more than once I tried to check him and rose to go; but he evidently wanted to talk—I suppose to ease his mind after a sleepless night—and he begged me to remain till he had finished his story. Much of what he said cannot be repeated, at any rate for the present; a good deal was subsequently repeated, by Rhodes himself, before the Raid Committee and in other quarters. He was at the time rather bitter against the Johannesburgers, on whom he laid the responsibility for Jameson's lack of success. 'We have made a mistake,' he said more than once. 'It was a failure; and shall I tell you why it was a failure? Because the fellows in Johannesburg were afraid.' As I thought that the conduct of the Rand reformers contrasted on the whole very favourably with that of the outside bunglers, I expressed some dissent from this opinion. Rhodes, however, would not hear of any excuses for the action, or the inaction, of his allies in the Gold Reef city. I believe that he was subsequently reconciled to them; but at that moment he spoke of them in terms by no means flattering. From his very candid exposition of his own motives and expectations, I derived a strong, and, I think, perfectly

correct impression that Rhodes's intervention in the Johannesburg conspiracy was due quite as much to fear of the Uitlanders as to animosity against Mr. Kruger. Rhodes disliked the reactionary Dutch oligarchy at Pretoria; but he also rather despised it, and believed that it was bound to fall before long by its inherent weakness, which he greatly over-estimated. He was, however, possessed by a genuine apprehension that it might be succeeded by a Republican Government which might be anti-Imperialist and perhaps anti-British. He knew that among the leading reformers at Johannesburg there were Americans, many Australians and Cape Afrikaners, some Germans and other foreigners. They objected to the Krugerite *régime*, which dipped into their pockets and shackled their enterprise; but they had no liking for Downing Street, and many of them had even a very qualified affection for the Union Jack. Rhodes put it somewhat in this way:

I knew that in five years there would be 250,000 white settlers on the Rand. In ten years there might be half a million or more. Now, that large European population, with its enormous wealth and industry, would inevitably become the political centre of all South Africa. If we left things alone, the Uitlanders were certain, sooner or later, to turn out Kruger and his lot, to get possession of the Transvaal administration, and to make the Republic a modern, financial, progressive State, which would draw all South Africa after it. But they would have done it entirely by their own efforts. They would owe no gratitude to England, and, indeed, they might feel a grudge against the Home Government for having left them in the lurch so long. They would take very good care to retain their independence and their flag, with perhaps a leaning towards some foreign Power, and all the Afrikaner world would gradually recognise their leadership. So that, in the end, instead of a British Federal Dominion, you would get a United States of South Africa, with its capital on the Rand, and very likely it would be ruled by a party that would be entirely opposed to the English connection. In fact, you would lose South Africa, and lose it by the efforts of the English-speaking minority in the Transvaal, who are at present anti-British as well as anti-Kruger. I saw that if left to itself this section would become predominant when the Dutch oligarchy was expelled. That was why I went into the movement. I joined with the wealthy men who were ready to give their money to overthrow Kruger, so that we might be able to turn the revolution in the right direction at the right time. You may say, 'Rhodes should have left it alone; it was no business of his.' Yes; and if I had done so, there was the certainty that the revolution would have been attempted—perhaps not just now, but in two years, three years, or five years—all the same; that it would have succeeded; and then the money of the capitalists, the influence of the leading men in Johannesburg, would have been used in favour of this new and more powerful Republican Government, which would have drifted away from the Empire and drawn all South Africa—English as well as Dutch—after it.

I had much more talk with Rhodes on the subject, both on this day and subsequently. But the passage I have reproduced, as nearly as possible in his own words, has always seemed to me the gist of Rhodes's whole defence of his action in 1895. His view was that we had to choose between helping to overturn the Pretoria

Government ourselves and seeing it done without our assistance. That it would be accomplished in one way or the other, and before very long, he felt convinced. He was afraid of the Republican sentiment, which foreign influences, Dutch example and the general dislike of 'Downing Street,' had bred in South Africa; and he shivered at the possibility that the new Afrikaner nation of his dreams might be created in a mood of angry distrust of Great Britain. Rhodes frankly repudiated the rather innocent theory that he would have been content with a redress of the Uitlanders' grievances and a mere change of *personnel* at Pretoria. He laughed when this idea was broached, and said in his emphatic fashion, 'I wasn't taking all this trouble to turn out old Kruger and put J. B. Robinson or —— in his place.' He repeated the sentence before the Raid Committee, with a difference. In the blank I have left would be inserted the name of one of the Johannesburg Reform leaders, who was closely associated with the conspiracy and Jameson's attempt. Rhodes was, I think, quite aware that a mere internal movement at Johannesburg, in which the settlers might have had the assistance or benevolent neutrality of many of the moderate Dutch, would have had considerable chances of success. But from his own point of view this success would have been equivalent to failure. He considered it necessary that the overthrow of the Kruger tyranny should *not* be the unaided work of the oppressed Uitlanders themselves.

Such, at any rate, was Rhodes's aim and purpose in the most debateable portion of his career. Men will differ as to how far the large Imperial objects he had in view can be held to justify the steps by which he endeavoured to carry them out. I doubt whether Rhodes was much interested in the question himself. Absorbed in the contemplation of great ends, he was indifferent to the means by which his results were to be attained. His abhorrence of detail he carried into the moral sphere: right and wrong were to be judged by large cosmic standards, not by the rules of a morality which I suppose he thought merely conventional. His vision of the future was too vivid to be blurred by such considerations. There was something of the poet, the seer—at once heroic and childlike—in this antinomianism. 'A great romancer—a splendid child,' said Robert Louis Stevenson of Scott. Rhodes, too, was a great romancer, though his dramas and stories were not written in words; and sometimes, when you listened to his glowing rhapsodies, you felt that he had lost his hold on the ethics, as well as the facts, of the small real world about us, so busy was his imagination with that wider, fuller future in which he commonly dwelt. When you listened to his talk you found yourself carried away by the contagion of his enthusiasm. You forgot the logical weakness of the imaginative structures he raised, the shadowy basis on which they often rested.

You remembered only that you were in the presence of a man dominated by an inspiring faith, and an ambition in which there was nothing narrow or merely selfish. Most people, even those who have been immersed in the petty worries of party politics and the sordid cares of amassing wealth, have their idealistic side; and Rhodes appealed to it. There are shrewd financiers, keen men of action, life-long worshippers of money and material success, to whom a belief in Cecil Rhodes became a substitute for religion. Minds of more subtlety and more accurate intelligence than his own yielded to his sway. He never gained a more genuine triumph than when he appeared before the Raid Committee in Westminster Hall in 1897. I was present at his first examination, and I thought he had failed badly. Rhodes seemed outclassed by the fine trained intellects of the statesmen, the great lawyers, the scholars and administrators, who sat round the horseshoe table and probed him with searching questions. His loose methods, his uncertain grasp of facts, his rough use of language, gave him for a moment an air of inferiority. He was like an uneducated swordsman clumsily parrying the rapier-play of a master. But after the first day the sympathetic force of character produced its effect. Rhodes haughtily abandoned the embarrassing rôle of a defendant endeavouring to turn a bad case into a good one under hostile cross-examination. The witness-chair became a platform; and Rhodes, gathering his prophetic robes about him, proceeded to lecture his judges on the great African question, on the road to the north, the possible designs of Germany, the misdeeds of 'old Kruger,' the paramount duty of Britain. The Commissioners listened bewildered, interested, fascinated, overcome by the frank egotism of a great personality too much absorbed in its ideas to be conscious of itself.

SIDNEY LOW.

*PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CECIL  
RHODES*

II

AS PEACEMAKER ON THE MATOPPO HILLS

THE sun was just rising on one of those bright clear days in August 1896, which one learns to expect as a matter of course in Matabeleland at that season of the year, when a small party rode out from Colonel Plumer's camp, on the edge of the Matoppo Hills, towards some kopjes about four miles distant. Our object was to get into touch with the Matabele Indunas or chiefs in the hills, and if possible to induce them to surrender. All our attempts to drive the rebels from their mountain fastnesses had so far failed, and Mr. Rhodes had therefore determined to try a little diplomacy in place of arms.

Four days earlier an old woman had been captured and brought into camp by some of our Cape boys. She turned out to be a prisoner of considerable interest and importance—no less a person, in fact, than one of the queens of Umziligazi, the father of Lo Bengula, last King of Matabeleland. Her age was uncertain; she might have been anything over a hundred, and looked older. Her experience ranged over an immense period both of time and of space. She remembered leaving Zululand, when the Matabele first started on their northward march. Her son, Nyamanda, was one of the Indunas with whom we wished to confer. His stronghold lay in the hills close to her kraal, and through him Mr. Rhodes hoped to come into contact with the other chiefs. His mother was chosen to be the ambassadress. Four strapping friendly Matabele lifted her upon one of the hospital stretchers, borrowed for the occasion. Raised aloft on their shoulders she presented a by no means queenly spectacle; her form was shrunk and withered almost to a skeleton. Indeed, Her Majesty's attitude, crouched upon a stretcher, to the sides of which she clung for safety, her brown skin showing still browner against the white blanket in which she had been wrapped, could only suggest Rider Haggard's horrible creation, Gagool. Arriving at the foot of the kopje on which the ruins of her kraal were perched, the stretcher was set down. The message was then explained to her. She was instructed to tell any rebels who might



venture back to her kraal, that the white man would allow them a truce of four days; during this time no fighting should take place, and we would make no move unless our men were fired on. If the rebels wished to parley they were to hoist the red flag (which was left with her) under the white.

The following day on riding over to the kopje again, we ascertained from the old woman that the rebels, who had watched our every movement on the previous day (a very unpleasant reflection), had come down to her on our departure, that she had delivered our message, and that both flags, the red and the white, had been taken away to Secombo, the chief rebel Induna of those parts. The next morning a third visit was paid to the kopje, only to find that she had disappeared altogether, probably carried off by her friends into their strongholds in the hills.

Upon this, Mr. Rhodes, who was unwilling to let the matter rest here, came out from Bulawayo, bringing with him two Matabele prisoners, released for the purpose from Bulawayo gaol. One was an old Induna, a person of some consideration among his own people; the other, one of Secombo's own warriors. Both gentlemen had been languishing in gaol for some time past, and were no doubt delighted to exchange the rôle of prisoner for that of envoy. Mr. Rhodes's idea was to use these men to renew the negotiations which had been suspended since the removal from her kraal of the old queen. On the morrow, at daybreak, the small party accompanying Mr. Rhodes started from the camp. On coming to the foot of the kopje we called a halt, dismounted, and proceeded at once to climb up to the kraal. To our surprise, on reaching the top we found that our original white flag, left with the old queen, had been tied to a long stick, which had been planted in the ground close to the pathway at the entrance of the kraal. The intention was unmistakable. It signified the rebels' wish to make peace, or at least to discuss its terms.

Mr. Rhodes generously sacrificed his own white silk pocket-handkerchief by tying it to the stick just below the rebels' flag, as an acknowledgment of their message.

Our relations with the rebels had now reached a point at which some further step on our side was required. Mr. Rhodes had his plan of action prepared. He decided to send ambassadors to the rebels in their own strongholds in the hills, and thus to push home the advantage he had gained by the hoisting of the white flag on the kopje. The two prisoners were to go as guides, and with them were sent five Cape boys who had volunteered for the duty, and were promised handsome rewards if they should succeed. They went out practically unarmed, bearing aloft a large white flag. The same evening, just as the sun was setting, we were surprised to see our little party returning to camp. Their story was soon told. It seemed they had penetrated but a little distance into extremely

broken country when the rebels suddenly appeared on all sides, completely surrounding them. They had delivered their message, and Secombo had informed them that he and his people were anxious to make peace, but that he must send out messengers to consult the other Indunas in the hills before he could give any definite answer, and consequently required two days' grace. In Mr. Rhodes's camp that night everyone was in good spirits over the result of these first steps towards peace, though really but little had been achieved. The two days having expired, the same little party went back into the hills—this time with greater confidence—to ask for the answer, and on receiving it, hastened back at once to Mr. Rhodes, bringing with them two representatives from the leading Indunas of those parts. Of these, one was Secombo's chosen envoy, an old man with grey hair and a wizened face, but apparently of great intelligence, if one could judge by his ready answers and fluent, though deliberate, speech. The other, a Majaka, or young warrior, ringkop and all, represented Nyamanda and served him in the capacity of chief blanket-bearer, a post of no small honour and importance. He took, however, no part in the discussion, contenting himself by listening attentively to all that was said on either side; he was 'the ears,' as the Kaffirs say, a duty to which they attach great importance. The palaver took place over Mr. Rhodes's camp-fire. It was a striking picture they made, white men and dark, as they clustered round. The characteristics of both races came out prominently. On the one side the Europeans, bending forward eagerly as they followed the course of discussion; on the other, the impassive, expressionless attitudes of the natives, squatting motionless in true Kaffir fashion. Mr. Colenbrander acted as interpreter, sitting between Mr. Rhodes and Secombo's envoy. The genius of the Matabele language is hardly equal to the demand of rapid discussion. The native has a fearful and wonderful love of periphrasis and hyperbole. But reduced to English their message was simple enough. In reply to Mr. Rhodes's questions whether they wanted peace and would surrender, they asked for more time to consider, as, though they were ready to give in, they could not answer for the rest of the nation without consulting them. Even the opinion of the other Indunas in the Matoppos Hills had not yet been fully obtained. Mr. Rhodes pressed them for an early answer, but they stuck to their point, that they must have time. 'Our means of communication,' they pointed out, 'are not like the white man's. Our chiefs are scattered all over the country, and we must wait until the messengers sent out return with their reports.'

Some three days later this discussion bore fruit in the first Indaba, or meeting, between Mr. Rhodes and some of the chiefs, at which the rebels admitted, through their spokesmen, that they were tired of fighting and anxious to come in. They maintained, however, that

for the present they had plenty of food, and were in no danger of starvation. The rest of the interview was occupied in listening to the lengthy list of grievances with which every chief seemed to be furnished. Secombo, however, pointed out that, though most of the Indunas were anxious for peace, some were still afraid to venture out of the hills so close to the fort, where the white man's impi lay, and for these he could not answer. In consequence of what transpired at this Indaba Mr. Rhodes struck his camp some few days later, and moved in a westerly direction towards Fort Usher, where he took up a position between the fort, with its tiny garrison, and the hills, just under the outermost kopje. Arrangements had been made at the first for a second Indaba, at which the rebels were to be represented by several Indunas who had been unable or afraid to take part in the former meeting.

Our little party of about a dozen assembled at Mr. Rhodes's encampment on the morning of the 28th of August 1896, Colonel Plumer coming over from his camp to be present. We rode slowly to the place agreed upon, a smooth mass of grey rock, perhaps 300 or 400 feet high. At its foot stood a large tree with some conveniently low branches, and under its shade we all dismounted. The boys reported that the chiefs were just over the crest of the hill. So, tying up our horses under the tree, we prepared to await their arrival. After a moment's waiting, an exclamation from one of our party startled us all, and, looking up, we saw what seemed to be a crowd of fully armed natives appearing over the crest. Mr. Colenbrander, realising the situation, immediately sent two boys with a white flag up the kopje to bid them lay down their arms at once, or we should refuse to speak with them. Every native carried a rifle, Martini or Winchester, in one hand, and some assegais or knobkerries in the other. There seemed to be over a hundred of them coming slowly over the hill, and their dark figures standing out in clear relief against the sky-line, fully armed as they were, made an extremely disagreeable impression. We waited anxiously to see them obey our message. To our great surprise and dismay they came steadily on as before, apparently ignoring the order. Matters now began to look serious. We were but a small party, unarmed but for four revolvers. Our horses stood tied to a tree some twenty paces distant. To have made a dash for them would probably have had the worst possible results; any signs of panic must inevitably have led to disaster. Indeed, had we reached the horses and mounted, it is more than doubtful if we could have got away. The country was, for some distance at least, far too broken and rocky for galloping. The rebels were within sixty or seventy yards, while at almost the same moment others appeared on the neighbouring kopjes on either hand, who could cut off our escape entirely. Fortunately, at this rather trying moment absolute coolness was observed, though I think each

of us glanced round over his shoulder to see where his horse was standing, and whether the reins were loose or twisted. Again we shouted to the natives, who were now well within earshot, to stop. And still on they came, slowly but steadily, down the kopje upon us. I was busily engaged in wishing myself many hundreds of miles away, when a last peremptory call to stay where they were and put down their arms at once, seemed to have some slight effect. They wavered for a moment, as if undecided whether to obey. The suspense was by no means pleasant while it lasted. Finally, to our intense relief, wiser counsels prevailed. We watched them one by one putting down their rifles and assegais on the rocks where they stood. All these, together with some of their battle-axes and bandoliers, were then left under a small guard. They only retained their knobkerries and sticks, and some few their battle-axes. Thereupon the whole crowd, numbering, as we counted, over a hundred, moved down the last forty yards to where our little party stood, and, coming right down among us, established themselves with the utmost gravity on the rocks. While the company settled themselves not a word was spoken. Each of us found as comfortable a seat as possible, and so we grouped ourselves, the natives for the most part a little above us, though so close were we that some of us sat within arm's length of our late antagonists.

The front ranks of the rebels were occupied chiefly by the Indunas and older men—some, like Babayana, already grey; others, like Dhliso, in the prime of life. Behind clustered the younger men, the Majakas—the aggressive element in whom lay the danger. The older chiefs are not always able to control the younger and more unruly members of the different impis. It was so in the first war, which was practically brought on by the uncontrollable younger warriors, who at that time got completely out of hand. Clustered together and squatting in native fashion on the ground, they looked for all the world like a herd of monkeys, and inevitably suggested a colony of those baboons that are so common on just these same rocky kopjes throughout the country. Though much relieved in mind at the turn events had taken, as we settled ourselves and the Indaba began, we could feel there was thunder in the air. One of the three, who had also accompanied Mr. Rhodes at the first Indaba, remarked afterwards that throughout this meeting he had felt much more nervous and uncomfortable than at any time in the previous one. There is no doubt that had the natives intended treachery we were fairly in their power, and that none such was attempted was perhaps chiefly due to the presence of Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Colenbrander, who had always inspired both respect and fear. In front of our party sat Mr. Rhodes, almost among the rebel Indunas. Close beside him sat Mr. Colenbrander. Among the Indunas Dhliso and Babayana were the most prominent. Dhliso was a fierce-looking

fellow, and a fine specimen of a man. Apparently in the prime of life, he gave an impression of fearlessness coupled with no small amount of sagacity. Old Babayana, more councillor than chief, sat close beside him. In spite of the prestige acquired by his visit to England, he had lost much of his old influence and power.

Mr. Rhodes now opened the Indaba, addressing his remarks to Mr. Colenbrander, who, as usual, interpreted them to the chiefs. He prefaced his remarks with the customary salutation of peace, 'White Eyes!' This greeting was received with low guttural exclamations of assent. Mr. Rhodes began by pointing out that he had come among them again to fulfil his promise, and that he wished to hear from them what it was they desired, peace or war? What had they to say, for he was ready to listen to them? Dhliso, though by no means an old parliamentary hand, as the most important Induna present, opened the rebel side of the case. His remarks were almost entirely confined to a statement of the grievances of which they complained. Every now and then, while he and the other older Indunas carried on the debate, interruptions and murmurs of dissent could be heard from the ranks of the Majakas behind. They were evidently impatient and discontented with their leaders' desire for peace, and gave vent to their feelings by continually breaking into the discussion with peevish asides or flat contradictions. Dhliso, however, was not to be put down, and it was more than anything his influence which kept the younger warriors in check. Babayana continued the tale, and others followed. They avoided, as far as possible, particulars and details; and when pressed, continually cried back to general allegations against the administration and government of the country. The native commissioners were bitterly complained of; the conduct of the native police, the ill-treatment of their women, and the slaughter of their cattle, were also set forth in indignant terms.

To all these complaints we listened with patience, watching the gathering indignation in the face of the speaker as the words came faster and faster, and his eyes gleamed with anger at the wrongs he was describing. The young Majakas, too, continually grunted approval or dissatisfaction as the debate proceeded, and ominous looks were exchanged among them. In striking contrast to these querulous interruptions was the dignity of one old grey-headed Induna who rose to his feet, quite in the background, during a lull in the conversation, to remark: 'The happiest man in this country is the man who is dead, for he at least died fighting for his country.' This short speech was, perhaps, from the point of view of the native orator, the most effective in the whole debate; a little later, one of the Majakas added that it was better to die than to live as they had been living hitherto.

Mr. Rhodes's answer to these complaints was brief. He admitted

that many of their grievances were well founded, and that mistakes had been made in the past. 'But that is all over and done with,' he went on. 'We must look to the future. The rains are close upon us, and the time for ploughing your gardens and sowing your crops for next year is short. If it is to be peace, prove that you really mean what you say both by coming out of the hills yourselves, and by sending your women and children out to till and sow before it is too late.' The listening Indunas seemed to appreciate the point, but the answer only brought forth another grievance: 'We have no gardens now; when we begin to till as we used to, the white man comes to stop us, saying, "This is *my* farm now."' Mr. Rhodes at once replied that they might set their minds at rest on that point. He would see that land was provided for them. In any case, it was useless to discuss the point until they had decided whether it was to be peace or war. Finally their answer was unmistakable. They wanted peace, they said, as was proved by their presence there. They were tired of fighting, and feared the famine which would surely come upon them if they could not till their lands. 'Very good,' replied Mr. Rhodes; 'but prove that what you say is true, by leaving these hills and coming out to dig and sow; we will harm no one who comes out, and it shall be peace between us.' This point, to which he repeatedly returned, one of the spokesmen attempted to evade with the excuse that, as long as the white man's warriors lay all around the hills, hemming them in with a chain of forts, they dared not venture forth. They were assured that all who passed through the forts would be in perfect safety, whereupon another objection was urged. 'If,' said one of the younger men, 'a healthy dog came to live with scurvy dogs, he would also catch scurvy,' referring in this contemptuous figure of speech to Faku and the few chiefs who had remained faithful to us, and for whom the rebels naturally cherished the bitterest resentment. Mr. Rhodes, however, sternly refused to comply with the request that followed, that these friendly chiefs should be forced to make way for the rebels, who could not contaminate themselves by settling in their neighbourhood.

A gaunt-looking fellow, rather in the background, now propounded a new question. 'There are certain evil-doers amongst us now. What shall be done with them if we make peace?' We were all puzzled for the moment as to what this rather enigmatic utterance might mean, and it was only when he proceeded to explain that these 'evil-doers' were the rifles in their possession that the importance of the question was realised. Mr. Rhodes replied that they all knew the law forbidding them to carry firearms. But, it was at once objected, when a man was starving and had no food, he would go out to try and kill some game, and how could he do that without a gun? A timely interruption left this point in issue, for Babayana, with the superior air of one who has been there and knows all about

it, rose to express his satisfaction that, as he had heard, an Induna had come from the Great White Queen to inquire into the quarrel between the white men and the black, so that the whole truth might be known—a piece of news which the rebels received with every sign of approbation. At this point matters became rather more personal. ‘Mr. Rhodes we know,’ said one of the chiefs; ‘he is not in fault.’ But the effect of the compliment was rather spoilt by an insolent question from one of the Majakas: ‘How do we know that Mr. Rhodes is doing his best for us? Perhaps when he goes away he sends instructions to his people to rob us.’ At this another ugly murmur could be heard from the background. Fortunately the other chiefs took up the point, one of them asserting that, in his opinion, as long as Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Colenbrander had managed things they had no cause of complaint, but it was when Mr. Rhodes went away that everything at once went wrong. ‘Tell them, Colenbrander,’ said Mr. Rhodes immediately, ‘that I am going to stay in the country.’ And the promise evidently gave satisfaction.

The Indaba had now occupied two hours or more, and although the rebels appeared by no means tired of squatting on their haunches under the blazing midday sun, there seemed nothing further to be gained by prolonging the interview. Mr. Rhodes accordingly rose from the rock on which he was sitting and brought the Indaba to a close. Throughout the discussion no single reference was made by either side to the events of the war. There were still, however, some diplomatic formalities to be arranged. A large bag of tobacco was produced as a token of our good feeling. For this the assembled Indunas evidently wished to scramble, and we could now enjoy watching the struggle that went on between their dignity and their greed.

By this time everyone was in the saddle, and we all moved slowly off, outwardly with perfect sang-froid and dignity, but most of us with a certain feeling of relief, too, that we had got safely out of what might have been a very nasty business. Mr. Rhodes, with his wonted coolness, remarked, when it was all over and we were back in camp, that the interview had just sufficient spice of danger about it to make it interesting. For some of us it would have been interesting enough without this spice. The first Indaba had been attended on the rebels’ side by chiefs of ripe age and dignity and of assured position and influence, who showed themselves amenable and submissive throughout. At this second Indaba it was otherwise; not only were the rebels in far greater numbers, but, with the exception of the chiefs, the majority were Majakas, hot-tempered and confident youths, who certainly allowed themselves abundance of plain speaking and independence of opinion, and might easily in the course of the discussion have lost their self-control.

## *A FEW WORDS ON THE NEW EDUCATION BILL*

THERE is some risk that in the discussion of the Ministerial Education Bill the note of ecclesiastical controversy may sound too loud and may distract men's minds from the educational issues involved. I do not deny the importance of the ecclesiastical side of the matter. But it is sure to be fully dealt with by many pens and voices ; and it is a subject on which most people have already made up their minds. I propose, therefore, to leave it untouched, and to devote these few pages to an examination of the Bill as it is calculated to affect the quality of the instruction given in our schools and the general efficiency of the educational system of the country.

In what respects do educational reformers find that system as it stands to-day to be defective? I believe that they will, without distinction of party or sect, agree in holding the five points following to be those which chiefly need improvement, and to which, therefore, any new legislation ought to be chiefly directed :

(1) The provision of secondary education where it does not now exist, and the raising of its quality where it does.

(2) The bettering of equipment and instruction in rural schools and the securing children's attendance for a longer time.

(3) The provision of more highly trained teachers both in the rural and in the bulk of the urban schools, and, in particular, a sweeping reform of the pupil teacher system.

(4) The enlistment of a far larger measure of popular interest in, and popular sympathy with, the work of the schools.

(5) The elimination (so far as possible) of religious or ecclesiastical partisanship from questions relating to the teaching and management of schools.

Some may think that a sixth head ought to be added—viz., the creation of a single controlling authority for all grades and kinds of education—and may claim that a measure which professes to set up such an authority confers a boon upon the country. It is, doubtless, true that if we were beginning *de novo* it would be desirable to have



an authority which, like the School Board in Scotland or the School Committee in many States of the American Union, should not be restricted to elementary education only. But it by no means follows that existing authorities, such as are the English School Boards, should, for the sake of theoretical symmetry, be destroyed. Nor must the distinction between secondary and elementary education be ignored. Their problems are not the same, still less are the proper administrative areas the same. A county with a population of 600,000 is a suitable area for the organisation of secondary education; a town of 20,000 is too small an area. In a town of 20,000 one and the same Board could admirably manage and directly deal with all the elementary schools, but it could not possibly do so in a large county. The conditions are entirely different. There really is at present only one serious practical difficulty due to the absence of a 'single authority' for secondary and elementary education—viz., the adjustment of their boundaries and the management of the class of schools called Higher Grade Schools, which lie on the borderland and are almost wholly confined to urban areas. This difficulty could be promptly and simply disposed of by entrusting secondary education to a body on which the School Boards were fairly represented.<sup>1</sup> The truth is that far too much has been made of the 'single authority,' which has meant quite different things to different persons, and has been most loudly demanded, not by those who wish to expunge School Boards, but by the opposite section, who desire an authority created by direct popular election for the control of secondary as well as elementary instruction, and for no other work, such as a Scotch School Board or an American School Committee.

I return to the five points already mentioned and propose to inquire what the present Bill does to correct the faults and supply the deficiencies indicated under each head.

(1) For secondary education, perhaps the most urgent of our present needs, it does little, if anything. It enables the County and Borough Councils to levy a further rate of a penny in the pound and to apply to secondary instruction the money they receive under the Customs and Excise Act (of 1890) and the produce of any rate they may levy. But they could apply this money already to everything except Latin and Greek; and the money is not, as in last year's Bill, permanently dedicated to education. No duty is laid upon them to provide secondary education. Not a school need be erected, not a class opened, unless they please, however great the local needs. The rating power granted, though it might have

<sup>1</sup> As proposed by the Secondary Education Commission in 1895. Since it has been attempted to claim the Report of that Commission as favouring the present Bill, it is well to say that the Report was directed solely to secondary education, and that its recommendations (to which I personally adhere) give no support to the proposals for elementary education now presented to Parliament.

been sufficient in 1895 when the higher grade schools were maintained by the School Boards, will probably now prove inadequate; nor is any corresponding Treasury grant promised to evoke liberality towards an object of such consequence and at present so imperfectly provided for. Weak and faulty as are the three clauses which touch secondary education, they might be developed into a good Bill. But most of the interest and the funds which the new authorities ought to have given, and would have given, to this higher work will now be diverted to elementary education, where the work and the cost will both be heavy, so the higher kinds of instruction may probably be neglected.

(2) The rural schools, including in that term those of the smaller non-manufacturing towns, are confessedly the weakest part of our educational machinery. The rural School Board areas are often too small and the members far from competent. The voluntary schools are often ill-staffed and equipped, and they are, being privately managed, out of touch with the people. In some villages or small towns there are too many schools on the ground, two or even three weak schools where there ought to be, and might be, a single strong one.

The Bill<sup>2</sup> deals with one of these evils by giving voluntary (*i.e.* denominational) schools a right to draw upon the rates in all areas for which the local authority (in rural areas the County Council) may adopt the Act, and schools hitherto under School Boards will also be charged upon a county rate. Several County Councils—as, for instance, those of Durham and the West Riding—have declared themselves against this proposal. They are willing to undertake secondary but not elementary education. Assuming, however, that the Act is adopted by or forced upon County Councils, the result would be to enable the Council to raise the level of denominational schools. So far, so good. But what are the conditions? To raise the weak rural schools, denominational and others, will involve a heavy charge upon the rates—good authorities estimate it at 4*d.* in the pound for Worcestershire and 5½*d.* for the West Riding. Some progressive County Councils may be willing to lay this additional load on the ratepayer; but his local burdens are already grievous, and Imperial taxation has been rising fast. Accordingly, many Councils will be likely to refuse to spend the sums needed to make rural schools efficient. The Vice-President of the Council has told us that the English landowner is not, any more than the English farmer, possessed by a zeal for education. Moreover, the denominational school will lose so much of its present income as is derived from

<sup>2</sup> The extreme complexity and frequent obscurity of the Bill oblige me to omit some details and qualifications which could not be stated without a discussion of the expressions used; but I have tried to present the broad results of its provisions, distinguishing what it actually directs from what may be expected to happen under it.

subscriptions. The Act of 1870 declared that the grant to such a school should not exceed its income from other sources. But the local managers will, under the present Bill, be liable only for repairs, representing one-eighth or one-tenth of the annual cost of the school; and the rates will have to supply the void left by the withdrawal of private support. Should the managers refuse to make the improvements which the Local Authority may demand, they cannot be compelled (otherwise than by the fear of losing their grant to comply, and the Local Authority, reluctant to face the cost of building a new school out of the rates, would be likely to acquiesce in their refusal. Moreover, the Bill contemplates and provides for the multiplication of small schools (though the conditions attached favour denominational rather than public ones). Should this happen, the rates will rise still further, and a grave existing evil will be increased.

Let it be further noted (1) that the statutory obligation to provide instruction in the Act of 1870 is weakened, and (2) that the influence which has hitherto worked most effectively for the improvement of rural schools will be in large measure withdrawn. Vague as the words of the Bill are, it is plain that the Board of Education, which has, though less heartily during the last seven years, forced up the worse schools, will in future have much less influence. The County Councils, with the question of cost always present to their minds, and a far inferior knowledge of educational matters, will give less thought and pains to raising the standard. And this will be most likely to occur just where the need is greatest, for the counties now educationally backward are the counties that will least care to spend money on education. Taking all these facts together, the fair conclusion is that the rural schools will in many districts be rendered little more efficient, and that the process of levelling up in some parishes will be accompanied by a levelling down (from financial reasons) in others, so that no general improvement can be expected.

(3) I pass to the teachers, whose competence and zeal are of course the most important element in the efficiency of every school. The want of adequate provision both for their general education and their special professional training is universally admitted. Mr. Arthur Balfour dwelt upon it in introducing the Bill. The present pupil teacher system is indefensible; the Vice-President of the Council has repeatedly condemned it. But no provision whatever in the Bill deals with either of these evils. The new authorities may, if they like, spend money in paying the teacher better; but nothing requires them to do so; and such responsibility as the Board of Education has hitherto recognised in these matters will in future lie much more lightly upon it. In denominational schools the teacher remains subject to private managers. Everyone is familiar with the

complaint that in places where there is only a Church of England school—including some 8,000 parishes—a Nonconformist is usually unable to enter the teaching profession. I say nothing of this considered as an ecclesiastical or a political grievance. But it is evidently an educational misfortune, for it excludes many young people of industry and talent from a career in which they might have profitably served their country.

(4) Of all the causes which have kept education in England, secondary as well as elementary, below the level it has reached in such countries as Switzerland and Scotland and New England, the most deep seated is the want of popular interest and popular sympathy. The people have not felt the schools to be their own, have not been associated with the management, have not realised how largely the welfare and prosperity of the nation depend on the instruction which each generation receives. Since 1870 something has been done to stimulate popular interests by the creation of School Boards (whose admirable work in the large towns is admitted even by the Ministry which proposes to destroy them), by the introduction of a large representative element upon the governing bodies of endowed secondary schools, and by entrusting County and Borough Councils with power to spend money on technical instruction. What can be plainer than that a wise statesmanship ought to follow in the same path, endeavouring to create everywhere local educational authorities chosen by the people and responsible to the people, keeping these local authorities up to the mark by making a share in the imperial grant conditional upon full efficiency, but teaching them to look upon the schools as their own, and to feel that it is their own interest as parents and citizens to make their schools worthy of an advancing nation? No such idea has been present to those who framed this Bill. It reduces, instead of increasing, the element of popular interest and popular control.

School Boards are to be swept away, and with them those elected women members who have been so valuable and influential an element. The substituted County and Borough Councils are, no doubt, elective bodies. But they have so many functions already besides those educational functions which are now to be thrown on them that the latter will play a small part, and their discharge of those functions cannot be effectively reviewed by the people at an election. Moreover, every Council is directed to act through an Education Committee largely, or possibly entirely, consisting of persons outside their own bodies. It is certainly desirable to secure an element of special knowledge. But the policy of these committees—and policy (except as regards finance) is to rest with them,—will never be subject to any review by the electors, to whom the committees are nowise responsible. The fault is still worse when we come to the local managers. Where there exist only denomina-

tional schools, there will be no popular control at all, for the permissive appointment by the Education Committee of not more than one-third of the local managers is a merely nominal concession, quite illusory for the purpose of securing any local power, any local interest, any local sympathy. In most cases this permissive right of appointment will probably be used to add to the denominational managers some person or persons recommended by them, or one of them, to the Education Committee, which sits in the distant county town and may know nothing about the locality.

It is not from any superstitious faith in popular election or in what are called 'democratic principles' that I deplore these provisions of the Bill. It is because they tend to withdraw from education one of its most valuable propulsive forces. Let us hear the Schools Inquiry Commissioners of 1868, among whom were the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Bishop of Winchester, and another eminent ecclesiastic.

No skill in organisation, no careful adaptation of the means in hand to the best ends, can do as much for education as the earnest co-operation of the people. The American schools appear to have no great excellence of method. But the schools are in the hands of the people, and from this fact they derive a force which seems to make up for all their deficiencies. . . . In Zurich the schools are absolutely in the hands of the people, and the complete success of the system must be largely ascribed to this cause. . . . It is impossible to doubt that in England also inferior management, if it were backed up by very hearty sympathy from the mass of the people, would often succeed better than much greater skill without such support.

These words were spoken of secondary education. They apply with even greater force to elementary. The experience of thirty-four years confirms them. But there is nothing in this Bill to give effect to their principle.

(5) I pass to the element of religious or ecclesiastical controversy, which it ought to be the aim of everyone who cares for education to endeavour to eliminate, or at least to soften and reduce. Upon the clergy as a class I make no reflection. The large majority of them desire to deal fairly by and to live in friendship with their Dissenting neighbours. Most of them care about education quite apart from denominational motives. The clergyman usually values it more than the squire does, and is sometimes the only man in the parish who will work for it. Neither shall I discuss the value of distinctive dogmatic teaching further than to remark that no one has yet shown either that education in an unsectarian school weakens a boy's attachment to his own Church, or that the most distinctively dogmatic instruction any Protestant child can receive makes him any more likely to guide his conduct in after-life by the doctrines imparted—doctrines for the most part quite beyond his comprehension at the age of thirteen. All I seek to point out is that this Bill, so far from reducing the bitterness which surrounds

educational problems and has done so much to impede their solution, will intensify it and provide additional occasions for its expression. Hitherto no theological partisanship has affected the elections for County Councils and Borough Councils. Henceforth it must affect them. It will reappear when the Councils have to select persons for the Education Committees. It will vex the Education Committees when they come to appoint managers for local schools. It will raise strife in the country parishes and small towns whenever the question of establishing additional schools arises. Should the Bill become law, the storm which it has already provoked will pass into an agitation for repealing or altering it which will give the new machinery even less chance of working smoothly than its inherent defects promise.

Thus it appears that out of the five chief defects of our educational system two (those numbered 1 and 3) are left uncured, two (numbers 4 and 5) are actually aggravated, while to one—the inferiority of rural schools—there is applied a remedy both costly and uncertain.\* And now, having noted what the Bill fails to do for education, let us even more briefly note what are the positive changes it makes.

It permits the extinction of all School Boards by giving County and Borough Councils power to assume their work. Such an option has been much condemned, for it leaves two diverse systems side by side, and School Boards liable every three years to be superseded by other authorities. Yet this alternative is preferable to that of immediate and total suppression, which would forthwith throw upon the Councils a vast mass of difficult work for which they are wholly unprepared. Secondary education they might undertake, for in that field they are not without experience, though some of them have shown little wisdom. But of elementary education, a far larger field, they know nothing. Bad as the optional clause is, it is the lesser of two evils.

The Bill involves a considerable extra charge on the ratepayer—viz., the making up of the loss of voluntary subscriptions—and it will further involve, if rural and other backward schools are to be brought up to a high standard, a vast increase in the county and borough rates. Mr. E. L. Stanley has estimated the extra charge to the country at more than 2,000,000*l.* a year. There will certainly be a rise of 4*d.* to 6*d.* in the pound in many counties if the Councils seriously try to improve the schools. In Liverpool the additional rate is estimated at 6*d.*

It will throw a tremendous burden on local authorities already heavily weighted. Consider how laborious the work of a School Board in a great city has been, and think what it means to transfer all that work to the Council of the same city, with its hands already full. Consider the demands already made on the time of councillors

in a large county, where it may take three or four hours to reach and as many to return from the place of meeting, and ask how those councillors can add the care of elementary education to their existing duties. The work will probably fall into the hands of permanent officials.

This difficulty has suggested to the framers of the Bill the creation of a separate Education Committee, composed largely or even wholly of persons outside the Council. But here a fresh difficulty emerges. The Committee is apparently to enjoy every right except that of raising or borrowing money. It will have before it all the data needed to form a policy, but not the means of giving effect to its policy by expenditure; whereas the Council which will control the expenditure will lack the data. One body will have knowledge without power; the other, power without knowledge.

Nothing could well be vaguer than the definition given of the relations of these authorities. Indeed, the whole scheme of authorities contemplated by the Bill is both misty and complicated. At the head is the Board of Education, of whose future we know only this—that many of its functions go over to the County or Borough Council. Then comes the Council, which is to ‘act through’ the Committee, apparently with a control almost solely financial. Next is the Committee, a body whose composition is still hidden from view, with no responsibility to electors and very little to the Council. At the bottom are the local managers, whose relation to the Committee and the Council is very dark, and who may be either ‘denominational private managers’ or (in the case of schools other than voluntary) a local body such as a Parish Council, or possibly the denominational school managers themselves. What complication, what occasions for friction, what conflicting pretensions to be adjusted! In any country but England ridicule would destroy a proposal of ‘final settlement’ which perpetuated in adjoining parishes, or perhaps in the same parish, two sets of schools supported from the same fund, but differing in instruction and in management, the differences being due far more to accident than to principle. And yet the Bill is recommended as one for simplification and the establishment of ‘a single authority.’ Where in this tangle of authorities is the motive power to be found which will work the machinery? There have been since 1870 two forces moving and guiding the upward progress of the better schools—popular strength behind the School Boards, and the enlightened leading and steady pressure of the central authority in Whitehall. This Bill, which extinguishes one and weakens the other, puts nothing in their place. It is destructive rather than constructive.

Will it, then, accomplish nothing? By no means. It does effect one thing. It secures and will tend to extend the denominational schools, it gives their managers a free hand, it relieves their subscribers of the strain they have found ‘intolerable.’ The reasons

which have moved the framers of the Bill may be sound or unsound. But they are political or ecclesiastical, not educational, reasons. The interests of popular instruction would have dictated a very different measure.

The denominational schools are safe until some strong reaction in public feeling sets in. But we shall be left with rates largely increased, with a complex and cumbrous system of machinery, with secondary education thrown into the background, with the prospect of seeing a hot ecclesiastical battle joined over the whole field from Parliament down to the District Councils, and we shall have advanced not one step towards that which ought to have been the goal of our efforts—to render the schools of England, both elementary and secondary, fit for the work which England expects from them and which every year shows to be more urgently needed.

JAMES BRYCE.



## LAST MONTH

THE world has been moving fast, almost too fast, since I last addressed my readers in these pages. The month of March was, indeed, distinguished by no events of special importance until its closing days were reached. But then incident followed incident with such rapidity that all the impressions of the month which the chronicler had formed were suddenly reversed and the story which had been written was rendered valueless. Very different has been the record for the month of April. It has witnessed changes so large and events so important that it must be added to the list of the months in which history has been made; and on this occasion the history, Heaven be thanked! seems to lead in the direction of peace. It was towards the close of March that the first rumours of an approaching settlement in South Africa began to be whispered in the inner political circles in London. But similar rumours have been circulated so often before that people were for the most part loth to attach too much importance to these latest stories. But then came the news that the 'acting Government' of the Transvaal had actually appealed to this country for leave to enter the field of war in order to consult with Mr. Steyn and the commandoes in the field on the question of peace—and in a moment all was changed. Everybody felt that at last we were approaching the period of serious negotiation. Events during the month have advanced by no means rapidly. More than once, indeed, it has seemed that a hitch had occurred which might put an end to all hopes of peace, and as a consequence hopes and fears have alternated in quick succession in the breasts of onlookers. The arrival of the representatives of the Boer Executives both in the Transvaal and the Free State at Pretoria strengthened the hopes of the lovers of peace, and the announcement made by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons on the 18th of April was widely accepted as bringing us almost within sight of a settlement. That announcement was to the effect that Lord Kitchener, after more than one meeting with the Boer leaders, had agreed to give facilities for the election and meeting of representatives of the various commandoes to consider the position. The Boer leaders left Pretoria on the 18th inst. to meet the remnant of their nation, and it was officially announced

that three weeks at least must elapse before we could again receive any communication from them.

The Press, as usual in such circumstances, has been rich in stories, many of them of the most detailed character, with regard to the nature of the Boer proposals and the course of the negotiations at Pretoria. The public will do well, however, to attach little importance to these tales. The essential fact is that for the first time since the great struggle began the Boer leaders, both civil and military, have met in a body to consider whether the time to stop the war has not arrived, and have gone so far as to enter into a preliminary conference with the King's representatives in South Africa. They can only have gone so far as this after giving up that impossible cry of 'absolute independence' which has been raised by mischief-makers like Mr. Leyds at The Hague, and unhappily re-echoed by some foolish persons in this country. We are therefore face to face with a new state of things. After fighting splendidly the Boers have practically admitted that they are beaten, and they are now engaged in considering among themselves how far they can accept the terms offered to them by His Majesty's Ministers. This shows an enormous advance on their side in the direction of peace, and it appears to justify the feeling of optimism which, as the month closes, seems to prevail almost universally in this country. There is no need to say how real and strong is the desire for peace on the part of the British public. The riotously bellicose attitude which was so general in 1900 after the relief of Mafeking has long since disappeared, and in its place we have seen the growth among all classes and parties of an absolute yearning for peace. But this strenuous desire to see the end of a bloody and most costly and painful struggle has not, so far as the vast majority of the people of the Empire are concerned, been accompanied by any weakening of the determination that the war, no matter what its difficulty or its costliness may be, shall be carried through to a successful end. Nothing, indeed, has been more remarkable than the firmness with which the nation as a whole has insisted upon this. No responsible politician of either party, no one, indeed, save the spokesmen of the small and discredited clique who have openly taken the side of the Boers against their own country, has wavered in the avowal of his determination to 'see the thing through' at all costs and hazards. There is no doubt that this firmness on the part of the British public has had its influence in bringing the Boers to their present frame of mind. Slowly but steadily the conviction has grown among them that they can hope neither for foreign intervention on their behalf nor for the assistance of either political party in this country. They have seen in the policy outlined in Lord Rosebery's famous speech at Chesterfield the farthest limits to which any British statesman can go towards meeting their claims, and there is very little doubt that they would

thankfully accept such a peace as the ex-Premier sketched in that historic utterance.

Whether they will now get all that Lord Rosebery suggested should be given to them is doubtful. If they had openly accepted his proposals last December, the probability is that we should have settled the question three months ago, and thus have escaped a great deal of expenditure and not a little bloodshed. Ministers have recovered something of their courage since last December. They have seen the extraordinary resolution and endurance of the public; they have seen also the new divisions which, since Chesterfield, have, unhappily, sprung up in the Liberal party—divisions which might so easily have been avoided if there had been greater tact and goodwill on the part of the official leaders of the Opposition. They are much less likely now to retreat from the policy of unconditional surrender than they were five months ago. But even Mr. Chamberlain will admit that there are many points on which it will be possible to meet the Boers without yielding one jot of any of the essential conditions of peace. The banishment proclamation of last September is said to be one of the points on which the peace negotiations might possibly fall through. It is difficult to believe it. No doubt the *amour propre* of the Minister who is specially responsible for that unfortunate proclamation—unfortunate because it failed absolutely to achieve the purpose with which it was issued—would be wounded if it were to be formally cancelled. But how can anyone believe that any statesman or body of statesmen would ever have consented to enter into serious negotiations with men who were lying under a sentence of outlawry, if they really meant to carry out that sentence with all its rigours? If the Boers are ready to yield on the essential points named by the Government in its statement of the terms on which it was prepared to conclude a peace, it is impossible to believe that they can have anything to fear from the banishment proclamation. A day is at hand when by immemorial usage the Sovereign will be entitled and expected to exercise that prerogative of mercy which is one of the most precious possessions of the Crown. The Royal clemency may well cut the knot of the banishment proclamation without any offence to its author and those who have applauded his policy. The exercise of the same regal authority may render the question of amnesty one of minor importance. It is difficult to believe that any wise statesmen who know, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has said, that the enemy of to-day will, we trust and believe, become the friend of to-morrow, will insist upon any measure of unnecessary harshness in the treatment of a beaten foe. Even from the narrowest and most selfish point of view it would be a mistake to drive out of South Africa men of the type of Mr. Reitz and Commandant Delarey. The British public insists, and rightly, that the unprecedented sacrifices made by this country

during the present war shall not be thrown away. It is resolved to secure the complete and unquestioned ascendancy of the Crown in the Transvaal and the Orange Colony; it is determined that, so far as lies within our power, we shall make any repetition of the present struggle impossible. The war would have been fought in vain if it had not made peace secure in South Africa, if not for all time—for it does not lie with any human power to ensure this—at least for a generation to come. Having secured these ends, it should be the desire of all men to make the future of our conquered foe as easy and endurable as possible. The majority of both political parties will support Ministers in refusing to listen to any proposals from the Boers that are not consistent with the attainment of these indispensable conditions. But when they have been obtained the turn of the olive-branch will come, and public opinion will insist that in the final settlement justice shall be tempered, not so much with mercy as with that wise and magnanimous exercise of a far-seeing statesmanship which history has shown to be the surest of all the methods by which bitter racial feuds and long-standing animosities can be removed and even obliterated from the memory of mankind. I am treading on dangerous ground, for it is not wise at times like the present, when an opportunity of putting an end to a terrible war seems at last to be at hand, for any irresponsible writer to use language that might be misunderstood, and might even give rise to unfortunate misconceptions elsewhere. I have, however, sought to confine myself strictly to what I believe to be the general sentiment of the British public at this critical moment in our history. For the rest, we can only wait, in the earnest hope that by the wisdom of our rulers the blessings of peace may before long again be vouchsafed to us.

The peculiar and almost unprecedented conditions of the conflict in South Africa have been curiously illustrated by the fact that at the very time when the whole of the Boer generals and leaders were the guests of the British representatives at Pretoria, our Commander-in-Chief absolutely refused to grant an armistice to the enemy. It has been shrewdly pointed out that the acquiescence by the Boer leaders in this stern decree furnishes the best possible evidence of their estimate of their own position. The English Government cannot be blamed for its refusal of an armistice, a refusal which can be justified by well-established precedents. The sword cannot be laid aside until the olive-branch has not merely been exhibited but actually grasped. Yet there must of necessity be a practical relinquishment of actual warfare during the time allowed to the Boers for the consultation with their various forces on the question of surrender. During the past month the campaign has been carried on with vigour on both sides, and on the whole with results eminently satisfactory to this country. But all the victories have

not been on our side, and in one notable affair a panic on the part of some ill-drilled mounted men brought us within an ace of a serious reverse. Curiously enough, however, the most tragical event in South Africa during the month was not an engagement with the enemy, but the railway accident at Barberton, in which no fewer than thirty-nine lives were lost. Two incidents connected with South African affairs which have attracted attention during the month have been of a very exceptional character. The first has been the unexpected revelation of the fact that certain British officers attached to a body of horse raised locally, called the Bushveldt Carabiniers, were during the month of February tried by order of Lord Kitchener on the charge of murder. Three of these officers were found guilty, two of them being sentenced to death and the third to a long term of penal servitude. The death sentences, after being confirmed by Lord Kitchener, were duly carried out long before the public at home had any knowledge of the shocking and scandalous affair. We might, indeed, have remained in ignorance of it but for the fact that one of these officers had been resident in Australia—it does not appear that he was a native of the colony—and had originally gone out to South Africa with one of the Australian contingents. It was from Australia that the first authentic information of the trial and executions was received, and there was some agitation in the Commonwealth on the subject of the penalties which doomed the delinquents to a shameful death. Inquiry into the matter speedily convinced the public, both here and in Australia, that the punishment inflicted was well deserved. The men had dishonoured the flag under which they fought, and had been clearly guilty of murdering Boer combatants after they had surrendered. A further charge of having murdered a German pastor does not appear to have been fully proved, though a strong suspicion attached to them on this charge also. In any case the episode was one of the most melancholy of the whole war, and there was a general feeling of relief that Lord Kitchener should have had the courage to mete out to the criminals the severest penalty of the law. The second incident was of a more pleasant character. Commandant Kritzing, a distinguished Boer officer, was tried by court-martial on a charge of murder and acquitted, the Court after his acquittal testifying to their sense of his innocence by shaking hands with him. These two instances of the impartiality of British justice, even under martial law, have not been without their effect upon opinion abroad. It is not inconceivable that they have also had some effect upon the Boers themselves.

The month at home has witnessed a series of startling and remarkable developments in the political world. Parliament has been engaged in discussing both in the House and in the Lobby three grave matters—the Budget, the Education Bill, and the condition

of Ireland. Not even the urgency of the questions connected with the war and the peace negotiations has distracted public attention from these topics, all of them of the most serious character, and each seeming to threaten an almost revolutionary change in our policy. Everybody knew that a heavy task was laid upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he was called upon to provide the necessary supplies for the current financial year; but probably there were very few who were prepared for the Budget which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach laid before the House of Commons on Monday, the 14th of April. He had to confess that for last year there had been a deficit of no less than 52,524,000*l.*, the revenue having been 142,998,000*l.* and the total expenditure 195,522,000*l.* This deficit had been met by the creation of sixty millions of Consols—in other words, by the addition of that amount to the debt of the country. In the current year the estimated expenditure is 174,609,000*l.*, to which must be added eighteen and a half millions for a grant-in-aid to the West Indian Colonies, for the South African Constabulary, and for interest on the new debt, bringing the gross total up to 193,109,000*l.* The revenue on the basis of last year's taxation is only 147,785,000*l.*, leaving a deficit of 45,324,000*l.* to be provided for.

These are stupendous figures, and they lift the whole question of our national finance high above the region of humdrum Budgets. The most ardent adherent of what may be called the orthodox system of taxation, the system under which the country has prospered and grown rich beyond the dreams of avarice, must admit that a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is called upon to deal with such a balance-sheet as this cannot be expected to confine himself within the limits of everyday or traditional finance. If the enormous increase in the national expenditure were due to the war alone—the ultimate cost of which is now estimated at two hundred millions—it would have been the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take exceptional measures for meeting an exceptional and temporary emergency. Unhappily this is not the case. Since 1896, the first year in which the present Government had full control of the finances of the country, the ordinary expenditure has grown from 97,746,000*l.* to 126,109,000*l.*, so that on the basis of the ordinary outlay of the nation Sir Michael has this year to provide 28,000,000*l.* more than he had to find when he first took office. Even if there had been no war, therefore, his task would not have been an easy one. With 62,000,000*l.* of war expenditure added to 126,000,000*l.* of ordinary, it is a task which might well drive the most capable of financiers to his wits' end. By far the larger proportion of his colossal deficit he obtains by borrowing, suspending the Sinking Fund, and resorting to the Exchequer balances. These steps give him, roundly, forty millions. The balance he will raise by adding another

penny to the income tax, by doubling the existing penny stamp on bankers' cheques and dividend warrants, and by reverting to the old tax of 3*d.* a hundredweight on corn, grain, and flour, this last expedient being calculated to provide 2,650,000*l.* of additional revenue.

That any Budget in existing circumstances must have been unpopular with some sections of the community, if not with all, it is needless to say. Last year's taxation was heavy enough in all conscience—though, happily, it was borne with an ease which speaks volumes for the substantial wealth and prosperity of the nation. An addition of more than five millions to the taxation of last year could not fail to be unpopular. But the unpopularity of the Budget, which would in any case have been inevitable, has been greatly increased by the nature of the new taxation. That long-suffering person, the income-tax-payer, is aggrieved that, instead of getting the relief to which he thought himself entitled, he will have to pay a penny more next January than was exacted from him last January. The commercial community regards the addition of a penny to the stamp duty on cheques as a needless and irritating interference with the ordinary course of financial transactions; while the tax on grain and flour is looked upon by Free-traders of every party as being the 'thin end of the wedge' that is ultimately to drive us back into the old system of protection. This is not the place in which the many serious questions raised by this alarming and unprecedented Budget can be adequately or fitly discussed; but I have said enough to show how grave are the issues raised by our present financial position, and by the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The public in its objections to the fiscal changes of this year's Budget must not, however, lose sight of one fact. Those who will the end will the means also. The nation insists, and on the whole rightly, upon spending more money on the national defences, on education, on a thousand-and-one objects, each more or less laudable in itself. It must be prepared to pay the bill for the running up of which it is itself responsible. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach deserves credit at least for one thing. He has not been afraid to face the necessities of the hour, and to bring the country face to face with them also. Many high authorities may, and do, question the soundness of the methods by which he seeks to obtain the necessary additions to the public revenue, but no fair-minded person will deny the courage and straightforwardness that he has shown in calling upon the nation to pay its way in carrying out a policy which it has stamped with its approval. A great deal will unquestionably be heard during the next few weeks of this Budget and of its apparently retrograde character. Yet by itself this new taxation is a mere flea-bite. The really grave question is one that recalls to all of us the old debating society formula, which declared that 'the national expendi-

ture has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.' If it continued to increase as it has done in recent years, then, at no distant date, the richest nation in the world would find itself in a condition of serious embarrassment.

But if the Budget has given new life to certain highly controversial questions, it has not roused the passions which have been evoked by the Education Bill. That ill-starred scheme, by means of which Ministers are seeking to pacify the clerical party among their supporters, bids fair to give rise to a controversy as bitter and prolonged as that of 1870. Nobody is wholly pleased with the Bill—not even the bishops who write to the *Times* to point out its excellences. Among the Nonconformists and among educationists pure and simple it is regarded with something like disgust. That it puts an end to the great compromise upon which Mr. Forster's scheme of 1870 was founded is not the least of its demerits. That fault is swallowed up in the greater sin of which it is guilty. It puts an end not merely to the compromise, but to the School Board system. London is to be spared, because there is no public body in this province of bricks that could even pretend to add to its existing duties the charge of the education of a community so vast. But elsewhere the School Boards are to go, and their place is to be taken by education committees, not elected, but appointed by another body—the county council. This is a reversion to the first proposal of the Act of 1870—a proposal which was altered by the House of Commons, and altered with the happiest results. Those who were in public life at the time when Mr. Forster fought for his great measure in the teeth of the violent opposition of Birmingham and a large section of the Nonconformists, those who rejoiced in the great triumph of 1870, and who have been rejoicing ever since in its results, cannot understand why the School Boards, which have done such noble work, should suddenly be threatened with extinction. That there are many places in the rural districts in which a change of the kind proposed by the Bill will be advantageous no fair-minded man will deny. But what is the argument in favour of disbanding the School Boards in the towns of England? Does anybody acquainted with the facts pretend that the Leeds City Council, for example, would be a better authority on the educational needs of the town than the Leeds School Board? What is true of Leeds is equally true of scores of other towns, great and small, where under Forster's Act School Boards have been formed which have really done their duty. The older race of politicians will remember the almost excessive care which was taken by Parliament in 1870 to make the School Boards representative of all classes. The cumulative vote was one of the methods by which it was sought to attain this end, and I can remember the indignation with which Mr. Forster protested against the action taken by the Liberal party in Leeds for the purpose of outwitting that proviso of the Act. All



the cry then was for a genuine system of representation on the Boards, from which no section of the community of any numerical strength would be excluded. The cumulative vote has been proved by experience to be both a clumsy and an inefficient method of dealing with the problem of popular representation; but it has at least had one good consequence. It has kept alive everywhere the interest in the School Board and in the question of popular education. Everybody who has had experience of our popular representative system in local affairs knows how much keener is the public interest in the School Board elections than in those for town and county councils. It is this public interest in the education of the young that has been the motive power that has kept the great machinery of the schools in action during the past thirty years. It is the principle of popular control that has preserved our educational system from the domination of either priest or pedagogue. Under the new measure all this direct interest of the general community in questions concerning the management of the schools will be lost. There will be no election of a School Board or of any authority *ad hoc*. The county council will elect or select the men who are to undertake the supervision of the educational system in each particular district; the ordinary elector will have no direct voice in the matter. If anybody supposes that the public interest in educational questions under the new system will be as keen as it has been under the old, he must be strangely lacking in experience of the inevitable results which follow the removal of any kind of public work from popular control.

But it is not this feature of the Bill which has aroused the bitterest opposition among certain classes. The Nonconformists regard it as being a measure for the endowment of the religious teaching of the Church of England; they protest that it is an attempt to impose a new Church rate, and they vow that, like their fathers of old, they will rather suffer the spoiling of their goods than by submitting appear to acquiesce in so iniquitous a measure. Moderate men will hardly sympathise with this extreme attitude on the part of many Nonconformists; but it is an attitude with which the Government will have to reckon. That it makes for a prolonged and passionate controversy before the Bill becomes law can hardly be doubted. Moreover, many who do not go the length of those Nonconformists who announce their determination to suffer prosecution rather than pay a school rate which will be used to support the teaching of dogmatic religion, feel that the Bill violates the sound principle that where public money is spent public control must be maintained. There is no sounder principle in connection with our public life than this, and its abandonment in the case of the denominational schools is a blow at the very foundations of the Constitution. Yet this is part of the price to be paid by the

Government for the satisfaction of its clerical supporters. Finally, the educationists pure and simple are hostile to the Bill because, whilst it will, as they believe, do serious injury to our system of elementary education, it will not bring about that improvement in the secondary education of the country which is so urgently required. All these objections to the measure have been brought forward in the Press and in public meetings during the past month, and none can doubt that when the Bill comes on for discussion in the House of Commons the debates will be both animated and protracted. Already the hopelessness of attempting to pass it within the compass of an ordinary session is generally recognised, and the question of relegating it to a special autumn session is being raised.

To these burning questions of finance and education must be added the renewed question of Ireland. The Irish Land Bill has not pleased anybody, and seems likely to fall to the ground *sub silentio*. In the meantime the social condition of Ireland has again become the subject of heated discussion. It is almost impossible for the Saxon outsider to arrive at any clear estimate of the actual position. If we may believe the journalists and speakers of a certain class, Ireland is once more in the grip of a tyranny as cruel and relentless as that of the Land League, and Ministers have shown a shameful weakness in not using the powers which the law has placed in their hands more fully and vigorously for the suppression of the United Irish League. On the other hand, Mr. George Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has made it clear that he does not share the alarmist views of Lord Londonderry and the Orangemen. But Ministers have had to yield to the pressure put upon them by their Irish supporters. They have not only begun to prosecute Irish M.P.'s for seditious speeches, but have placed certain counties under Sections 2, 3, and 4 of the Criminal Law Procedure Act. This means that the old struggle over 'coercion' is to be renewed—the struggle which has been carried on at intervals from generation to generation, and which never seems to result in a victory for either party to the quarrel. That the battle which has now begun in Ireland will break out in the House of Commons is certain, and Ministers, who have already this session had occasion to realise the meaning of Irish obstruction, will have to suffer still more from it before they succeed in carrying the new Rules of Procedure. For the present the Home Rule question sleeps; nor is it likely to be reawakened by the strenuous efforts of the Radical opponents of Lord Rosebery to use it as a battle-cry against that statesman. But the Irish problem remains. It is not dead, as Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule schemes are, and until it has been approached once more it will continue to be a burden hung round the necks of both parties, always hampering their freedom of action, always imposing severe

limits upon their powers. That it will have to be approached from a new direction, if it is at last to be solved, is generally admitted, though upon neither side of the Channel does there seem at present to be any disposition to grasp the nettle. The ordinary proceedings of Parliament since I last wrote have borne eloquent testimony to the pressure which the Irish question puts upon the House of Commons and the Government even in times of comparative peace. Whitsuntide is in sight, but the Rules of Procedure are still under discussion; again and again we have had 'Irish scenes' of one kind or another, whilst the ingenuity of certain of the members from Ireland has been freely employed for the purpose of harassing Ministers with acute questions as to the progress of the war and those incidents connected with it which are least satisfactory from the British point of view. It cannot be said that much comfort is to be derived by anybody from a survey of the present position in Parliament.

A great wave of emotion broke not only over this country, but over the whole Empire, when it was known that the brave struggle against mortal disease which had so long been carried on by Mr. Cecil Rhodes had at last ended, and that the troubled life of the most remarkable Englishman of his time had reached its close. Though Mr. Rhodes had many enemies, and though his death did not silence his detractors, it gave his fellow-countrymen an opportunity of reconsidering their estimate of his character. A strangely complex character it unquestionably was. At its foundation lay that undying, unquenchable love of his own country and his own race which was the inspiration of his whole life. To secure for the sons of England in all parts of the world, but more particularly in the continent on which from early manhood his own lot had been cast, the foremost place; to stake out for them new territories, where in days still far distant they might build up new nations on the lines which the Anglo-Saxon has always followed; to bind all the scattered communities of the English-speaking peoples in lasting bonds of fellowship, and with lofty foresight to remove from their path even the most distant obstacles to their advance—these seemed to be the objects on which his heart was set. That they were noble in themselves, noble and most patriotic, none but the churl will deny. But curiously allied with these lofty and far-seeing aims was a certain want of scrupulousness as to the means by which the purposes he cherished were to be carried out. A strange mixture of gold and clay—strange, but not unique, as the history of the world has shown—was the character of the man who, in a life short as we measure lives now, achieved so much and impressed his personal influence so deeply on the annals of the land he loved. The majority of his grateful fellow-countrymen were not unwilling at the time of his death to forget all that was less worthy in his life and character,

and to fix their eyes only on that which was noble and inspiring. For the sake of the lofty aims they were ready to ignore the questionable methods which he was pleased at times to use. And when his remarkable will was made public, and we had a fresh revelation of the inspiring motive of his life—when we saw how the wealth which he valued only as a weapon with which to carve his way to his desired goal was to be expended, this feeling became well-nigh passionate and universal. It is too soon to pass the final verdict upon such a life and character; but already it is clear that not merely the men of his own race, but the world at large, recognise Mr. Rhodes as being emphatically one of those who are entitled to be called great—not great, perhaps, in intellect, but great in motive and supremely great in force of will. Born out of due season he may perhaps have been, for many of his actions and much in his way of regarding the great problems of existence and the characteristics of his fellow-men belonged to an earlier and a ruder time; but with all his faults and limitations he built up for himself a fame that will secure for him the interest and admiration of mankind for centuries to come. His lonely grave in the far-off Matoppo Hills may not inconceivably become the central shrine of a mighty nation, inheritor of the continent which it was his passionate desire to win for the English race. No one can wonder at the fact that the death of such a man should have stirred his fellow-countrymen to the depths of their hearts, nor will any one allow his conception of the character of Mr. Rhodes to be affected by revelations of his chance talk, his fleeting and sometimes fantastic dreams, which he may have made at odd moments to those whom he regarded as his friends.

If the death of Mr. Rhodes did not a little to impress upon us the idea of the unity of the British Empire, other events that have happened of late have contributed towards the same end. Thus, whilst the Budget proposals have met with so cold a reception here, they have been hailed in Australia as opening the way towards that Imperial Zollverein which has so long been the ideal of colonial statesmen. So long as Great Britain maintained an unyielding determination to treat Protection as an impossible policy there was, of course, no hope for the colonies which desired to arrange a preferential tariff between the different portions of the Empire. But the imposition of a tax upon bread—even such an infinitesimal tax as that of the present Budget—has, in the opinion of our fellow-subjects at the Antipodes, altered everything, and now hopes are running high both in Australia and New Zealand that the long-cherished dream may be realised, and that thus the union between the Mother Country and her offspring may be signalised in a substantial manner. Those of us who watch the course of events in the distant portions of the Empire cannot fail to be struck by two features of the times.

The first is the unabated and, if possible, increased demonstrations of loyalty to the Crown and the Empire which the Colonies continue to offer to us. Apparently the desire to furnish war contingents for service in South Africa is as keen now as it was at the very beginning of the conflict. The world at large must look with wonder at this proof of the reality of that Imperial unity which has been brought to birth by the fierce heat of war. Henceforth our rivals will know better than they did three years ago the extent of the forces with which they will have to reckon if ever they should fall out with us. The other feature of the times is the extent to which the statesmen of the Colonies regard themselves as entitled, in virtue of the services they have rendered to the Mother Country, to participate in the settlement of questions of Imperial policy. This is a delicate question, not lightly to be raised, and by no means ripe for full discussion. But the speeches which Mr. Seddon, for example, has made of late show how full the colonial mind is of this subject, and how strongly the 'lion's cubs' believe that they have earned the right to be called into the counsels of the lion. The coming meeting of the chief statesmen of the Outer Britains in London at the time of the Coronation will furnish an opportunity of conference and discussion that is not likely to be wasted, and it is possible that the summer of 1902 will witness a marked development of the principle of Imperial Federation.

Some grave events have happened during the month in the region of foreign politics. In Russia, the fermentation of revolutionary opinions has been calculated to alarm those who are not cognisant of the immense extent of the latent powers of the Czardom. Russia is far removed from the France of the Great Revolution. Her Government is not at the mercy of any town mob; her army is still recruited from classes which have not imbibed the doctrines of Nihilists or Socialists. But it cannot be doubted that the reported disturbances among the students of Moscow and St. Petersburg are calculated to cause much uneasiness to the central authorities, and now that assassination has again been resorted to as a political weapon it seems likely that the Empire is doomed to another period of serious internal trouble. Doubtless these internal troubles will make in the future, as in the past, for the cause of international peace. But even this reflection will not remove the feeling of regret with which they are witnessed by the outside world. In Belgium the spirit of revolutionary unrest, stirred into activity by the severity of a Clerical and reactionary régime, has been manifested in serious street riots in Brussels, and in the attempt of the party of reform to bring pressure to bear upon the authorities by means of a general strike. The condition of Belgium, where 'anything may happen' without further warning, is in striking contrast to that of France, where the Republican Government seems more firmly established than at any previous

period in its history, and the people in face of a general election seem to be calmly resolved not to allow themselves to be drawn into any revolutionary agitation by the enemies of the Republic. Holland is for the moment disturbed and depressed by the serious illness of the young Queen, an event which must excite the sympathy of all other nations with the little State. In the United States, some unpleasant revelations of the manner in which the war has been carried on in the Philippines have moved the people of the Republic deeply. The President, it is announced, is resolved that a full investigation into all the charges against the officers and the army in the Philippines shall be made. With our own experiences in South Africa fresh in our minds we know full well how easy it is, not only for a brave and merciful army to become the subject of unfounded slanders, but for exceptional cases of cruelty to occur in remote districts of the field of operations. Those Americans who have hitherto been inclined to lend their ears to the slanders of the Boer agents, who have striven so sedulously to arouse prejudice against us in the United States, will now, one may hope, be inclined to look at matters nearer home and more closely concerning their own affairs.

Apart from the proceedings of Parliament there has been comparatively little in our own domestic history during the month to call for comment. The preparations for the great ceremony of next month absorb the attention of the officials of the Court, and are steadily engaging a larger portion of the time and thought of the general public. The universal hope that the Coronation may find us at peace with all the world undoubtedly quickens the interest of the nation in an event of historic importance. During the past month the Liberal party has lost one of its oldest and most respected leaders—the Earl of Kimberley. He must be reckoned among the men who have been exceptionally happy in their public careers. For many years he held a high place in the ranks of his own party. He was high in office before most of the men now figuring in the arena of politics had entered public life, and for half a century no Liberal Ministry was complete without him. But it was not by his own party only that he was regarded as an able, high-minded, and patriotic statesman, and no warmer tribute has been paid to his memory than that which was offered by his old opponent, Lord Salisbury. His death caused a vacancy in the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Lords. At the moment at which I write this vacancy has not been filled up, but there is little reason to doubt that his successor will be Lord Spencer. As for the general position of the Opposition, it remains practically what it was after Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's deliverance at Leicester. Lord Rosebery and his supporters have definitely refused to regard their banishment from Sir Henry's political tabernacle as being identical with their exclusion from the Liberal party, and they openly maintain their right

to be regarded as the supporters of all the essential and historic principles of Liberalism. It is not impossible, however, that before long the personal differences and the petty intrigues which in recent years have had so disastrous an effect upon the Opposition will be lost sight of in the presence of larger issues. 'I will tax you into unity' is a saying which gossip attributes to the Chancellor of the Exchequer when, not long ago, he was reproaching an eminent member of the Opposition for the differences on his side of the House. The Budget will undoubtedly have its effect in bringing Liberals of all classes and sections into united action on a common field. The Education Bill may do still more; and thus it is not impossible that, if the hopes of peace are fulfilled, we shall see once again a united Opposition, purged, let us hope, of those elements which have discredited it in the eyes of the country and the world, making common cause on behalf of the policy for which in other days it fought so strenuously.

WEMYSS REID.

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*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY  
AND AFTER



No. CCCIV—JUNE 1902

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*THE SHIPPING 'COMBINE', AND  
THE BRITISH FLAG*

BEWILDERMENT, alarm, indignation—such has been the prevailing mood of the public mind since the news of the great Shipping Combination burst upon it a few weeks ago. That something was wrong somewhere—that somebody had stolen a march upon us—that something ought to be done—such was the common sentiment of the men in the street and in the newspapers. Through the chaos of conflicting rumours and resolves there has perhaps emerged a fairly clear conception of what has happened and of its bearing on our two great national interests—the mercantile marine and the navy.

Now what has happened? The one thing certain is the provisional agreement dated the 4th of February last between Messrs. J. P.



Morgan & Co., called the 'bankers,' on the one hand, and Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co., called the 'White Star Vendors,' and certain other persons known as the 'Dominion Vendors' and the 'Atlantic Vendors' respectively, on the other. For various reasons public attention has centred on the 'White Star' part in the transaction. The White Star Line is the largest and best known of the combining fleets, and its relations with the Royal Naval Reserve of Merchant Cruisers are particularly important. Confining ourselves to the White Star Line, and neglecting the details of price, method of payment, and so forth, we find that the agreement contains the following provisions:

(1) The whole object and purpose is the acquisition of the 'properties and businesses' by a corporation—that is to say, a company to be organised under the laws of the State of New York or some other American State.

(2) The 'properties and businesses' so to be acquired consist in the first place of 750 shares of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, 'including the new vessels building for the said company,' and all its rights in the name of the White Star Line and in the flag of such line,' and in the second place of the assets of the firm of Ismay, Imrie & Co., including the position of managers of the Oceanic Company so far as they can sell the same. Now the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company is the owner of the White Star Line, and the total number of shares in the company is 750. The main object of the agreement, therefore, is that before the end of the present year the whole of the shares in this company, carrying with them of course all the property of the company new and old, are to pass into the hands of a foreign company, organised under laws as yet undetermined, with 'a charter,' so to speak, as yet unknown.

This, it will be seen, is not an agreement between the new foreign corporation and the old Oceanic Company. It is an agreement between a private English firm and the American 'bankers,' who may not incorrectly be described as the promoters of the foreign company about to be formed. The English firm undertake to procure the transfer to the new foreign corporation of all the shares in the old Oceanic Company. The Oceanic Company, as such, does not appear to be a party to the agreement. Its corporate existence remains unaffected, and it will remain as before the legal owner of the White Star Line and all its assets, sentimental and material. The only change will be that all its existing shareholders will go out and in their place will be substituted the new corporation to be called into existence during the current year under the laws of an unnamed State of the American Union. What compensation the outgoing shareholders will receive is a question which does not greatly concern the public. It will, in the first instance, be as to part cash and as to part stock in the new foreign corporation, which of course may be

turned into cash. The essence of the transaction may be fairly taken to be that the present shareholders of the Oceanic Company—all presumably British subjects—will sell out, that one new shareholder, viz. the new foreign corporation, will become the registered holder of all the shares, that this new foreign corporation will have a body of shareholders of various nationalities, and that until the new corporation otherwise determines the old Oceanic Company will remain a British corporation, though under foreign control, and all its vessels will continue to be nominally British vessels and to fly the British flag. The condensed summary of the agreement which appeared in the *Times* of the 9th of May leaves it uncertain whether it is an essential part of the agreement that *all* of the shares in the Oceanic Company shall be transferred. The American manipulator in such circumstances is generally satisfied with a controlling interest, which need not amount to more than a moiety of the shares *plus* one. Nor is it quite clear how far the execution of all the agreements is necessary to the binding effect of any one. We may assume both in the case of the White Star and of the other lines that the necessary conditions will be fulfilled, and that the general situation will be such as I have described—one great foreign corporation owning all the shares in the British companies, which, however, will continue to exist as corporations under British law.

What has happened beyond the signing of the provisional agreement it is, at the time of writing, impossible to say. Meetings of the Oceanic Steamship Company are said to have been held and to have passed or refused to pass the necessary resolutions—although it is difficult to see what resolutions the company is concerned to pass, inasmuch as it is no party to the provisional agreement, which, as we have said, appears to contemplate a simultaneous sale of their shares by all the shareholders, leaving the company as such intact and unconcerned. The last statement in the press announces that the White Star meeting was unanimous, and that the vessels of the famous line will continue to fly the British flag. Why should they not? The Oceanic Steamship Company still exists and has not parted with a particle of its property, and nothing in the agreement requires that it should.

I do not propose to discuss the right of a shareholder in a British company, alone or in combination with all his colleagues, to sell his shares at a profit. That his or their motives are neither patriotic nor the reverse, but purely businesslike, is the safest assumption to make. Nor can I see much ground as yet for the suggestion that quite a different bargain has been made by the German participators in the combination. We do not know what the German arrangement is or what powers the German Government may possess to prevent a group of shareholders in a shipping company from selling their shares to

the highest bidder.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, the attempt has been made by one of the few apologists of the combination in the English press to prove that the German shipowners would only have been too glad to come in on the English terms, and that their exclusion is in some sort a blow to German pride. It is insinuated, indeed asserted, by the *Times* that criticism of the combination is in some way inspired by anti-British feeling on the Continent and is little better than a pro-Boer slander, prompted by 'official Germany.' If there has been exaggeration in the criticism generally passed upon the combination, it has at all events been free from the reckless insolence of this almost solitary champion.

But there is something to be said from the British national point of view. The status of these ships as part of our mercantile marine is a public question of some importance, and their connection with the Navy is another.

It may be assumed, then, that what has happened is the purchase by a foreign syndicate of the controlling interest in certain companies owning British ships. Many of these ships are on the list of the Royal Reserve of Merchant Cruisers, and carry men of the Royal Naval Reserve. In the case of the White Star Line it is apparently certain that the arrangement includes the transfer of the entire number of shares in the Oceanic Steamship Company—the owner of the White Star Line. Two sets of questions arise for our consideration. The first deals with the bearing of the new combination upon some of the fundamental laws governing British shipping. The other concerns the relation of these vessels to the Naval Reserves of Merchant Cruisers and of officers and men.

I. The Merchant Shipping Act of 1894 contains no definition of a 'British ship.' But certain conditions are laid down in the first section of the Act which have the effect of making the ownership of the vessel the vital point. A ship shall not be deemed to be British unless owned wholly by persons of the described character. Neither the place where she is built nor the trade in which she is employed is material. The master and the crew are not required to be British subjects. The ship must be registered and her owners must be wholly British in the sense set forth in detail in the first section of

<sup>1</sup> It appears from statements in the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* of the 23rd of May that the two leading German lines, the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American, are to be made secure against the most obnoxious characteristic of the White Star agreement by a revision of the constitution of the Companies. The managing board in each case must in future be composed of Germans resident in Germany. Any future decision to sell the property of the companies, or to subject it to foreign control, must be carried in two distinct general meetings, and by a majority of four-fifths of the shareholders. Resolutions to this effect were to be submitted to a shareholders' meeting of the Hamburg-American line on the 28th of May. See Berlin telegram in the *Times* of the 24th of May. (The precautions appear to include provision against foreign purchases of shares.) The motive power behind these remarkable new developments has not been revealed.

the Act. Ownership is thus all important, and the utmost care has been taken to exclude by definition unqualified persons.

Who, then, are the qualified persons? They are:

- (1) Natural born British subjects;
- (2) Naturalised persons;
- (3) Persons made denizens by letters of denization; and
- (4) Bodies corporate established under and subject to the laws of some part of the King's dominions, and having their principal place of business in those dominions.

When a natural born British subject has become a subject of a foreign State, or when an alien has become naturalised or made denizen, he shall not be qualified to own a British ship until he has taken the oath of allegiance to His Majesty, and is during the time he is owner of the ship resident in His Majesty's dominions or partner in a firm actually carrying on business in His Majesty's dominions. And the Naturalisation Act of 1870, which lays down the conditions on which naturalisation can be obtained, declares that nothing in this Act shall 'qualify an alien to be the owner of a British ship.' By section 25 of the Merchant Shipping Act, when a registered ship or share therein is transferred, the transferee shall not be entitled to be registered as owner thereof until he, or, in the case of a corporation, the person authorised, has signed a declaration stating the qualification of the transferee to own a British ship, or, if the transferee is a corporation, of 'such circumstances of the constitution and business thereof as prove it to be qualified to own a British ship.' Finally, 'if an unqualified person acquires as owner otherwise than by such transmission as hereinbefore provided for, an interest, either legal or beneficial, in a ship using a British flag and assuming the British character, that interest shall be subject to forfeiture under this Act' (Section 71).

There is no express provision in the Act as to the sale of a British ship to an 'unqualified person,' where there is no intention to retain the British character. We may assume that on such a sale the ship will lose her registry.<sup>2</sup> If an attempt were made to continue the British character after such a sale the provisions as to forfeiture would apply. And a British ship must be wholly owned by qualified persons. A share cannot be held by an unqualified person.

If these restrictions on the rights of individuals to own British ships or shares therein are just and necessary, it must be for the reason that ownership is assumed to carry with it certain obligations and to supply certain safeguards. Nothing can be more clear than the 'public policy' of the Merchant Shipping Act on this point. The Act of 1894 merely repeats with rather more detail and precision the terms of the old Act of 1854. In both cases elaborate care is

<sup>2</sup> Section 21 refers to a registered ship ceasing to be a British ship 'by reason of transfer to persons not qualified to be owners of British ships.'

used to rule out natural persons who are not British subjects. But in both Acts the whole effect of these careful provisions is nullified by the words which permit ownership to be acquired by 'corporate bodies established under and subject to the laws of some part of His Majesty's dominions.'

For what is a corporate body? So far as Great Britain is concerned, it may be taken to be a company incorporated by Royal Charter or by special Act of Parliament, or under the general provisions of the statutes known as the Companies Acts. The vast majority of British companies belong to the last category. There is the utmost liberty of action permitted in the incorporation of such a company. Any seven or more persons associated for any lawful purpose may by subscribing their names to a memorandum of association and complying with the requisitions of the Act of 1862 as to registration form an incorporated company. The memorandum specifies the objects of the company, and constitutes its charter and the measure of its powers. 'There is nothing,' says Lord Justice Lindley, 'to prevent an alien not an enemy from holding shares in a company. The effect of a person who is a member of a company becoming an alien enemy by a declaration of war has never been decided, but *Ex parte* Boussmaker tends to show that such a person would not *ipso facto* cease to be a member, but rather that his rights and liabilities would be suspended during the war and might be enforced upon the restoration of peace.' That a foreign corporation would be in the same position as an individual alien may be assumed. It has been actually decided under an old Merchant Shipping Act that a ship may be registered in the name of a company although some of its members are aliens, and this decision has been treated as applying to the new Merchant Shipping Act and to companies under the Companies Acts. That a ship may be so registered although all of the members are foreigners or all of the shares held by a single foreigner or foreign company may also, I suppose, be taken for certain.

I cannot reconcile the liberty thus conceded to aliens through the medium of the machinery of incorporation with the avowed policy of excluding aliens from the ownership of British ships. The contradiction becomes obvious when we compare the ordinary method of shipowning, as set forth in the Merchant Shipping Act, with the possible results of incorporation. Every British ship is made by law a kind of material corporation by itself. That is to say, the Act provides that on the register the property in a ship 'shall be divided into sixty-four shares,' and that, subject to the provisions of the Act, 'not more than sixty-four individuals shall be entitled to be registered at the same time as owners of any one ship; but this rule shall not affect the beneficial title of any number of persons or of any company represented by or claiming under or through any

registered owner or joint owner.' In the case of single-ship companies, or companies owning several ships, the company, I understand, appears on the register as owning the entire ship. If a ship, then, is not owned by a company, every one of its sixty-four shares must be in the ownership of a British subject, natural born or naturalised. But if the ship is owned by a company with a capital divided into sixty-four or any other number of shares, any one or more, or apparently all, of those shares may be owned by foreigners or by a foreign corporation.

I am inclined to think that this anomaly must be the result of inadvertence in the application, in quite modern times, of the machinery of corporation laws to the purposes of trading. In this country the very name 'corporation,' which in the United States is constantly used, is with us rarely used, by business men to mean a trading company. Our trading corporations have been a development of the laws of partnership rather than the common law of corporations, and when the final stamp of incorporation was placed on companies we perhaps scarcely realised the full effect of what we were doing. The difficulty which arose some years ago in connection with 'one-man companies' is another example in point, and there are doubtless many more.

If there is any virtue, then, in the ownership of British ships by British subjects ought not the Merchant Shipping Act to be amended in this particular? Can anybody doubt that if the Transatlantic agreement is carried into effect the ships of the White Star Line, though registered as British ships and flying the British flag, will have ceased to be British in any effective sense quite as much as if they and not the shares representing them had been sold outright to Mr. Pierpont Morgan or the foreign company about to be called into being? From my point of view, I cannot understand the satisfaction some people pretend to find in the fact that the Oceanic Company has undertaken not to transfer its ships to a foreign flag. It is the company itself that has passed under foreign control, and if the ships are really foreign-owned I fail to see how the situation is saved by the technical survival of the flag.

On general principles, then, I consider that the power given by the Merchant Shipping Act to all corporations under British law to own British shipping, no matter who may be the constituent members of such corporations, is in contradiction to the general principle of the Act and ought to be restricted. I am quite aware that difficulties of many kinds will suggest themselves to the draftsman who takes such a piece of work on hand. The governing idea should be that the ownership in vessels which the law disallows to individual foreigners seeking it directly should not be made possible to them through the medium of share-holding. Would it be sufficient or possible to require that the majority of shares in shipowning companies should be held

by individuals qualified under the Merchant Shipping Act to be owners of British ships? Or should the disability of alienage attaching to the individual ownership of ships or shares therein attach also to the ownership of shares in shipowning companies? The effect of such an alteration would no doubt be to render impossible in the future such an arrangement as appears to be contemplated at present by the Transatlantic agreement. It would not render impossible the out-and-out transfer of British ships to foreigners, individual or corporate. I do not know whether any responsible person has suggested such a tremendous restriction on the power of alienating property. Nor need I discuss the other suggestions which have been thrown out in the course of recent discussion. One of these may before this article appears have been discussed in the House of Commons. There is a motion on the paper, fixed for the 28th of May, declaring *inter alia* that 'the policy of the law with respect to the British Mercantile Marine demands reconsideration, seeing that the shipping trade of the United Kingdom is subject to burdens and restrictions from which foreign ships are exempt even in British waters.'

II. Apart from the intimate connection between the Mercantile Marine and our general naval position, the Navy is interested in the present controversy at two points. We have a Naval Reserve of Merchant Cruisers and we have a Naval Reserve of men and officers. Some of the vessels in the Cruiser service belong to the fleets embraced in the North Atlantic combination, and others may be involved in the same or some similar combination. And the ships carrying the members of the Reserve of men and officers may at any moment be similarly affected.

The present system of Merchant Cruisers has subsisted, I understand, on practically the same footing since 1887. The essential features are, first, the payment of a subvention to the owners of selected ships held at the disposal of the Admiralty in time of war and so constructed as to be easily adaptable to the work of cruisers. Secondly, the amount of the subvention depends on the speed of the ships, on the amount of mail subsidies to which the owner may be entitled, and the complement of the Royal Naval Reserve men they may carry for the time being. In the third place, the companies owning the subventioned ships place at the disposal of the Admiralty for pre-emption or hire a considerable number of other vessels without further subsidy. In the present year, as for many years past, the total amount payable in subventions is 63,000*l.*—distributed among seven companies. There are eighteen subventioned ships, and thirty are held without further subsidy. The *Oceanic*, *Majestic*, and *Teutonic*, of the White Star Line, are subsidised at the rate of 14,000*l.* a year, and five others are in the second class. The Cunard, the P. and O., the Orient, the Royal Mail, the Pacific, and the Canadian Pacific Railway are the other subsidised companies.

I have before me a copy of the form of contract of subsidy usually entered into with variations in the case of the different companies. The general character of the engagements on either side may be gathered from the correspondence published as a Parliamentary Paper in 1887.<sup>3</sup> The original offer of the White Star Line contained the following provisions. Certain named vessels are to be held for purchase or hire at named prices. The company was to build several vessels of such type and speed as should render them specially suitable for service as armed cruisers, and in accordance with plans and specifications already submitted to and approved by the Admiralty. The Admiralty was to pay an annual subvention of 15s. per gross registered ton, to be increased to 20s. in certain eventualities. The company was to be precluded from entertaining any offer of sale or charter for over four weeks without giving the Admiralty the option of exercising the pre-emption. The 'crews of the vessels employed under this agreement shall consist as nearly as possible of one half the men belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve. Should any of the foregoing ships be sold to a British shipowner approved by the Admiralty, the privileges of the agreement are to remain attached to the ship or ships under the new agreement.' These provisions are embodied in a more formal manner in the clauses of the actual contract.

The essential<sup>a</sup> points in all cases appear to be these: no sale to be entertained by the contracting company without notice to the Admiralty; sale to a British subject approved by the Admiralty to carry with it the privileges and obligations of the contract; and provisions for the carrying of Naval Reserve men.

Nothing is said about the sale of the ships, whether subventioned or not, to foreign persons, but since this question arose a new clause has been agreed to forbidding such a sale without the sanction of the Admiralty, and a new contract including this clause has been made with the White Star Line for a new period of three years. My own conviction is, however, that it ought to be taken to be a fundamental and governing condition of a contract like this that the ships shall be and shall remain British ships. The new condition, therefore, adds nothing to the strength of the naval position. It is quite true also that the terms of the agreement of the 4th of February do not technically violate any of the terms of the current Admiralty contract. No vessel subject to that contract has been sold to anybody, foreign or other.

But that scarcely disposes of the naval question. Surely the object of the Merchant Cruiser policy was the retention of British ships in the sense of ships owned by British subjects. Can the White Star Line, under the Morgan agreement, any longer be said to be a British line? The same question arises here that we have



already discussed in connection with the Merchant Shipping Act. Nobody would tolerate a system of subventions to foreign companies, although they might fly the British flag and bind themselves to carry a full complement of men of the Royal Naval Reserve. If, for example, the Hamburg-American Steamship Company had been the purchaser of all the shares of the Oceanic Company, should we willingly allow it to earn the White Star subvention? And in what better case is the unnamed American company to be formed by Mr. Pierpont Morgan? No doubt the Oceanic Steamship Company has given pledges not to transfer its vessels to a foreign flag, but what of that if the company itself has passed into foreign control? I do not wish to be understood as expressing any opinion about the value of the Merchant Cruiser to our naval system. Since its introduction it has, at least such is my impression, been acquiesced in rather than strongly defended by successive Boards of Admiralty. One result of the Shipping 'Combine' will be to force on a renewed discussion of the system in the near future. All I contend for now is that it is of the essence of the system that the subsidised lines should be really and substantially under the control of British subjects, and that condition I consider is not fulfilled by a company which, though incorporated under British laws, has not a single fraction of its capital owned by a British subject. My strong conviction is that the subsidy to the White Star Line ought not to be continued after this essential change in the character of the Oceanic Company has taken effect.

The fact that Royal Naval Reserve men are carried by the subventioned lines, even in vessels other than those earning the subventions, strengthens the general argument. There is no doubt about the importance of this Reserve. In the present year the Royal Naval Reserve of officers and men serving in merchant or trading vessels calls for an expenditure of 240,000*l*. There are 1,900 officers provided for, and of the 25,880 men 11,000 belong to the first class. I am informed nearly 4,000 men are at this moment serving on foreign-going ships and over 20,000 in home waters. The subvention is not the only inducement offered by the Admiralty for the employment of these men. But I think it will be generally agreed that the men retained for this important reserve should be found on ships which, whether they are subsidised or not, are really, and not merely in legal technicality, British ships.<sup>4</sup>

EDMUND ROBERTSON.

<sup>4</sup> The existing Rules of the Royal Naval Reserve state that there is no objection to Royal Naval Reserve men sailing on ships under a foreign flag for short voyages, but special leave of absence will not be granted for service on such vessels.

## THE NAVIGATION LAWS

IN view of the bold effort from outside to get control of an important part of English shipping—confined for the present to the Atlantic ferry but by no means certain to continue so limited, for American-built vessels already carry our New Zealand mails over the Pacific—it is instructive to look at the steps our ancestors took to promote the mercantile navy, and to build up a system both of Colonial and foreign trade—a policy which for half a century has been discarded, and of which the only traces left are the provisions that British ships must be registered, and that they must be (technically, at any rate) British owned. Nowadays one knows little more of the Navigation Laws than that they are somehow connected with the policy of protection, and that when the Corn Laws were abolished the Navigation Acts fell with them. One also knows that the cardinal Act of Navigation (the *carta maritima*, so it has been called, of commerce) was passed in the reign of Charles the Second. As a matter of fact, the laws of the seventeenth century were passed in a spirit of animosity to the Dutch, and though they pressed especially hardly on our own Colonies in a manner opposed to our present ideas, yet the laws of former days had been still more stringent. If the system were ever to find acceptance again, it would have to be on lines calculated to favour in the highest degree the Colonies. But in reality the system is much older than the Stuarts, and in early times was very rigorous. Opinion, however, fluctuated as to the policy of these laws, as will be seen from the language of Parliament in Edward the Sixth's reign.

Beginning my review with the fourteenth century, it is unnecessary to do more than glance at an Act of 1358, which dealt with the import of wines from Gascony, part of Edward the Third's dominions; for in reality it was rather more beneficial to the Gascons than to the English, and not being entirely favourable to English shipping hardly deserves rank as a Navigation Act. I pass to 1381, when the 5 Ric. II. st. 1, c. 3, was passed for the benefit—its preamble says—of the Navy, then greatly diminished, and it was ordered that the King's subjects should only export and import

goods in ships 'of the King's liegance.' But, as our trade was larger than the mercantile marine was able to handle, this had to be twice modified in the same reign—first, in 1382, by an Act sufficiently summarised in its blunt title 'Where no English ships are to be had, others may be used'; and again in 1390, when, to prevent excessive charges, it was decided only to tie merchants to English shipowners so long as the latter charged reasonable freights; whence it is clear that both sides of the economic question were supported in the fourteenth century, and that the desire to strengthen the Navy was tempered with freedom of selection for traders.

Half a century later the competition of Italian and other foreign merchants was beginning to be felt at home, and the House of Commons, representing the traders, took action. They petitioned the King that merchants of the countries beyond the Straits of Morocco should be confined to selling here the produce of those countries, and they pleaded that if the trade of the nearer countries—Spain, Portugal and others—were confined to the ships of those countries themselves or to English ships, our Navy could be kept in better condition and commodities be cheaper and more abundant; and our merchants in carrying there this country's goods might sell at first hand, and make a larger profit. They accordingly asked for a law in this sense for ten years. This petition is an interesting historical document, and makes a new point of departure. The old laws of Richard the Second had been primarily intended to strengthen the Navy. The traders in Henry the Sixth's reign wished chiefly to avoid competition and incidentally to aid the Navy; and they wrapped up the two matters together. What advice the King got, or what view the Peers took, does not appear; at any rate, the petition of the Commons was rejected (A.D. 1439). An important principle contained in the great Navigation Acts of two centuries later is disclosed in the petition—the proposal to limit the carrying trade of foreign ships to the produce of their own country. The Acts of Richard the Second's reign were still in force, but either they had been evaded or our shipowners had been claiming unreasonable freights.

In 1463 sumptuary and other laws were passed for the encouragement of the woollen trade, and in one of these (a temporary Act, limited to three years, 3 Ed. IV. c. 1) there is a prohibition of the export or import of goods in foreign vessels so long as English ships were available. In 1483 the English traders at last got their relief against the Italian competition, but this law (1 Ric. III. c. 9) was not aimed at navigation.

In Henry the Seventh's time the decay of the Navy again became a burning question, and two Acts—one temporary (1 Hen. VII. c. 8), the other permanent (4 Hen. VII. c. 10)—were passed. The preamble of the latter is :

Item, that where great minishing and decay have been now of late time of the Navy of this realm of England, and idleness of the mariners within the same, by which this noble realm within short process of time without reformation be had therein, shall not be of ability nor of strength and power to defend itself.

I quote this at length to show that Parliament relied on its merchant fleet as a line of defence, and that the Act was limited to strengthening it, for later on its purpose was misrepresented. The remedy, however, so far as imports go, seems hardly strong enough; for wines of Gascony or Guienne and Toulouse woad are the only produce which it is declared must not thenceforth be imported into England<sup>1</sup> except in English ships with an English master and a crew the majority of whom should be English. These or similar provisions as to nationality were, as will be seen, preserved till the final repeal of the Navigation Laws fifty years ago.

By the same Act, English (but not foreign) merchants were forbidden to import or export any goods in foreign ships so long as English ships were to be had. Attempts were made to evade these provisions by means of licences, but they were declared void, and twice in Henry the Eighth's reign were the Acts of Richard the Second and Henry the Seventh confirmed.

Up to this time the policy of the Navigation Laws had been fairly uniform, but in Edward the Sixth's reign men's sentiments for a time changed, and Parliament referred to the Act of Henry the Seventh as one

supposed to be made for the maintenance of the Navy of this realm, and also to the intent, and upon good hope and trust, to have had the same wines and woad at more easy prices than before they had been, the experience whereof hath ever since (and now of late most of all) appeared to the contrary, for that the said wines and woad be daily sold at such excessive prices as hath not before been seen within this realm, and the Navy of the realm thereby never the better maintained.<sup>2</sup>

There is nothing in the Act of Henry the Seventh to show that its framers thought it would make prices easier: the mischief experienced was the decay of the Navy and the probability of the country becoming unable to defend itself.

The one occasion when it was suggested that a double convenience might arise—namely, cheaper and more abundant goods as well as improvement in the Navy—was the petition of 1439, from which the King withheld his assent. Parliament, however, now permitted French wines and Toulouse woad to come in under any friendly flag with master and men of any nationality.

The Acts of Richard the Second and Henry the Seventh were temporarily repealed by 1 Eliz. c. 13, in which law, however, some

<sup>1</sup> I have used the word 'England' here as elsewhere as an abbreviation for the Kingdom, which at this time included Ireland, Wales, Calais, the Marches, and Berwick.

<sup>2</sup> 5 and 6 Ed. VI. c. 18.

of the spirit of the Navigation Acts was retained; for though, in the future, during the five years' existence of the Act, subjects were no longer required to import and export in English ships, they had to pay aliens' duties if importing or exporting in foreign ships.

Before the Act expired an important 'Act touching politic constitutions for the maintenance of the Navy' (5 Eliz. c. 5) was passed. This was for the encouragement of the fisheries, for the benefit of our shipping, and for keeping the coasting trade in English hands.

Fisheries had been protected before, but now their protection became a fundamental part of the navigation system, and thus it continued so long as that system endured; and, as another great principle, the benefit of the coasting trade was now confined to English-owned and English-navigated ships. The repealed regulations as to French wines and Toulouse woad were also, with a little modification, revived.

This Act of Elizabeth was the charter of the navigation system for many years. During its operation the Colonies make their appearance as a factor in our history. The charters granted to trading corporations often contained preferential treatment for Colonial produce, while in 1623 James the First, who disliked tobacco, prohibited its import into England and Ireland except from Virginia or Bermuda, and then only in English ships.

The Commonwealth was perhaps the most important epoch in the history of the Navigation Laws, and the policy the Government ultimately adopted was prompted by dynastic more than commercial motives. At first, it followed the lead given by James the First in encouraging trade with Virginia, Bermuda, Barbados, and other places in America, especially in the Ordinance of 1646, 'Privileges granted to several foreign Plantations,' which, however, contained a proviso prohibiting those Colonies from exporting their produce to foreign parts except in English bottoms. The Republican Government, however, soon repented of its action, for Barbados, which had grown very prosperous owing to its sugar plantations, remained, as Virginia had remained, faithful to the King's side. Its inhabitants, therefore, gave the Dutch merchants (our rivals in trade) a preference in exchange, and its products, and those of Virginia in the same way, were carried to the rest of the world, England included, in Dutch ships. Against this union of Royalist and Dutch interests the Commonwealth directed its policy, and by an Ordinance of 1650, 'Trade with the Barbados, Bermudas and Antigua prohibited,' forbade foreigners going to or trading with those Colonies.

These two Ordinances established another cardinal principle of the navigation system—that of retaining for the Mother Country the entire trade of its dependencies. Ultimately on the 9th of October, 1651, the Commonwealth passed the Navigation Act or Ordinance: 'of all the Acts ever passed in Parliament, perhaps the one which

brought about the most important results for England and the world.’<sup>3</sup> Expressed to be ‘for the increase of the shipping and the encouragement of the navigation of this nation, which under the good providence and protection of God is so great a means of the welfare and safety of this Commonwealth,’ it prohibited the import into England or its dependencies of goods from Asia, Africa or America except in British or Colonial owned and navigated ships, and the import of European goods except in British or Colonial ships or ships belonging to the country of origin of the goods or the usual ports of shipment of such goods. There were certain exceptions in this Act—*e.g.* in favour of Italian silk—and there were provisions in favour of our fishing trade, that certain fish should only be imported when caught in English ships, and, if cured here, should only be exported again in English ships. All these provisions were aimed at the Dutch, and there was a regulation as to the coasting trade as in Elizabeth’s Act.

With the Restoration a new law became necessary, but the same policy was continued with some alterations. The 12 Car. II. c. 18—<sup>4</sup> the Act of Navigation, as it is called—was passed in 1660 ‘for the encouragement and increase of shipping and navigation.’ It is based on the former Act, but makes a distinction in dealing with the foreign and Colonial parts of Asia, Africa and America.

Trade with Colonial territory had to be in British ships or ships built in and belonging to those Colonies. The master and three-fourths of the crew were to be English. To render this more effectual certain goods (called the enumerated articles<sup>5</sup>) might not be taken from the Colonies to foreign parts at all.

And this provision was supplemented a few years later by a law that no European commodity might be imported into the Colonies (except Tangier) unless shipped in England in English-built or English-registered shipping and carried direct to its destination, the master and three-fourths of the crew being English.

Aliens were forbidden to trade in the Colonies.

Imports from the foreign parts of Asia, Africa and America had to be in British or Colonial ships, with the master and three-quarters of the crew English; and the shipment of all foreign goods into England had to be direct—*i.e.* from the country of origin or the usual port of shipment. The last regulation applied to both foreign and Colonial trade.

As regards the European trade, the provisions of the Commonwealth Act were a little modified. The produce of Russia, and

<sup>3</sup> Von Ranke, *History of England*, book xi. chap. 4.

<sup>4</sup> The Statute Book reckons the years of Charles the Second’s reign from the decapitation of Charles the First.

<sup>5</sup> These were sugar, tobacco, cotton-wool, indigo, ginger, fustic or other dyeing wood.

certain 'enumerated'<sup>6</sup> articles from Europe (other than Turkey or Russia) might only be imported in British-owned ships (master and three-fourths of the crew to be English), and Turkish produce only in English-built and English-navigated ships. The exception made by the Commonwealth for all European countries was repeated in favour of ships of the country of origin or the usual shipping port of the goods.

With a view to further improving our trade at the expense of Holland, Parliament two years later prohibited the importation of certain goods<sup>7</sup> from the Netherlands or Germany in any ship, the policy here being both to cripple the Dutch trade and to force our own merchants further afield and thereby extend our navigation.

The coasting and fishing trades were to be in British-owned vessels, and the latter was the only trade subject to the Navigation Laws where English nationality was not insisted on in master or mariners.

The Act was not quite uniform in its requisites as to the nature of the ship itself, the ship having sometimes to be English-built, sometimes English-owned, in one instance English-owned or Colonially owned and built. So to prevent impositions the Act forbade foreign-built ships to have the privileges of English ships till registered, and this is the origin and first enactment of the law relating to the registration of vessels under the Merchant Shipping Acts. It was followed up in 1786 by an Act the substantial result of which was that no foreign-built ship at all (whether English-owned and English-manned or not), except ships condemned as prize, should have the privileges of an English ship. There were many provisoes and alterations either in the Act itself or made later, and it is important to observe that Ireland did not always get the benefit of the system; and as regards America, a complete revision of our relation to the United States had to be made when they became independent. The following, I think, may be taken to be a rough summary of the system as it existed for some time :

(1) Colonial exports to be in ships English-owned or Colonially built and owned, and enumerated articles to be exported only to England.

(2) Colonial imports to be from England only and in English shipping.

(3) Foreign trade of Asia, Africa and America to be in English or Colonially owned ships.

(4) Trade with Russia, and (as regards enumerated articles) with the rest of Europe except Turkey, to be in English ships or ships belonging to the country producing the goods or the port whence they were usually exported.

<sup>6</sup> Masts, timber or boards, foreign salt, pitch, tar, rosin, hemp or flax, raisins, figs, prunes, olive oil, corn, grain, sugar, potash, wine, vinegar, brandy.

<sup>7</sup> Spicery, grocery, tobacco, potash, pitch, tar, salt, rosin, deal boards, fir-timber, olive oil.

(5) Trade with Turkey to be in English-built or Turkish ships or ships belonging to usual port of shipment of Turkish goods.

(6) Certain imports from Netherlands and Germany prohibited.

(7) Coastal trade to be in English-owned ships. In all the above cases master and three-fourths of crew of English ships to be English.

(8) Certain fish to be imported only when caught in English-owned ships; otherwise double aliens' duty payable.

(9) No foreign-built ship, unless registered, to have privileges of a British ship, and no foreign-built ships after the 1st of May, 1786, to be registered except those condemned as prize.

Such was the Navigation system a great part of which existed till the middle of the last century. Under the influence of Mr. Wallace (afterwards Master of the Mint) and Mr. Huskisson, between 1820 and 1830, changes were made in it, just as changes were made in the tariff, but it was not till 1849 that a measure intended completely to change our policy was passed. The subject was debated at great length in the House of Commons, and the change was supported as the natural corollary to the recent opening of England to foreign goods. Sir James Graham in the debate made a statement which created a great sensation and is still of interest. He said there were two courses open—either to go back to the Corn Laws, with a differentiation in favour of Canadian corn, or to repeal the Navigation Laws; otherwise the loss of Canada was inevitable. The Act was passed, though the coasting trade was retained in the interests of British ships a year or two longer, as was the provision that a master and three-fourths of the crew of a British ship must be British.

Nothing now remains of the Navigation Laws except the necessity for registration and the qualification for ownership, *and the latter should be preserved in the spirit as well as the letter*. In order to fly the British flag, a ship (above a certain tonnage) must be registered and must be entirely British-owned. Unfortunately, the latter provision is often evaded: a body incorporated by our law, and having its head office somewhere within the Empire, is qualified to be a British owner, though the greater part of the shares be held abroad.

Such, at any rate, is the view which has usually been taken. Without wishing to be too confident, I am not sure that with the help of the Merchant Shipping Act it may not be possible to strip off the disguise of the corporation, and find out who are really pulling the strings. When a ship is first registered, or when a change of ownership (with the intention of remaining under the flag) is registered, the proper officer in the case of a company has to make a declaration that no unqualified person (*i.e.* alien) has any legal or beneficial interest in the ship, and this 'beneficial interest' is to have a very wide interpretation. The Act says so. Thus there is some hope that



this shadow of the old system may be substantial enough with the addition of some short amendment of the law to prevent the wholesale absorption with which we are menaced.

British ships have no longer any privilege except such as is implied by national prestige, but though they be manned

With a swarthy alien crew

we must still keep possession of them.

In general our modern policy has been not to interfere with ownership on the ground of nationality. But the position of a ship is exceptional: a ship carrying the English flag in neutral or foreign waters may bring about complications for which the Empire as a whole would be answerable, and such ship may have been heavily subsidised by our Government, while entirely navigated by foreigners. Therefore, we must keep the British ownership intact. It seems to me undesirable to revert to restrictive laws, but the flag of England ought not to be dishonestly used, nor the primary provision of the modern Merchant Shipping Act furtively overridden.

HUGH R. E. CHILDERS.

## *PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS WITHIN THE EMPIRE*

*A REPLY TO SIR ROBERT GIFFEN*

AT a moment when the question of commercial relations within the Empire is exciting so much public interest, especially in connection with the approaching visit of the Colonial Premiers, it is natural that Sir Robert Giffen's article in the last number of this Review should have attracted widespread attention. The position of the writer, his well-known grasp of fiscal and financial questions, his high reputation as a statistician, the admitted sobriety of his judgment, give a weight and an authority to his views such as belong to the opinion of few writers. Moreover, he is an avowed friend of Imperial Federation and a critic only of the methods by which it can best be brought about. Arguments from such a source prove well-nigh irresistible to the ordinary reader, but for that very reason it is important to scrutinise them with peculiar care, and to examine as closely as possible both the character of the positions that are challenged, and the nature of the assault by which they are believed to be carried.

There are few subjects about which there is more confusion in the public mind or, indeed, in the minds of writers than this question of commercial relations. Upon few problems has the tyranny of phrases exercised a more bewildering influence. Such expressions as 'an Imperial Zollverein' and 'preferential arrangements' are used without any clear idea of their exact meaning or of their relative applicability to the peculiar circumstances of the British Empire. Serious writers not infrequently use one phrase when they obviously mean the other. Discussion constantly degenerates into an academic bandying of words, and the great, vital, underlying interests are lost sight of. Sir Robert Giffen has rendered a real service to the cause of closer Imperial relations in so far as he has made plain the exact meaning and implication of an Imperial Zollverein, but even he is hardly clear when he comes to the question of 'preferential arrangements' between the Colonies and the Mother Country. In the opinion of the present writer he greatly exaggerates the evil consequences of even distorted forms of such arrangements, and here and there he falls into inconsistencies which prove how difficult it is to steer a straight course through the shoals of a discussion of this kind.

It may be well to recapitulate his general argument, which is, briefly, as follows.

Imperial Federation is in itself highly desirable. It is, however, to be reached mainly by political changes, assisted, where possible, by commercial arrangements, but not by those which are most in people's minds, such as an Imperial Zollverein, or what are called 'preferential arrangements.' He then proceeds to criticise in detail some of the suggestions which are most commonly made.

He says that an Imperial Zollverein, or true Customs Union, on the model of that of Germany or the United States, establishing a uniform common tariff for the whole Empire, with free trade between the different States which compose it, is perhaps to be wished for, but is wholly impossible for reasons inherent in the peculiar circumstances of the British Empire, which, it may be here said, he sets forth with admirable lucidity and cogency. Is it conceivable that a Customs tariff could be devised that would reconcile the fiscal needs of Great Britain, Australia, Canada, and India with their widely different geographical, industrial, financial, and social conditions?

Passing from a Zollverein to the consideration of 'preferential arrangements' between the Mother Country and the Colonies, he points out that these are really what many people have in their minds when they talk loosely of an Imperial Zollverein. All such arrangements he considers economically and politically dangerous. They are one and all protective in their character, seeking to penalise foreign trade for the benefit of trade within the Empire, with the object of increasing the mutual dependence of different parts of the Empire and making them jointly and severally more and more independent of foreign countries. He thinks they are certain to lead to disillusionment and disappointment on both sides; likely to create bad blood with foreign countries, and especially with the United States; destined to failure, because the Colonies cannot for generations take the place in our trade which foreign countries now hold; and ultimately futile because no country or Empire in the world produces everything it wants.

Sir Robert Giffen laments that the advocates of commercial union should have in any way identified the cause of the federation of the Empire with what he regards as a policy of protection, and equally regrets that many colonists should have laid themselves open to the suspicion that it is Protection they seek by means of federation and not federation itself.

How, then, is Imperial Federation to be promoted, and what sort of commercial arrangements will really assist? He replies by the following suggestions: the adoption of Free Trade as the policy of the whole Empire; a common policy and practice with regard to all means of communication—postal, telegraphic, and others—throughout the Empire, including adequate shipping facilities under the British

flag; monetary union; identical legislation on commercial law; and, finally, the adoption of the whole Empire as the unit in all negotiations for commercial treaties with foreign countries. 'In these different ways,' he thinks, 'a beginning could be made with an effective commercial union, which would tend to unite the Empire and not to dissolve it, and would prepare the way for a formal federation.'

Such, in general outline, are Sir Robert Giffen's views. It is impossible in a single article to deal adequately with all, or, indeed, with any considerable number of the interesting points he raises. I shall confine myself, in this paper, mainly to discussing the question of preferential treatment within the Empire.

It will be noticed that while he shows considerable sympathy for, and half regrets the impracticability of, an Imperial Zollverein, which he regards as a measure of pure Free Trade, he condemns root and branch 'preferential arrangements' between the States of the Empire as being highly protective in their character. His feelings are, indeed, so strong that they are reflected in his treatment of the two questions; for while he deals with the former in a manner which is both fair and effective, when he comes to the latter he fails to interpret accurately the views he desires to condemn. It seems to the present writer that his arguments lose the greater part of their force from the fact that he has chosen for attack the demands of the extreme section of the partisans of the policy of preferential arrangements rather than the sober proposals of those who have a sense of what is possible in practical politics. It is not difficult to make an apparently successful assault upon any cause if you address yourself solely to the exaggerated views of its more irresponsible supporters. Involuntarily Sir Robert Giffen renders a service to the cause he opposes, in so far as he destroys the case of the extremists, who are only a source of difficulty and embarrassment to their own side.

Coming now to closer quarters, what is Sir Robert Giffen's description of 'preferential arrangements'? It is contained in the following passage:

What is proposed in effect is a commercial treaty between the Colonies and the Mother Country on a reciprocity basis, each Colony consenting to tax differentially certain articles it receives from foreign countries in competition with similar articles received from the Mother Country or the rest of the Empire, and the Mother Country in turn taxing differentially certain articles received from foreign countries in competition with articles imported from the Colonies.

In fact, a 'preferential arrangement' is a treaty between the Colonies and the Mother Country whereby each party pledges itself to tax certain foreign articles for the benefit of the other party.

I wish to state as clearly as possible that such is not the proposal of moderate and responsible men. The principle they contend for is simply this: that in the application of the existing tariffs, or the tariffs

for the time being, of the Mother Country and the Colonies, there shall always be a reduction or differentiation of duties in each other's favour, the amount of such reduction being of course fixed by agreement.

There is a real distinction involved. The one view represents an aggressive policy towards foreign countries, the other is merely the practical admission that the members of a united Empire mutually grant each other privileges which they do not extend to foreigners. In the one case you, no doubt, have, as Sir Robert Giffen believes, an actively protectionist movement, in the other there is an unmistakable step towards Free Trade within the Empire. When Canada made her famous offer of preferential treatment in 1897, it will be remembered that the Cobden Club, which may surely be considered the guardian of the honour of Free Trade, at once detected the orthodox tendency of the proposal, and awarded Sir Wilfrid Laurier its gold medal. At that time Great Britain was not in a position to do more than gratefully accept Canada's unsolicited offer. Since then our own tariff has been altered, or is in process of alteration, in a manner for which Sir Robert Giffen himself is not wholly without responsibility, and it has become possible for us, if we think fit, to return Canada's compliment. It should surely be some consolation to the members of the Cobden Club to know that the breach in our Free Trade policy made by the corn tax is capable of being narrowed by the free admission of Colonial corn.

But the question whether preferential arrangements are protectionist or free trading in their character is, after all, more or less academic, and is without practical interest to the majority of people in the Colonies and to a rapidly increasing number of people at home. It is more important to examine whether they are as dangerous in their probable consequences as Sir Robert Giffen asserts. He declares they are destined to produce disillusionment and disappointment. This is one of those prophecies the truth or falsehood of which time and experience alone can prove. So far the only experiment tried—that of Canada—has produced neither the one nor the other, but an argument can hardly be founded upon a single and one-sided instance. So long as such arrangements are entered into upon the basis of differential treatment under tariffs in no sense devised *ad hoc*, but framed according to the economic convictions and revenue necessities of the different States of the Empire, it is difficult to see why they should be followed by either disillusionment or disappointment.

The argument that the adoption of this policy would create bad blood with foreign countries, and especially with the United States, if it diverted any considerable portion of our trade from them to the various States of the Empire, is so constantly brought forward that

one must perforce treat it seriously. It is curious that it should appeal so strongly to British minds, when it clearly has no weight whatever in the counsels of any foreign country. The tariff legislation of every one of our competitors, European or American, has been determined, and properly determined, by their national interests alone. To American minds the prospective injury to our tinplate trade or worsted industry did not weigh an ounce in the balance when the McKinley tariff was drawn up. The fear of British protests will not outweigh a single Agrarian vote in the formation of the new German tariff. Is anyone prepared to assert that the McKinley tariff reduced our purchases from America, or that the new German tariff will be followed by any restriction of business with Germany? Business knows no animosities, or we should have seen some strange fluctuations in the figures of our foreign trade during the two years of the South African War. People, no matter what their nationality, buy where they can buy to advantage and sell where they can find a favourable market.

All countries recognise the right of other countries to control freely their own commercial policy. Offence would only be given and taken if that policy were vindictively directed against an individual State. It is an extraordinary contention that we alone among the peoples of the earth should rouse bitter and hostile feelings by exercising an indisputable right. It is almost as extraordinary as Sir Robert Giffen's amazing theory that adverse foreign tariffs have really no influence upon the volume of British exports, because they have already practically reached their maximum. The fact is, we under-estimate the value and importance of our markets in the eyes of the world when we entertain fears such as we are now discussing. We are the largest buyer from nearly every exporting country. To retain any considerable share of our custom they would be prepared to accept without demur far harder conditions than we are ever likely to ask of them. Does it not come within the daily experience of every business man to make sacrifices in order to keep his connection together? In this instance the sacrifice imposed upon foreign countries can hardly be called great, since, even after the adoption of the principle of preferential treatment within the Empire, Great Britain would still remain the freest and most open market in the world. Of one thing we may feel sure—it would not come upon them as a surprise. They are watching narrowly the gradual consolidation of the Empire, and are already drawing their own conclusions.

There appears, therefore, no reason to anticipate serious objections from foreign countries to closer Imperial commercial relations; but surely Sir Robert Giffen himself supplies the best means of making assurance doubly sure, when he suggests that in future 'the unit of all negotiations should be the Empire as one State, so that foreign

Governments should not have the chance of recognising different States as existing within its bounds.' If the Empire is internationally a single State, the regulation of its internal trade cannot be the concern of any foreign country. It is rather difficult to understand how Sir Robert Giffen can hold the views contained in the above passage, and yet be so gloomy in his apprehensions of the consequences of carrying them to 'their logical conclusion. In a similar manner, while entirely condemning preferential treatment of the Colonies, he exhibits, with more patriotism than consistency, his sympathy with the 'feeling of shocked surprise with which the public has seen the reappearance in the Brussels Sugar Convention of a clause binding the Mother Country to levy the same duties on Colonial sugar as on sugar from foreign countries. Against all such possibilities in future,' he says, 'the Empire should be prepared, which can only be done effectually by our diplomatists insisting on Imperial unity.' It is certain that a clear apprehension of the meaning and consequences of Imperial unity will simplify for all of us many problems which at present appear very puzzling. .

There still remain to be considered two points upon which Sir Robert Giffen lays stress: the impossibility of the Colonies taking the place in our trade now held by foreign countries, and the fact that the Empire is not, and cannot be, self-sufficing. Both these objections are founded upon misconceptions. Undoubtedly the object of giving some advantage to trade within the Empire is to stimulate it, but it is an almost ludicrous exaggeration to assume that the adoption of preferential treatment would destroy our foreign trade. The restrictive tariffs of the United States and of Germany, highly protective as they were intended to be, have not put an end to their foreign imports. In considering this policy we have not to make a choice between losing and retaining our foreign trade: British trade is not a fixed quantity to be divided between two disputants on the principle that whatever one gains the other must lose. It may be assumed that our Imperial would grow more rapidly than our foreign trade, because anything which encouraged the development of the enormous latent resources of the Colonies would act and react upon their commerce. The future increase might be largely within the Empire, and this would affect the relative figures of our Colonial and foreign trade; but there is no reason whatever to suppose that the one would destroy or eat up the other: they would continue to exist side by side, but in gradually changing proportions. No reasonable being desires that the Empire should, or imagines that it could, live upon itself in solitary self-sufficiency, asking nothing and receiving nothing from foreign countries. However closely united, it will continue to import and to export as it does to-day. The more modest claim made for preferential arrangements is that they will stimulate the Colonies to supply the Mother

Country with many things which at present she obtains from foreign countries, and that in the resulting prosperity and more rapid development of their resources fresh fields will be found for British enterprise and British trade.

Sir Robert Giffen expresses great regret that in the Colonies the question of preferential treatment should be mixed up with the question of closer political relations. But what is the point of view of people, say, in Canada? They are conscious of possessing enormous undeveloped material resources. They are convinced they are capable, with larger capital and a more numerous population, of supplying wants of Great Britain which they now see supplied by the United States. They know that every British emigrant who goes to Canada becomes a consumer of at least five times the quantity of British goods consumed by the emigrant who goes to the United States. They believe that a small preference in the home markets would just make up for certain disadvantages they labour under as compared with their more wealthy neighbour, and enable them to compete with success. They are prepared to offer the Mother Country—have, indeed, already given her—a preference in their markets. They possess none of the reverential feeling for Free Trade which is still felt by middle-aged people at home, but, on the other hand, they are taught to believe in the greatness of their heritage in forming part of a world-wide and united Empire. Is it surprising that they fail to understand why the Mother Country continues to treat them as though the Empire were not united, and, when she imposes a tax for revenue purposes, shows no inclination to draw a distinction between foreign States and States of the Empire? Of course this is not an exhaustive statement of the case, and leaves out much that can be said for the Mother Country, but it fairly represents what the ordinary Canadian feels. It is difficult to teach political union without creating a desire for some sort of commercial union. People do not keep the various interests and activities of life in a series of water-tight compartments.

At the present moment the question of preferential treatment may be said to be acute with Canada. Any day it may be further precipitated by an offer from Australia or New Zealand. It is doubtful whether a solution can be much longer delayed in view of the rapid growth of Imperial public opinion in its favour. It is not a question of the minority forcing the hand of the majority, as Sir Robert Giffen suggests, for no one will assert that there is not a strong and growing feeling in its favour in the Mother Country. Apart from the uniting forces which the South African War has done so much to stimulate and make manifest, the Empire is being driven into closer relations by a sense of common danger from without. The industrial forces of the world are grouping themselves in a new fashion, which threatens the Empire economically rather than politically. It is commonly



said that the future belongs to the great States. Of these America, Russia, Germany, and the British Empire are pre-eminent. The first three are highly protective in their commercial policy. Germany and America become every year more formidable competitors for the world's trade. Politically as well as economically the tendency in Germany, Russia, and America is towards concentration and consolidation. It is difficult to see how the British Empire can maintain its position among these more compact organisms, if it preserves its present loose formation. A natural instinct is driving us into closer union. No doubt it is a painful reflection to those who fifty years ago dreamed dreams of universal peace and the 'federation of man' that time has only divided men into larger and better organised groups. The combatants are fewer in number; on the other hand they are far more powerful than before. We have, however, to accept inexorable facts, and, if we happen to be one of the combatants, must take measures to secure that we, at all events, do not go down in the struggle. The development of the material as well as the moral resources of the Empire becomes a patriotic duty. Other great States have sought to quicken their industrial expansion by means of hostile tariffs, subsidies, and bounties; we are not confronted by any such extreme proposals. Preferential treatment within the Empire is the minimum of a policy of Protection—if, indeed, it be a policy of Protection at all. In any case, we are face to face with a situation which demands both consideration and treatment absolutely unfettered by pedantry or the tyranny of phrases. The Empire cannot be drawn together and consolidated without paying a price of some kind. In any partnership each partner loses some of his individual freedom of action. Just as in the region of purely political action the Mother Country, in calling to her councils the other States of the Empire will lose her sole control of foreign affairs, so in the fiscal sphere she will have to sacrifice something of her isolation and attitude of universal benevolence. Timid people are afraid of the risks we run; but to attain great objects risks have always to be incurred. There could have been no greater experiment than the adoption by this country of the policy of Free Trade, yet in its day the chances were boldly taken. In the politics of Empire you cannot, at any given moment, strike a balance and issue a profit-and-loss account. We may be sure that, when the time comes, this great issue will be settled by considerations wider and more far-reaching than the immediate figures of our foreign and Colonial trade.

In a few weeks the Colonial Ministers will be discussing 'commercial relations' with Mr. Chamberlain. What the outcome of the conference will be it is impossible to forecast. Hitherto the main difficulty that has stood in the way of preferential arrangements has been the absence of any *quid pro quo* that Great Britain could offer her

Colonies. The reappearance in our tariff, even for revenue purposes, of such articles as corn and sugar radically alters the situation, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and others have been quick to perceive. It is now for the first time possible for all the States of the Empire to adopt in principle the policy of preferential treatment. Under that policy each State would remain absolutely free, as at present, to devise its own tariff according to its individual needs, with the proviso or reservation that an all-round reduction would be made upon all imports the produce of other States of the Empire. At first the practical application of this principle would no doubt be more favourable to the Mother Country than to the Colonies, but, in consideration of the concession of so vital a principle, the Colonies would probably be willing to show some confidence in the future, and in the gradual modifications which ever-growing financial necessities are sure to effect in the fiscal system of the Mother Country.

HENRY BIRCHENOUGH.

## CANADA AND THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

THE approaching conference of Colonial Premiers with the Imperial Government has aroused intense interest in Canada, for in no part of the Empire is the extreme importance of the event so deeply felt, and the anxiety that it should be a success so widespread.

Canada has forced her way ahead under greater trials and difficulties than most parts of the Empire. Her founders, the United Empire loyalists, were those who stood true to the Mother Country during the revolution of the American Colonies, and for their steadfast adherence to the idea of a united Empire, were driven from their homes and had to abandon all their possessions. They found their way into the wildernesses of Canada and with untold hardships and privations won new homes on British soil. Thirty years had scarcely elapsed when the war of 1812-13-14 broke out between Great Britain and the United States, and for three years a scanty population of 70,000, with the aid of a few British troops, successfully defended Upper Canada against the repeated invasions of greatly superior forces. These old loyalists and their sons fought for the idea of a united Empire; it was their creed—a cause in which they never lost faith.

New settlers came in, however, and twenty years later through their influence a rebellion broke out in Upper Canada which the loyal people promptly put down without the aid of a single British soldier.

The repeal of the corn laws in 1846, and the consequent loss of a slight preference which she had had in the British market, was a severe blow to Canada. In 1854, through the efforts of Lord Elgin, a reciprocity treaty was arranged between Canada and the United States. This treaty led to greatly increased trade between the two countries, but it caused most of the lines of traffic to run north and south, with the result that it involved the larger amount of Canadian trade and commerce with the United States. This treaty was to continue for ten years and was then liable to be cancelled upon two years' notice being given. The United States gave the notice to end the treaty at the earliest possible moment,

their belief being that it would force Canada into annexation. This blow to the main portion of their trade was a terrible shock to the Canadian people. All their business was deranged and upset, and severe financial depression followed. A few advocated annexation, as a few had done after the abolition of the corn laws, but the great mass of the people stood true, and set their teeth and stiffened their sinews to create new avenues of trade and new lines of production. The Confederation of Canada was one of the results of this notice to cancel the reciprocity treaty. Later on the high tariffs of the United States bore heavily upon the Dominion.

During all these years Canada had to watch patiently the tremendous growth of the United States, a growth aided partly by the enormous expansion of her manufactures owing to her fiscal policy, and partly to the great outflow of British capital, which was used to develop every industry and every public work that could add to the strength, prosperity, and progress of the great republic; and what was saddest of all to the Canadian was the fact that about nine-tenths of the British emigration to America went to the foreign portion of it, while only about one-tenth came to Canada where the British flag was flying.

In 1887 a most ingenious scheme, which was originated in New York, was laid before the Canadian people, by Erastus Wiman of that city, United States Senator Butterworth, and others. It was a proposition for a Commercial Union between the United States and Canada—in other words, a Zollverein including the two countries. The trade of Canada was somewhat depressed, the United States tariffs seriously injured our trade, the farmers being severely hit by higher duties on farm products. The prosperity during the existence of the reciprocity treaty, which was really due to the Crimean War and to the Civil War in the United States which followed it, led many to believe that commercial union would be an advantage to Canada. This movement, the full effect of which was not understood, was at first well received and began rapidly to gain adherents, until a number of Canadians, seeing that it would inevitably lead to annexation, decided to take steps to prevent it being carried out.

The plan to defeat the conspiracy, as it was called by the opposing party, was the establishment of the Imperial Federation League, with the principal plank in its platform the formation of a kind of Commercial Union with the Mother Country, or at least the adoption of a system of discriminating tariffs within the Empire. This was advocated all over the English-speaking Provinces, and every method that could be devised to arouse the patriotic feeling of the people was employed. Flags were hoisted over the school houses; battle anniversaries were celebrated; monuments erected on the great battlefields where Canadians had fought and died to keep the old flag flying. The children in the schools were taught to sing patriotic songs, the clergy preached loyalty in their pulpits, and the

sentiment in favour of a united Empire was once more roused to the highest pitch. The Commercial Union movement was killed, those who had at first supported it abandoning the idea and coming over to the Imperialist side.

In 1896 the Conservative party was defeated at the polls and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government came into power. They at once took up the policy of closer union with the Mother Country, and the development of trade in that direction. A preference was given to Great Britain by the Canadian Government supported by both political parties. The treaties with Germany and Belgium which bound Great Britain not to allow discriminating tariffs within her own Empire, those monuments to the folly and short-sighted policy of past statesmen, were denounced, and in 1897 there were no longer legal difficulties in the way of Imperial preferential tariffs.

Canada still further proved her adherence to this sentiment by securing the Imperial Penny Postage, the British Pacific Cable to Australia, and, when she discovered a weak spot in the Empire in the depressed and helpless condition of the West Indies owing to the sugar bounties of the Continent, she put a tax on sugar in order to favour her sister colonies.

Then came the war in South Africa, and the Imperial sentiment of her people forced Canada into participation; and the eager rush of her finest sons to gain places in the contingents, in numbers surpassing many times what were required, all proved the strong loyal feeling of the population.

The strength of this Imperial spirit in the Canadian people cannot be better illustrated than by quoting the following extract from the *Toronto Globe* of the 19th of April last in reference to a trooper, a mere lad, in one of the contingents:

Standing alone in the face of the onrushing Boers at the battle of Hart's River, the 31st of March, every comrade dead or disabled, and himself wounded to the death, Charles Napier Evans fired his last cartridge, and then broke his rifle over a boulder. . . .

In the last letter thus far received by his father, Mr. James Evans of Port Hope, Charlie looked not without foreboding into the future. 'Before this reaches you we will probably be after De Wet. We can only hope for a safe and victorious trip. Many a good man has died for the old flag, and why should not I? If parents had not given their sons and sons had not given themselves to the British Empire, it would not to-day be the proud dictator of the world. So if one or both of us [he had a brother with him] should die, there will be no vain regrets, for we will have done what thousands have done before us, given our lives for a good cause.'

This outgrowth of Imperial ideas has caused a great deal of thought and attention to be given by the ablest Canadians to all the greater problems of the Empire. The questions have been studied from every point of view, and the general impression may be summed up as follows:

Every great nation in the world, except our own, seems to have become united and consolidated for trade and defence. Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and Russia have organised their forces to an enormous extent. They are increasing their navies with great rapidity. The United States have become consolidated as the outcome of the Civil War, and are largely increasing their navy. No one can tell when the British Empire may be involved in a great war. Lord Salisbury, Lord Dufferin, and other able leaders have expressed their opinion of the possibility of war, and alarm on that account has caused immense increases to be made in our Navy. All this has had its weight on the Canadian mind, and has led to the general opinion that the Empire should be organised for defence, and that large additions should be made to the military and naval forces of it in every part.

While the view is held that large sums should be expended in warlike preparations to enable us to hold our own in the face of the gigantic war power of other civilised nations, yet the Canadian people can see that no military or naval preparation can be of any use, unless in addition the food supply is sufficient and secure, and unless our trade is preserved so that our Empire may have the financial strength to maintain the defence expenses.

The Canadians are a practical people, and naturally cannot see the wisdom of entering upon a great and costly scheme of defence, unless the system is to be complete in every respect and have no weak links. Therefore they feel that the question of the food supply of the Mother Country is the first defensive step to be taken, and that arms, munitions of war, battleships, cruisers, and millions of armed men are all worthless unless food for the nation is secured.

When it is known that Great Britain and Ireland only produce about 6,500,000 quarters out of an average of 29,000,000 quarters of wheat consumed; when it is also remembered that the total of all kinds of grain that might in emergency be used for food, such as barley, oats, peas, beans, maize, and meals made from them, including wheat and flour, which were imported into the United Kingdom in the year 1901 amounted to 196,388,807 hundredweight, most of which came from foreign countries, principally the United States and Russia, it can readily be understood why Canada is alarmed at the unsafe condition of the whole Empire, on account of the danger from the precarious food supply of the Mother Country.

The British public have been assured officially that, with the command of the sea, the law of supply and demand would enable the food to be obtained, but the Canadian people have looked farther, and see that war very often upsets trade theories, and that in resting upon this theory the British people are relying upon a broken reed. Canadians have not forgotten what the cotton famine in Lancashire in 1862 should have impressed upon the memory of

the people here, namely, that an embargo in war time as a war measure is a possible, practicable, and effective weapon. The Southern States, ignoring all theories of trade, and all trade interests, put an embargo on the export of cotton. The Northern Government offered to grant permits to let it out, but the Confederate Government was obstinate, and established such an effective embargo that only about one half of one per cent. of the normal amount escaped. This proves how war sometimes upsets trade theories, and yet the British people seem to rely upon the trade doctrine of supply and demand to save their existence as a nation, while they must know that the food upon which they depend for their lives is in the possession and under the control of possible enemies.

Is it to be wondered at that when Mr. Chamberlain wrote to the Canadian Government suggesting subjects for discussion at the approaching conference, Sir Wilfrid Laurier clearly and positively replied that trade questions must come first? Why should Canada be asked to impose heavy burdens to aid in Imperial defence if the Mother Country persistently refuses to take steps to secure the food supply, without which all other expenses are a useless waste?

We have seen with great satisfaction the imposition of a small duty or registration fee on corn, which may have some slight influence in helping an increased growth of wheat in the Mother Country. This measure should have been hailed with delight by all classes, the workmen most of all, for upon them in the case of war the blow will come hardest when food is scarce; and yet complaints are being heard in some quarters, some newspapers are complaining, and some men, even of high Parliamentary rank, who should know better, are shutting their eyes to the national danger and, blinded by political fancies of political advantages, are endeavouring to prevent the wisest step that has been taken by an English Government for generations.

The next question that has agitated the minds of the Canadian people is the question of trade. The imports and exports of Great Britain have been anxiously watched, for the Colonies are bound up and deeply interested in the welfare and prosperity of the Mother Country, for it is in her that rest as a matter of course the strength and stability of our Empire as a whole. If the United Kingdom is not prosperous she cannot have or retain the enormous financial strength which has made her in the past such a predominant Power.

For this reason the merciless commercial war which the great nations are waging with such vigour upon the trade manufactures and commerce of the Mother Country, has alarmed the people of Canada, for they have for some time seen the force of it, and the result has

been the giving of a preference in their markets over the foreigner to all British goods, of one-third the duty. This was done without any return or advantage or *quid pro quo*. Canada saw the danger coming and tried to do the best she could to help the cause of the Empire. The sugar duties were put on to meet the commercial war waged upon their fellow-subjects of the West Indies. Imagine the disappointment, the astonishment of the Canadian people, after the sacrifices they had made for the Imperial cause, when they saw the Mother Country put on sugar duties and refuse any preference to the West Indies, and subsequently agreeing with the foreigner and binding herself not to give advantages to her own people. Is this any encouragement to Canadian Imperialism?

We have seen Great Britain increasing in population, opening up great avenues of trade in Burmah, Africa, and elsewhere, all of which should have added to her trade and increased her exports. What are the facts? Her exports in 1872 were 314,000,000*l.*, twenty-nine years later her exports had only risen to 348,000,000*l.*, the difference being nearly made up by increased exports of coal, which is a mere sale of national capital or assets, besides 9,000,000*l.* for new ships sold to foreigners, a class of export which was not included in the returns for 1872.

A careful inquiry will show that, as a matter of fact, the British export trade is about at a standstill, in spite of many additional markets secured at large cost to the British taxpayer, and then thrown open to the free competition of the foreigner, whose manufacturer is not burdened with the cost of securing the market, and therefore has that advantage over the British subject. This may be magnanimous, but it is not business, and certainly it is not the way to defend ourselves in the bitter commercial war in which we are now engaged.

While Great Britain has only been holding her own, consider what Germany has been doing in the way of increasing her exports. In 1895 they amounted to 171,203,000*l.*, in 1901 to 237,970,000*l.*

Then take the United States. In 1871 her exports amounted to 442,820,178 dollars (about 90,000,000*l.*), the balance of trade that year against her being about 15,000,000*l.* In 1901 her exports had increased to 1,487,764,991 dollars (about 300,000,000*l.*), while the balance of trade had turned in her favour and amounted to 664,592,826 dollars (about 136,000,000*l.*).

Another point not to be forgotten is that the British Empire contains a population of about 400 millions, of which less than 50 millions are of British blood. Among these latter of course there are the strongest ties of race and kindred, but every effort should be made to bind our fellow-subjects of different origin by self-interest. They cannot be expected to make great sacrifices with the same



spirit as those of our own race such as the English-speaking people of the great Colonies.

All these points have been carefully considered by the Canadian Imperialists, and the proposition which has been adopted in various centres in Canada, by many of the leading newspapers, and by leaders of thought of both political parties, in fact, the only definite proposition that has been publicly discussed, is to the following effect :

‘That a special duty of five to ten’ per cent. should be imposed at every port in the British possessions on all foreign goods, the proceeds to be devoted to Imperial defence, by which each part would not only be doing its duty towards the common defence but at the same time be receiving a preference over the foreigner in the markets of the Empire.’

If this proposition or something on the same line is arranged for at the coming conference, it will enable the defences everywhere to be greatly increased. It will help to secure the food supply on British soil, it will help British trade in every part of our possessions, it will give the direct bond of self-interest to all the diverse races which go to form our Empire, and it will tend to preserve our population, capital, and resources, to build up and strengthen our own power, instead of having our wealth frittered away in developing and fostering foreign, rival, and possibly hostile nations.

We have seen the opening of a direct attack upon our shipping supremacy. The combine of the Atlantic steamship lines is only the beginning of what may spread in other directions if some direct and bold measures are not taken at once to save our interests. The condition in the agreement which ties up our greatest shipbuilding establishment with all its plants, machinery, and the skilled and experienced ability of its staff from building any ships for British use, shows the cloven hoof of the whole arrangement, and exposes its direct and positive hostility to British interests.

Our manufactures are also being slowly wiped out. The tin-plate trade has gone mainly into the hands of the United States. The boot and shoe industry will very soon be entirely absorbed by American competition, for even now English manufacturers are beginning to fill their orders from their customers with boots and shoes made in the United States. Can this sort of thing be in the interests of the British workmen or the British people or the British Empire? The manufacturers of foreign countries with their enormous combinations, with the full support and encouragement both financial and moral which their governments and peoples accord them, with their own markets safe and the British markets at their mercy, must soon ruin many other industries, unless the leaders of political thought of both parties in England forget their petty squabbles, and unite and use their best efforts to defend their country

in the dangerous and vehement war which is being waged commercially against her.

One slight step in the right direction can be made by adopting some such suggestion as the imposition of a defence or war tax, which will add greatly to the defensive strength of the Empire both in a military as well as a political and commercial point of view. Canadians cannot believe that the people of the Mother Country will not see the force of these arguments, or that they will refuse to accept such an offer if it comes from the Colonies. The colonial view that this proposition is required far more by the Mother Country than by any of the Colonies may be wrong, but it is certainly very clear and decided.

The Empire must be combined for defence, and an agreement can only be arrived at by mutual concessions. The Colonies can provide a defence fund if a war tax is levied all around the Empire. They will be content to pay in that way, when they might not be willing to do it in any other. The influence of British subjects of foreign origin would probably be in favour of such a plan, while they might object to a direct contribution in cash to a fund which would secure armaments, but would leave out essentials in the shape of food supply and the preservation and increase of trade.

The danger of irreconcilable views makes one alarmed for the result of the conference, for if no agreement can be arrived at and the conference ends in a deadlock, the effect in the great self-governing Colonies will be disastrous, and disintegrating influences might at once arise, and the Imperialists in Canada would have no arguments left with which to meet the attacks of the disloyal, or the renewal of the attempt to involve Canada in commercial union with the United States. It would be said that in spite of everything, including the advice of the Prince of Wales to the British people to 'wake up,' we are to drift on to decadence as a great Power.

GEORGE T. DENISON.

## THE FIGHT AT 'ROIVAL (50)'<sup>1</sup>

'Nemo me impune lacessit.'—*Motto of the Scottish Horse.*

AT dusk on the 10th of April the columns of Rawlinson and Kekewich were laagered along the Hart's River, facing south. Kekewich's column (made up of Grenfell and Van Donop) was on the right of the line. At dawn on the 11th all these columns turned to their right and marched along the spruit towards the east. 'The leading column, Van Donop's, which had camped by the farm of Doornbult, was being closely followed by Grenfell—so closely that the screen of scouts shielding the front and flanks of Van Donop's column was doing duty for Grenfell's column as well.

The valley of the Hart's River by the farm of Doornbult runs through a defile, being flanked by a low mound on its southern and by a higher bushy hill on its northern side. At about eight o'clock the scouts covering Van Donop's advance were approaching the trees around the farm which is marked 'Roival (50)' on the staff maps. The main body was still some two miles in rear, and was then emerging from the defile about Doornbult. At this moment a girl of fifteen ran out of her home—the white farmhouse of Roival—and waved her apron; and immediately the flanking patrols of the screen, after reporting the approach of a large body of Boers, retired at a gallop on their supports. Simultaneously a crowd of mounted men appeared over the rise which lies to the south of Roival Farm. As they did so they turned to their right and formed a long line, so as to enclose the left and left front of Van Donop's column. They were then advancing steadily at the tripping pace of African ponies, and they immediately absorbed the entire left of the advanced guard. Van Donop's 'pom-pom,' coming into action, jammed immediately, and the remainder of the advanced guard, flankers and supports, hurriedly fell back on their main body. Here and there small parties of the screen made a stand where they stood. An officer and a few men took ground in a donga, but were galloped over by the Boers. One of these tarried to take the officer's hat, and another had

<sup>1</sup> 'Fight very hot while it lasted. Enemy were repulsed by Yeomanry, Scottish Horse, and South African Constabulary, who fought admirably.'—*From Lord Kitchener's telegram, Pretoria, the 13th of April, 1902.*

just taken his watch when a shot fired by the main body killed the Boer instantaneously. The owner then repossessed himself of his property and laid quiet where he was till the fight was over, when he had the curious fortune to find his hat as well, clenched in the hands of the other Boer, who had also been killed.

Meanwhile the close approach of Grenfell through the Doornbult defile was unseen by the Boers; nor could the Boers be seen by Grenfell, who was passing through the low ground, and relied for his security on Van Donop's screen of scouts.

It was a lovely autumn morning, and the Scottish Horse, who were at the head of Grenfell's column, were riding at their ease. 'Koran,' the African grouse, disturbed from sleep, rose protesting in front of them. Men were smoking and talking of the 'Peace Conference' and of news from home. One 'flip-flop' on the left front was no unusual thing, and did not break the course of their talk. A few moments later, as they were emerging from the defile, a loud uproar of rifle-fire burst out a thousand yards ahead of them, and immediately almost the entire flank and advanced guards could be seen galloping back towards them. At the same moment a staff officer to Colonel Van Donop came hastening from the left front. He pulled up by Colonel Grenfell and Colonel Leader (commanding the Scottish Horse), who were riding at the head of their column. 'Those men are all Boers on the sky-line,' he said; 'there's nothing now ahead of you except Boers—two thousand of them. I've ridden right through them myself.'

The men at the head of Grenfell's column looked in the direction indicated, and saw, some thousand yards away, a long line of mounted men advancing. The line stretched for about two miles and was working round the left of Grenfell's column. It was a line of men in very close formation—almost knee to knee—in places four or more deep. It was slowly moving forward at a walk, as it seemed. From it came a distant roar of shouts. Behind it galloped men who waved their arms and used their whips.

At this minute the Scottish Horse came under a heavy but inaccurate fire. Troops were dismounted, while the fire intensified, and horses and men were freely hit. The first troop climbed the mound which stands to the south of the valley, so as to cover the left front of the column. The following troops (with the Yeomanry) wheeled to their left, so as to protect that flank, and occupied the best ground they could find on a slope which rose gently towards the advancing Boers. The 'South African Constabulary' extended the line to the right, and eventually joined hands with Van Donop's men, who took up a position on their right. The Maxim of the Scottish Horse was sandwiched between troops covering the left front. The 'pom-pom' and guns came into action behind the recumbent S. A. Constabulary.

The enveloping Dutch line, riding slower than before, had by now approached to a point about 600 yards from those of the dismounted men who were covering the left front. They were still moving confidently closer, firing from their horses as they came. Many were riding mules captured from Lord Methuen's or the other convoy. A few had dismounted and were taking ground in mealy patches, and from these latter came the only accurate fire which was undergone.

Fire was now opened by our men from all along the line. The Scottish Horse Maxim was amongst the first to start, closely followed by the 'pom-pom,' and the field guns.

Seldom, if ever, in the history of small-bore warfare have riflemen or gunners had a surer target than these crowds of horsemen. Those who had been at Omdurman had seen a similar imposing spectacle; none of the rest of a veteran column had ever beheld so Homeric a sight as this confident onslaught of 2,000 men, riding closed-up together from flank to flank and from front to rear, three and four deep.

The decisive second of the day was even now passing, although few men at the moment recognised the fact. Had the Boers on the left front and flank taken immediate advantage of the rout of the screen to gallop straight into Grenfell and Van Donop before their men could dismount in position, they might have possessed themselves of ground from which the defile would have been at their mercy. They had advanced slowly so as to give their flanks time to envelop us, and this cost them the day. For the Scottish Horse, the Constabulary, and Yeomanry were now lying along the higher ground with a good field of fire before them, and stolid North-countrymen are not easily dismayed by the 'moral effect' of an advancing enemy. There was no chance of a man mistaking his range. Each shot as fast as he could fill his magazine. The Maxim stammered swathes, the 'pom-pom' lost no time through the customary initial inaccuracy; the guns for a few moments fired case shot.

For a moment, perhaps, someone more imaginative than the rest found himself thinking that he 'was in for a mop-up this time,' or wondered in just what part of his back the advancing crowds of horsemen (which would assuredly be upon him in a minute) would shoot him as he lay. His thought was barely formed before it was contradicted by his own steadfastness and that of his fellows.

The Boers came to within ninety yards of the Scottish Horse, and to within some twenty yards of the Constabulary. Then the zone of fire in which they found themselves was too furious even for their determination, and they broke and galloped away.

When the horses were brought up there was time to begin to try to understand a little of what had happened. Numbers of Boers were attempting to carry out their original plan, and get round into the bushy koppie on our right flank. Someone called out again

and again, 'White flag coming in'—and a patch of white moved slowly over the green. It was a man of the 'M. I.' in a white shirt and dirty hat, without trousers or boots, followed by five or six more in grey shirts. Someone unaccustomed to this sight said it was a strange time and place for these men to choose for bathing; and the more experienced reminded him that these had been prisoners, and that trousers are the spoils of this war.

A few moments later and it was clear that the Boers were galloping hither and thither out of our range, collecting their wounded and preparing for flight. Men had leisure to look around.

Commandant Potgieter lay about twenty yards away from the Scottish Horse Maxim. He was a big man in black, with high jack-boots. A Boer had covered his face with a saddle-blanket. By his side lay another, shot through the chest. 'Yes, that is the accursed dog, Potgieter!' this man said; 'if I could turn, you would see the marks of his whip; it's he who has brought me to this.'

Near by lay an old man with a white beard. His son of fourteen, whose entire hip-bone, torn bare by shell, was exposed to the sun and the flies, had dragged himself by, and was holding a blanket to shield his dying father's head from the heat. Both seemed to have upon their faces an expression of quiet resignation, and none of anger or regret.

Close to these lay another tall man, well dressed in blue. The top of his head had been torn away, and he was badly wounded in his side. Two large pools of purple clots were oozing out of the mangled head and body, but he was conscious. 'Can I do anything for you?' I said. 'A little water.' I held my flask to the sightless purple sponge of oozing clots and to the gory, dripping, black beard. Five minutes before these had been part of a face, the expression of his nature. The clots fell on my hands and flask. I said: 'Can you tell me your name?' He said, 'Schoemann.'

Intelligence Officers of other columns came up and wanted to see the 'bag.' There it was right enough; within 300 yards forty-three dead, forty-five wounded Boers—three commandants and a field-cornet; and dust and galloping horses were the indications of the less material part of the 'bag'—the glory of victory—the flight or the 2,000. On the debit side were six of ours killed and fifty odd wounded, and perhaps one hundred horses.

At that moment men remembered that the 'Peace Conference' was sitting in Pretoria, and that the stockbrokers of 'Jo burg' are offering 4 to 1 on Peace. They would find some 'takers' in Kekewich's column, which has been privileged to witness the changing of the leopard's spots—the transmigration of the soul of the Dervish into the heart of the Dutchman.

And Kekewich's column saw a greater thing even than this astounding change in the character of their enemy; for they were

eyewitnesses of a signal demonstration of the great rule of war, that stolid riflemen need fear no rush of numerous horsemen, even though the latter be fortified by the prestige of successes against a less determined defence.

That seems to be the lesson of those full twenty minutes on the place marked 'Roival (50)' on the staff maps.

## II

### AFTER ROIVAL

It was now about half-past nine, and Rawlinson's column appeared on the left. A line was formed, Grenfell in the centre, Van Donop on the right, and the three columns moved eastwards behind an extended line of scouts which stretched from the spruit to a point some six miles in a southerly direction. The convoy was parked above the Doornbult defile under strong escort.

Grenfell watered his horses in the dam which lies by the trees of the farm of Roival. Around lay the *débris* of the Boer bivouac—bones of animals, smouldering embers, half-cooked corn cobs, blankets and saddles. In the shade of the orchard wall were stretched—an addition to the 'bag' of the Intelligence Officers—two dying Dutchmen; and the guides paid a visit to the inmates of the farm, and exchanged remarks with the little patriot whose apron had called two thousand of her countrymen to battle.

Then the horses were set moving over the endless rises and through the acres of mealie fields. (Are there still people at home who say the Boers are starving? Here alone in these fields was enough bread and coffee for an army for months.) Each column hoped that their own men would not be the last in the hunt for the Boer laager. For two hours an almost ceaseless canter was maintained towards the east. It was a matter of horseflesh. Away in the east were the clouds of dust. We had seen something of this sort of pursuit before, when the Boers, dispossessed of the Biggarsberg by Buller's masterly move round Helpmakaar, had fled like hunted hares through Dundee.

Here and there amongst the mealies lay a few more agonised additions to the 'bag'; here and there limped a wounded horse, dripping blood into the crops; here and there a horse or mule with sweat marks on his back grazed quietly. You might bet the riders were not far away, but eyes were fixed upon the dust clouds. 'Only over the next rise'—that was five miles away—and beyond it another and another, and still beyond these—the dust clouds, which never seemed the nearer.

At last, in a hollow, the Scottish Horse came suddenly upon their prize—six beat mules harnessed to the last but one of the lost pom-

poms—and in the next dip the two last remaining of the lost fifteen-pounders. The mules in these could go no further, and the guns had been abandoned. Three hardy-looking Dutchmen in some rocks near by held up their hands and gave over their arms.

Away up the further rise a few wagons and a crowd of Boers trailed towards the Schweizer Renneke hills. Between our men and these were some six more abandoned wagons, and in one of them women.

'Helio to the Colonel for orders, and say the horses can't go a yard further.' The men off-saddled and gave them a drink of liquid mud; then burnt the wagons, expressing a chivalrous but insincere regret to the occupants, and walked away westwards over the endless rises, through the miles of mealies, to the laager at Doornbult. A red-letter day, a day of a thousand days, was gone, and a real success (pregnant with results as yet dimly guessed at by those who had achieved it) had been won in this country of disasters.

L. OPPENHEIM.



## *LONDON UNIVERSITY: A POLICY AND A FORECAST*

AFTER a whole generation of conflict and controversy, London has at last got its teaching university. The heartbreaking pioneer work is done, statutes and regulations are completed, and in the various centres of undergraduate instruction some two thousand matriculated students are already at work. Yet the plain man remains unaware that the teaching university exists. Its separate fragments, constructed on inconsistent bases, meet but do not cohere. Before the new senate can become an effective body, co-ordinating and directing all the university teaching in London, and generating, out of the scattered elements, a real intellectual force, two things are necessary—a definite university policy and the driving force of money.

What kind of university is possible in London? Any practical policy for a London University has, it is clear, to have regard to the limitations, the needs and the opportunities of London life. It may at the outset be admitted that, for any university of the Oxford or Cambridge type the metropolis is perhaps more unfit than any other spot that could be chosen. By no possible expenditure could we create at South Kensington, in the Strand or at Gower Street, the tradition, the atmosphere, the charm, or the grace of collegiate life on the Isis or the Cam. Nor is it possible to secure, amid the heterogeneous crowds of London and all its distractions, either the class selection or the careful supervision required by the parents of boys fresh from Eton or Harrow, with two or three hundred a year to spend in pocket-money. For good or for evil we must accept the fact that nothing in the nature of collegiate life is possible in London. Even the 'hostel' becomes merely a co-operative lodging-house. The London University student must inevitably be free to wander, indistinguishable in dress, to all parts of the great city; to pry into all phases of its life, and to rub shoulders with fellow-students of every age, of every rank, and of every kind of home experience and personal tastes. Now that Oxford and Cambridge are open to students of all creeds and all races, no parent, living himself away from London, and wishing to place a boy of eighteen

amid safe and advantageous social surroundings, would willingly send him to live as an undergraduate in London lodgings. With the exception of country students coming to study medicine or engineering, the undergraduate class of London University will, we may infer, be confined to London residents, and, among these, to students from the 99 per cent. of London homes which are maintained on incomes under 1,500*l.* a year.

This limitation must vitally affect the whole policy of London University. It governs the curriculum, the character of the teaching, and its geographical distribution. But it imposes practically no limit on its size; for the London over which the university senate is given jurisdiction comprises all the seven millions of inhabitants of the thirty miles radius, covering, therefore, no less than 2,830 square miles. It is not a city, but a province, even a whole nation in itself. Holland and Belgium, neither so rich nor called to such great responsibilities as the people of London, have each half a dozen universities for not dissimilar numbers, whilst Scotland maintains, for only two-thirds as many people, no fewer than four ancient and successful seats of learning. Among seven millions of people there are reared up thousands of doctors and lawyers, engineers and chemists, architects and surveyors, teachers and civil servants, clerks and business men, journalists and authors, who cannot go to Oxford or Cambridge, and whose education at present is often prematurely broken off, or lacks direction and stimulus—fails, above all, in subtle cultivation of the imagination and generosity of aim—because there is not in London, as there is in Paris and Berlin, a well-organised university in close contact with the life of the city. In this as in other particulars the very limitation of a London University becomes its opportunity. Being, *as regards its undergraduate class*, essentially a university for the sons and daughters of households of limited means and strenuous lives, it will not, like Oxford and Cambridge, set itself to skim from the surface of society the topmost layer of rich men's sons and scholarship winners. Wisely organised and adequately endowed, it must dive deep down through every stratum of its seven millions of constituents, selecting by the tests of personal ambition and endurance, of talent and 'grit,' for all the brain-working professions and for scientific research, every capable recruit that London rears. Hence it must stand ready to enrol in its undergraduate ranks not hundreds a year but thousands. If we remember that Paris and Berlin, drawing from much smaller local populations, and exposed each to the competition of a score of other universities in their own countries, have each actually twelve thousand university students, we can see that any equally effective London University might easily number twenty thousand.

An undergraduate class of this nature involves a second limitation. Practically all the undergraduate students of London University will

intend to earn their livelihood in the competitive work of the world. Whatever may be the advantage of the 'Greats' school of Oxford or the Cambridge triposes, as a preparation in general culture for those who can postpone their professional training to later years, it must be accepted as axiomatic that no such leisurely curriculum meets the practical requirements of the young engineer or business man, the teacher or the solicitor, or even the future doctor and civil servant. Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two the London student will necessarily have to get well forward with his specialised knowledge and professional training. This involves the revival of the older conception of a university course deliberately framed so as to prepare the undergraduate from the outset for the practical pursuit of his profession, but in such a way as to turn him out equipped, not only as a trained professional, but also as a cultivated citizen. The London University, like those of mediæval Europe and modern America, will therefore necessarily take on the character of a technical school for all the brain-working professions of its time—not alone law, medicine, and theology, but also every department of science and learning, from engineering and chemistry to pedagogy, banking and commerce and public administration. Some may regret this limitation, but the practical man will see in it a great opportunity. Exactly as the 'middle class' origin of the typical London undergraduate by opening up a clientèle of enormous extent, makes possible a large university, so his professional needs compel an intensive culture of each subject unknown at the older seats of learning. Young men eager to master a department of learning or science, in order to apply it to gain their livelihood, will require in their teachers a much higher standard of knowledge and suggestiveness than those following courses with a view to a cultivated understanding of the whole realm of knowledge. The very practical character of London University will inevitably force its teachers further and further away from the mere elements of their subjects, and compel them to be ever pushing out into the yet unknown—that is to say, into the region of original investigation and research.

And here we see opening out before us London's most pressing need and unique opportunity. The obvious and imperative duty of a rightly organised and adequately endowed London University is to become the foremost post-graduate centre of the intellectual world. For alongside the university democracy of the undergraduate class, brought about by the multiplication of brain-working occupations and widespread education, we see everywhere emerging, at the beginning of the twentieth century, a new aristocracy of advanced students, intent on pursuing their chosen subjects above and beyond the first, or 'bread and butter,' degree. Every day it becomes more clear that, as an equipment for the highest grades of brain-workers, the three or four years' general course of the ordinary undergraduate is far from

sufficient. In the United States we find a practically unanimous opinion that it is to the post-graduate courses started five-and-twenty years ago at the Johns Hopkins, and now general at all the great universities, that the advances in American technique and American scholarship are to be ascribed: an opinion explained by Lord Kelvin's recent statement that it takes now at least six years to make a competent scientist. The crowning years of this extended course, when the student is emancipated from schoolboy discipline and academic drill, are best spent under the added inspiration of a new tradition, novel methods and experiences and contact with the intellectual and moral distinction of a fresh environment. Thus mere change of university is, for the picked student, a valuable stimulus, an axiom which, during the last decades, has been winning acceptance throughout the educational world. The research scholarships given annually by the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition to the most brilliant scientific graduate in each university of the British Empire, are deliberately made tenable, not at his own, but at some other university. Every German and Austrian university encourages its students to spend part of their time at some other seat of learning, whilst the French and Belgian Governments are always paying the expenses at foreign universities of carefully selected graduates. At this moment private munificence and travelling scholarships are keeping several hundreds of American graduates at one or other of the universities of Europe. And, as if to set upon this movement the seal of modernity, our new and 'up to date' ally in the Far East has, within the last few months, decided to send, at government expense, two hundred picked graduates from the Japanese colleges to spend some years in post-graduate study in the capitals of Europe. Now, to all this large and growing class of well-equipped and highly selected students London offers extraordinary attractions. Here they can live according to their own standards of expenditure, obtain the food, keep the hours, and follow the religious observances befitting their temperament, class, or racial habits. The very distractions and sights, the contact with celebrities, even the dark places and problems of the world's greatest city, are, to the adult student, an education in themselves. We need not, therefore, be surprised that, even with the present meagre facilities for post-graduate study, every year sees an increasing number of graduates from other universities, following in the hospital wards the celebrated operator or physician, seeking admission to Professor Ramsay's experimental laboratory, or attending lectures at the Royal College of Science or the London School of Economics. With a highly specialised staff of university professors in each faculty, the London University would attract, not one or two here and there, but a continuous stream of the ablest and most enterprising of young graduates from the colonies and the United States, from every

university of Europe and the Far East. In the provision of facilities for this highest grade of students the senate of the new London University has an opportunity of combining a sane and patriotic Imperialism with the largest-minded Internationalism. Moreover, in the organisation of these post-graduate studies, the senate will be but responding to a characteristic need of London's own population. In the homes and offices of the metropolitan area there exists the raw material for a most fertile post-graduate department of native birth. Among the thousands of young men and women whom we may expect to see graduating year by year, there will be, in each faculty, a chosen few who, either from intellectual interest or professional ambition, will desire to continue their studies, and work for the higher degrees. Here London makes possible a post-graduate life unattainable in the more leisurely cloistered homes of university culture. Exactly because the London University is set down in the very midst of warehouses and offices, monotonous squares and mean streets, the poor and talented graduate, living inexpensively at his own home, or already gaining his livelihood, can, as a day or evening student, pursue his little bit of original research, and work at the thesis which will gain him the coveted doctor's degree. The very combination of two such distinct classes of post-graduate students—the one bringing the training and experience of alien universities, the other contributing the intimate knowledge of the actual processes of bank or factory, government department or merchant's office—constitutes in itself an extraordinarily stimulating intellectual atmosphere for the advanced student.

But a university is, or ought to be, much more than a mere place for teaching. Its most important function in the State is the advancement of every branch of learning. For this highest function of a university the character, conditions and numbers of the undergraduate students are relatively unimportant. Here what is vital is the professoriate and its environment. There are some who say that London, though it may become an important teaching centre, can never provide the environment for a university in this highest sense. What such critics have in mind is the absence from London of the fascinating atmosphere of general learning produced by the intellectual intercourse of men of different subjects, in a place where there is no competing distraction. We shall do wisely to recognise the truth underlying this instinctive consciousness of the limitations of London life. The all-round cultivation of the individual mind, the continuous appreciation of the finest literature that has been written, the balanced judgment due to a scholarly criticism of the past achievements of mankind, the refinement of humour and the sense of perspective of a Mark Pattison or a Jowett—all this is not, and can never be, promoted by London conditions. The vast distances between home and home, the differences in family circumstances and social position.

the very strenuousness and bustle of London life, incline the brain-worker to limit his social intercourse to those with whom he has actually to co-operate. The mere size of the professoriate of a London University increases this tendency. If the advancement of learning depends on the subtle intellectual stimulus gained by the professor of history's casual argument with the professor of biology, by the interplay of the theologian's mind with that of the philologist, by the interchange of the lore of the scholar of Arabic with the facts of the student of chemistry, the metropolis of the Empire is not likely to make any great contribution.

But the advancement of learning does not depend entirely, or even mainly, on a knowledge, however scholarly, of the past and present achievements of mankind. This, indeed, is culture, not science. What Bacon meant by the advancement of learning was the discovery of facts and laws hitherto unknown, new conquests of man over his environment. For this slow, hard and perhaps unlovely task of clearing new ground, quite different are the requirements from those which make for the highest culture. First and foremost, the scientific investigator in any of these fields, as distinguished from the scholar, must be provided, not with books alone, but with a perfect wealth of tools and raw material, costly laboratories and experimental workshops in physics and chemistry, hospitals and asylums for medicine and surgery, schools for pedagogy, documents, and social institutions actually at work for economics and political science. Above all, he must live and work under the stimulating influence of intellectual contact with the master minds in his own subject, English and foreign, whether these be fellow-investigators or practical experts applying and developing in their daily work the fruits of invention and research. For the advancement of learning in this, the Baconian sense, the conditions of London life, far from being adverse, are, in reality, in the highest degree favourable. Even without the staff or equipment of a great university, London has always contributed much more than its quota to scientific discovery. It was by no mere accident that Davy and Faraday, Huxley and Tyndall, Sir Joseph Hooker and Mr. Herbert Spencer, all worked in London. London's unparalleled wealth in 'material' for observation and study necessarily makes it the principal centre for every branch of English science. The intellectual environment is no less favourable than the wealth of material. The fact that all the learned societies meet in London is significant. No place provides, in each subject of study, so highly specialised a society, in which the ablest thinkers and investigators in any department of learning can meet, in friendly converse, not only their foreign colleagues visiting the great city, but also those who are, in the practical business of life, both needing and using the newest discoveries. Add to these natural resources of metropolitan

life a university of the type required by London's needs—a large, closely knit and highly specialised professoriate in each faculty directing the researches of assistants and post-graduate students in the different branches of each science—and we shall have created, in the very heart of the British Empire, an almost ideal centre from which future generations of investigators and inventors may explore new realms of fact, discover new laws, and conquer new applications of knowledge to life. In the whole range of the physical and biological sciences, in the newer fields of anthropology, archaeology, philology, pedagogy and experimental psychology, in the wide vistas opening out for applied science and the highest technology, in the constantly changing spheres of industrial and commercial relations, administration and political organisation, we may predict with confidence that a rightly organised and adequately endowed London University will take a foremost part in the advancement of learning.

What, now, should be the policy of the new London University? First and foremost we must accept, as the basic principle of its structure, an organisation by faculties, not by colleges or other institutions. Only on this principle can we develop a university structure adapted to the needs and opportunities of the metropolitan area. London, it is clear, can have but one university. For the small German town or provincial English centre, the university may suitably be of simple and, so to speak, unicellular type. Oxford and Cambridge, with their close aggregation of separate colleges of identical pattern, present us with what may be called a multicellular development of the same elementary type. By no such simple repetition of parts could we create a university for the huge area and dissimilar conditions of the metropolitan districts. Its unique combination of a widely dispersed undergraduate population and centrally segregated materials for research, its union of the most democratic student life with the most perfectly selected intellectual aristocracy of science, necessarily calls for a more highly organised structure. This is found in the establishment, as the principal organs of the university, of separate faculties, each of them highly differentiated in structure, so as to fit it for dealing, in its particular department of learning, with all the teaching and all the research from one end of London to another, and capable of indefinite expansion, without interfering with any other faculty, to meet the requirements of every part of the area and every development of the subject-matter. So long as the several colleges or other teaching institutions regard themselves, and are regarded, as the units of university organisation, their instinctive megalomania is a disruptive force, creating internecine jealousy and competition for students, and impelling each particular institution, irrespective of its local conditions or special opportunities, to strive to swell itself into a

complete university on a microscopic scale. Make the faculty the unit, and the same megalomania, impelling the professors to work for the utmost possible extension and improvement of the faculty as such, serves only to extend the influence and enhance the reputation of the university as a whole. This is not to say that there is no place in the London University for separately organised institutions and autonomous governing bodies. It is impracticable and undesirable for the university senate or the university faculties to undertake the vast business of managing all the colleges and other teaching institutions within the metropolitan area. Whether these institutions devote themselves to particular departments of research, to special grades of teaching, to distinct subjects of study, or to the local requirements of their districts, the university will with advantage leave to their governing bodies a large autonomy in business management and finance, and concern itself only with seeing that such portions of their teaching staff and students, their courses of instruction and equipment, as are recognised by the university, are properly organised and co-ordinated with the larger life of the whole. The lines along which this co-ordination must necessarily proceed are marked out by the subjects of teaching or research; that is to say, by faculties. At present there are eight such faculties—namely, arts, science, medicine, law, music, theology, engineering, and economics. But the number of separate faculties will gradually increase, either by simple additions, such as pedagogy and philosophy, or, with the advance of the subjects, by the further differentiation into separate organisations of such large and comprehensive divisions as ‘science’ or ‘arts.’

The internal organisation of all the faculties should comprise the same elements. Each will have to provide undergraduate teaching, to afford facilities for post-graduate work, and to promote, through the researches of its professors and advanced students, the discovery of new truth in its own subject-matter. Let us begin, as regards each faculty, with the broad base of the university organisation, the crowds of matriculated students following courses of study for the ordinary degree. Here the policy must clearly be that of the Open Door. It is the duty, as it will be to the advantage, of the senate to see that every section of the vast population committed to its charge has easy access to university teaching of the kind best adapted to undergraduate needs. It is at once plain that, in order to accommodate the undergraduates furnished by seven millions of population, spread over 2,830 square miles, we must give up all idea of concentration at any one centre. It takes longer to journey from Stratford or Beckenham to South Kensington or Gower Street than it does to go from Edinburgh to Glasgow or from London to Oxford. The cost of a daily railway ticket between Plumstead or Croydon and a central London laboratory exceeds the entire fees charged by a



German or Scotch university. Whether we consider expenditure of time or expenditure of money, the only way to make a university education possible for the bulk of London's matriculated students is to bring it close to their own doors, giving the lectures and opening the laboratories at the hours most convenient to the students themselves. Thus, instruction will have to be provided in the evening; as well as in the day-time, and it should be carried on, with proper relays of teachers, practically continuously throughout the whole year. There is no harm, and indeed great advantage, in these university courses being attached to polytechnics or technical institutes whose other departments are of less than university rank. The university will, of course, take care to appoint or recognise none but thoroughly competent teachers; it will see that the courses of instruction are given the genuine university spirit: it will maintain a high standard in laboratory accommodation; and it will naturally admit, as university students, only those who satisfy its matriculation and other requirements. Subject to these conditions there can be nothing but advantage in an indefinite multiplication of opportunities for undergraduate study in the whole of the vast area extending from Maidenhead to Gravesend, from Guildford to Bishop's Stortford. In the popular faculties of science and engineering there will, not improbably, soon be an effective demand—measured by the presence of fifty or a hundred undergraduate students at each place—for complete degree courses at forty or fifty such centres. Even such a multiplication would give, for each centre, a population as great as that of Aberdeen or Plymouth. The teachers at these exclusively undergraduate centres, who will be chosen, it may be hoped, from the ablest post-graduates of London or other universities, must, of course, be members of the faculties and boards of studies in their respective subjects, and every possible opportunity should be given for them to meet, for the discussion of how best to advance their particular branch of learning, not only their contemporaries, but also their more distinguished colleagues, the chief university professors, whose pupils they will probably have been. Only by the frank acceptance of some such policy of extreme local dispersion of the mere undergraduate teaching, coupled with a highly organised intellectual intercourse between all the university teachers in each subject, can the London University rise to the height of its opportunity as the university for seven millions.

Those who shrink appalled from this vision of ten or twenty thousand undergraduates dispersed among forty or fifty teaching centres at such unacademic places as Tottenham and West Ham, may find comfort in the arrangements for the post-graduate students, whom we may expect to see numbered at least by hundreds. Here the policy must be one of extreme concentration. It should be the policy of the university to attract the post-graduate student to the

one or two highest colleges without, however, limiting his freedom of choice ; to extend to him there the warmest welcome, with the fewest formalities ; and to regard the suggesting and criticising of his work as the principal teaching duty of the ablest and most distinguished of the university professors. The seminars and specialist lectures of the more central colleges of the university should, in fact, be organised with primary reference to the needs of the post-graduate or advanced student, and should cater for undergraduates, if at all, only as a secondary and entirely subordinate consideration. For it will be, in the main, by these specialist courses and highly selected seminars that the university will be judged by other universities ; and it will be by the patient work of the post-graduate students, and in their friendly personal intercourse with the professor, that will be trained, not only the future teachers and professors for universities all the world over, but also those to whom we look for the advancement of science and learning.

. We come now to the character of the professoriate in each faculty. Here the keynote should be multiplicity of grade and diversity of type. The old conception of distinct colleges, each covering the whole range of the university curriculum, and able therefore to afford and employ only a single professor for each of the numerous subjects dealt with, is, as we have seen, for many reasons unsuited to London. The newer conception of university organisation, embodied in the creation of faculties each composed of coequal professors of identical type, teaching the same subject at different institutions, is only one step in the right direction. What London University requires in each of its faculties is not a mere conference, but, under the guise of an advisory committee of the senate and its three subordinate councils, a highly organised and differentiated organ of academic administration. By a natural division of labour within each faculty, the different professors will find themselves undertaking research and teaching, not in the whole, but in particular aspects or departments only of their science. But there will have to be a further differentiation. We must abandon the simple ideal of equality, identity, or uniformity among professors, whether of tenure or salary, attainments or duties, time-table or holidays. The principal professors, on whom mainly we must depend for research, should, of course, have life tenures, high salaries, and abundant leisure, whilst the bulk of the university teachers required by so extensive an undergraduate population as that of London will necessarily be engaged for short terms, earn only modest salaries, and work at times and seasons convenient to those whom they serve. All the members of the faculty will, we may hope, be inspired by one and the same enthusiasm for the advancement of their science, but this oneness of spirit will go with diversity of gifts. If we are really in earnest in wishing to provide the best and most varied instruction, in the best way, to London's

crowds of undergraduates, we must impose no tests on candidates for these teacherships, other than knowledge and capacity to impart it. Among these junior teachers may be found some who will distinguish themselves by original research, and rise to the highest academic distinction. But we must eschew anything like promotion by seniority. For the highest posts, it is, indeed, vital to choose comparatively young men: what we have to do is deliberately to survey the universities of the world and attract to London, by good salaries and the provision of the greatest opportunities for research, the most fertile brains of Europe and America. And we cannot afford to waste the most distinguished scientific talent on the drudgery of lecturing day by day to the mere undergraduate. 'It is not my business to make chemists, but to make chemistry,' rightly urged one highly placed professor. No university policy can be successful unless it keeps in mind constantly that the duty of the principal professors is not the mere teaching of what is known, but the discovery of new truth. Thus, instead of the teacher's life being subordinated to the needs of the student, as in undergraduate centres it must and should be, every other task imposed upon the professor should, in the post-graduate centres, give way to the professor's own researches.

For this supreme end of original investigation and research should be organised the costly and specialised laboratories and collections of the central colleges of the university. Hence, it is indispensable that these colleges should be entirely independent of ordinary undergraduate classes. For undergraduate classes their buildings and equipment ought, indeed, to be unsuited. Instead of the merely elementary science benches thronged by hundreds of freshmen, the central colleges will need the most perfectly provided experimental laboratories, equipped with every new instrument of investigation, and open only to a chosen few. Here will be the meeting-place for all the teachers in the faculty; here will be received the foreign specialist or the practical expert; here will meet the learned society or the professional association; here, in fact, will be the intellectual headquarters of the particular department of learning.

The faculties of London University will therefore inevitably become large and varied bodies exercising, in their advice to the senate, important functions of academic administration. It is an important detail in their organisation that they should each be provided, not only with a convenient headquarters and a specialist library, but also with an adequately paid business manager or secretary. This officer should neither teach nor investigate, but attend to the multifarious business of the faculty and of the boards of studies connected with it, for which the professors themselves have neither time nor training. In constant consultation with the

principal and the registrars, he would see that his faculty, and the boards of studies connected with it, attended properly to all the requirements of the senate and its councils. But much more should be required from him. It should be his business to find out from the professors what further materials or plant they required, and see to its being supplied; to receive and enrol the post-graduate students and advise them as to the subjects dealt with by the various professors in his faculty; to keep his eye on every district of the metropolitan area, with a view to seeing that its particular needs in the way of undergraduate teaching were, so far as his faculty was concerned, adequately provided for. He would in every way act, for all the concerns of his faculty, as the confidential lieutenant of the principal of the university, in consultation with whom he would be always on the look-out to get, from local authorities, from bodies of trustees, or from individual donors, additional resources for the work of the faculty, in its twofold aspect of teaching and research.

The pivot upon which will turn this organisation by faculties of London University is the reality of the power exercised by the senate. This depends, to put it bluntly, upon how much money the senate itself has the spending of, irrespective of the separate 'schools' or other institutions. The senate itself, not this or that particular institution, must necessarily appoint and pay, at any rate, all the principal professors in each faculty, even if they are assigned for research or teaching to the laboratories and lecture-rooms of particular institutions. The senate itself, not one or other of the mutually competing colleges, must be in a position to find the money for the appointment of the additional teachers required in each faculty, in order to be free to place them where they will be most serviceable. The senate, moreover, must be in a position to develop the newer or the weaker, the less popular or the less obviously utilitarian faculties, or departments of faculties, and even to create new faculties, in the direction and to the extent that the interests and reputation of the university may require. Only by wielding the power of the purse can the senate make its supreme authority effective, and serve as the co-ordinating brain that gives unity to the whole organisation. For, potent as must necessarily be the influence of the faculties in advising upon the curriculum, the character of the teaching and the opportunities for research, it is of the utmost importance to the welfare of the university that the ultimate decision should not be in their hands or in the hands of their co-ordinating committee, the Academic Council, any more than in those of the separate colleges. We cannot afford to give any faculty complete autonomy, even within its own field of science or learning. The existing professors and teachers of whom the faculty will consist must not have either the temptation or the opportunity to fill vacancies exclusively from among their own pupils, their own assistants, or the adherents to

their own views ; to exclude or discourage particular classes of students, or particular methods of teaching or investigation, which may from time to time offend their professional prejudices or seem to encroach on their vested interests. Even in academic matters it is vital that the supreme power should rest with a strong representative body essentially lay in character, accessible to new suggestions and independent criticism from the outside world, able, unbiassed by the separate interests of particular faculties, to decide how best to meet the constantly changing conditions of a progressive community.

So comprehensive a scheme and so far-reaching a policy may seem hopelessly out of the reach of the newly constituted university, of which Lord Rosebery has become the first elected chancellor. But neither scheme nor policy involves anything revolutionary. They amount, in fact, to no more than an explicit writing out of what is already contained in the actual legal constitution of the university. Parliament and the university commissioners definitely rejected the plan of making the colleges the units of university structure, and created eight faculties, co-ordinated by a joint committee of themselves, called the Academic Council, as the principal organs of the teaching university. Over these faculties there is placed a strong senate, in which not only the professoriate and the graduates, but also the Inns of Court, the City Companies, the City Corporation, and the London County Council, are represented. In this senate sit eminent doctors and lawyers, engineers and business men, as well as some of the leading professors. For its work it has secured the services of a most distinguished man of science and organiser, in the capacity of principal. Nor has the senate to build up from the ground either the teaching or the research which it is charged to promote. Between thirty and forty centres of undergraduate teaching, dispersed all over London, are already at work, attended by some thousands of students. It has a university professoriate already hundreds strong, including in each faculty men of eminent distinction in their subjects. The existing laboratories and libraries, lecture-theatres, and class-rooms, though far from adequate, represent a capital value of not less than two millions sterling. Thus, all the framework and many of the materials of a great university are ready to hand. What we have to do is to put the new senate in a position to adjust all these materials into their proper places ; transform them so as to fit them for their most effective uses ; fill up the obvious gaps, and weld the whole into a smoothly working machine.

To lift the new London University out of its present *impasse*, we have, first and foremost, to provide for a great development of post-graduate work, specialist teaching and original research ; along with this to free the principal professors and the older and more central

colleges from their present dependence on undergraduate classes, upon which they are largely wasted; and finally to multiply the centres for undergraduate teaching in the localities requiring them.

Let us begin with the Faculty of Arts. Here the characteristic need and special opportunity of London is of a great school of languages, the establishment of which, by the senate, would serve to organise the whole faculty. The varied activities of London bring it into contact, somewhere or another, with practically every known tongue. No city in the world sends so large a contingent of its citizens to other lands, none has so great an opportunity for the advancement of learning in philology. Yet others—notably, Paris and Berlin, Vienna, and even Leyden—put London altogether to shame in the extent of their provision for teaching and studying foreign tongues. There seem to be at least fifty distinct languages, from Annamese to Zulu, from Basque to Malay, from Russian to Persian, now being scientifically studied and practically taught in other European universities, sometimes only for comparative philology, but often also for the benefit of officials and traders. In London, with a far larger population from which to draw students, and organise post-graduate work, the department of philology is of the scantiest, and half of the fifty tongues are not represented at all. In the London University school of languages Greek and Latin would form the base, and classical archaeology an important feature, whilst not only the philology and literature, but also the vernacular, would be thoroughly dealt with, of every tongue with which the missionary, the trader, or the official can come in contact. To maintain even one professor and one assistant for any particular tongue demands at least 700*l.* a year; to provide for the whole fifty languages requires a new income of thirty or forty thousand pounds.

In the Faculties of Science and Engineering, clearly destined to be London's strongest side, the systematic organisation of the faculties depends on an extensive provision for post-graduate work and original research on two distinct but closely connected lines. On the one hand, we need to free our leading professors of chemistry and physics, mathematics and mechanics, from their present daily grind of undergraduate teaching; to transform their laboratories from crowded theatres of comparatively elementary teaching into silent homes of experimental research; and to establish thus—presumably at University College—a great centre of original investigation in pure science. On the other hand, a no less obvious deficiency, pointed out in two articles in the *Times*,<sup>1</sup> is the absence of anything in the nature of an institute of scientific technology adapted to post-graduate work and the experimental application of science to industrial processes.

The same national neglect which lost us the great industry of coal-tar colours—positively a British discovery that we failed to utilise and abandoned to

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<sup>1</sup> June the 4th and 8th, 1901.

Germany—now bids fair to lose us one branch of applied chemistry after another. At the present moment perhaps the most promising outlook in the scientific field is presented by electro-chemistry, including both electrolysis and the manifold applications of the electric furnace. This new science has already transformed the commercial production of copper and aluminium, and given us such new products as carbide of calcium (for the economical production of acetylene) and carborundum. It bids fair, moreover, to revolutionise the whole alkali industry. Yet, beyond certain small experiments, due to the personal initiative of two or three professors, London offers no means and no opportunities for instruction and research in the subject. If electro-chemistry is destined to transform the world's industry, it is to Germany and not to England that the advantage of the first start seems at present likely to accrue. . . . The same deficiency is found in other branches. . . . Practically nothing in the nature of a school of chemical technology exists in the metropolis. . . . How much of the future of industry may not turn on the proper working out of the possibilities of high-tension transmission and polyphase currents? Where, too, is our school of electric traction, which will enable us to keep, at any rate, part of this rapidly growing industry in our own hands?

What London University wants, on this side of the science faculty, is, to put it briefly, a British 'Charlottenburg'—an extensive, and fully equipped institute of technology, with special departments for such branches as mining and metallurgy, naval architecture and marine engineering, railway engineering and hydraulics, electric traction and power-transmission, electro-chemistry, optics, the various branches of chemical technology, and all possible applications of biology. Such an institution, which could be begun on any scale on the land lying vacant at South Kensington, should admit only graduate students, or others adequately qualified, and should lay itself out from the first to be a place of research in which there would be no teaching, in the ordinary sense, but only opportunities for learning—for every sort of investigation, carried out by professors and advanced students, individually and in co-operation.

Paradoxically enough, in the Faculty of Medicine, the way to increase post-graduate work and original research of advanced character, and thus pull the whole faculty together, is to transform the present arrangements for elementary teaching. Its peculiar need relates to the first two years of the medical student's life, during which the future doctor does not 'walk the hospitals,' but applies himself exclusively to chemistry, physics, anatomy and physiology. The four or five hundred students who annually enter upon their medical course in London are now dispersed among twelve different medical science schools, where twelve different sets of poorly paid science teachers preside over twelve imperfectly equipped laboratories. It has long been recommended, and is now on all hands agreed, even by the twelve medical schools themselves, that it would be far better to concentrate the preliminary scientific studies of all the medical students in one great science school, controlled by the university itself. Such a school—which might with advantage be in two departments, one in East

London and the other in West London—should provide laboratory accommodation for at least a thousand students, and might cost a quarter of a million to build and equip. The result would undoubtedly be a vast improvement in the scientific education of our doctors. What is of even greater importance is that it would set free the existing accommodation at the twelve hospital schools, together with their funds, for the further study of disease. Notably in cancer and phthisis are we sadly in need of more systematically organised research—research not undertaken at present because the accommodation, funds and energies of our great hospitals are partly devoted to teaching raw students the elements of chemistry or the mysteries of ‘bones.’

Nor must we overlook, in a university for the greatest commercial, financial, and administrative centre, the need for post-graduate work and further discovery in all that is comprised under higher commercial education, the faculty of ‘Economics and political science (including commerce and industry).’ The university commissioners shrank from establishing a ‘faculty of commerce,’ but rightly separated economics from arts, and started a new faculty for the whole range of subjects which appeal to the statesman and the financier no less than to the banker and business man. Besides University and King’s Colleges, which continue their old-established courses in economics, the teaching in this faculty is mainly carried on by the London School of Economics and Political Science, as a school of the university, now housed in the new building at Clare Market which it owes to the munificence of Mr. Passmore Edwards and Lord Rothschild. This gives us a nucleus of some five hundred students, drawn from banks and shipping firms, railway administrations and Government departments, with a considerable intermixture of post-graduate students from all over the world. In this faculty what is needed is not more buildings but more professorships. What with specialised instruction in currency and banking, international trade and foreign exchanges, economic or industrial geography and commercial history, the higher accountancy and the principles of actuarial science, the methods of statistics and the organisation of business—what with the necessity of providing separate courses of practical instruction for the young merchant and the banker, the civil servant and the railway administrator—not forgetting, meanwhile, the research student in all these branches and a school of history, the needs of this faculty in the way of endowment cannot be put, if we are to see London level with Paris, or even with New York, at less than a capital sum of a quarter of a million.

In the Faculty of Law, whilst such undergraduate teaching as exists remains, at present, outside the university, there is practically no provision in London for post-graduate study or advanced teaching. This is a faculty in which the initiative rests with, and the work



must practically be undertaken by, the Inns of Court and the Incorporated Law Society. Besides the comparatively elementary instruction of the young solicitor and bar student, there is room for a considerable development of specialist and advanced lectures in legal history, scientific jurisprudence, comparative legislation, and international law, for which we may hope that the great and wealthy lawyers will one day provide, either individually or in their capacity as benchers of the Inns of Court, 'the necessary ten thousand a year.

Thus, London University wants, on what may be called its higher side of post-graduate work, specialised teaching and original research, something like 500,000*l.* capital for building and equipping a 'Charlottenburg,' 250,000*l.* for building and equipping a school of preliminary medical studies, and 250,000*l.* for the necessary extension and re-equipment of University College, and possibly one or two other central institutions, in order to transform their buildings and laboratories from the needs of undergraduate to those of post-graduate work and research. It requires, moreover, an income of, say, 30,000*l.* a year, so as to enable the senate to take the principal professors in each faculty into its pay and set them free from dependence on undergraduate classes, 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* a year for a great school of languages, 20,000*l.* a year for the upkeep of the institute of scientific technology, 10,000*l.* a year for all the ramifications of the economic faculty and higher commercial education, and 10,000*l.* a year for the law faculty.

With resources of this magnitude at its disposal, the senate would find little difficulty in transforming the central colleges into essentially post-graduate centres, including research departments under the principal professors, the faculty libraries and the faculty headquarters. University College seems marked out for science, the Central Technical College for engineering, and the London School of Economics for its own faculty, whilst King's College, besides serving as the headquarters for theology, might usefully be made that of the school of languages. This work of concentration of the higher teaching and original research could be carried out by degrees. Meanwhile the multiplication of the centres for undergraduate teaching would have to keep pace with the local demands. To the fifteen existing science and engineering centres would be gradually added at least half a dozen others, notably in the outlying districts, at a cost of several thousands a year each.

To sum up. What London University needs to make it equal to its great opportunity, in its triple division into undergraduate teaching, post-graduate study, and original research, is an expenditure of one million sterling in buildings, alterations, and equipment, together with the provision, by way of endowment, of a new income between 120,000*l.* and 150,000*l.* a year, equal to, say, four millions.

For five millions sterling—only half what has been given by a single benefactor to a single university in the United States—London's University can be fairly launched. This sum could with advantage be drawn from distinct sources. The new buildings and equipment, together with the endowment of the principal professors in all faculties—say, two and a half millions in all—must come practically as capital and might be collected from individual donors. The other half of the total cost, including the annual maintenance of the school of languages and of the institute of technology, together with the whole provision of undergraduate teaching and of scholarships, would be within the compass of a halfpenny rate, which the local authorities concerned, if appealed to in a sufficiently striking way, might perhaps be persuaded to levy.

But whether or not the necessary sum is at once forthcoming, the authoritative formulation of a comprehensive scheme for the university as a whole is urgently required. Such a scheme, once adopted by the senate, could be taken up in such parts and at such times as commended themselves to private or public benefactors. Individual donors could transform University College into a post-graduate centre and headquarters of the science faculty, establish a central medical science school, build and equip a 'Charlottenburg,' or endow the faculty of economics, without impairing the chance of subsequently dealing with equal completeness with other needs. The authoritative promulgation of such a comprehensive scheme would offer untold advantages over the present chaotic struggle of separate institutions to extend and supplement themselves in all the departments of learning, without regard to what is done elsewhere. Such a scheme, moreover, would immensely improve the chances of securing gifts both small and great. 'University education' is too vague a term to attract any large measure of support. We must present each part of the work to the class or section to whom it most appeals. It may be that we must forego in London University the culture born of classic scholarship and learned leisure. But if we can show that there is no incompatibility between the widespread instruction of an undergraduate democracy and the most effective provision for the discovery of new truth; between the most practical professional training and genuine cultivation of the mind; between the plain living of hard-working students of limited means and high intellectual achievements, we shall not, I venture to believe, appeal in vain. London University must take its own line. They are futile dreamers who seek to fit new circumstances to the old ideals; rather must we strive, by developing to the utmost the opportunities that the present affords us, to create out of twentieth-century conditions new kinds of perfection.

SIDNEY WEBB.

## GEORGE ELIOT

THE first of living English critics has been fitly chosen to inaugurate the new series of Messrs. Macmillan's 'English Men of Letters.' Mr. Leslie Stephen's *George Eliot* is a grave, sober, and measured estimate of a great Englishwoman. A clever and learned Frenchman, who speaks English like a native, said of the same publishers' *Twelve English Statesmen* that they included Henry the Second, who was a Frenchman; William the Third, who was a Dutchman; and Elizabeth, who was a woman. The masculine gender, say the grammarians, includes the feminine, and, by Lord Brougham's Act, the word 'man' in an Act of Parliament includes woman, unless such inclusion be repugnant to the context, or where it would confer upon her any sort of right. Some of the best novelists are women; and since the time of Fielding, if not since the time of Defoe, it has been impossible to say that a novelist as such was not a person of letters. George Eliot's adoption of a fictitious name may have had something to do with her domestic circumstances. It deceived many, though not Dickens, who had no doubt of the author's sex after reading *Scenes of Clerical Life*. The fact that most people did doubt, while some were confident and wrong, seems to show that Messrs. Macmillan are right; that sex has nothing to do with literature, and that, even in the delineation of character, a woman may take the man's point of view. Mr. Stephen, by implication, denies this, and says that George Eliot's men are not so real as her women. 'Convincing' is, I believe, the epithet which finds most favour in such cases with the modern school. I must confess that, to my mind, Adam Bede and Caleb Garth, Arthur Donnithorne and Fred Vincy, Brooke and Lydgate, Featherstone and Bulstrode, are as convincing as Mrs. Poyser herself, and even more convincing than Dinah Morris. It is impossible for the most acute reader always to determine an author's sex. Sometimes, of course, there can be no doubt. Nobody ever attributed *Rob Roy* to a woman, or *Northanger Abbey* to a man. Fielding is irredeemably masculine. So is Thackeray. So is Dickens. But a woman might have written *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Clarissa*, or *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Miss Martineau was as masculine as Mrs. Gaskell was feminine, and

Miss Edgeworth was as well acquainted with a fine gentleman as she was with a fine lady. Miss Austen, with singular self-control, abstains from an attempt to reproduce the conversation of men among themselves. But very few writers in the world's history have understood so well the limitations of their own genius, even when they had any, as Miss Austen felt rather than understood the limits of hers. George Eliot had a man's education, and the course of her life brought her into contact with more men than women.

Mr. Stephen, in his sketch of George Eliot's uneventful life, has made the best use he could of very unpromising materials. George Eliot's own letters, published after her death by the trustful piety of her husband, are even less interesting than Jane Austen's. They are ponderous, conventional, and dull. Why any human being should have preserved them, let alone printed them, it is difficult to conceive. Yet Mr. Stephen has discovered here and there a phrase worth record and remembrance. Like George Sand, whom she did not otherwise in any way resemble, she sympathised with Louis Blanc and the Red Republicans of 1848. In her disgust with the Philistinism of her own people she wrote, 'I feel that society is training men and women for hell.' No one who has ever read it can forget the description in *The Mill on the Floss* of the *Imitation* and its effect on Maggie Tulliver's mind. Its effect upon Marian Evans's was less intense. 'It makes one long to be a saint for a few months,' she says. Most of us would like to be saints for a few months, to see whether it agreed with our constitutions. There would be crowds of Good Samaritans, said the witty divine, if it were not for the oil and the twopenny.

With all her admiration for George Sand and Rousseau, George Eliot never caught the magical charm of their style. Her own, even at its best, had a hard, metallic tone, and the metal was not silver. She was not only a very learned woman, conscious of her learning, and a very able woman, conscious of her ability. She had also very warm affections and a deep feeling for the inexhaustible pathos of human life. But her powers of expression seldom found a simple and natural outlet, except indeed (and it is a great exception) in the mouths of her characters. It is difficult to sympathise with Dorothea Brooke, Mrs. Casaubon, when we read that her 'grand woman's frame was shaken with sobs, as if she had been a despairing child.' George Eliot had to move in the fetters of her own stored and cultivated mind, which grew heavier with years. Charles Dickens testified to the exquisite truth and delicacy both of the pathos and of the humour in *Scenes of Clerical Life*. When they appeared in *Blackwood* they made, as they well deserved to make, a profound impression upon the educated public. Janet Dempster and Milly Barton and Mr. Gilfil are as real as genius could make them. *Janet's Repentance* has the melodramatic

element which the other two stories are without. But they are all three true bits of human nature, and real efforts of the imagination. For George Eliot knew no more about the clergy than Trollope himself. The charming chapter of that otherwise tiresome book, *Theophrastus Such*, called 'Looking Back,' which Mr. Stephen strangely omits to mention, has great biographical value. It tells how little Marian, or Mary Ann, Evans, used to drive about Warwickshire with her father, whom she transforms into a clergyman, though he was really a land-agent. The country clergy of the Midlands in those days were for the most part laymen in white ties, hunting three times a week and preaching once. George Eliot passed from evangelical faith to sceptical free-thinking without taking the Establishment by the way. But she had a true and sincere sympathy with goodness of all kinds, with sorrow, with suffering, and with childhood. The famous, too famous, line of Terence was as true of her as of Chremes in the *Heautontimorumenos*. 'Depend upon it,' she wrote to Blackwood, 'depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones.' To that doctrine, if it deserves so formal a name, George Eliot was always faithful, and nowhere has she expressed it with more eloquence than in the closing sentences of *Middlemarch*, her last great work of fiction: 'That things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.' Such are the final words of what I cannot help regarding, though I know it is an unfashionable opinion, as the culminating effort of her genius. But there is the other side of the picture. 'We insignificant people,' she reminds us, 'with our daily words and acts, are preparing the lives of many Dorotheas, some of which may present a far sadder sacrifice than that of the Dorothea whose story we know.' For George Eliot was always didactic. She never made any pretence of not having a moral. From *Scenes of Clerical Life* to *Daniel Deronda* she preached to the conventional masses of her fellow-countrymen the gospel of self-sacrifice, self-surrender, and self-restraint. Although, or perhaps because, she broke away from orthodox religion, and even to some extent from orthodox morality, she held up a standard of duty, and maintained the loftiest ideals. She had not the smallest sympathy with what is called sentimentalism, with easy-going indulgence in the natural inclination of amiable and luxurious people. 'The evil principle deprecated in that religion is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind.' Mr. Swinburne classes George Eliot with the 'realistic' school because she allows Maggie Tulliver to fall in love with Stephen Guest. I do not yield even to Mr.

Swinburne in my loathing for that 'counterjumping Adonis,' though I fall very far short of him in my power of expressing it. But I always thought that the modern realists boasted of having no morals, whereas George Eliot, so say the flippant, gives you 'Moral, moral everywhere, and not a drop to drink.' I cannot admit that she is ever dull, but she certainly is sometimes dry.

George Eliot's capacity for work was astonishing. Not even Southey was more methodical, and she did give herself time to think, which he was accused of not doing. 'She finished *Janet's Repentance*,' as Mr. Stephen tells us, 'on the 7th of October 1857, and began *Adam Bede* on the 22nd of October. She completed the first volume by the following March, and the second during a following tour in Germany, and after returning to England at the beginning of September completed the third volume on the 16th of November.' Her later books are said with some truth to show signs of effort and strain on the writer's part. But nobody could say that of *Adam Bede*. Mr. Stephen does not care for the lady preacher, Dinah Morris; and Seth Bede, Adam's brother, he abhors. It is one of the many charming features in this little book that the author makes no attempt to conceal his personal prejudices and predilections. For my part, I cannot help feeling pity for Seth, and Adam and Dinah, and Hetty, and all the rest of them. They are involved in a common misfortune. They are eclipsed by Mrs. Poyser, whose sayings are still quoted by a world too oblivious of Mrs. Poyser's creator. 'I have no stock of proverbs in my memory,' said George Eliot, 'and there is not one thing put into Mrs. Poyser's mouth that is not fresh from my own mint.' Mr. Stephen regrets that Mrs. Poyser had no successors. None equally good perhaps. But Mr. Macey, and Dolly Winthrop, and Mrs. Cadwallader are not to be despised. Some of Mrs. Poyser's wit has passed into the language, like Falstaff's, and is, in the hackneyed phrase, too hackneyed for quotation. But Mr. Stephen has done well to reproduce the less familiar contrast between the old-fashioned rector Mr. Irwine and the more theological Mr. Ryde, who followed him. 'Mr. Irwine was like a good meal o' victual, you were the better for him without thinking of it; and Mr. Ryde was like a dose of physic, he gripped you and worreted you, and after all he left you much the same.' There is nothing so good as that in Swift's advice to a young clergyman, which, indeed, is rather like a dose of physic than a meal. It is certainly curious that George Eliot should have been her own Mrs. Poyser. A critic would almost certainly come to the conclusion that she was faithfully copied from real life. For George Eliot herself never approached nearer wit than a grave and temperate irony. Even that is in her books alone. In her letters she is severely literal. She is perhaps the one novelist, if not the one writer, who cannot be humorous except by proxy. Just as Goethe,

having no religion of his own, could by the sheer force of genius counterfeit religious emotions in *Wilhelm Meister*, so George Eliot, on a lower level and a smaller scale, could become for the moment 'one of the untaught wits that help to stock a country with proverbs.'

With the true instinct of the true critic Mr. Stephen points out in felicitous words George Eliot's combination of reverence for the past with hope for the future. 'Her affectionate recognition of the merits of the old world,' he says, 'makes one feel how much conservatism really underlay her acceptance, in the purely intellectual sphere, of radical opinions.' George Eliot's radicalism was not altogether confined to the purely intellectual sphere. She declared that she was neither an optimist nor a pessimist, but a 'meliorist,' and she was an advanced Liberal in politics. But she had, as Mr. Stephen says, a deep feeling of respect for the characters of men like her father—Tories of the old school, devotees of law and order, upholders, as the Duke of Wellington was, of government as such. There is indeed a haunting beauty and charm in the rural life of England seventy years ago, despite the scandalous condition of the criminal law and the poor law. Sometimes the squire was a tyrant, sometimes the parson was a toady. As a rule, they were honest Christian gentlemen doing their duty as they understood it, and holding themselves responsible for the moral and material welfare of the parish.

Most people will, I think, be disposed to agree with Mr. Swinburne that the third part of *The Mill on the Floss* is, as Dogberry would say, most tolerable, and not to be endured. The earlier parts are among George Eliot's very best work, containing humour not unworthy of Dickens, and sentiment as delicate, if not as tenderly refined, as Mrs. Gaskell's own. Tom is a brute, no doubt, and stupid as well as brutal. But Maggie's devotion to him would have been less touching if he had been more like Sir Charles Grandison, whom George Eliot admired with her whole soul. The aunts are inimitable, especially Aunt Pullet, and Mr. Pullet is worthy of his wife. He was oppressed, it will be remembered, by the mysteries of etymology, and could not understand why Lucy Deane was called 'the bell of St. Ogg's.' Even a little knowledge is sometimes a useful thing. Mr. Stephen judiciously quotes the incomparable scene in which Mrs. Pullet discusses her new bonnet with her sister, Mrs. Tulliver. 'I may never wear it twice, sister, who knows?' 'Don't talk o' that, sister,' answered Mrs. Tulliver, 'I hope you'll have your health this summer.' 'Ah, but there may come a death in the family, as there did soon after I had my green satin bonnet. Cousin Abbott may go, and we can't think o' wearing crape less nor half a year for him.' It is impossible not to be reminded of Susannah and the death of Bobby. "'My young master in London is dead," said Obadiah. "A

green satin nightgown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head. Well may Mr. Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words. "Then," quoth Susannah, "we must all go into mourning." But note a second time the word mourning, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself, failed also in doing its office; it excited not one single idea tinged either with grey or black—all was green. The green satin nightgown hung there still. Then the whole of Mrs. Shandy's wardrobe passes in procession though Susannah's brain. For how can her mistress wear colours any more? There is a cynicism in Sterne from which George Eliot was free. But his humour goes deeper than hers. It goes to the roots of things. Locke would have stared and gasped at the vagaries of his too faithful disciple.

To Mr. Stephen it seems that Guest was 'another instance of her incapacity for portraying the opposite sex.' As I have said before, I do not believe in this alleged incapacity, and I wish I could think that there were no Stephen Guests. Whether Maggie would have fallen in love with him is another question. He was the very last person she ought to have fallen in love with, and that, according to Sheridan, is an excellent reason. Almost any man would say beforehand that Anna Karenine could not really care for a mere animal like Wronsky. But Tolstoi forces conviction upon the mind, and George Eliot does not. The episode is strained and unnatural, although she herself says that it is an essential part of the book, and that, if she is wrong, then she had better not have written the book at all. 'The affair gains upon us,' as Mr. Stephen truly says, 'because it is not a development of her previous aspirations, but suddenly throws a fresh and unpleasant light upon her character.' To Anna, Wronsky was at least the antithesis of a husband she disliked and despised. Maggie succumbs to a temptation which ought to have been no temptation at all. George Sand, in whose stories of French country life Mr. Stephen finds the nearest parallel to *Silas Marner*, would never, with all her occasional wildness, have committed such a mistake as that. Her taste was better than her morality. George Eliot's morality was better than her taste. A comparison between the two authors could only be a contrast. George Sand, as Mr. Stephen puts it, 'poured forth novels with amazing spontaneity and felicity,' while 'each of George Eliot's novels was the production of a kind of spiritual agony.' George Sand seems to have been born with a style. George Eliot acquired a command of language and a large vocabulary, by the process of translating Strauss and Feuerbach into English. But lightness and ease she never attained. Perhaps, if they are not innate, they are unattainable. It is impossible to deny that George Eliot wrote good English. She was apt to write it as a good classical scholar writes Latin prose.



Nothing can be better, or more lifelike, than Mr. Stephen's account of the formidable receptions held by George Eliot in the sixties at the Priory, Regent's Park. As he justly observes of all such ceremonies, 'the shyness generated by the desire to prove that your homage is genuine, and that you are so brilliant a person that it is also worth having, gives one of those painful sensations which is not least among the minor miseries of life.' Perhaps it is not absolutely necessary to be quite so self-conscious. But George Eliot allowed herself to be enthroned as a sibyl and approached by humble admirers in a reverential attitude. It may have been very good for them. It was certainly very bad for her. She was weighed down with a sense of responsibility for the message which she must deliver to mankind. It became essential that she should write poetry, and she wrote *The Spanish Gypsy*. There are some noble lines in *The Spanish Gypsy*, as, for instance :

The saints were cowards who stood by to see  
Christ crucified : they should have flung themselves  
Upon the Roman spears, and died in vain—  
The grandest death, to die in vain.

That is a paradox of course. But I cannot agree with Mr. Stephen in regarding it as mere nonsense. The grandeur is the complete sacrifice of self, and that is increased by the absence of any return or reward. But the fatal objection to *The Spanish Gypsy*, and to all George Eliot's poems, is that, save for a few lines here and there, they might as well, or better, have been written in prose. Verse was to her a laborious exercise. She did not publish any till she was forty-four. It may safely be said that good poetry is only written by those to whom verse is the most natural vehicle for their thoughts. 'I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,' said Pope, and Horace said much the same thing before him. Forty-four is an age for ceasing to write poetry, not for beginning. But George Eliot is put by Mr. Stephen in good company. He is a master of the art known as damning with faint praise. 'If,' he writes, '*The Excursion* is undeniably dull, it is still a work which, in spite of all critical condemnations, has profoundly impressed the spiritual development of many eminent persons.'

Glory beyond all glory ever seen  
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul.  
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,  
Was of a mighty city, boldly say  
A wilderness of building, sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth  
Far sinking into splendour—without end.  
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,  
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
And blazing terrace upon terrace high

Uplifted; here serene pavilions bright  
 In avenues disposed; there towers begirt  
 With battlements that on their restless points  
 Bore stars—illumination of all gems.

Undeniably dull, deserving critical condemnation, but conducive to the spiritual development of eminent persons? Of course Mr. Stephen did not mean that his words should be applied to the passages of ideal splendour in which *The Excursion* abounds. He meant that the poem was dull as a whole, and cast, as it is, in a form which has prevented it from becoming as popular as *The Lady of the Lake* or the *Idylls of the King*. No critic has written of Wordsworth with more appreciative enthusiasm than the author of *Hours in a Library*. It is not from him that we expect a repetition of Jeffrey's too famous verdict. If there were an ochlocracy in literature, the multitude might not disagree with Jeffrey. But from Mr. Stephen one looks for better things. He, if any man, is qualified to show that *The Excursion* stands in the front rank, the small but splendid rank, of philosophical poems; that it must be read as a whole, and that only those who read it as a whole can fully appreciate the magnificence of the 'purple passages' which even Jeffrey could admire.

One of those true readers was George Eliot, whose early books, especially *Silas Marner*, abound in Wordsworthian touches. *Silas Marner*, and *Adam Bede*, and *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and *The Mill on the Floss* need no vindication. If they are not so much read as *Guy Mannering*, or *David Copperfield*, or *Vanity Fair*, their permanent place in English literature is fixed as securely as theirs. Of *Romola* and *Middlemarch* as much cannot, I suppose, be said, while *Felix Holt* and *Daniel Deronda* are almost forgotten. To the merits, the undoubted merits, of Felix the fanatic, and Daniel the prig, Mr. Stephen does ample justice. Upon *Romola*, the historical novel, and *Middlemarch*, the novel of manners, he is, I cannot help thinking, unduly severe. If *Romola* be compared with the masterpieces of Sir Walter Scott in the same line, with *Waverley*, or *Old Mortality*, or *The Fortunes of Nigel*, it appears cold and tame. As an historical novelist Scott has neither equal nor second. Even the brilliancy and the beauty of *Esmond*, that strongest of all literary imitations, are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine. *Romola* is full of faults. The learning is too obtrusive. There is too much and too obvious an effort at minute historical accuracy, which is the mint and anise and cummin of every historical romance. *Romola* herself, though a portrait lovingly drawn, is hardly a creation of flesh and blood. But, in spite of Mr. Stephen, I respectfully maintain that the figure of Savonarola stands out in almost startling reality, and that Tito Melema is absolutely true to life. It may be that, as Mr. Stephen says, he is half a woman. He is not

the only man with that moiety in his composition. He is, so far as a foreigner can judge, intensely Italian, and deserves a place in the *Purgatory* of Dante. When we have reached the end of the book, and can survey his career as a whole, we are apt to pronounce him incredibly base. But for each separate action of Tito's there is always some plausible excuse, and he cannot be convicted of any crime unexplainable by weakness of character or by coldness of heart. Bishop Creighton, in one of those penetrating and fascinating lectures which no one else could give, warned his hearers not to over-estimate the importance of Savonarola. An undue regard for the value of history is not perhaps the besetting sin of the present generation. Dr. Creighton was endowed with a double portion of the iconoclastic spirit, which in him was half stimulated and half checked by a passionate love of historic truth. The man in the street is not likely to injure himself or others by thinking too much about Savonarola. George Eliot does not conceal the frailties of the Florentine monk. He was ambitious; he meddled with matters too hard for him; he was a better Christian than Florentine. He had not the wisdom of Erasmus, nor the force of Luther; but when he said that he would not 'obey the devil' in the person of Alexander the Sixth he did more for the honour of Christendom than the worst of the Popes had done for its discredit. 'If we can put aside the historical paraphernalia,' Mr. Stephen tells us, 'forget the dates and the historical Savonarola and Machiavelli, there remains a singularly powerful representation of an interesting spiritual history'; in short, the story of *Romola* herself. The private taste or caprice of the individual reader may indulge itself in the amusement of treating books after this arbitrary fashion. But George Eliot herself always insisted that *Romola* must be taken or left as it was, and this is surely a choice she was entitled to make. *Romola* is not a smooth tale, chiefly of love. It is a serious attempt to depict Florentine life four hundred years ago, and by its success or failure in achieving that object it must stand or fall.

Five-and-twenty years ago, when George Eliot was still alive, Mr. Swinburne published an exuberantly eloquent and passionately enthusiastic eulogy of Charlotte Brontë. Not content with praising his idol, whom indeed it would be difficult to overpraise, Mr. Swinburne bestowed some rather stern, though not unfounded, censure upon the novelist whom he chose to take as her rival. He had been moved to this entertaining and thoroughly characteristic essay partly by Sir Wemyss Reid's excellent monograph, and partly by a rather stupid remark in *The Spectator* not worth reproducing at this distance of time. Dipping into the future, he predicted that Charlotte Brontë would be read by a discerning public with enjoyment and delight when *Daniel Deronda* had gone the way of all waxwork, when Miss Broughton no longer came up as a flower, and Mrs.

Oliphant had been cut down like the grass. Miss Broughton still flourishes like the bay-tree, and Mrs. Oliphant's death was mourned by myriads of readers. But George Eliot is no more to be judged by *Daniel Deronda* than Charlotte Brontë is to be judged by *The Professor*. Charlotte Brontë was one of those whom the gods love. She died young, which, as Miss Austen says, is an excellent clearer of ill fame. One may agree with Mr. Swinburne in thinking that she had more natural genius than the author of *Middlemarch*, and yet think *Middlemarch* a very great book. Miss Brontë's style at its best is scarcely to be surpassed in the English prose of the nineteenth century. There are passages, for instance, in *Villette* to which the word 'inspiration' may without pedantry be applied. George Eliot's style, though sometimes beautiful with a grave and dignified beauty, never rises above a certain level. She never really lets herself go. Most people would probably agree with Mr. Stephen's coldly judicious estimate of *Middlemarch*. He seems to have at the back of his mind a conviction that books ought not to be written at all, but that, as they are, one must try not to exaggerate their importance, and yet to say what one can for them. He can say for *Middlemarch* that 'it is clearly a work of extraordinary power, full of subtle and accurate observation; and gives, if a melancholy, yet an undeniably truthful portraiture of the impression made by the society of the time upon one of the keenest observers, though upon an observer looking upon the world from a certain distance, and rather too much impressed by the importance of philosophers and theorists.' This view is not quite consistent with the opinion, also held by Mr. Stephen, that the moral of *Middlemarch* is to do your work well and not to bother about ideals. But, consistent or inconsistent, if it be correct, there seems to be no particular reason why anybody should ever read *Middlemarch* again.

I must confess, though the confession may invalidate my judgment, that I cannot look at *Middlemarch* in the light of cold reason at all. I remember too well the hungry, boyish appetite with which I devoured the green paper volumes in which it successively appeared. Celia's dislike of hearing Mr. Casaubon eat his soup, and her wonder whether Locke had a mole on his forehead, were, I think, to be quite candid, a welcome relief after the faultless Dorothea's ideal aspirations. But Dorothea's unhappy marriage, and the misfortune of Lydgate coming too late, and the irresponsible Ladislaw sprawling on Rosamond's hearthrug, and Mr. Casaubon's pathetic hunt after the key to all mythologies, and Mr. Brooke's universal sciolism, which never carried him too far, and Mr. Borthrop Trumbull's pomposity, and Mrs. Cadwallader's wit were all delightful, as to me they are delightful still. And what a wonderful character is Caleb Garth! Mr. Stephen calls him a 'pale duplicate' of Adam Bede. To me he seems an entirely fresh creation, and

in many ways Adam's superior. He is the type of the strong, silent, capable man, who can act but not talk, the perfection of British energy and modesty, resembling that far older class concerning whom the son of Sirach says that they are not found where parables are spoken, but they maintain the state of the world, and all their desire is in the work of their craft. In absolute contrast to him stands Mr. Brooke, who can talk but not act; 'such a leaky fool,' as Lydgate says, always ready to take up his parable at a moment's notice on any conceivable subject, with the genial preface, 'I went into that at one time, you know.' 'Wordsworth now, I knew Wordsworth.' 'Virgil?' But Mr. Brooke reflected just in time that with the Laureate of Augustus he could not claim acquaintance. He did not shine at the election meeting 'with a glass of sherry hurrying like smoke through his ideas.' On a private occasion he was never wanting; with the small change of conversation he was amply provided, and he had a subtly mysterious instinct for not being a bore. Bulstrode, the sanctimonious and fraudulent banker, is more conventional. Yet, as we are reminded, he was not one of those coarse hypocrites who consciously affect beliefs and emotions for the sake of gulling the world. He believed in himself. He had his point of view. The sixth commandment in Clough's *Latest Decalogue* exactly describes the extent to which he would go in contravening the moral law—

Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive  
Officiously to keep alive.

His dull wife, who became heroic when her husband was in the dust, is a beautiful example of the way in which George Eliot could ennoble the sordid and the commonplace. Old Featherstone the miser is not a pleasant picture, but he is marvellously vivid, with his almost pathetic inability to go to sleep in church. His conclusion from long attendance upon divine worship was the very mundane one that God Almighty stuck to the land, making folks rich with corn and cattle. He was an ignorant and graceless old sinner, but as real as Sir Peter Crawley, and less disgusting. The courtship of Fred Vincy and Mary Garth is delightful in its simplicity, tempered by humour. Mr. Farebrother, though not quite such an attractive clergyman as Mr. Gilfil or Mr. Irwine, is admirable in his geniality, his independence, and his thirst for knowledge. Dorothea and Mr. Casaubon are comparative failures. They are supposed to have nothing in common, but they have the common element of stupidity. 'No man is the wiser for his learning,' said one of the most learned men in a learned age. But even Mr. Casaubon's learning is sham, and he could not have imposed upon a really intellectual girl. As for Dorothea, she might have been a good listener to a clever husband, but her own remarks are vapid in the extreme. *Middle-*

*march* contains an inordinately large number of characters, and yet every one of them is distinct, and most of them the reader feels that he must have personally known. Mr. Stephen desiderates 'a closer contact with the world of realities.' Unhappy marriages are real enough, and there are two in *Middlemarch*. He would also have 'less preoccupation with certain speculative doctrines.' The chief speculators in *Middlemarch* are Mr. Casaubon and Mr. Brooke. Both are held up to ridicule and contempt. Lydgate's researches are purely biological, and eminently suitable to his profession. If *Middlemarch* be not read, the world, even the world of realities, is the loser.

Like all sound judges of good literature, George Eliot was a warm admirer of Henry Fielding. She envied him the leisure, the days of slow-ticking clocks, when he wrote his introductory chapters. But Fielding was no dawdler. He died before he was fifty, leaving behind him four novels of the highest order, besides plays which are no longer read. George Eliot lived to be sixty, and survived the freshness of her imagination, though not the vigour of her intellect. Daniel Deronda's proper place is, as Mr. Swinburne says, over the rag-shop door. He is a pale reflexion of the brilliant and fascinating man with whom Mr. Stephen compares him. But to my mind there is all the difference in the world between *Daniel Deronda* and *Middlemarch*. *Middlemarch* is George Eliot's climax, and those who depreciate it are really depreciating the author as well as the book. *Middlemarch* is her *Vanity Fair*, her *David Copperfield*, her *Heart of Midlothian*. If you do not like the *Heart of Midlothian*, you do not like Scott. If you do not like *David Copperfield*, you do not like Dickens. If you do not like *Vanity Fair*, you do not like Thackeray. If you do not like *Middlemarch*, you do not like George Eliot. *Adam Bede* may be more amusing, *The Mill on the Floss* may be more pathetic, *Silas Marner* may be more poetical. But *Middlemarch* is George Eliot herself, with her large, grave, earnest, tolerant view of human nature and human life. It is pervaded by the melancholy of a reverent, regretful scepticism which surrenders with reluctance a store of cherished beliefs. It is impressed with the value of a scientific education and the futility of mere antiquarianism. It brings out more than any ostensibly political novel that I know the rooted and ingrained conservatism of the English character. It exposes, or endeavours to expose, the inadequacy of political reforms, being in that respect a completion of *Felix Holt*. But these are its superficial aspects, like Mr. Partridge's contempt for Garrick, or the French proclivities of Squire Western. The types which it is the fashion nowadays to call 'human documents' abound in *Middlemarch*. The growth of an intellectual passion in Lydgate from the day when he discovered that the valves of his heart were folding doors is not really disturbed by his passing fancy for the woman he marries.

Yet no other English novelist has drawn with more consummate skill the mastery which may be achieved by the weak over the strong if the strong be of Samson's sex and the weak of Delilah's. 'Drop heart's blood where life's wheels grate dry,' says Browning, in that wonderful poem which compresses a 'novel of three volumes into a score of stanzas. Dorothea Brooke does that, and perhaps deserves no pity for doing it, inasmuch as Mr. Casaubon is neither a Milton nor a Locke, nor even, as some surmised, a Mark Pattison. But her illusion and her disillusionment are portrayed with the sure touch of a master without the exaggeration which provokes incredulity. Mr. Brooke is no doubt a caricature. Yet he only says in plain English, and in a crude form, what many people say in an indirect and roundabout manner. That human reason—or is it logic?—will carry you too far, over the hedge in fact, if you don't pull up, has formed the staple of many speeches and of more conversation. I met Mr. Brooke myself once. It was before *Middlemarch* appeared, at the time of the match-tax, and he undertook to explain, for the benefit of the ladies present, the meaning of Mr. Lowe's celebrated motto, *ex luce lucellum*. 'Ex luce, from light,' he said; '*lucellum*, a little light.' We all felt what a witty man Mr. Lowe was, and how valuable was a classical education. Celia and Sir James Chetham and Fred Vinoy are as natural studies in flesh and blood as the infinitely varied gallery of English fiction contains. Of Bulstrode I have already spoken. He and his relations with Raffles are the one touch of melodrama in the book, unless old Featherstone may be considered melodramatic when he throws his stick at Mary Garth. But the state of Bulstrode's own mind, the arguments by which he half convinces himself of his own innocence, and quite persuades himself that other people are worse, would be intolerable if the art were a shade less perfect. 'When immortal Bunyan makes his picture of the persecuting passions bringing in their verdict of Guilty, who pities Faithful? That is a rare and blessed lot which some greatest men have not attained, to know ourselves guiltless before a condemning crowd—to be sure that what we are denounced for is solely the good in us. The pitiable lot is that of the man who could not call himself a martyr even though he were to persuade himself that the men who stoned him were but ugly passions incarnate—who knows that he is stoned, not for professing the right, but for not being the man he professed to be.' If it is superfluous to pity Faithful, it is difficult to pity Bulstrode. But George Eliot succeeds, as perhaps no one else could have succeeded, in conveying by suggestion, not by assertion, that the contrast between the banker's religion and his frauds was not really greater than the gulf which separates the ordinary practices of society from its professed and conventional creed.

Fielding had a richer, racier humour than George Eliot. He

had mixed more with all sorts and conditions of men. He wrote an incomparably better style. But since *Tom Jones*, 'that faithful picture of life and manners,' there has been no English novel painted, so to speak, on larger canvas with a broader brush than *Middlemarch*. George Eliot might have said with Juvenal:

Quidquid agunt hominœ, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

To her all classes were alike. *Middlemarch* is no more than a country town and Lydgate no more than a country doctor. It was the human nature in people, not their social position, for which she cared. Her displays of learning were not always happy. Cicero was not, as she supposed when she wrote *Romola*, in the habit of ending his sentences with the words *esse videtur*. She could no more have described the Homeric battle in which Molly Seagrim suffers so severely than she could have written *Hamlet*. She lives not by her learning but by her sympathy, not by her science but by her imagination, not by her positivism but by her humour. Her allusions to Aristotle, her digressions on Richat, have done her more harm than good. They come from George Henry Lewes, who wrote a *History of Philosophy* to prove that there was no such thing, and described the physiology of common life in such an uncommon way that it ceased to be recognisable by physiologists. Mr. Stephen complains that the law of *Felix Holt*, for which Mr. Frederic Harrison was responsible, is too good. But it is not too good to be true, and a 'base-fee' is not a very recondite branch of jurisprudence. We are all of us interested in law, for we never know when we may suffer from it. *Clarissa Harlowe* suffered from the want of it, and none of Richardson's contemporaries seemed to feel the strangeness of the complete licence enjoyed by *Lovelace* a hundred years after the Habeas Corpus Act. There is always something uncivilised in pure romance. *Clarissa* and *Middlemarch* are, I fear, almost equally unfashionable now. To resuscitate *Clarissa*, a work of sheer genius, if ever there was one, seems to be beyond the spells of even a literary magician like Mr. Leslie Stephen. But I cannot help thinking that his delightful book will send many readers back to the author of *Middlemarch*, and in the long run to *Middlemarch* itself. I plead guilty to being an enthusiast, and enthusiasm often defeats its own object by exaggeration. Mr. Stephen is a calm, judicious, and impartial critic, whose praise is all the more valuable for being economically bestowed. It may be said, of course, that good wine needs no bush, and that if George Eliot's own merits do not revive her reputation nothing else can. That is plausible, but it is not quite true. If ever a novelist deserved immortality, it was Jane Austen. Yet it is an undoubted fact that Macaulay's posthumous testimony to her inimitable excel-



lence, published in his biography, ran up the sale of her books at once. That was enthusiasm no doubt, but then it was Macaulay's. Mr. Stephen attributes to George Eliot 'a singularly wide and reflective intellect, a union of keen sensibility with a thoroughly tolerant spirit, a desire to appreciate all the good hidden under the commonplace and narrow, a lively sympathy with all the nobler aspirations, a vivid insight into the perplexities and delusions which beset even the strongest minds, a brilliant power of wit, at once playful and pleasant, and, if we must add, a rather melancholy view of life in general, a melancholy which is not nursed for purposes of display, but forced upon a fine understanding by the view of a state of things which, we must admit, does not altogether lend itself to a cheerful optimism.' No one can say that that is unqualified praise. Every one must admit that it is very high praise indeed. Mr. Stephen knows well, for he has quoted in his *Life of Fawcett* the noble lines—

There is a soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.

George Eliot might have taken them for her motto, and she might have shared them with Count Tolstoi. There is much in *Resurrection* which recalls George Eliot. That wonderful and beautiful book is bolder than a woman, or at least an Englishwoman, could well venture to be. It sets at nought all institutions and conventions. It is built upon the roots of things and the religion of Christ. But in its breadth and its humanity, in the depth of its feeling, in the vividness of its satire, and in the width of its charity it resembles George Eliot at her best, the George Eliot of *Middlemarch*. After all, the proper study of mankind is what Pope said it was. As Lady Mary Wortley put it, the only two sorts of people are men and women. Circumstances are no more than clothes, and have even less efficacy of concealment. The true artist, be he painter or writer, divinely through all hindrance finds the man. Because George Eliot did this, as Tolstoi does it, her work is sure to be permanent, and the eclipse of her popularity must pass away.

HERBERT PAUL.

## *ANOTHER ASPECT OF THACKERAY*

IN the March number of this Review there appeared an article dealing with Thackeray under the title of 'The Apostle of Mediocrity.' I have waited to see if it met with any reply, but, none having appeared, I cannot refrain (in the absence of a worthier and more competent champion) from uttering a protest against what appears to me a hasty and one-sided judgment.

Thackeray is branded as the Apostle of Mediocrity because, in the writer's opinion, he employed his genius mainly in the delineation of mediocre characters, aims, and aspirations. He certainly excelled in this kind of portraiture; but to portray a vice or abuse, or a contemptible aspect of human nature, is not necessarily to preach it. If it were so, we might with equal fairness call Charles Dickens the Apostle of Yorkshire Schools, and Charles Reade the Apostle of Prison Abuses. But setting aside this rather natural objection to the sobriquet 'apostle' in this connection, let us see how far the facts bear out Mr. Lord's sweeping assertion that Thackeray 'did not care to portray what was noble or illustrious,' that 'he hated excellence,' and that 'he loves to portray the ludicrous and discreditable only.'

The only evidence adduced in support of these serious charges is that Thackeray, with all the world to choose from, never selected as models for his characters a really good clergyman, a good example of the Indian Civil servant, an Irishman who was not a cad, or a man of business who had not become hard, vulgar, and avaricious in the process of money-making. (With regard to the last I would call Mr. Lord's attention to the elder Thomas Newcome, who, in the slight sketch we have of him, is represented, though a plain man enough, as honest and honourable and not destitute of some of the finer feelings.) Against Mr. Lord's verdict on most of Thackeray's clergymen, Irish, and Indian Civil servants I have nothing to say; but to accuse a writer, on these counts, of wilfully misrepresenting any institution or any section of society seems to me as unjust as it is absurd. All must admit Thackeray's characters true to life; why blame him for selecting—in some minor characters—the types where his genius particularly excelled? With regard to Thackeray's Irish especially,

Mr. Lord pleads, whilst admitting their veracity. 'So many other types existed as well.' But why deprive us of the delightful type which Thackeray has immortalised, which an educated Irishman is the first to appreciate, and which no one but Mr. Lord thinks of taking seriously as representative of the race? It would be no more unfair or lacking in humour to maintain that Thackeray has done a lasting and cruel injustice to widows as a class because he has depicted, to the delight of thousands, such widows as the Campaigner, Mrs. Prior, or unhappy James Gann's mother-in-law.

Mr. Lord seems to lose sight of the fact that there are two sides to Thackeray's genius—at times, indeed, so, marvellously and artistically blended as to present one harmonious whole, but at others absolutely distinct and apparently irreconcilable. We have first the student of humanity—kindly, tender to the verge of sentimentality, gifted with an insight into human nature, and (I speak as a woman) especially into feminine human nature, little short of miraculous. Secondly, the satirist—keen to detect, swift to castigate all that is small, mean, and unworthy, whose hatred and contempt for folly and vulgarity are only saved by his sunny sense of humour from being savage. He had an extraordinary 'nose' for vulgarity under every aspect—vulgarity of mind, of taste, of manner—and, having once got scent of his favourite quarry, would remorselessly track and pull it down. The greatest of his admirers will not deny that excess of keenness in this direction occasionally led him astray, and that in his eagerness to detect and punish snobbishness he sometimes goes off on a wrong scent, and imagines snobbishness where possibly none is. But it is in the nature of enthusiasm to border on fanaticism, and great authors have often erred in this respect. Having established a theory, nothing is easier or more common than to find proofs of that theory everywhere and in everything, and to unconsciously manipulate facts to agree with it. But granted that this is true of Thackeray, is it not a venial offence, more than redeemed by the fountain of pure enjoyment he has provided for posterity in *The Book of Snobs*? And does it in any way detract from the other and, I venture to think, far more important element that goes to make up his composite genius? The best answer is to be found in his own writings, read as a whole, in a spirit of fair criticism—not judged by certain characters taken at random and without context, with a view to justifying a foregone conclusion. In all his novels can be traced, then, this dual personality—of the romancist and the satirist. In his principal actors the hand of the former is chiefly discernible, but in his minor and supernumerary characters the other side of his genius has full play. Were we to judge by these latter alone, Mr. Lord's strictures might be partly justified (although, to the best of my recollection, Thackeray nowhere claims for any of his

personages that they are representative of the class they belong to—ecclesiastical or otherwise). In every society there are to be found types which it is essentially the province of satire to study and hold up to ridicule, and to do this was no doubt highly congenial to the satirical side of Thackeray's nature. But I cannot accept Mr. Lord's conclusion that because he draws these characters he regards them, or intends them to be regarded, as representative of any class, or that 'his views of nineteenth-century institutions' are to be deduced from his portraits of what he obviously considers unworthy members of those institutions. Mr. Lord says that Thackeray gives, by means of these portraits of worthless and worldly clergymen, 'a picture of the Church of the nineteenth century,' and goes on to say that it is 'one of those half-truths which are so much more damaging than falsehood.' But in satire, as in caricature, certain traits must be exaggerated and emphasised, or the result loses force and point. Neither is intended to be taken as a literal and absolutely accurate picture; yet both may be perfectly truthful. That Thackeray entertained real reverence for and appreciation of a hard-working, conscientious clergyman none can doubt who have read the charming sketch of 'The Curate's Walk' in the *Roundabout Papers*.

To examine further into the charges, take the assertion 'He loves to portray the ludicrous and discreditable only.' If this be so, how account for some of his principal personages? Whom did he draw with most loving and careful hand? on which characters expend most of his powers of analysis, his treasures of noble language? Henry Esmond, gallant soldier, faithful friend, and peerless gentleman; Colonel Newcome, surely the bravest, purest, humblest nature ever conceived by an author—(most people will not be found to endorse the sneer as to his being 'a goose in his marriage'; 'quixotic' is the harshest word that occurs to the mind. As to not being a good business man, it is a well-known fact that few soldiers are)—the Warrington brothers, whose beautiful friendship might rank with that of David and Jonathan; J. J., the unassuming man of genius, as unspoilt by success as he was unsoured by deformity. These, if we may judge by the work he has lavished on them, are Thackeray's favourite characters; can any one describe them as ludicrous or discreditable?

Again, we are told that 'greatness does not exist there' (in his works), 'except that Mr. Thackeray may fling vitriol at distinction, at success, or at grandeur.' His treatment of certain kinds of success is certainly rather vitriolic, and the originals of Barnes Newcome, of his aunt, Mrs. Hobson Newcome, and of Dr. Firmin had good reason to writhe under his analysis. His handling of them is the last word of biting, pungent satire, none the less cruel for being always masterly, subtle, and restrained. But what shall we say of his allusions to success of another kind? Who does not remember

his tribute to George Washington (put into the mouth of a man to whom the great leader was personally unsympathetic).

We talked but now of Wolfe. . . . Here indeed is a greater than Wolfe. To endure is greater than to dare; to tire out hostile fortune; to be daunted by no difficulty; to keep heart when all have lost it; to go through intrigue spotless; and to forego even ambition when the end is gained. Who can say this is not greatness, or show the other Englishman who has achieved so much?

Could anything reveal a loftier ideal of public duty, a more chivalrous enthusiasm for patriotism and self-devotion?

Or take this passage on James Wolfe:

Fancy him for ever pacing round the defences behind which the foe lies sheltered; by night and by day alike sleepless and eager; consuming away in his fierce wrath and longing, and never closing his eye, so intent is it in watching; winding the track with untiring scent that pants and hungers for blood and battle; prowling through midnight forests, or climbing silent over precipices before dawn; and watching till his great heart is almost worn out until the foe shows himself at last, when he springs on him, and grapples him, and dying slays him!

Who, reading these words, can doubt that the man who wrote them had an almost passionate appreciation of heroism, fortitude, and tenacity of purpose?

Countless instances might be cited did space allow, all tending to prove that though never blinking unpleasant facts and fully alive to the sin, folly, and vulgarity of the world, the man never lost faith in human nature, though the satirist was often driven to revolt, and wreaked his impatience and scorn in bitter irony. Yet his fiercest satire—what is it? At the worst a few stinging words without *arrière pensée*, and the wonderful sunshine of his humour breaks out again, turning wrath to pity, so that he cannot keep up even the semblance of hatred of his kind. Think of Swift's satire, and then of his, 'the gentler Censor of our age.'

I know I do but voice the feeling of many thousands of readers in saying that, so far from rising from his works 'with a sense of gasping depression,' I have often laid them down with an inexpressible sense of being braced and cheered; for that he—than whom none saw clearer into man's foibles—could still retain his unfailing trust in, and hope for, human nature is surely a strong incentive for continuing to hope and believe. And as to the accusation that 'mediocre ways of life, mediocre thoughts, mediocre achievements, are all that is left to one who takes Mr. Thackeray for his guide,' no other refutation of a charge so unjust is needed than his own lines addressed to boys:

And if, in time of sacred youth,  
We learned at home to love and pray,  
Pray Heaven that early love and truth  
May never wholly pass away.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the Awful Will,  
And bear it with an honest heart,  
Who misses, or who wins the prize.  
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

This is scarcely the language of a man who would impress upon young readers the beauty and desirability of keeping their aims low, of avoiding ideals, of looking first after number one—in a word, of mediocrity.

KATHLEEN LECHE.

*SOME POSSIBLE AMENDMENTS TO  
THE EDUCATION BILL*

THIS Bill has now arrived at the 'second reading' stage, and the House of Commons has become charged with the duty of discussing its provisions in Committee. Meanwhile it may not be inopportune to consider some of the probable effects which would follow the enactment of the measure in its present form, and also some amendments such as might serve to remove the graver objections which have been urged against it. Those objections centre round three subjects of prime importance—(1) the machinery proposed for the future supply and control of schools, (2) the influence of the measure on general educational efficiency and improvement, and (3) the conditions under which the State should avail herself of the co-operation of the religious bodies.

The main feature of the administrative part of the Bill is the establishment in every district of one educational authority to supersede the present School Boards and to have cognisance of both primary and secondary instruction. Now, although there has been a general consensus in favour of the unification of the local machinery concerned with education, there has been no such general assent to the proposal that the one authority should be the County Council or the Council of the county borough.

It is not easy to infer from the recent policy of the Government what is the view they entertain respecting the proper function of a County Council. In London, for example, there is a vigorous body bearing that name and charged with many local interests. Among these it might fairly be assumed that the water supply of the metropolis would be one of the chief. In all the great provincial towns it is regarded as one of the most important branches of local administration, and is in the hands of the same body that controls locomotion, lighting, and other matters affecting the health and material welfare of the public. Yet it is proposed by the Government to withdraw this one department of local business from the purview of the London County Council, and to create, for the single purpose of controlling the water supply, an independent body

constituted *ad hoc*, presumably on the ground that the Council is encumbered with multifarious duties of another kind, and that the Water interest is one of such supreme public importance that it needs to be placed under a separate authority. At the same time, the Government is proposing, in other parts of the country, to take the whole subject of elementary education out of the hands of the bodies which have been expressly elected for the purpose of dealing with it, and to transfer it to the over-worked County Councils. Possibly the true reason for this apparent inconsistency is a political one, seeing that in each case it is the more enterprising and democratic body which is either to be superseded or placed under new restrictions. But it is hard to see any other reason founded either on past experience or on the abstract fitness of means to ends. *Prima facie* if the question were considered on its merits alone, it would probably appear to most persons that while the supply of water was essentially a municipal function, education was the one subject which best claimed exceptional treatment; because it is concerned with intellectual rather than material interests, and because it demands special qualifications on the part of those entrusted with its administration. A local education authority should be composed of persons unhampered by other duties, and responsible only to the constituents who elect them and to a central Government department. This is the view which, though under various forms, prevails in Scotland and Ireland, in nearly all the States of the American Union and in the principal countries of Europe. In no one of them known to me is the business of public instruction regarded as a subordinate department of general local administration and relegated to the control of bodies which are mainly concerned with miscellaneous public duties of another kind.

Among the reasons assigned for the extinction of the only popular educational bodies we possess and for the transfer of their powers and duties to County or Borough Councils, one of the chief is that as these bodies have already been entrusted with the distribution of the funds generally known as the whisky-money and provided under the conditions of the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Act of 1890, they have thus gained some experience in dealing with technical education. That experience has, however, qualified them only to deal with a limited fund for a limited purpose. It has enabled them to try some useful—if some unsuccessful—experiments in the encouragement of manual instruction, in dairy and fruit-farming and the like. It has also placed it in the power of the Councils to apportion grants of money to such secondary schools and institutes as needed laboratories or additional teachers of science, and in a few cases to establish technical schools. But it has not helped them to take a large general view of the whole problem of secondary education in their several districts. Still less has it qualified them



to take over the enormous responsibility of superintending the whole business of elementary instruction and thus to bring within their province all the children in primary schools, who number at least six times as many as the scholars in all the higher and technical schools put together. The County Councils are not prepared to undertake so formidable an addition to their present work. They were not elected with a view to such duties. They have no mandate from their constituents in respect to the principles they are to adopt or the policy to be pursued. To supplant in their favour other bodies already familiar with primary schools and qualified by long experience in superintending them, is at least a premature and hazardous experiment—a leap in the dark.

The Duke of Devonshire has publicly expressed his regret at the impending supersession of School Boards whose work in popular education, especially their zeal in the establishment of higher grade schools, he has often helped and encouraged, and most generously acknowledged. But why has the work of the Boards been so well done? Because those who did it received an impulse from a body of ratepayers who were well acquainted with the local needs and with the qualifications of those of their neighbours most likely to understand those needs. The law of 1870 has proved eminently favourable to the growth of local enthusiasm and interest in national education. School Boards owe their popularity and usefulness largely to their intimate knowledge of the circumstances of the town or district concerned. It is scarcely possible that County Councillors, drawn from a wider area and charged with the duty of distributing large funds to a great number of scattered schools, will prove equally successful or enjoy to the same degree the confidence of the parents.

In Committee it may be hoped that a serious attempt will be made to modify the provisions of the Bill in regard to this vital question. It has been suggested that Clause I. of the Bill should be so amended as to postpone for the present so great and revolutionary a step as the complete destruction of the School Boards. Such an amendment might provide that 'in a borough of over 10,000, or an urban district with a population of over 20,000, in which there is already a School Board, such School Board *shall be* the local authority for the purpose of Part III. of the Act.' This course was powerfully advocated by the Dean of Ely, and has much to recommend it. Its adoption would greatly simplify the Bill. It would prevent dislocation of arrangements which at present are working well. It would not interfere with the enlarged powers in relation to secondary and higher education which are conferred on the County Councils by Part II. of the Bill, and it would leave those bodies the further power to absorb the rural School Boards and to take over the duties prescribed in Part III. in towns in which there is at present no School Board. Thus it would give to the County Councils

time to acquire such experience as may possibly justify the ultimate recognition of those bodies as fitted to take a larger share in the management of primary schools. But at present no case has been made out for such recognition. Neither the Commission of Lord Cross nor that of Mr. Bryce recommended or even contemplated such a step.

When Mr. Forster in 1869 introduced the Endowed Schools Bill, one part of his scheme was designed to create a new tribunal and new procedure for the reform of educational endowments. The second part of the Bill had a larger scope and was framed so as to serve the purpose of organising intermediate education generally. But the author of the measure, finding that it was hopeless to carry so large a scheme, wisely withdrew Part II., and in this way succeeded in placing on the Statute Book the Endowed Schools Act (Part I.), which has since effected so many valuable reforms. There is thus an excellent precedent for the division of the Bill of this year into two parts and for postponing for the present that part which is less acceptable to the country and which presents the greater difficulty.

Incidentally, though not by deliberate design, the Bill, if enacted in its present form, will go far to deprive the community of the services of many persons who are now taking an active and most beneficial share in the business of national education. Under the existing system of elected School Boards, we have many ministers of religion who take a strong interest in the popular schools, who are content to sink their own denominational interests and to work in harmony with the members of different creeds in the discharge of a great civic duty. It is in the public interest that such persons should be welcomed and should increase in number. But the clergy will not be likely candidates for seats on the County or Borough Councils, although they might in a few instances be chosen by the Boards to serve in an inferior capacity as members of the advisory committees. It is not a little remarkable that the clergy—Roman as well as Anglican—who have received this Bill with effusive gratitude because it gives new help to schools under clerical management, appear to be wholly unmindful of the fact that the same measure virtually deprives them of some valuable opportunities of religious and moral influence in connection with the larger educational interests of the general community. As members of School Boards, especially in the great towns, many of the clergy have done admirable and congenial work. They have not, of course, been at liberty to dominate the School Boards or to impress upon them an ecclesiastical character; but they have, in conjunction with their fellow citizens, taken a substantial share in determining the educational policy of the Boards, and have been able to assure themselves that the religious and moral instruction given within the terms of the Cowper-Temple clause is real and effective. In this way many of the ministers of religion of different sects have co-operated with municipal and other public authorities.

to the great advantage of the public, and, it may be added, to their own advantage and that of religious education also.

These considerations apply *mutatis mutandis* if we consider the incidental bearing of the Bill on the influence and public usefulness of women. At present there are, according to the latest returns, 270 women serving as members of School Boards in England and Wales. Each of them has been chosen by a constituency on the ground of her general ability and local knowledge. They have by universal agreement enriched the Boards with gifts and experience which have not only been of value in connection with girls' schools, infant schools, and their teachers, but have often helped to enlarge the conception of the entire Board in regard to educational principles generally, and in particular to the practical bearing of those principles on the training of character and on the home life. They have, as a rule, had no party or trade interests to serve, but have been attracted to the work by strong interest in the schools and by the desire to render service to their teachers. The beneficent influence they have thus been able to exert results from the fact that they have behind them the authority of the ratepayers, who know them and have confidence in them. If they were chosen only by the men of a County Council to act as a subordinate committee for the term of one year, with no power of giving effect to their own recommendations or to control the general policy of the Council, their influence and their power of rendering service to the community would be materially lessened.

It would not be right to assume that the framers of the Bill intended this result. But the result is none the less inevitable, as a consequence of the general provisions it contains. It is to be hoped that in Committee the House may devise means for remedying or averting the serious loss which the nation would sustain if opportunities for the useful public work of women were diminished. They are not eligible as members of County or Borough Councils, and in the present state of Parliamentary business no attempt to remove this disability would have any chance of success. It has been proposed that the Councils should be enjoined to place upon each of the committees constituted under Clause 12 (Part IV.) of the Bill a definite number or else a fixed proportion of women members. But such a general provision would work ill, seeing that in some places the necessary number of qualified ladies might not be available, and that we need in the business of education to enlist the services of the best candidates whether they happen to be men or women. Probably the best way to meet the difficulty is to insert in Clause 12 a general injunction that 'In forming the advisory committee the Council should have regard to the expediency of securing, whenever possible, the services of women on those committees.' This may appear somewhat indefinite, but a provision of this kind, making it a permanent statutory obligation on the Councils, could not

be inoperative. There is an excellent precedent in Section 12 of the Endowed Schools Act of 1869. 'In framing schemes under this Act provision shall be made, as far as conveniently may be, for extending to girls the benefits of endowments.' That section of the Act, though merely general in its terms, has had the effect of securing many substantial advantages to the education of girls and women by the division of scholarship and exhibition funds between scholars of both sexes as well as by the establishment of grammar and other intermediate and higher schools for girls on the basis of ancient endowed foundations.

The provisions for the future supply of new schools (sections 9 and 10) deserve careful attention and criticism. At present the law secures that 'there shall be in every school district sufficient accommodation for all the children resident in that district for whose elementary education efficient and suitable provision is not otherwise made,' and that where there is deficiency in such provision, it is to be supplied by a School Board. Now no such obligation is in future to rest upon the new local authority. On the contrary, if that authority in the exercise of its discretionary power desires to supply a lack of accommodation by means of a school on a public and undenominational basis, it will be found that several hindrances are placed by the Bill in the way of the fulfilment of such a desire. Public notice must be given, and during three months the managers of any existing school and any ten ratepayers may appeal to the Board of Education in opposition to the proposal. Counter proposals from 'other persons' may take effect in the establishment of one or more schools, and no one of them will be regarded as 'unnecessary' if it has an average attendance of thirty children. Since every such school not provided by the local authority will be *ipso facto* a 'voluntary' school, it will be entitled to the special aid grant of five shillings per head under the Voluntary Schools Act of 1897, and thus the ratepayers will have a strong pecuniary motive for availing themselves of this provision, and for preferring a denominational to an undenominational school. In this way the Bill will often serve to bring into existence several small and inefficient private schools where one would suffice, and will put a premium on the perpetuation of the denominational principle in public education.

The inadequacy of the provision for extending and improving secondary education is one of the most conspicuous features of the Bill. Power is given to the County Council by Part II. (Higher Education) 'to supply or aid the supply of education other than elementary.' Later provisions in the Bill indicate that since elementary education is to cease at the age of fifteen, all higher grade and continuation schools, all evening schools and classes, pupil-teacher classes and training colleges, will come within the province of 'higher education,' besides all grammar and endowed schools, science classes, and middle

schools generally. The resources available for these purposes are to consist partly of the fees of scholars, partly of such residue under the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Act, as the Councils *may* apply to the purpose; and partly of an amount which *may* be raised by a rate not exceeding two pence in the pound. But the Councils are under no obligation either to apply the 'whisky money' to education or to make an education rate at all. And, judging from the discussions which have taken place in the country<sup>1</sup> and from the very significant utterances of Mr. Chaplin, there will be a formidable opposition to the levying of a rate in the counties, and certainly to any such additional rate as may be demanded by the local authority under Section 2, Part II., of the Bill. It is manifest that the resources thus placed at the disposal of the Council for the varied and important purposes which that body is expected to fulfil, even if full advantage is taken of the permissive clauses, will prove wholly insufficient.

## II

These considerations have an obvious and important bearing on educational efficiency, so far as it is promoted by this Bill. Larger funds will be absolutely necessary if anything is to be effectively done to organise secondary education. And the Bill does not provide such funds. In School Board areas we have been accustomed to see a good deal of the sort of local patriotism which makes the inhabitants proud of their schools and content to pay high rates. But no ratepayer is likely to prove enthusiastic about the supply or efficiency of schools in a whole county or large district, however he cares about the school near his own home. One obvious defect in the present Bill is, as we have seen, that it does not supply the money needed for any extensive improvement in secondary schools. It does not impose on the County Councils any obligation to supply such schools, nor, even if the rates suffice, does it indicate what should be the character of the higher education provided, nor in what way such schools should be aided, how their efficiency shall be tested, or to what extent they should be controlled. If, however, the schemes which are to be drawn up under Section 12 of the Bill turn out to be satisfactory, and to take full advantage of such permissive clauses as are there provided, it is reasonable to suppose that, so far as higher instruction is concerned, the education committees constituted by that clause, and acting on the lines now so generally adopted by the technical committees of the County

<sup>1</sup> At the annual general meeting on the 7th of May last of the County Councils Association, a resolution expressing in general terms approval of the Bill was carried, but an amended resolution was also passed, 'that the additional expenditure rendered necessary by the Education Bill of 1902 should not be raised exclusively out of the rates.'

Councils, will be able to effect a substantial and much needed, though still incomplete, reform.

But it is in regard to elementary schools (Part III.) that the provisions of the Bill chiefly require revision and amendment. In fact, there existed no adequate reason for encumbering the present Bill with elementary schools at all. A small section of militant Churchmen demanded more favourable terms for denominational schools; but otherwise there was no obvious necessity for altering in 1902 the settlement made in 1870. That settlement has succeeded in covering the country, even its remotest corners, with elementary schools. It has dispensed State aid to them on conditions which have proved acceptable to all the religious bodies interesting themselves in the matter. It has made adequate provision for the accommodation of one sixth of the whole population in public elementary schools, and placed them all under the inspection of Government officers, provided qualified teachers, and, on the whole, though still capable of great improvement, it has proved itself well adapted to its purpose. There was no need for a complete *bouleversement* of an edifice which has been slowly rising and adapting itself to our changing needs during thirty years, and there has been no general demand for its overthrow. The managers, denominational and undenominational alike, were responsible only to two authorities—on the one hand, the School Board or the voluntary subscribers who provided the local contributions, and, on the other, the central Education Board at Whitehall. Now there are to be two authorities besides the local managers—the Council acting through its committee, and the Board of Education. It is not easy to see what this arrangement will do to promote efficiency in the schools or unity of administration. To keep a school in vigour and usefulness you need, besides an efficient staff and a good educational plan, the supervision of a responsible public body near at hand, and representing to some extent the wishes of the inhabitants, and a proper test of the scholars' proficiency by an outside and independent authority. But it is not clear that the proposed local authority under Section 6, Part III., will be able to fulfil either or both of these purposes. It cannot possess the knowledge which will enable them to 'manage' the schools, to lay down time-tables and schemes of instruction, to appoint the teachers, or to visit the school from time to time and see that it is being properly conducted. Section 8 (*a*) indeed declares that the committee may 'give directions' to the managers in regard to the secular instruction and (*b*) inspect the school and its accounts. But apparently it will have no effective control; for, if the 'directions' should be disregarded or the results of the 'inspection' be unsatisfactory, the committee will not be in a position to withhold from the school its share of the money received from rates or to insist on improvement. This point is of all the more

importance because of late years the central Board of Education has deemed it right to renounce some of the functions which it formerly discharged. Managers were for a long time accustomed to receive from the Education Department a detailed report after the visit of H. M. Inspector, conveying to them particulars respecting the state of each class, the results of the examination, the discipline and general intelligence of the scholars, and the defects, if any, which ought to be remedied in respect to each subject of instruction. Grants were awarded which were, when necessary, graduated so as to correspond to the degrees of efficiency in the schools, and the managers were warned that unless certain specified improvements were made, the amount of the grant might probably be reduced. The system was not free from objection, but at least it supplied an incentive to improvement and a check upon lethargy and unintelligent routine. Of late it has been superseded by general inspection, and the Board of Education has ceased to test the progress of the children by systematic examination, or to recognise in its award of grants any practical difference between good, bad, and indifferent schools. This change of policy was doubtless designed to leave larger freedom to both teachers and managers, and to encourage in them a stronger sense of responsibility. But it must not be expected to effect this result in all cases. Freedom to improve may easily be interpreted to imply freedom to continue unimproved; and some stimulus is needed, no less for the average man than for the most mechanical and apathetic teacher, to induce him to put more thought, more science, and more energy into his work. Whence, for the future, is this stimulus to be sought? Not from the parents, for they will have no opportunity to express by their votes their wishes about the progress of the school; not necessarily from the managers themselves, who will probably be content with any arrangement which secures their financial stability; not from the committee of the County Council, which may give directions, but has no power to see them carried into effect; and not from the Board of Education, which has left the efficient control of schools and the maintenance of a high educational standard to other agencies than its own.

Section 18, which places the age of fifteen as the limit of the school life in an elementary school, will, it is to be feared, act as a serious hindrance to educational progress. There is for example one class peculiarly entitled to public sympathy and encouragement—the parents who are prepared to sacrifice for a time the wages which a son might earn, in order that he might receive a better education. For such a boy the thing needed is not removal to a secondary or grammar school, with its advanced literary curriculum, but a continuance for a year longer at a higher department of a good elementary school where the teaching is carried forward on the same lines. Unless the age limit in the Bill is extended to sixteen many

of the most promising of the children of the working classes will be discouraged, and will be compelled to bring their school studies to a premature and unnecessary close, and thus to lose the opportunity of taking for life better positions in the ranks of skilled industry.

On the whole, it is difficult to look forward without grave anxiety to the future of our elementary instruction under the novel and complex conditions contemplated in this Bill.

### III

It is not however professed by either the framers or the supporters of the Bill that it will do anything to improve the aims or processes of education, to increase the supply of good teachers, or to excite among a larger number of the public an active interest in the subject. The only clear purpose recognisable in Part III. of the Bill is the multiplication of denominational schools and the strengthening and perpetuating of the theory which those schools represent. It therefore becomes important to inquire how that principle will operate under the provisions of the Bill. For many years, the supporters of Church schools have complained of the 'intolerable strain' experienced by them when they are called on to pay subscriptions. They have contended that the denominational schools ought to be placed on the same footing as other schools in regard to aid from public sources. It is a curious plea. Actual equality of treatment is not really asked for, and is indeed not possible, for in the case of a Board school the public, which finds the funds, also controls the management, while in Church and Catholic schools the body which retains the management asks to be released from the duty of finding the funds. However, the plea has been admitted on more than one occasion. The Act which in 1891 relieved parents from the payment of fees also brought considerable relief to the Voluntary subscribers. Another Act, in 1897, gave a 'special aid grant' of five shillings per scholar to Voluntary schools, and also released managers from the duty of paying rates for their schoolrooms and playgrounds. Now it is proposed to advance a step farther in the same direction; to throw upon the taxpayer and the ratepayer the whole burden of maintenance, on the easy conditions that the school fabric, which in many cases was erected at the partial expense of the Treasury, shall be kept in repair, and that the self-appointed managers shall receive as colleagues on their committee some members, not exceeding one-third of the whole, to be appointed by the local education authority. Sections 8, 9, and 10 read together offer, as has just been shown, exceptional encouragement to the establishment of new Voluntary schools, and place them in a position of great advantage in comparison with schools which are not denominational. Thus the most important result of the Bill, if



passed in its present form, will be to give new aid and encouragement to clerical influence and to private management, and so to postpone for a long time the due incorporation of the rural schools into a coherent system of popular education.

It must be owned that the problem of rural education is not without difficulty and that the existing state of things in small places where there is room for only one school does not admit of any radical change. Though the village school is often unsatisfactory, there are many places in which the kindly and judicious supervision of the Rector and his family, aided by the Squire and the Lady Bountiful of the great house, suffice to make it deservedly popular in the parish. But it is known as the Rector's or the Vicar's school, and it is sometimes a source of grave contention and complaint because it is regarded as a private rather than a public institution. What is chiefly needed is a due representation of the inhabitants for whose children the school exists. This indispensable element in the local management the Bill does nothing to provide. The committees through whom the Council acts are brought together from different parts of a very wide area, and cannot possibly be cognisant of all the details on which the actual efficiency of the village school depends. The 'control' with which the Bill invests the local educational authority and its committee is very vaguely defined in the Bill, and is of far less real importance to the well-being of the school than the 'management' of the committee on the spot. Sir Edward Grey made in his speech a valuable suggestion that the Parish Council should, in the rural districts, be entrusted with a share in the management of the parochial school. This well deserves the consideration of the House when the Bill is in Committee. If, for example, a body of managers were composed of six persons, of whom two were appointed by the trustees who owned the school building, two by the Parish Council, and two by the local education authority, this body would represent fairly three forms of influence—that of the founders and the traditions of the school; that of the inhabitants of the village and the parents of the children; and that of the county authority. The school would thus become in fact, as well as in name, a 'National' school, would be placed in due relation to the general organisation of the county, and yet would be in close touch with the actual needs of the parish.

It is right to say here that Lord Hugh Cecil, the protagonist of what is sometimes called the clerical party in the House of Commons, lifted up the discussion of the whole subject to a higher plane than that usually reached in political controversy. The lofty tone of his speech, his earnest plea for spiritual and moral culture, his dissatisfaction with the materialism of the age and the prominence given in public discussions to the industrial and commercial side of education, and his protest against the false and unworthy conceptions of national welfare and greatness which so often prevail at the

time of a popular war, profoundly moved the House, and enlisted the warm sympathy of many who differed from him entirely as to the means by which his own noble ideals can best be realised. But when, after all, his only panacea turned out to be the recognition of the denominational principle in the popular day school, and the teaching to young children of creeds and formularies which it is impossible for them to understand, one became painfully struck by the inadequacy of the means to the desired end. His insistence on the curious thesis that every parent, even an atheist, has a right to claim that the form of religion, or of irreligion, which he professes shall be taught in the public school and at the public expense, showed in what a dream-land the speaker lived and how hopelessly impracticable was the policy he advocated. His ingenious description of the difference between a Church school and a Board school, the one having a single door of admission and the other two doors, that of exit leading straight into the Church, was well calculated to bewilder his hearers and to suggest to them two or three embarrassing questions, *e.g.* Do the children from Church schools after leaving become members or even attendants at Church? Is it not rather the fact that the manner in which doctrine and precept are enforced in those schools is often so unskilful and unintelligent that it has exactly the contrary effect to that intended, and that the one class in the community which furnishes the fewest adherents to the Established Church is that whose members have in youth been instructed in elementary schools? Has it ever been proved that the children educated in Board schools when they pass out into the world are less likely to attend Church services and Church Sunday-schools than the children whose teaching and discipline have been expressly designed to conduct them thither? And, even if it were so, is it any part of the duty of the State to recognise theological and sectarian differences, or to interpose any hindrance either on the one hand to the establishment of schools on a non-sectarian basis, or on the other hand to the legitimate efforts of the Churches, outside of the public school, to attract the children of the people to their respective communions? Yet the Bill, as it stands, virtually provides that all new schools shall be of the voluntary or denominational type; and offers to endow such schools with exceptional privilege. This is a provision seriously demanding consideration and amendment in Committee. Either the 'special aid' granted under the Voluntary Schools Act of 1897 should be made available for all necessitous schools alike, whether voluntary or established by the local authority, or that Act should be repealed altogether.

It is constantly assumed in Parliament and elsewhere that whoever objects to the extension of clerical influence in the elementary schools is necessarily a nonconformist, or at least one who desires to give to those schools a nonconformist character. This assumption

is far from the truth. An increasing number of statesmen and thinkers, in the Establishment as well as out of it, are of opinion that the State ought to abstain from attempts to serve the denominational interests of any section of the Christian Church. But the most militant Dissenters do not seek to identify the Board schools with the interests of any denomination, or even with the 'dissidence of dissent.' There is no evidence that the nonconformists have ever tried to use the popular schools so as to teach nonconformity; while it is the avowed design of the Church Schools to teach Churchmanship. And herein lies the key to the main difference between those who contend for a truly national system of unsectarian instruction and those who wish to frame a system which shall be specially adapted to meet the wishes of a religious denomination.

After all, our main security for the religious character of public education depends on the vigilance of public bodies in securing proper qualifications on the part of teachers, in helping and sustaining them in their arduous work, and in submitting the efficiency of that work to due examination and inspection. Those who are responsible for the selection of schoolmasters and mistresses will properly seek for evidence of high personal character and thorough professional qualifications; but will, as in all other departments of responsible public service, rely wholly on such evidence, and abstain from any inquisition into the private beliefs of candidates. Theological tests have never succeeded in preserving pulpits or professorial chairs from heterodoxy or incapacity. They would do nothing but mischief if they were introduced into the region of national education.

What the public hoped for in the legislation of the present session was a Bill which should meet the urgent need of a good supply of secondary and higher schools, under such arrangements as would fit in well with the existing provision for elementary education without needlessly disturbing it. What was not expected or generally desired was the transfer of the whole organisation of elementary schools to new and untried authorities and the complete reversal of the policy of the Act of 1870. Under that Act every district in the country has been supplied with good primary schools; the relations between municipal and religious bodies and the State have been settled on a satisfactory basis; and in one department of the field at least our provision for national education has become tolerably complete. The new projects now contained in the Bill, so far as higher education is affected, have much to recommend them, and would probably have received general approval after a few amendments in detail. It is because the advocates of denominationalism in our primary schools have thought this a favourable opportunity for grasping at a new advantage for their own cause, that the Bill is now found to bristle with difficulties and to arouse earnest opposition.

We cannot safely disregard the teaching of history. And in respect to one point, that teaching is clear and emphatic. The 'advancement of knowledge' in the broad sense, understood alike by Bacon and Milton in the seventeenth century and by Matthew Arnold and Herbert Spencer in the nineteenth, has never been a prominent object of attainment, in the eyes of the Churches, and has never been greatly helped by them. This implies no reproach or just ground of complaint, since those bodies exist for other objects; and the propagation of certain religious tenets, and the extension of the influence of the community which believes in them, are reasonably regarded by that community as considerations paramount to all others. But these are not and cannot be paramount considerations in the policy of the State. And when an Englishman comes to look back on the history of the nation's intellectual progress, he cannot fail to see that we owe such improvement as has been made to the efforts of statesmen, writers and teachers, municipal and public bodies, universities, munificent citizens, and an awakened public opinion, rather than to ecclesiastical influences in any form. And if, with this experience behind him, he looks wistfully forward into the unknown future, he will perforce conclude that it is by making public education more national and less sectarian that the highest welfare of the coming generation can be best secured. The Bill, if passed in its present shape, cannot even by its best friends be looked upon as a final settlement of a complex and urgent problem. No settlement of the education question can ever be permanent in this country which does not do much more than is here attempted, both to awaken and to satisfy the public demand for a truly liberal education, and which does not subordinate all sectional interests—ecclesiastical or otherwise—to the larger intellectual and moral interests of the nation as a whole.

J. G. FITCH.

THE QUESTION  
OF THE MODERN TRAINED NURSES

I

So much has been written on this subject in reply to an article of mine which appeared in the April number of this Review, that I am glad to be allowed to approach it once more.

The attitude which most of my critics have adopted is one of surprise and indignation that anyone, more particularly a woman, should have ventured to sit in judgment on the members of the nursing profession, presumably because so long as nurses are satisfied with themselves, no one else is to be allowed to express an adverse opinion. Miss Isla Stewart, for one, 'considers that it is almost a crime that any woman should attempt to disparage a whole profession of her own sex,' and there are many others who are in cordial agreement with her. It is open to question whether by thus doing these well-intentioned persons have rendered any real service to the cause of which they have constituted themselves the champions. On the contrary, this course of action will certainly fail to meet the approval of many who have the best interests of the profession at heart, and of the more thoughtful women in the ranks of the nurses themselves. These latter, I venture to think, are more likely to prefer to range themselves on the side of a writer in *The Nursing Record* who concludes a detailed consideration of my article with the remark that 'it is all to the good that nursing matters should be discussed by those of the public who have considered them, for it is indisputable that without the help of the public, nurses will never obtain the reforms for which they have long pleaded and worked.' It is well that some of the nurses speak in this tone. It is in strong contrast to the language heard on the other side of the camp, to which it affords a welcome relief. Of course, the general public has a perfect right to an opinion on nursing matters, and also to express that opinion whenever it is considered that there is need for a little plain speaking.

Many of those who have written in defence of the nurses have not contented themselves with a wholesale condemnation of anyone who attempts a criticism of them; but they go a step farther, and claim that the nurses are, individually and collectively, so richly endowed with all the virtues that if it should ever be discovered that one or two of them fall short of an exceedingly high standard of excellence, the occurrence is so rare and the weight on the opposite side of the scale so enormous, that it is really not worth anyone's while to take it into serious consideration. That there are a very large number of hard-working, devoted women among the nurses of our great hospitals and nursing institutions is too obvious a fact to need any statement. If it were not so the whole fabric of nursing organisation would have crumbled to dust long ago. I do not believe that the better class of nurses have resented my remarks or have felt that I was doing them an injustice. No one knows better than they do how the ranks of the profession have been swelled of late years by large numbers of women who are unfitted for it from every point of view. It is these nurses who bring such discredit on it, and it is their bad work which has been the cause of such serious complaint. The profession has come to attract to itself a most undesirable class of women, who threaten to outnumber the more trustworthy and conscientious workers. These latter are perfectly aware of this fact, and they deplore it most genuinely. They know full well that my remarks were not intended to apply to them, and no one would welcome with more enthusiasm than they will any measures of reform which may be suggested to purge their ranks of these undesirable members.

Intense indignation has been expressed at the charges brought against nurses of callousness and indifference to suffering, displayed sometimes even in the presence of death; and it is suggested that these charges have been wantonly made, and without adequate evidence to support them. There are many people who could come forward with facts drawn from experience which would amply bear out what I say, and I shall presently append a few illustrative cases sent to me since my article appeared, and in confirmation of its purport, by correspondents of great position and authority. I will first, however, mention some which have come under my own immediate notice, the patients in each instance being personal friends of mine.

One is that of a nurse who was called in to a case of diphtheria. She proved herself to be very capable and efficient, and the patient made a good recovery. One day when the latter was so far convalescent that she was able to sit up and converse, she remarked to her nurse that she thought nurses' lives must be very sad, as they were continually coming in contact with suffering, and must so frequently have to witness painful and harrowing scenes. To this

the nurse replied, indifferently, 'Oh, yes! but then you know some people make such funny noises when they are dying that it is all I can do to keep from laughing.'

A second case was that of a nurse attending a patient who was hopelessly ill, the doctor having told her friends from the very first that there was no chance whatever of her recovery. One morning it was obvious that the end was very near. There was nothing more to be done for her; the nurse was resting in another room, and a sister and a favourite cousin of the invalid were watching by the bedside. Presently the door opened, and the nurse came in. She looked in some surprise at her patient. 'Is she not dead yet?' she inquired; and adding calmly 'Oh, well, she is as good as dead,' she walked across the room and noisily opened a drawer, from which she proceeded to take a piece of linen. She judged the length of the strip she should presently require by hastily measuring it round her own head, and then tore it audibly across, placing the remainder back in the drawer, which she closed again. The feelings of the watchers by the bed may be imagined; and yet this was no ignorant, incompetent nurse who would be disowned by the profession. She was, on the contrary, exceedingly clever and skilful.

Another case is that of a nurse who on one occasion came from the hospital where she was nursing to the house of a mutual friend where I also happened to be. We did not ask her about her work, but after the manner of her kind she soon began to talk about it. Among other interesting items of news, she informed us that she had just come off duty, and that she had been nursing a man who was dying; that she had been dreadfully afraid lest he should die while she was with him, but that she had managed to keep him alive 'by giving him brandy and things'—not, as we at first thought, because she shrank from the painful experience of being present at the death, but because she hoped to be spared the labour of performing the duties which would be necessary after death had supervened, and which she described as 'a nuisance.' She congratulated herself on having kept her patient alive until she was relieved of her charge by the nurse who was to take the next duty.

A less serious case occurred in one of our foremost London hospitals. The patient, also a friend of mine, was in one of the general wards for a course of treatment which she could not obtain conveniently in her own home. This treatment necessitated her lying in one position, and the pillows were arranged accordingly. The patient was extremely uncomfortable, and could get no rest, and requested that a slight alteration should be made in the way they were disposed. The nurse replied that it could not be done, as 'it would look so badly.' Later in the day my friend, who was in a state of great discomfort, called another nurse and repeated her request, but met with the same reply that it would not look well. She then gave

it up as hopeless, and endured it as well as she could. A day or two later, summoning up her courage again, she called the ward sister to her and asked if the alteration might be effected. The sister at once assented, and made the desired change then and there, to the patient's intense relief.

I will now quote a few of the cases from the correspondence above referred to.

'Being deeply distressed at the deplorable condition into which a friend of mine had fallen from illness which rendered her quite helpless, I undertook to provide her with the best trained nurses to be had. So far she had been content with ordinary, but faithful, attendants in receipt of ordinary wages, and with no pretensions to high-class nursing. The invalid was in reduced circumstances, having, during her husband's and father's lives, been accustomed to every luxury. Being a sensible woman, she had no hesitation in bringing herself down to the level of her fortunes. Into the tiny, but exceedingly refined house, trained nurse No. 1 appeared, and soon began to assume airs of great superiority. Next morning the faithful attendant gave her a duster, asking if she would mind dusting the room. She took it, but could not withhold adding, "I wonder what my people would say if they saw me with a duster in my hand!" After this she soon gave notice that it was not the sort of establishment she was accustomed to, and left at the end of a week, with the 2*l.* 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* washing, and heavy travelling expenses. She was succeeded by trained nurse No. 2, who was equally superior, and caused the patient great pain by wearing bangles on her wrists which were always falling over her hands. As the unfortunate invalid was a mere skeleton and required to be frequently moved and turned round in bed, the hard bangles hurt her so much that she moaned out inarticulate sounds, being unable to speak in the ordinary way owing to the nature of the case. This made the nurse very angry, but she would not condescend to remove the cause of the disturbance. She also left at the end of the week, with all the additional expenses attached to the usual fee. After trying five or six the effort had to be given up, as it seemed impossible to find any trained nurse willing to adapt herself to the conditions of the case.'

'A young gentleman had gone through a serious operation in one of the London nursing homes. The mother lodged near to look after him, but during his convalescence returned to her home in the country for a few days. While she was absent, the nurse who had been attending him suggested going to the theatre, to which he assented. She took two places, then suggested dining at a restaurant first, so they went to the Savoy and had dinner *à deux*. After the



theatre she proposed an oyster supper, but by this time he was too ill to accede; but gave her permission to go with a friend at his expense. He was so ill next day that his mother was sent for and found out all about it.'

'A gentleman went to call on a friend at a nursing home in London. The door was opened by a smart nurse who invited him in and asked jauntily if he would not stay to lunch. He said he had not been invited to lunch, but had come to see his friend. When he was shown into his friend's room he found him in a very agitated state of mind, begging to be taken away, as the nurse (whom he had seen at the door) was making up to him and he could not tell how it would end. The doctor was spoken to about it, but would not allow him to be moved. Matters at length became so serious from the importunities of the nurse that he had to be rescued by his friends and carried off.'

'An officer of the British Army had a letter one day from his father, informing him that he had altered his will, and instead of leaving his money to his children, it was his intention to leave it to the nurse who was then attending him in his last illness. As he had deliberately written to each one of his children his intention, nothing could upset the will.'

All this is not pleasant reading—far from it. But it was necessary to produce evidence in support of my case. Should it be argued that a few isolated instances cannot be held to prove anything conclusively, my reply would be that each single case is, of necessity, an isolated one, and my point is that such isolated instances occur with far too great frequency, and that in the aggregate the number is too large. Then it may be urged that my experience has been exceptionally unfortunate. I do not believe that that is so, but I am willing to submit the matter to the judgment of my readers. Each one can decide for himself. He will know whether he and his friends have or have not been similarly unfortunate. It is not a point to be settled arbitrarily by the Superintendents of nursing institutions and the members of Hospital Committees. Appealing to nurses, I would ask any who may read this whether it is not a fact that, incapable as they themselves may be of this conduct, they have in the course of their nursing career met with many in the ranks of the profession against whom they could believe that these charges might with justice be preferred.

It is contended that the demand for trained nurses is steadily on the increase, and that this fact is in itself ample refutation of any imputation on their character. I very much doubt if that is a safe deduction, and would rather suggest that it is due to the fact that

people are becoming more and more alive to the evils attendant on amateur nursing methods, while the doctors are in the same degree more intolerant of them. Too many valuable lives have been lost in the past, and much unnecessary suffering has been inadvertently inflicted thereby. It has now come to be very generally recognised that, in order to give the patient the best chance of making a speedy recovery, professional assistance should be called in from the very first. When those who are near and dear to us are overtaken by an illness of a serious nature, we are hardly likely to allow selfish considerations to stand in the way of any arrangement which may conduce to their restoration to health. Are we not, rather, ready and willing to make any sacrifice, however great, which may help to bring about such a desired result? However much they may dislike to receive a nurse into their houses, few people would at such a moment study their personal convenience and comfort. There is too much at stake, and so it happens that the trained nurse is sent for.

In conclusion I would say that I do not believe any thoughtful reader will accuse me of an animus against nurses, but will readily recognise that my efforts have been directed to doing their profession a service. There is a much needed work to be accomplished in casting out of the ranks many whose presence there is deplored by every one who has the best interests of the cause at heart.

M. F. JOHNSTON.

## THE QUESTION OF THE MODERN TRAINED NURSES

### II

THE article written by Miss Johnston in the April number of this Review has given rise to much controversy in nursing circles. Her arguments, we feel bound to admit, are brought forward in a just and convincing manner, and we must also admit that her statements are in the main truthful.

What we do not understand is, why should the public expect infallibility, or something approaching infallibility, from the hospital nurses?

Why should it be necessary for Miss Johnston to plead for the indulgence of a censorious public in its judgment of these much abused women?

The fact should be recognised that practically all the nurses in British hospitals are of British nationality, therefore some of the faults attributed to nurses must also be attributed to the bad upbringing bestowed on children by British parents. We contend that many of the faults complained of in the trained nurse can be traced to defective principles, unrefined environment, and lack of domestic training, all of which are due to the neglect of parents in the early lives of their children.

Sick nursing is, in a measure, analogous to tuberculosis—very few families escape the disease. In nearly every connection there is, or has been, a member who enrolled as a hospital nurse, and because of this we hold that primarily the public is responsible for the deficiencies which exist in the nursing profession. Women enter hospitals at ages ranging between twenty-one and twenty-five, and it is expected that in three years' training the hospital authorities should be able to eradicate faults of twenty-one years' standing, and at the same time infuse into the novice efficiency, gentleness, sympathy, and many other desirable attributes.

It is the duty of the public to see that well-brought-up, nice-minded, capable women are sent to be trained, and hospital authorities will then be able to send to the public nice-minded, capable women as trained nurses.

It is not sufficient to argue that a term of trial should prove the suitability of the candidate. In hospital we know that such is not the case. It is a matter of time, and sometimes a long time, before

the real character of a woman betrays itself, and then it is probably too late to remedy the evil.

The mixed class in the nursing profession is, to a large extent, responsible for the bad qualities of which Miss Johnston writes. Women who have been domestic servants are frequently accepted as candidates in our leading hospitals in London; and in three or four years these women are sent out as private nurses, and, according to the laws of the institution for which they work, their position must be assured as something approaching that of a lady in the houses to which they are sent.

That these ladies are not capable of living up to this high standard we quite admit; neither by education nor by social environment are they fitted to cope with the situation that the mind of a real gentlewoman would accept with perfect ease.

In consequence their lack of tact may cause friction, either with domestic servants of the house or with the members of the family, and the whole profession is tabooed because of the failings of one ignorant woman.

We do not in this case blame the woman: she knows no better, she has acted in accordance with the factors that have shaped her evolution, and these factors were not of a very high order.

The real fault lies with the existing conditions in hospitals of the acceptance of a lower order of women as nurses.

The profession should be composed of educated gentlewomen only; women whose environment has taught them the importance of gentle manners and soft-toned speech in the presence of sickness.

In former days, when all nurses were of the order of 'Gamps,' hospitals were in anything but a satisfactory condition; that should prove that the lower order of woman is not successful as a sick-nurse. The improvement in the condition of our hospitals in recent years must certainly be attributed in large measure to the superior class of women who have entered the profession; greater intelligence is naturally shown by a woman whose education has taught her to understand her work from a scientific point of view; and her intelligent work has undoubtedly a beneficial effect on her patients morally and physically.

That this condition could be still greatly improved is certain, and if a higher standard of education were imperative below which no woman should be eligible as a sick-nurse it would be a step towards that improvement. To show how far short that standard is in the present day, we read on many preliminary papers sent out to candidates the following question: 'Can you read and write?' We all know that in these days of Board-school education the question is practically a farce; and we can well understand that if this is the maximum investigation as to the mental attainments of the candidate, we are likely to get some very queer women as nurses.

It is for the public to take steps in this matter; the movement

must come from outside. Over every hospital there is a committee of management and a council of governors. These are composed (at any rate in London) of some of the most influential men in the City; they are responsible for every woman admitted as a nurse, and we fear that very often they are singularly ignorant of their responsibilities. Still, it is not a matter that should be passed over. It should not rest with any indoor official to decide on the class of woman fitted to occupy the post of probationer; the class should be decided by the committee of men representing the confidence of the public, and then the feelings of the public would be less likely to be violated when they are compelled to employ trained nurses in their homes.

Miss Johnston has dealt with the defective conditions surrounding the lives of our nurses as being in some measure responsible for the bad traits developed in the profession. We should be glad to think it is so, but we cannot.

The root of the matter lies in the women themselves; the public send us inferior types to train, and then turn and send us for sending them inferior nurses.

No amount of training will make a coarse-minded woman a dainty nurse. The solution to that is, do not allow the coarse-minded woman to enter the profession.

That the conditions surrounding the life of a hospital nurse are trying in the extreme is absolutely true. The profession is the hardest worked and the poorest paid of any, and it seems as if nothing short of a revolution in the organisation of hospitals will bring a better state of things.

These wrong conditions are indirectly responsible for the falling-off of the better-class applicants during the last five or six years. Were shorter hours instituted, higher salaries paid, less strict discipline maintained, more generous diets allowed, less menial work apportioned, then we feel confident that gentlewomen would flock into the profession, and the demands of the public would begin to be realised.

It is a work peculiarly suitable to a dainty, delicate-minded woman, provided that the conditions mentioned above are in vogue. As it is, a woman of refinement and education is apt to lose heart on account of the mental and physical discomforts to which she is subjected; her enthusiasm, which was great, wanes; and finally, as she is not actually dependent on her profession, she leaves it for something less trying to her susceptibilities.

The whole matter from beginning to end lies at the door of the public: it is their money that supports these voluntary hospitals; and it is their right to see that a proper class of staff is maintained; it is also their duty to institute organisation suitable to the needs of a refined class of women.

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## *THE QUESTION OF THE MODERN TRAINED NURSES*

### III

THERE is one side of the question in 'The Case against Hospital Nurses' which has not been touched in the exceedingly interesting article in the April number of this Review.

It is quite true that the experience of many is that the 'trained nurse' whom we bring into our homes to nurse our sick folk is often a very ill-mannered, bumptious, self-assertive person. She is often rough in her ways and coarse of speech; a cause of great annoyance, even exasperation, to her employers and irritation to their household!

This state of things is deplorable, the more so when one realises that nursing is, as the writer of the article so truly says, 'the one profession of all others that one would have imagined would have earned the highest respect and gratitude of all men.' One cannot help believing, however, that we, the public, have ourselves in great measure to blame that the nurse is often so far removed from the traditional ministering angel!

We are getting more and more into the habit of employing (without sufficient reason) paid nurses to tend our sick in slight illnesses which are, or ought to be, well within our own nursing capacity and that of our households. It is a duty, if not a labour of love, to look after our patients ourselves in such cases, but either indolence or ignorance, or both, prompt us to send for a trained nurse.

Furthermore, in the many cases where a nurse is rightly employed and her services imperatively needed, the patient is often too completely handed over to her care. With what astonishing faith and confidence the relatives of a patient accept 'Nurse's' dicta! 'Nurse says,' 'Nurse won't allow,' 'Nurse insists.' It seems completely forgotten that 'Nurse' is, in most cases, absolutely unknown, taken on faith from one of the many nursing institutes. She may have great skill, much experience; she has probably had her three years' hospital training, and may be a good nurse from a technical point

of view. It would appear, then, that our error lies in the assumption that a good nurse necessarily means a good woman—so wise and careful a woman that she may be implicitly trusted. Experience, however, goes to show that even as ‘the youngest of us is not infallible,’ so, too, the best of nurses is but human!

Here, then, enters the question, ‘Who is really responsible for the care of our sick folk?’ It may seem a superfluous, if not a silly, query, but it is worth considering, the more so as from observation we may conclude it is little thought about—or, if otherwise, with odd results.

We must premise that we only speak here of sick folk nursed at home. From its very nature what we have to say precludes the case of patients in hospitals, either public or private. Further, to prevent all misapprehension at the outset, we wish to say that it is of our *general* responsibility towards those who are ill that we speak—indeed, if we may be forgiven rather loose wording, we refer to the common-sense government of affairs in a sick-room. We say nothing, except quite incidentally, of *medical treatment*.

To return to our question, With whom does the responsibility really lie that everything is being done that should be done for a possibly helpless patient? For the sake of clearness we will suppose a case of a child seriously ill, who has a mother. A doctor is called in: he advises that a nurse should be got. She arrives, and is installed. It is at this point that, in our opinion, the mother too often fails, to put it quite plainly, in her duty to her child. She behaves as though the nurse were solely and wholly responsible, and completely hands over the patient to her. This is wrong and unnatural—by so doing she shirks her duty and shelves responsibility.

Who, then, is really responsible for the well-being and charge of the child? Is it the doctor, the nurse, or is it the person who employs both, who may be said to bring together the trio of patient, doctor, and nurse—we mean the mother? Surely there is but one answer! The medical man naturally can but advise and leave his instructions to be carried out, and it seems but natural and right that the mother should see that what he has ordered should be done. This is her duty in her family, as certainly as it would be that of a ‘Sister’ in hospital.

This would appear so unquestionable as to amount to a foolish insistence upon the obvious. As a matter of experience, however, in a large proportion of cases the mother would not only be expected completely to efface herself, but would be treated as an intruder should she be much in the patient’s room; should she make many inquiries about the treatment or symptoms, the nurse would probably make her understand she considered relatives, especially mothers, generally ignorant and indiscreet, and, further, that answering questions to such was ‘unprofessional.’

A trained nurse may be, and from the happiest experience we know she often is, a noble woman ; sympathetic, considerate, patient, kind, and as skilful as she is good. On the other hand, she may be a young woman who has taken up nursing for no particular reason (or for not sufficiently good a reason) and gone through her hospital training without either special love or aptitude for her work—merely as a means of gaining an honest livelihood. Many trained nurses are, of course, of gentle birth, and, as most of us know, others leave us to infer they are, but there can be little doubt that the majority come from the same class as our upper domestic servants. Now, what woman of any experience expects her maids to do their work absolutely without supervision ? Do we not all too surely know that only the observant eye of the mistress will ensure that the housemaid does her duty ? Yet her sister, the ‘hospital nurse,’ is left absolutely her own mistress when installed in many a patient’s room ! Thus a young woman who in hospital has been first a much-snubbed probationer, and in her full-fledged nurse’s state under the strict rule of ward Sister and hospital Matron, often ‘loses her head’ ; and can we wonder if she gets a funnily exaggerated notion of her own importance, and becomes, as it must be confessed she often does, an intolerable nuisance ?

Hospital training gives knowledge of nursing, but it makes no pretence to formation of character. It will not make a foolish woman wise, an untruthful woman true, nor a careless woman more than superficially careful. A rather careless woman can go through her training and manage to qualify for private nursing. In hospital she is under such strict discipline and supervision in the wards that she cannot probably go far wrong ; it is far otherwise in a private house. On this point it seems hardly necessary to insist.

Of course we have no right, and it would be manifestly unfair, to presuppose that a nurse who may be sent to our house belongs to the category of the undesirable ; but as we know the latter exist, surely it behoves us to make reasonably certain that she is trustworthy before we unreservedly entrust to her our nearest and dearest in their helplessness.

We have known a nurse refuse a mother admission to her child’s room for absolutely no reason except that she only ‘allowed visitors at certain times.’

We have heard of a mother kept in ignorance that her little child was dying because ‘she looked as if she might be hysterical and would make a fuss’ !

In our own case a nurse complained to the doctor of the mother’s constant presence in a child’s sick-room ! The doctor apologised and said he ‘hoped Nurse would not mind’ !

We purposely abstain from quoting extreme cases of neglect, impertinence, &c. of nurses, as we are keenly anxious to write



temperately and to avoid anything like over-statement; besides, we are thankful to say, our own personal experiences are nearly all very happy ones.

To offer a remedy for this unsatisfactory state of things is for others, but we think a few suggestions may not be out of place: they result from experience gained from a fairly large number of nurses.

Firstly, then, we would remind those in charge, and the head of the house, that at its best nursing is an arduous profession, and from the lowest, most selfish motives a good nurse is worth much consideration. Let them see to it that the nurse has all comfort—good bed, quiet room when off duty, well-cooked, well-served food. Treat her as they themselves would be treated; thus they will not fall short in their part of the implied bargain. Above all, one would beg them to remember that *no* coin of the realm can repay unwearied care, and tender devotion has no price. Neither must they ever forget that infinite tact and discretion must be used to make things run smoothly. On the other hand, the duty of those in charge is as certainly marked out as the nurse's is for her, and their responsibility infinitely greater.

Speaking to mother, wife or sister, one would say, Make a point of being constantly in the sick-room—not, of course, fidgeting the patient and nurse; but assure yourself of what goes on there.

Make a point of seeing the chart and all the records kept of food, temperature, &c.

Always be present when the nurse gives the doctor her report and when he gives his orders.

Make it your business to know that these orders are carried out, and if not find out why they are omitted.

Doubtless we shall be met at once by the old parrot cry from a certain section of the nurses: 'But a mother pottering about a sick-room could not be allowed—she is often so silly; and even if she is not, she is apt to get over-anxious and let her feelings get the better of her—worry the nurse and disturb or even alarm the patient. As to being present when the doctor gives his orders, it would be unnecessary and very unprofessional.'

Silly mothers! Of course there are many of them, more's the pity; but so are there foolish nurses, and the hope would be that one might counteract the other. But because there *are* silly injudicious mothers is no reason that the less foolish parent should allow herself to be treated as a cypher; it is an excellent reason, however, why a nurse should be judicious and tactful. The fact of the silliness of one woman is no excuse for another arrogating to herself an undue responsibility without very grave reason. It is always dangerous, if not actually wrong, to interfere between another and her duty.

Moreover, even mothers have had their share in the progress that

all womankind has made in knowledge, and through knowledge to strength of character.

Women as a sex are no longer lumped together as creatures full of unformed judgment, foolish prejudice and uncontrolled emotions, who invariably arrive at wrong conclusions, even though they start from correct premises, and always allow their feelings to get the better of them.

It is more difficult to deal with the statement that the mother being present when the nurse receives her instructions would be 'unprofessional,' because vagueness and general uncertainty surround that imposing term, making it difficult to define. Whatever it may mean, in this application it seems rather pompous anyhow.

A sorely tried mother once 'rounded' on a nurse (the latter had objected to her presence during part of the doctor's visit) with, 'Nurse, when the Almighty asks me if I've done all I could for my boy, I fear He won't accept my excuse if I say, "No, Lord--Nurse said it was, contrary to etiquette that I should hear what the doctor ordered, so I could not!"' This absurd speech puts in the baldest language the exact position.

We may say we have spoken of a mother throughout this paper, as it was easier to speak of some definite relation for the sake of clearness. Be it mother, wife, daughter or husband, whoever belongs to the patient, and to whom the patient looks, *that* is the person who is responsible to and for the sick.

ENRIQUETA WARDE.

*AN INSUBORDINATE ADMIRAL*

A FEW years ago I purchased through a country bookseller a great mass of historical manuscripts which had been somewhat grandiloquently advertised as 'The Popham Collection.' The papers contain, among other matters of interest, the true history of the reduction of the Cape of Good Hope, and of the proceedings at Buenos Ayres in 1806; and they also throw much light upon the genesis and development of the signal system in the Navy. In fact, they form a very nearly complete *dossier* of first-hand evidence for the compilation of a life of Rear-Admiral Sir Home Riggs Popham, K.C.B., as midshipman, merchant skipper, captain in the Navy, commander-in-chief, controversialist, and inventor. All the papers, except a single parchment-bound letter-book, deal directly or indirectly with Popham and the events of his career. The exception has to do with the history of 'the '45,' and with the strange close of the service life of a far better known and more distinguished naval officer, Admiral Edward Vernon, the popular hero who, in 1739, had thrilled the country by capturing Puerto Bello 'with six ships only.' I cannot discover what connection, if any, existed between Vernon and Popham, or how a manuscript collection of copies of Vernon's letters, confidential as well as public, and chiefly unpublished, chanced to be included among Popham's papers. Vernon was dismissed the service in 1746, and died in 1757. Popham was not born until 1762; and I am not aware that the latter, who was a 'follower' and *protégé* of Commodore Edward Thompson, the friend and benefactor of Dr. Johnson, ever even served with any officer who had been in close relations with Vernon. Yet, be that as it may, here are these Vernon letters among the Popham papers; and, as the letters exhibit Vernon in a very interesting aspect, and clearly indicate how impossible an officer he was for the Admiralty to work with, and how entirely he was himself to blame for the disgrace which overtook him, I purpose to give some account of them, and of the circumstances which produced them.

Edward Vernon was born on the 12th of November, 1684. He belonged to the family the present head of which is Lord Vernon; and he was the uncle of that less celebrated Admiral, Sir Edward

Vernon, who, when commander-in-chief in the East Indies in 1776-79, fought an action with M. Tranjolly off the coast of Coromandel. Edward Vernon the elder's nickname in the Navy was 'Old Grog,' a name which he is said to have acquired in consequence of his habit, in the days anterior to the adoption of a naval uniform, of wearing a shabby coat of grogram while on duty. When, in the West Indies, his squadron fell short of beer, then the regular seaman's beverage, Vernon substituted rum, which he procured from the Islands; but, instead of issuing it neat, he caused it to be served out mixed with a certain proportion of water. Rum and water was from that time known as grog throughout the service, and, although the meaning of the word, at least on shore, is now somewhat less restricted, 'grog' stands to this day, not only in English, but also in French, German, and other languages, as the most commonly accepted term for a mixture of spirits and water, with or without other ingredients. The fact is well known, but I recall it here because I think it constitutes a reason why, apart from his naval exploits and his curious character, 'Old Grog' should not be forgotten, and because the association serves to distinguish the Edward Vernon of whom I am writing from his more tractable and less able nephew and namesake.

Having entered the Royal Navy, Vernon became captain of the *Dolphin* early in 1706, when he was not yet two-and-twenty. A little later he served for two or three years in the *Jersey* on the West Indies station, and, apparently, took pains to acquire a thorough knowledge of the defensive capabilities of the Spanish ports and settlements in that part of the world. After the peace of Utrecht his naval career was, for a long period, comparatively uneventful. More than once did he commission a ship to take part in the then very frequent demonstrations in the Baltic. He also saw service from time to time on other stations; but there was little or no fighting to be done, and, in the interval, most of his energies were devoted to politics. He represented in Parliament at one time Ipswich and at another Penryn;<sup>1</sup> and as he was, to quote Charnock, 'a man of strong natural abilities, and possessed of a fluent and strong, though coarse and sometimes improper, mode of delivering his sentiments, he was considered by Ministers, to whom he was constantly in opposition, at least as one of their most disagreeable antagonists.' His attitude, no doubt, delayed his promotion to flag-rank. In those days, it is true, it was by no means the invariable rule that, when a properly qualified officer rose by seniority to the top of the captains' list, he obtained his promotion as a matter of course; yet good captains usually secured either advancement when their turns came, or appointment to some civil position in the naval administration, and Vernon was certainly a man entitled to be called a good

<sup>1</sup> After his success at Puerto Bello he also sat for Portsmouth.

officer. He was, however, repeatedly passed over in favour of others. The feeling at the Admiralty was that he was a truculent and unmanageable person, and that it would save trouble if he were not again employed. It would be easier, thought their Lordships, to dispense with his admitted ability than to put up with his self-assertion and rudeness. In the event, nevertheless, they both promoted and employed him.

Vernon—I again quote Charnock—‘had a natural impetuosity in argument not to be restrained by prudence, so that he was not unfrequently betrayed into assertions men of greater deliberation would have hesitated to make.’ The administration, when the War of Jenkins’s Ears was impending in 1739, seemed to be very little inclined to act at sea with energy and promptitude; and Vernon used some exceedingly strong language on the subject in his place in Parliament. He declared that the Government ridiculously overestimated the strength of its Spanish foes, and that, if only Great Britain went to work in the right way, the most valuable of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies might be conquered with ease. Then, descending to particulars, he went on to say not only that Puerto Bello, one of the richest of these possessions, might be reduced by a force of no more than six ships of the line, but also that he, with such a force, was ready to undertake the venture, and to guarantee its success, or sacrifice his reputation and his life.

It was generally supposed in England that the project of attempting to take Puerto Bello without the assistance of a large fleet was either the vision of a madman or the dream of a mere braggart. Whether Vernon had maturely weighed his words may be doubted. He usually both spoke and wrote with too much haste. But it looked as if Uriah had delivered himself into the hands of David; and, bearing in mind the acerbity of political feeling in those days, it is scarcely astonishing that David, as represented by the administration, promptly closed with the rash offer. If Vernon should fail, he would be disgraced, and would cease for ever to trouble the Government. If, as seemed in the highest degree unlikely, he should succeed, the Government would secure immense credit for having singled him out for the work, and would probably, moreover, make a friend of him. On the 9th of July, 1739, therefore, Captain Edward Vernon was promoted at a bound to be a Vice-Admiral of the Blue, the rank to which he would by that time have attained had he not been passed over when he first became eligible for promotion. He immediately hoisted his flag in the *Burford*, 70; sailed from England on the 20th of July; reached Jamaica on the 23rd of October; quitted that island again on the 5th of November; arrived off Puerto Bello on the 20th of November; and, in strict accordance with his programme, captured the place, ‘with six ships only,’ in the course of the next few hours, the governor formally capitulating on

the 22nd. Vernon, it must be admitted, did his work with conspicuous ability, and his captains behaved with extreme gallantry; yet we know now that Puerto Bello was not defended as it might have been, and that the conquest, though a meritorious feat of arms, was not quite so desperately difficult a business as many of Vernon's contemporaries supposed it to be. The dramatic nature of the affair, and of the events which had led up to it, appealed, however, so strongly to the imagination of the people, that, for several years afterwards, the Admiral occupied a place alone in the estimation of the mass of his countrymen. By his single action he had acquired in a moment a name and fame such as many another hero has been unable to win by half a lifetime of equally useful yet less dazzling exploits. After his success, Vernon behaved with the moderation worthy of a great man, and showed neither severity nor greed in his dealings with the conquered. It would appear that he had been originally despatched to the West Indies to take Puerto Bello, and to do nothing else; but after his victory he was allowed to remain on the station, possibly in the hope that by his subsequent work there he might somewhat dim the very inconvenient and overwhelming popularity with which his earliest proceedings had invested him. He was not equally successful afterwards. He took the insignificant and ill-defended port of Chagres; but when, after having received powerful reinforcements, he made an imposing and long-continued attempt upon Cartagena, the result was a costly and almost a disgraceful failure. Perhaps it was not altogether Vernon's fault. He had as his military colleague in the operations an incompetent officer who cherished a personal and ill-concealed dislike for him; and effective co-operation between the two was, from the first, impossible. But if Vernon had been a more tactful and diplomatic leader than he was, all might have been well, and General Wentworth's incapacity might have been neutralised. An attempt upon Santiago de Cuba, and an attack, across the isthmus of Darien, upon Panama, also failed; and when, in 1743, the Admiral at length returned to England, being then Vice-Admiral of the Red, the laurels of Puerto Rico, though still green, had parted with much of their freshness.

Vernon had at least lost so much of his popularity that the Government did not hesitate to neglect him, and to shut him off for a season as well from further promotion as from further employment. He was not the man to submit quietly to treatment of that kind. He indited lively and sarcastic remonstrances to the Admiralty, 'to remind their Lordships I am living,' and to say that if the First Commissioner had represented him as being otherwise than a faithful and zealous subject of the King, that First Commissioner—Daniel, Earl of Winchilsea—had 'acted with a degeneracy unbecoming the descendant from a noble father, whose memory I reverence and

esteem, though I have no compliments to make to the judgment or conduct of the son.' These were strange expressions for an officer, anxious for promotion and employment, to use in writing to the Secretary of the Admiralty; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that so long as the Earl of Winchilsea remained First Lord, Vernon fumed and fretted in vain. But at the end of 1744 Winchilsea was succeeded at the Admiralty by John,<sup>b</sup> Duke of Bedford; and, in the following April, Vernon was promoted to be Admiral of the White, and was soon afterwards appointed to command the fleet which was ordered to be collected in the Downs and the North Sea in consequence of the threatened invasion of the Young Pretender. It is to the period of his tenure of this command that the letters in the Popham letter-book belong. These letters paint the Admiral not merely as the impetuous, touchy, quarrelsome sea-lawyer that he was, but also as the keen and good officer, ever full of suggestions and resource. Vernon's was, indeed, a complex character; and I think that among the extracts which I am about to make from his correspondence during the last five months of 1745, the reader will find as much to admire as to reprobate.

When he first took up his command he was, apparently, on good terms with his official superiors; for, writing on the 5th of August to the Duke of Bedford, he speaks of his sense of the friendship and esteem with which the Duke had honoured him, and of the worthiness of his Grace to preside at the Board. In the same letter, dealing with the strategical aspects of the situation which was then causing anxiety to the Government, he enunciates an axiom which, though now, thanks to Captain Mahan and others, it is generally accepted, was not at that time as much acted upon as it should have been. 'I have always,' he says, 'look'd upon squadrons in port as neither a defence for the Kingdom, nor a security for our commerce.' In a letter of the 7th of August to the Secretary of the Admiralty, he shows his sympathy with the lower deck by remarking:

As to proposing to their Lordships such further methods as shall occur to me for the manning ships in general; as, I take it, the affections of the seamen have been greatly estranged from the public service by some more rigid treatment of them, introduced in latter times, I apprehend the readiest way will be to endeavour to regain their affections by a more humane treatment for the future; and, could anyone be enabled to give them general assurances that the Act made for their encouragement in the first year of his present Majesty should for the future be justly put in execution, I can't think at present of anything more likely to reconcile them to the service of the Crown.

In a letter of the 9th of August, wherein he alludes to petty officers as 'the animating life of a ship's company,' he makes a suggestion which, in view of the probable heavy mortality in a modern sea-fight, is, I think, still worthy of consideration. He says that, 'seeing that a Commander-in-Chief must be in an action from its

beginning, he ought to be provided with two captains—neither, having the pay of a flag-officer—so that, in the event of the Admiral's death, there might be more than one person still capable of carrying on the general idea pending the communication to the officer next in seniority of the fact of his succession to the command.' A later letter of Vernon's implies that the Admiralty had, through the Secretary, approved in principle of this recommendation; but I am not aware that it has ever since been carried out. Whenever a Captain of the Fleet, or, as he is now called, a Chief of the Staff, has been since appointed to assist a Commander-in-Chief, he has been given, as before, the pay of a flag-officer; and, so far as I know, the experiment of appointing two post-captains, as such, to a flag-ship in war-time has never been tried.

Vernon's interest in the matter arose out of the fact that at that time, and up to the receipt of a communication of the 14th of August from the Board, he believed that he had been appointed Commander-in-Chief on his station, and that he was invested with all the rights and privileges of that command, one of the privileges being the addition of a First Captain, or Captain of the Fleet, to his ordinary Admiral's staff. That he believed this to be his position is abundantly made clear in a letter which, on the 10th of August, he addressed to the veteran Admiral, Sir John Norris, who had in earlier times frequently held a similar command. After informing Sir John of his appointment, he writes :

As I was disappointed of the pleasure of waiting on you in London, permit me now by letter to beg the favour of you to give me your friendly information in regard to what are the powers attendant on such a command, and whether it gives one the power of filling up vacant offices that fall in the ships under one's command, or of only recommending to them, or if, when such recommendations are well founded they are not generally comply'd with: for, if rewards as well as punishments are not in a Commander-in-Chief's power, I apprehend a principal incitement to others to discharge their duty so as to deserve his favour is taken from him.

Not, indeed, until some time after the receipt of the despatch of the 14th of August does Vernon appear to have noticed that he was on that day, and afterwards, addressed not as Commander-in-Chief, but merely as Admiral of the White<sup>2</sup>; and, until he made the discovery and realised what it implied, he continued to behave himself with due subordination and respect. During this interval he wrote temperately and civilly to his superiors in London; and in his correspondence there are to be found many valuable, if clumsily worded, reflections, some of which I give below :

<sup>2</sup> Although in a despatch of the 13th of August, in which he speaks of having sent certain orders to Vice-Admiral Martin, he mentions suspiciously that he had seen a letter directed to 'William Martin Esq., Vice-Admiral of the White, and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's ships and vessels employed in the Soundings.'



Privateers doubtless distress the enemy's trade, and bring an addition of wealth into the kingdom ; but, on the other side, they debauch the morals of our seamen in general, by being under no discipline, and encouraging all sorts of licentiousness, by which they grow indifferent to the service of their country, and ready to serve any other, with a view of prey to feed their licentiousness ; and the flower of our seamen are drawn from the defence of the kingdom and protection of our commerce when they may stand most in need of it. (To Secretary Corbett, Aug. 12th.)

I must beg leave to suggest my opinion as an officer that three ships well mann'd are better in service than four ships indifferently so. (To the same, Aug. 13th.)

One of the smugglers I detained on board this ship, having been long enough here to have learnt an inclination to speak truth, I send you enclosed his voluntary declaration of the extent of these infamous practices in his neighbourhood ; and, were all employing themselves in it only obliged to serve their country on board His Majesty's ships for seven years instead of betraying it, I am persuaded that would prove a great check to their profligacy ; but tucking up some for being the enemy's spies would be an effectual cure—for such they undoubtedly are. (To the same, Sept. 11th.)

I have always thought this kingdom can only be defended by keeping ourselves masters at sea ; for, if we are once beaten out of that, I should take our ruin to be near at hand, when we have so powerful a neighbour in land armies. (To Rear-Admiral Lord Vere Beauclerk, a Lord of the Admiralty, Sept. 27th.)

On the 3rd of October, in another letter to Lord Vere Beauclerk, the Admiral begins to hint at his dissatisfaction.

As I have determined with myself [he writes] to decline no service that I may be thought most proper for in this present conjuncture, though it has not an aspect that I should approve of on any other conjuncture to see the oldest officers in the least commands and with the least distinctions in the command, yet I am determined on this occasion to comply with whatever may be thought most for His Majesty's service.

He was expressing the bitterness of his feelings upon realising that he, an Admiral of the White, with a captain's seniority dating from 1706, had not been preferred for the post of Commander-in-Chief in the Channel to a Vice-Admiral of the White, with a captain's seniority dating only from 1718. But there is some evidence in the correspondence that he still hoped to be appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the naval forces then employed in home waters ; and for a time he writes little about his grievances, and much about other matters. For instance, in a letter of the 10th of October, he gives his views on the subject of impressment, thus :—

We have still a great sea for boats ; but our boats (long boats and cutters) are employed for impressing, as their Lordships directed ; but to be sure, the greatest part of them will escape, as they are as industrious to avoid it as we can be to execute it ; and which I shall do with all possible diligence, as it is my duty, being ordered, though much against my judgment and inclination. These East and West Indiamen are generally in a scorbutic way, that requires some refreshment and smell of the shore to recover them from, and for want of which, it is to be feared, the lives of many useful subjects of His Majesty are lost to the public. I believe no one thinks the crown of France is defective in any power over its subjects ; but yet even there they show a great humanity for the preservation of the health of their seamen, and care of them when sick, and having them brought to

a regular rotation of service. They are never under the restraint and confinement that ours are; and therefore I can't but think it honest advice for His Majesty's service that some parliamentary provision should be provided for the Crown's obtaining the voluntary service of our seamen, that those who are to be depended upon for the defence of our present Royal Family, our religion and liberties, should not be the only persons in this country who appear to have no liberty at all.

Yet, on the 13th of October his grievance again takes possession of him, and he cannot resist the temptation of concluding a letter to the Board with:

I am persuaded their Lordships think it is their duty to support the rank of the flag I have the honour to have risen to by my long and faithful services, &c.

He still, however, had thoughts for other things. On the 19th of October he made a suggestion, which was subsequently adopted, for giving naval and military officers corresponding rank, so that, in the prosecution of combined naval and military operations, there should never be any dispute as to where the command might be; and on the 28th of October, in the course of a long despatch to the Board, he delivered himself of the following sensible and amusing remarks about the intercepting of supplies designed for the Pre-tender:

Their Lordships know long since that I have given it as my opinion that the only effectual method to prevent the enemy's supplying the rebels with men, arms or ammunition, was to be cruising off the ports they were expected to be coming to; where, if they slip'd by you, you might pursue them and destroy them in those ports, where they could have no further retreat. And long experience has sufficiently shown the attempt to be blocking up the port of Dunkirk, so as to prevent any vessel from coming out of that port in winter nights, has been of as little signification as the labour of the wise men of Gotham for hedging in the cuckow; and, in my opinion, the attempt to do it in the winter season would be only setting up beacons for them, to instruct them how to do it more securely. But when an enemy don't know where you are he is under apprehension of you everywhere.

Some time in the second week in November—I have no copy of the letter—Vernon, in writing to a member of the Board—John, Earl of Sandwich—with whom he had not had much previous correspondence, must have again mentioned his grievances; for the Earl, in the course of his reply,<sup>3</sup> dated the 14th of November, said:

I hope you are convinced that I am not the only person at the Board uneasy to see one of your character and rank in the service in a command which, to be sure, seems not properly consistent with the dignity of your station; but such are the difficulties of the times, and so many are the services required to be exercised by us with an insufficient force, that, though our inclinations would be to see you at the head of the whole fleet of this kingdom, the circumstances of our affairs at present are such, and the services required from us so various and distant, that we have been obliged to act contrary to our intentions in this, as well as in many other destinations of the force under our directions.

<sup>3</sup> Printed in *Original Letters to an Honest Sailor*.

This encouraged Vernon to write again to Sandwich on the 16th of November, in the following terms :

As your Lordship knows how far the world are led to judge by appearances, I am sure it would be no surprise to your Lordship that it must have made an odd appearance in the eye of the world to have seen two flag-officers<sup>4</sup> lie so long in the Downs with but one forty-gun ship to form a line of battle with them. What little force else I had under my disposal, I know, has been much more usefully employed ; and I have been always easy within my own mind from reflecting that nothing was omitted that was within my power, and that I could be answerable for no more power than what was confided to me. But, when I was before the Regency,<sup>5</sup> I was spoke to there in the style of one who was destined for the command of all our ships in the Channel ; and your Lordships' first orders seemed plainly correspondent with it, which were of the 7th Aug. And I assure your Lordship, I never in thought surmised that the wide change that appeared in them of the 14th Aug. arose from the inclination of our noble friend the Duke of Bedford, or your Lordship ; nor do I attribute it to any member of the Admiralty Board but to be the result of orders received that your Lordships' duty was to obey. But I have lived to have seen one<sup>6</sup> presiding at that Board whose extensive malice, I believe, has no bounds ; and, could there be one suspected to be base enough, not to imitate Gundamor, who laboured to destroy an enemy because<sup>7</sup> he thought he was capable of prejudicing his master's affairs, but to act on a more base principle of even hazarding to prejudice his master's affairs for mortifying the man he had fixed [upon] for the object of his hatred, I should almost suspect he had some underling part to act in it. . . . Your Lordship may believe I rely on your sincere friendship for me when I have opened so much of my private sentiments on these past occurrences.

An officer in this frame of mind needed but a pretext for an open quarrel with his superiors ; and Vernon quickly found a pretext. The *Poole*, one of the ships under his command, lost her gunner. Vernon, assuming the powers of a Commander-in-Chief, which he did not possess, but which he considered himself to be entitled to, warranted the gunner of another of his ships, the *Sheerness*, to the vacancy. Their Lordships at once informed him that he was acting *ultra vires*, whereupon the Admiral, on the 1st of December, wrote as follows to the Secretary of the Admiralty :

I have read with great surprise the long paragraph in your letter informing me their Lordships don't approve of my having appointed a gunner to the *Poole* when the necessity of the service required it, and His Majesty's service must have suffered for the want of it ; and acquainting me it is their Lordships' directions I should withdraw the warrants<sup>7</sup> that I gave to them for His Majesty's service.

I must say with concern in answer to it that I did not expect to have been treated in such a contemptuous manner, and that I can hardly conceive it to be their directions till I see it from under their hands in an order for me to do it, and shall now intreat the favour of their Lordships that, if they think it deserves

<sup>4</sup> At one time Rear-Admiral Byng—he who was later shot for his behaviour in the action off Minorca—and, at another time, a Dutch Rear-Admiral, had lain in the Downs under the orders of Vernon.

<sup>5</sup> In the absence of the king abroad.

<sup>6</sup> The Earl of Winchilsea is clearly meant.

<sup>7</sup> Apparently he had also warranted a new gunner to the *Sheerness*.

an order, they will please to direct it to my successor to put in execution, as I must in such case intreat the favour of their Lordships to procure me His Majesty's leave to quit a command I have long thought too contemptibly treated in regard to the rank I hold for His Majesty's honour and service; and I should rather choose to serve His Majesty in the capacity of a private man in the Militia than to permit the rank I hold in His Majesty's service to be treated with contempt, which I conceive to be neither for our royal master's honour nor service. A private captain over any two ships on any foreign service exercises the power of filling up all vacancies under him; and it is for His Majesty's service he should be empowered to do so. When I attended the Regency I was spoke to as a person of confidence that was to have had the chief command at home. Their Lordships' orders of the 7th Aug. seemed to design me for such; though that was speedily altered by those of the 14th; and I always suspected there was something lurking under the avoiding to call me Commander-in-Chief anywhere, but only Admiral of the White, though at the same time letters had passed through my hands directed to Vice-Admiral Martin (whom by my first orders I was to take under my command) styling him Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's ships in the Soundings. But your letter, sir, has now explained the whole to me. I shall only add [that] this power I have known to be practised by Admirals in the Channel; that I think it for His Majesty's service it ought to be in exercise by them; that the power of rewards as well as punishments I look upon to be essentially necessary in a Commander-in-Chief\* for serving His Majesty effectually; and [that] without it, His Majesty's service will suffer in this particular, those that are expecting preferment in the navy seeking it by cringing on shore instead of endeavouring to merit it by their services to His Majesty on board his ships of war, under the eye of those entrusted with the command of them.

I hope their Lordships will not think it too great a favour for me to be dispensed with the executing a direction I look upon to be prejudicial to His Majesty's service, and a treatment of me that I could not conceive I could have been thought to have merited from their Lordships; but their relieving me from it by a successor will be the only favour I shall think of troubling their Lordships with.

The Admiralty replied to this rather hot-headed letter, and Vernon, on the 6th of December, wrote a counter-reply, in which he said:

I am now come to the last part of your letter in answer to mine of the 1st, and was pleased to find you had quoted the precedent of Sir John Norris's case in the year 1740. Sir John Norris thought it right to appoint two officers on a vacancy that happened under his command, and, I dare answer for him, would not have thought it right, but as he judged it for His Majesty's service, and that his predecessors had done it before him; and I don't think anyone will say that Lord Orford, Sir George Rooke, Sir Clowdesley Shovell, Lord Aylmer, Lord Berkeley, Lord Torrington and Sir Charles Wager have not done the same. Sir John Norris<sup>9</sup> thought it so much a right in him that, when a person was sent down by the Board to supersede a warrant granted by him, he<sup>\*10</sup> sent the person back with his † warrant and he † was not received while he<sup>\*</sup> commanded. But when the service was over and he<sup>\*</sup> returned to town, their Lordships superseded him †; so that his<sup>\*</sup> acquiescence was necessity, not approbation. And I hope the haughty

<sup>9</sup> Here he begs the whole question, since he was not a Commander-in-Chief.

<sup>10</sup> But Sir John had a commission as 'Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.'

<sup>11</sup> The pronouns and adjectives are mixed. Those thus marked \* refer to Sir John Norris. Those marked † refer to the officer who was warranted by the Admiralty.

temper of the noble Lord <sup>11</sup> that presided <sup>12</sup> . . . at the Board at that time will not be thought a fit precedent to be followed by their Lordships.

He then went on to beg that a statement of the case might be laid before the King for His Majesty's decision, and to suggest that, as Sir John Norris was then in town, he might be referred to on the supposed point at issue; and lest, apparently, it might be deemed by their Lordships too much trouble to draw up a statement for reference to the Sovereign, Vernon himself supplied the Board with one which, it must be admitted, was not of a nature likely to bring about peace. It ran thus :

The weekly accounts returned regularly every week are an information to their Lordships' secretary of what vacancies have happened; and, they not being supplied, and the necessity of the service requiring a ship to be sent to sea for His Majesty's service, an Admiral, bearing the white flag at main topmast head, has warranted a gunner for the *Poole* by removing a gunner of a sixth rate into her, who is a very good man, extremely well qualified for it; which has often been known not to be the case of some sent down from the Admiralty, where corporation interest may sometimes have had more influence than the merit of public service, though the latter is most undoubtedly for the honour and interest of the Crown; but the filling up the vacancy of a gunner is judged of so much importance to the fees of a Secretary of the Admiralty that it is thought requisite to be writing letters as long as a bill in Chancery upon it; which I think to be treating me in a contemptuous manner I in no sort deserve; and, rather than be subject to it, I would choose to serve His Majesty as a private man in the Militia than to have the command I have the honour to bear in His Majesty's service thus contemptuously treated.

The Admiralty very naturally did not deem it proper to lay this reference before the King, nor would their Lordships give way; and Vernon, in consequence, wrote to the Secretary on the 13th of December :

As to what I am so politely acquainted with, that their Lordships have appointed a gunner to the *Poole* after my having informed their Lordships that I had warranted the gunner of the *Sheerness* to that ship, I must acquaint you in answer it was what I little expected, and that I am determined to follow the example of Sir John Norris, and not permit that indignity to be put on me while I remain in command here; but when he arrives [I] shall civilly send him back again. That officer that don't pique himself on supporting his own honour and the dignity of the commission he holds under His Majesty, may not be the likeliest to defend the honour of his prince and the security of his country against the face of his enemies; and I will therefore never take the fatal step of abandoning my own honour. I have long suspected the ambition or envy of someone to have been driving their shafts at me. I hope that is not a reason the dignity of the flag I bear is so slightly supported. I will do the best I can to serve His Majesty diligently, faithfully, and resolutely, while I am continued in command here, but, as this treatment is a very ordinary return to it, I can't but say I have reason to be sick of a command under such treatment.

<sup>11</sup> Wager was then First Lord; but Vernon clearly forgot this, and believed that it was the Earl of Winchelsea.

<sup>12</sup> Omission in the copy.

He returned to the subject on the 14th of December :

A private Colonel in the army [he wrote] who has no command but his regiment, shall be allowed to fill up most of the vacancies for ensigns in his regiment, and the poor, slighted Admiral, bearing His Majesty's flag at main top-mast head, and in actual command, shall be denied the filling up the low vacancy of a gunner.

And again, on the 16th, he complained :

Their Lordships, I find by yours, seemed to be as greatly surprised at my remonstrances as I am at their treatment of me that has given me so just an occasion for them, and which I think His Majesty's honour and service require I should have been redressed in ; as I conceive it to be highly prejudicial to His Majesty's honour and service to have his principal general officers treated with contempt when they are at the head of his forces. . . . And if their Lordships think they have a proper officer to serve His Majesty in this station, God forbid I should be any obstacle to their sending him down to be employed here. On the contrary, I should have a pleasure in resigning a command to him [which] their contemptuous treatment of me can give me little satisfaction in.

During all this time, though boiling with indignation over the supposed slights that had been put upon him, and though still clinging almost childishly to the view that, in spite of the fact that he had not been commissioned as a Commander-in-Chief, his rank as an Admiral of the White gave him all the privileges of one, Vernon never forgot, nor omitted, to fulfil any of the multifarious duties of his command. In every letter to the Admiralty, alongside of his imputations, his complaints, and his refusals of obedience, are clear-headed suggestions as to the disposition of ships and squadrons, long accounts of privateers or smugglers whom he has examined for information, sensible hints for the amelioration of the condition of the seamen, and fervid assurances of his determination loyally to serve the King. On the 20th of December hope seems to have shone upon him for a moment. On that day he learnt<sup>13</sup> that Vice-Admiral Martin—the officer who had a commission as Commander-in-Chief in the Channel—was to join him in the Downs, and put himself under the orders of the Admiral of the White. It may well have appeared to Vernon that the Admiralty was relenting, and that the coveted commission as Commander-in-Chief was about to be sent to him ; for he wrote to their Lordships without interjecting any allusions to his long-standing grievances. Martin joined him on the 21st, on which day he wrote to the Secretary :

I will move for Dungeness with the first opportunity, and think it will be best to leave orders with Vice-Admiral Martin to remain here till further orders ; and their Lordships know I have not yet received any orders from them concerning him, or so much as the advice he was coming here.

But, in fact, Martin was sent to the Downs not to serve under Vernon, but to take the place of the Admiral, whose rudeness and

<sup>13</sup> By letter from Martin himself.

insubordination had exhausted the Admiralty's patience. On the 26th the Secretary enclosed to him their Lordships' orders that he should resign his command to Vice-Admiral Martin. He received them off Dungeness, and, acknowledging them on the 29th of December, expressed his intention of obeying as soon as he could return to the Downs, and, at the same time, indulged in another outburst as to 'the very indifferent treatment' which he had met with. His final outburst of the kind occurred in a letter written on the 1st of January, when he was on the eve of hauling down his flag for the last time. In that despatch to the Secretary he congratulates himself that he has been able to render effectual service to his King and country, 'tho' I have been treated in that contemptuous manner in your letters, *let who will have had the dictating of them.*' The italics are the angry Admiral's parting shafts.

The letter-book in my possession carries matters no further than the day previous to that on which Vernon struck his flag. We know from other sources that, as soon as he was again on shore, the Admiral wrote to the First Lord, complaining that he had been hunted out of his command 'by the operative malice of some malicious and industrious agent,' and threatening the Duke with a personal visit in London on an early day. It is probable that the First Lord received Vernon; but it is certain that Vernon did not receive from the First Lord the sops which were expected. Vernon, therefore, was so ill-advised as to publish, or connive in the publication of, two pamphlets, respectively entitled, *A Specimen of Naked Truth from a British Sailor*, and *Some Seasonable Advice from an Honest Sailor to Whom it might have Concerned, for the Service of the C—n and C—y*. These, which appeared in March, 1745, besides containing extracts from a few of the letters in my letter-book, made public the contents of many official letters and despatches which had been sent to Vernon by the Admiralty and by members of the Government. On the 25th of March the Secretary of the Admiralty, by direction of the Board, wrote to ask Vernon whether he was responsible for these pamphlets, and, receiving no reply, wrote again on the 4th of April, giving the Admiral a week wherein to answer or explain. Vernon wrote on the 8th, neither denying nor explaining, but merely stigmatising the Secretary's letter as a very extraordinary one, and expressing a hope that, as he put it, 'I have carefully kept clear of intermixing any private passions of mine with the public service.' This not being satisfactory or conclusive, Vernon was formally summoned to the Admiralty; and there the First Lord in person demanded a categorical answer. The Admiral declared that he was under no obligation to return an answer, and, 'if his continuing an officer in the service was an eyesore to anyone, that he was now grown to be an old man, and had reason to be tired with being treated in so contemptuous a manner.' He was then desired

to withdraw; and on the 11th of April, being the day on which expired the week of grace, the Secretary wrote to him, at their Lordships' command, to apprise him that the King had been pleased to direct that his name should be struck out of the list of flag-officers.

Such was the unfortunate end of Vernon's naval career. The Admiral lived for more than eleven years after his disgrace, and died at his seat at Nacton in Suffolk on the 30th of October, 1757. 'Of all men,' says Charnock, 'who have been fortunate enough to obtain celebrity as naval commanders, few appear to have taken greater pains to sully their public fame by giving full scope to all their private feelings; yet probably, for this not very uncommon reason, he rose the greater favourite of fortune in the minds of the people.' Personally brave, able, and prudent as a seaman, perfectly honourable and upright in all his relations, and much in advance of his age with regard to his treatment of his subordinates, he was nevertheless so vain, so quarrelsome, and so obstinate that, at least after he had reached maturity, he could submit to be ruled by no one whomsoever. Looking to his character, it is almost astonishing that the Navy, even in those days of comparative laxity of discipline, was able to contain as it did Vernon's intractable personality for nearly half a century. Yet there is no doubt that, while he was intolerable to his superiors, he possessed, in addition to his greater qualities, a humanity and kindness of heart which won him the adoration of his inferiors; and, regret as we may Vernon's folly, we cannot altogether withhold admiration from a man who insulted and quarrelled with those only who were stronger than himself, and who, so far as can be learnt, was never guilty of a meanness or a tyranny.

WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES.



## *SOME BYGONE CORONATION PROGRESSES*

'THE Coronation'—the supreme function attending an accession to the Throne, as the Proclamation of the new Sovereign is the first—consists, as the word is popularly understood, of a series of ceremonies now mainly religious, but in part also secular, of which the former are confined to the service in Westminster Abbey, whilst among the latter are to be numbered any royal processions or pageants, in which were especially included, from Richard the Second up to the Coronation of Charles the Second, after which it ceased, the procession from the Tower (in early days one of the Sovereign's residences) on the day before the service in the Abbey; on some occasions a river progress from Greenwich; and the great banquet in Westminster Hall, held immediately after the religious ceremonies, and for the last time on the accession of George the Fourth.

It will be interesting to glance at some of the gorgeous pageants which delighted our ancestors on the occasions of these processions from the grim fortress in the City, erected by William the Conqueror, to the palaces of the Sovereign at Westminster and Whitehall.

It is the feast of St. Swithin, 1377; the whole City is adorned most richly; the water conduits are running with wine, and in 'La Chepe' is a castle with four towers whence flow abundance of the same generous liquor; in the towers sit four 'beautifull virgins' in white vestures with cups of gold in their hands; on the top of the castle stands a 'golden angel' holding a crown. A vast multitude lines the streets as a great calvacade of nobles and knights and their attendants sweeps by. In the midst of the procession rides alone under a canopy, bare-headed, arrayed in white, a boy of 'unparalleled beauty,' some eleven years of age, with masses of curly auburn locks and large melancholy eyes.

As the boy-King—for it is Richard the Second—passes the castle the lovely virgins, all of stature and age like to himself, present their golden cups filled with the flowing wine to him and his nobles, whilst the angel bows down and offers him the Crown. And so passes on in the glory of the moment young Richard, the Black

Prince's son, to be crowned in his old grandfather's place, and, after a reign of some twenty years, to be solemnly found 'unprofitable, unable, insufficient and unworthie of rule and governance of the realm,' and to be deprived of 'all kingly dignitie and worship and of any kingly worship in himself.'

But the Coronation ceremonies of Richard the Second were remarkable for other reasons than their profuse magnificence, the first appearance of Knights of the Bath, and the earliest recorded cavalcade from the Tower.

Abbot Littlington composed for that monarch the *Liber Regalis*,<sup>1</sup> which may be said to be the ritual on which has been based the Coronation service of every English Sovereign for over five hundred years, and for the first time contemporary writers refer to the appearance of a Champion claiming descent from the Robert de Marmion to whom the Conqueror granted the office.

The official or personal status of the Champion seems on this occasion at any rate to have been ill defined, for we are told that though mounted on 'a magnificently caparisoned charger, the best but one' out of the King's stable, and though arrayed in full armour, with his spear and shield borne before him, the Champion was met at the door of the Abbey by the Earl Marshal and other great nobles, and told to disarm himself and rest awhile till the Sovereign was seated at the banquet about to be held in Westminster Hall, the proper sphere of his action.

With the beginning of this reign also is associated the earliest record of proceedings in the 'Court of Claims,' which has ever since sat to determine the petitions of those claiming to perform services to the Sovereign on the occasion of a Coronation by reason of offices held by them or of tenure of lands, a tenure known to lawyers as 'grand serjeantry.'

One great office of State was originally that of the Lord High Steward of England, and in virtue of that office no less a personage than John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, presided in 1377 over the Court of Claims. The Duke seems to have got through the business with praiseworthy expedition, for in one day—a week before the Coronation—he disposed of his list. Then, as in modern times, a Norfolk claimed to exercise the office of Earl Marshal, a Hastings to carry the Golden Spurs, an Earl of Arundel to be Chief Butler, the Lord Mayor of London to assist him, a Dymoke by right of the Manor of Scrivelsby to be the King's Champion, and the owner of the Manor of Addington to find at the banquet 'a man . . . to make a mess

<sup>1</sup> The *Liber Regalis* is set out, with a translation, in *English Coronation Records* (1901), by Mr. Leopold Wickham Legg, to whom and to Mr. William Jones (*Crowns and Coronations* [1898]), of living authors, due acknowledgment is made for the information collected by them, as also to Mr. W. H. Wilkins (*Caroline the Illustrious*, 1901) for some incidents connected with George the First and George the Second.

called diligrout in the kitchen of the King'; the origin in our nursery rhyme of 'a dainty dish to set before the King.'

Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, too, then claimed by hereditary right to be Chamberlain of the King, and now in the twentieth century the right to this office is based on descent from the Earls of Oxford.

The office of Lord High Steward became merged in the Crown on the accession of John of Gaunt's son, Henry the Fourth, and has since only been revived for the moment as circumstances may necessitate—*e.g.* for some great State function or the trial of a peer for felony by the House of Lords—and the Court of Claims now sits under a Royal Commission issued either to the whole Privy Council or, as recently, to certain members thereof, with an understanding that the court will actually be composed of the Lord President, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Marshal, some high officer in the Sovereign's household and certain other councillors, for the most part judges, selected out of those named in the Commission.

But to go back to those splendid cavalcades from the Tower. We left poor Richard in disgrace, and will turn from him to have a look at 'Bolingbroke,' Duke of Lancaster, on his way through the decorated streets of his newly acquired city to his palace at Westminster :

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed  
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know

From one side to the other turning  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck.

Such is Shakespeare's description of Henry the Fourth, then in the prime of life. He has formally instituted the Order of the Bath (though, as already recorded, knights attended his predecessor) and created forty-eight new knights, three of his sons amongst them, and is accompanied by some six thousand horsemen; on his left leg is the 'Garter,' round his neck he wears the Order of the King of France, his jacket is cloth of gold, his charger a milky white, the streets as usual run with wine; in a word Henry is determined that no display shall be wanting to supply any defect in his title to the throne.

Let him pass on—the first of the Lancaster line—to be prepared by the Abbot of Westminster for the morrow's communion and solemn service, and to receive the Crown. He will, in due course, remove the head of an Archbishop and of an Earl Marshal, but only in the way of business—to save his own and the Crown which it bears.

One royal progress through the City was very like another, and we may run on some eighty-eight years and attend the voyage of Elizabeth of York up the Thames from Greenwich to the Tower, on her way to be crowned Queen of Henry the Seventh, and so to unite the two Houses of the Roses.

This time it is the bleak month of November (1487) but nothing is wanting to give splendour to the occasion. In attendance on the Queen are not only Lords and Ladies of 'great estate' but the King's mother herself; as the royal barges leave Greenwich they are met by those of the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, and divers crafts of the City, all newly painted and furnished with silken banners and streamers 'beaten' with the arms and badges of the Guilds; one barge in particular is conspicuous, 'the bachelors' barge,' more gorgeous than any one of the others, whence from a red dragon's mouth spout flames of fire into the Thames! There are, too, many other 'gentlemanlie pagiaunts' devised to please Her Highness, who, needless to say, is royally apparelled.

On the Tower steps stands the King watching the bright procession, the approach of which is heralded by trumpets, clarions, and other minstrelsys befitting the occasion, ready to welcome His Consort in such manner and form as to afford 'a very good sight and right joyous and comfortable to behold.' Henry the Seventh may have been parsimonious in his habits and unscrupulous in character, but he was evidently a gentleman.

His son, Henry the Eighth, of course, took care that the progress of himself and Katherine of Aragon should not be wanting in magnificence. We can see him in his robe of crimson velvet furred with ermyns, his coat of raised gold embroidered with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, great pearls, and other rich stones, 'a great bauderike about his necke of greate balasses,' the very trappings of his horse of 'damaske gold.' He was then only eighteen years of age, tall, handsome, athletic, witty, masterful! An ideal young King. Behind him was borne in a litter, with two white palfreys, his Queen in white satin, her long tresses hanging down her back, 'bewtefull and goodly to behold'; on her head was a Coronet set with rich stones from the East.

This grand pageant took place in 1509. Twenty-four years had to pass before such a sight was seen again, and then the heroine was Lady Anne Boleyn; she, too, with flowing hair surmounted with a Coronet; she, too, beautiful, 'the most beautiful, loveliest, most favoured perhaps as she seemed at that time of all England's daughters.' Two days before she had come up from Greenwich on a bright May morning to be received at the water-side by her Lord and Master with loving words and kisses.

And so, in magnificent State, surrounded by Ambassadors, Archbishops, Cranmer being one, Judges, Marquises, and Earls—all the nobility of England—and amidst peals of guns and clashing music, Anne Boleyn, daughter of a country squire, made her royal progress 'the undisputed Sovereign of the hour,' for the King took no part, determined his Queen, and she only, should receive the honours of those glorious days.

In three years' time the same husband will be sitting on his horse in Windsor Park, his huntsmen and hounds around him, waiting, as the story is, to hear the gun which is to announce that the executioner has done his work by that fair head.

We have only time to take a hurried look at the progress of another boy-King, Edward the Sixth, who has just been knighted by his Governor and old Henry's executor, the Lord Protector Somerset, himself presenting a prominent figure in the procession; and, at that of his older sister Mary, who, two days before, has on her knees invoked and won the support of the Council, and is now glancing nervously at the crowds doubtful of her reception, her long, thin, straight lips, tightly set, indicative of the resolution, which, in the cause of orthodoxy, as she understood the word, will send hundreds to the stake in the course of her short reign; no archbishops, however, grace her cavalcade, for the excellent reason that she has left them behind her, prisoners in the Tower, to their own gloomy reflections. The gorgeous procession passes by us, too, of the sister of both, Elizabeth, in no qualms as to *her* reception, who has offered up to the Almighty a special prayer of humility and thanks as she emerged from the gates of the Tower, mindful of the dangers she has escaped since that day on which in the same chariot with her step-mother, Anne of Cleves, she accompanied Queen Mary on a similar occasion. She is greeted, quaintly enough, at one point by a representation of Deborah 'the judge and restorer of the House of Israel,' and at another by the apparition of Gog and Magog, standing hand in hand on Temple Bar, removed for the moment from their pedestals in the Guildhall.

But we will linger for a little (the plague, or perhaps economy, interfered with any like pageant on the accession of James the First and Charles the First) and join Samuel Pepys, that excellent 'permanent official' and most amusing of diarists, to watch the cavalcade of the Merry Monarch in 1661.

A year ago Charles has landed at Dover, the first person to swear allegiance being General Monk on his knees by the sea-shore, displaying 'an access of humility' and to be rewarded next day with 'the Garter.' Charles had a splendid progress to his capital, passing by Canterbury where he had the grace to say his prayers in the Cathedral; by Deptford where (on his birthday) one hundred maidens, confident no doubt of a cordial reception, dressed in white with gay scarfs, strewed flowers in his path; to St. George's Field where the Lord Mayor entertained him with 'a little collation'; under Temple Bar on which was seated the Duchess of York, and so on, with the Dukes of York and Gloucester on either side to Westminster, the Bailiff of which city bored His Majesty with a speech—an act of 'supererogation and done without order.'

To-day, the 22nd of April, 1661, is fine. Yesterday, when it

rained, Mr. Pepys was very anxious about the weather for he has a new velvet coat, at least it is the first day he has worn it. He takes us to a window in the Cornhill where with him we fully enjoy, but feel it impossible to describe the glory of the day, the clothes, the horses, and the horse-cloths, the magnificence of my Lord Sandwich's diamonds and embroidery, and the brave show made by the Knights of the Bath (Mr. Evelyn, a brother diarist, was present at their tubbing in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, and other rites of the inauguration ceremony, and might have been among the number but declined the honour). At last comes King Charles, a 'most noble' sight, and we plume ourselves on being in good company, when His Majesty and the Duke of York take special notice of Mr. Pepys, bowing from our window.

And so fades away the last of the great cavalcades from the Tower; abandoned by James the Second on economical grounds, they have never been revived. The object of the processions was partly to please the people with display and the consequent circulation of money, and partly to exhibit to them with all the pomp of state the Sovereign about to be crowned their King.

The wearing of a crown is, says Dr. Stubbs, the most ancient sign of royalty and the crowning of a new sovereign was a matter of supreme importance in days when no man was a king until he was crowned, and a reign was computed from the date of that event.

William the Conqueror professed to claim as heir to the Crown of England on the nomination of Edward the Confessor, but was none the less emphatic in obtaining at a Coronation ceremony due recognition by the nation of his title. To Henry the First his Coronation seemed a matter of such urgent importance, that the rites were performed within four days of the death of William Rufus; and Stephen could not even wait to be crowned till his uncle, Henry the First, was buried. But perhaps the authority attaching in early days to the actual wearing of the Crown cannot be better illustrated than by the custom, which prevailed in the reigns of William the First and his sons, of the King holding three Courts annually in different parts of the Kingdom, for the most part at Winchester (Easter), Westminster (Pentecost), and Gloucester (Christmas), when the Sovereign wore his Crown.

John, indeed, was crowned a second time on the occasion of the Coronation of Queen Isabella; Richard the First submitted, though with reluctance, to a repetition at Winchester of a part of the ceremonial on his return from captivity, either with the object of re-asserting his right to the Throne, or to wipe out the disgrace of his imprisonment with fresh Coronation rites; Henry the Third also twice went through the ceremony.

Though as years went by the necessity became less urgent, and at last ceased altogether, yet the propriety of being crowned with

full religious rites has been recognised ever since the time of the Conqueror by the Sovereigns who have succeeded him, Edward the Fifth being the only monarch who has gone to his grave unanointed and uncrowned.

Hallowed by custom, and accompanied by ceremonies impressive and gorgeous, a Coronation appeals widely to the sympathies of the whole Empire, and gives expression to the feeling which is still latent, that there is something wanting in the kingly dignity and title until the new Sovereign stands forth in the great Abbey, the anointed of God, with the Crown of St. Edward on his head, placed there with ceremonial which has attended the occasion for centuries past.

We have no space here to describe in detail the nature of that ceremonial, the significance of the several rites, nor to trace the variations, in form rather than in substance, which have been adopted to meet the circumstances of the moment. Our object is rather to be spectators in the Abbey at some of these past Coronations, just as we have already stood in the streets of old London and watched the royal cavalcades file past.

The right to act as the chief officiating Prelate at the Coronation of the Sovereign belongs without dispute to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who receives as his fee the purple velvet chair, cushion, and footstool, used by him. The claim, even then founded on custom, was made as early as the time of William the Conqueror by Lanfranc who ordained, with William's approbation, that the Archbishop of Canterbury, and failing him the Bishop of London, was to crown the Sovereign, and about one hundred years later (in Becket's time), Pope Alexander the Third issued letters to the Archbishop of York and all the Bishops of England expressly inhibiting them from crowning a new King without the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury for the time being, and without the approval of the Church of Canterbury. The incumbents of the See of Canterbury have, indeed, always been most tenacious of this privilege attaching to it. Thus Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury at the Coronation of Adeliza of Louvaine, the second wife of Henry the First, who had himself been crowned by Mauricé of London, removed the crown which the King was wearing, saying 'Whosoever put it there did me great wrong,' and then replaced it on Henry's head. Becket, under the authority of the Pope, issued letters of suspension against his brother of York and the other Prelates for usurping the rights of his See in crowning the young son of Henry the Second. Stephen Langton insisted on crowning a second time in Westminster Abbey Henry the Third, who had been already crowned by the Bishop of Winchester. In crowning Edward the Second, the Bishop of the same Diocese took care to act on a commission from Archbishop Winchilsea; and Archbishop Parker protested against the

ceremony having been performed for Queen Mary in his predecessor's time by the Bishop of Winchester, insisting on the right of the See of Canterbury to appoint a deputy if necessary.

In addition to the four instances, Henry the First, Henry the Third, Edward the Second, and Mary, alluded to above, at only three other Coronations of the Sovereigns since the Conquest has the Primate failed to act as the principal prelate. William the Conqueror was crowned by Aldred of York, Stigand of Canterbury either assisting, as maintained by Mr. Freeman, or being absent under circumstances which have been variously explained; Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, officiated for Queen Elizabeth, and is said to have died of remorse in consequence; the See of Canterbury was vacant and the Archbishop of York and the other prelates objected on conscientious grounds to perform a ceremony during part of which the English tongue was to be used; William and Mary were crowned by Compton, Bishop of London, Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, having refused to take the required oaths; the Archbishop of York was, however, present.

The right to crown a Queen Consort is by some authorities stated to appertain to the Archbishop of York, but the Coronation Orders from the *Liber Regalis* (Richard the Second) to that composed for James the Second provide that if a Queen Consort is crowned on the same day as the King the ceremony is to be performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. That prelate has, in fact, apparently, officiated at every Coronation of a Queen Consort since the Conquest, saving those of the Consorts of William the First, Henry the Second, Richard the First, and Edward the Second, at the first of which ceremonies alone did the Archbishop of York take the Primate's place.

The Memorials of Queen Caroline claiming as of right to be crowned in 1821 were referred by the King to a Committee of the Privy Council, who reported as their opinion that 'the Queens Consort of this realm are not entitled as of right to be crowned at any time.' The question is one for the King's pleasure. Of the six wives of Henry the Eighth only two were crowned (Katherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn), but from the Conquest down to that monarch's time the rites were always performed, at any rate in the cases of the first wives of the sovereigns. Since Henry the Eighth out of nine Queens Consort five have been crowned, the omissions being the wives of Charles the First and Charles the Second, and of the first and last of the Georges.

Let us go now to some Coronation Ceremonies, and make straight for Westminster Abbey as it was in 1066: not, of course, the Abbey as we now know it, but the edifice erected and dedicated to St. Peter by the Confessor to absolve him from his vow to make a pilgrimage to Rome to the tomb of that Apostle.



Cruciform in shape, with an apse at the eastern and two towers at the western end, a lofty tower in the centre, immense in size, with massive roof and pillars, and walls of new grey stone, the Abbey, thus pictured by Dean Stanley, must have loomed out cold and grand in the doubtful light of the Christmas morn which witnessed the Conqueror's Coronation. It stood isolated, except for the palace in close proximity also erected by the Confessor, in the midst of woods, green fields, and marshes; on one side ran the Thames, the great waterway from the sea to the Midlands of England; in the distance showed forth the dense forests of Hampstead and Highgate, harbouring wild oxen, boar, and 'the high deer which William loved as tho' he were their father,' and on a third side rose the Corn and Ludgate Hills. Outside the Abbey were massed bands of fierce Norman horsemen and crowds of onlookers. Inside, before the altar, stood the Conqueror, against whose will 'no man durst do anything,' tall in stature, gigantic in strength though heavy in bulk, stern of aspect, a true leader of men in those troublous times, fresh from the Homeric contest on the field of Senlac, where three horses, 'one a beautiful Spanish horse,' were killed under him, and where with his terrible mace he slew Gyrth, Harold's brother, as he hacked his way through the foe wild to exchange blows with Harold himself. His feet rested on the stone concealing the grave in which—a strange contrast in appearance as he was in character—lay the Confessor with his attenuated frame, transparent hands, and long flowing white hair and beard. Godfrey, Bishop of Coutances, and Aldred, Archbishop of York, standing on either side of him, proclaimed William in French and English to the Norman retainers and Saxon crowds assembled in the Abbey. The prelates' words of 'recognition' were received with loud acclamations, the nature of which was misunderstood by the soldiery outside, who promptly proceeded to pillage, and burn, and trample down the helpless sightseers. Alarmed by the tumult without, all within rushed out of the building save William and the officiating clergy. For the moment even the iron nerves of the Conqueror failed him, but the ceremony was hurried through, and at last the bastard son of Robert the Magnificent, Duke of Normandy, and Arletta, the tanner's daughter at Falaise, strode forth from Westminster Abbey, a new Crown upon his head, the recognised and elected King of the English.

Some twenty years will pass and another figure will stand in the Abbey waiting to be crowned: that of William Rufus, short, stout, with restless blood-shot eyes. A great man, Lanfranc, crowned him, assisted by the Archbishop of York and eight other prelates; Rufus seems to have been unsparing in his vows to observe all the virtues under the sun, which he kept so well as to be known to posterity as 'a foul incarnation of selfishness, the enemy of God and man.' Not

a bell was tolled, not a prayer was said at his death, when he achieved the excommunication which he so richly deserved in life.

For the Coronation of his brother, Henry the First, few preparations were made; there was no time even to wait for the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was out of the kingdom, 'speed being safest to supply the vacancy of the throne,' and the providing of 'good swords' being accounted 'more essential . . . than the long preparing of gay clothes.'

Stephen's Coronation was attended by various ill omens; there was an awful storm; the consecrated wafer dropped to the ground; the last Benediction was omitted.

The Coronation of greatest interest in Henry the Second's reign was not his own but that of his young son, whom Henry caused to be crowned in his own lifetime by the Archbishop of York; an usurpation of the rights of the See of Canterbury which led indirectly, if not directly, to the murder of Becket.

As with Richard the First, himself a romantic personality, we have the first full description of a Coronation ceremony in the Abbey it will be worth while to enter into a few of the details connected with it.

At an early hour in the morning of Sunday, the 3rd of April, 1189, the Royal bed-chamber was invaded by no less than four Archbishops (Canterbury, Rouen, Tours, and Dublin), all the Bishops of the Kingdom, the officiating abbots and clergy, who, preceded by the bearers of the Cross, Holy Water, and Incense, led Duke Richard to the Abbey. Four barons bore a large wax-lighted taper apiece; one earl (Pembroke) the Sceptre and Cross, another (Salisbury) the Rod and Dove; three earls (Huntingdon, brother of the King of the Scots, Montaigne, and Leicester) carried swords in golden scabbards; then followed six earls and barons with a coffer containing relics, over which were spread the royal mantle and vestments; next the Earl of Chester, bearing on high a golden crown studded with gems; next Duke Richard, supported by the Bishops of Durham and Bath (who still support the Sovereign on like occasions) under a silk canopy borne by four barons. Having sworn the usual oaths Richard was stripped to his drawers and shirt, anointed on the head, shoulders, and right arm, a consecrated linen coif being placed on his head, robed in state, besworded, spurred, and finally crowned and enthroned. With characteristic imperiousness Richard himself took the crown from the altar where it rested and handed it to the archbishop.

But the Coronation of the great knight of chivalry of the age was not to pass off unattended by omens and disaster. A bat darted uncannily about the Abbey at the brightest hour of the day, selecting the neighbourhood of the Throne for its gyrations; a peal of bells was rung without orders and by hands unknown; and a massacre of Jews ensued. The mischief was started by the insistence of some leading

members of that community, who, Jews having been forbidden the King's presence by a royal proclamation, lest they should exercise their supposed powers of witchcraft and enchantment, forced their way, prompted by curiosity, into the banqueting-hall, and, being detected, were set upon, beaten, and ejected by the nobles. For two days London ran with Jewish blood.

In John's case, with his doubtful title to the throne, great stress was laid on the expediency, if not necessity, of an election by the States of the realm; and Archbishop Hubert expressly fortified himself with such an election before anointing and crowning a prince of whose character he already had grave suspicions. Events justified the Prelate's caution. 'Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John'; this, writes Mr. J. R. Green, the terrible verdict of John's contemporaries, has passed into the judgment of history.

One time-honoured service should be mentioned in connection with John's Coronation: the Barons of the Cinque Ports, in acknowledgment of their assistance to him in his voyages over the Channel, were granted the privilege of bearing a canopy over the heads of the sovereigns at their Coronations, a privilege which still attaches to the Ports when a canopy is used on the occasion.

The day before his second Coronation by Stephen Langton at Westminster, Henry the Third laid the foundation of the Lady Chapel; at the banquet when his Queen, the beautiful Eleanor of Provence, was crowned, the Chief Butler, Hugh de Albini, was not at his post, being under the ban of excommunication by the Primate for refusing to allow that sporting prelate to hunt in his forest!

After the ceremonies attending the Coronation of Edward the First and Eleanor of Castile, the first king and queen to be crowned together, five hundred 'great' horses were 'let go at libertie (catch them that catch might)' by the King of Scotland, who had come to do homage, and some of the great nobles—an episode which disposes us to think that our ancestors were to be congratulated on the quality and supply of horseflesh in the country in 1274. Edward was the first Sovereign to be crowned in the Abbey as it now stands, and his son, Edward the Second, was the first English Sovereign to be enthroned on the 'Stone of Destiny.' Brought by Edward the First from Scone, it should long since have been returned to Scotland under the Treaty of Northampton (1328), but notwithstanding a peremptory command for its restoration to Scotland addressed by Edward the Third to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster the Stone still remains in Westminster Abbey to be the Coronation Throne of each Sovereign in succession. Only once has it left the Abbey; and then for Westminster Hall to be the seat on which Oliver Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector.

It must be some satisfaction to every patriotic Scotchman to read

that Piers Gaveston, the favourite to whom Edward the Second confided all the arrangements for his Coronation, irritated the nobles by his insolence (actually presuming to carry the Crown himself), and generally so mismanaged matters that one knight was crushed to death, the officiating prelates were hustled, the banquet was delayed till night and then badly served.

In passing we smile at the tears which Queen Isabella forced up when her son, Edward the Third (for whom the Sword of State was first carried), was being crowned in the place of the husband whom she had been instrumental in deposing; we tenderly regard young Richard the Second, borne away exhausted by the long ceremonial on the shoulders of his new knights; we admire with reverence the 'Ampulla,' the Golden Eagle with the holy oil for anointment, used for the first time for Henry the Fourth, given, as the legend is, by the Virgin to Becket when he was exiled in France, by him concealed in a church at Poitiers, discovered under divine inspiration by a 'holy man,' who gave it to the first Duke of Lancaster, who in his turn gave it to the Black Prince, who deposited it in the Tower. The relic was mislaid, to be found by Richard the Second in the last year of his reign; we shake our heads at 'diverse interpretations' signified by the great storm of wind with snow and sleet which swept round the Abbey on Passion Sunday 1413, when Henry the Fifth was being crowned. We have no time to do more than glance at Henry the Sixth, only nine years old, 'beholdinge all the people abowte sadly and wisely' as he sits on his Throne in the Abbey, or to criticise the elaborate and indigestible fare laid before him at his banquet:<sup>2</sup> red soup with white lions swimming therein, white soup with a red antelope, 'a crowne about his necke;' jellies and haunches of venison with *Te Deum Laudamus* neatly picked out; boars' heads in castles of gold; crisp 'fritours' and other delicacies which must have sorely tempted to youthful excess the poor child, for whose edification such devices in paste as St. Edward and St. Louis in full armour, St. George and St. Denys presenting him (Henry) to the Virgin with the infant Christ on her lap, were also provided.

Edward the Fourth dared not assume the Crown till, sitting on the King's Bench at the end of Westminster Hall, he had been formally elected King by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons assembled.

Richard the Third and his Queen not only walked from the Hall to the Abbey with bare feet, but sat naked from the waist upwards to be anointed.

Henry the Seventh, not content with a Coronation by Lord Stanley

<sup>2</sup> Precepts were issued to the Sheriffs of the English counties and to the French possessions requiring assistance to be given to the Sovereign's servants in collecting provisions for the banquet.

on the battlefield of Bosworth with Richard's Crown, found hanging on a bush, sought a repetition of the ceremony with full rites at the practised hands of Cardinal Bouchier, who had already officiated for two Sovereigns. It is significant that Henry was the first Sovereign who thought it prudent to be attended by Yeomen of the Guard.

We may pass by the elaborate ceremonial and profuse banquet which, needless to say, attended the Coronation of so magnificent a monarch as Henry the Eighth and of Katherine of Aragon. We stop, however, to see the Lord Protector Somerset share with Cranmer, the Primate, the honour of setting the Crown on the head of another Boy-King, Edward the Sixth, and to note that a<sup>3</sup> Bishop of Westminster for the only time has superseded the Abbot or Dean in the office of 'instructing' the Sovereign on this great occasion; to glance with interest at Mary as the first Queen Regnant to occupy the Throne of England, and speculate as to the probable fate of the Archbishops and other great personages who were not present at her Coronation; to listen to the Litany, Epistle, and Gospel read in English for the first time at a Coronation Ceremony before Elizabeth, and hear that great 'stateswoman' proclaimed as 'most worthy Empress from the OrCADE Isles to the Mountaynes Pyrenei,' and remark that only one Bishop is present; to smile at the ungainly figure of the first King of Great Britain and admire Queen Anne of Denmark's long flowing hair; to share the general superstition because Charles the First has exchanged the customary robe of purple velvet for one of white satin, an unlucky colour, to notice that Laud, Bishop of St. David's and Prebendary of Westminster, has usurped the Dean's place, to have a last look at the Ivory Comb of St. Edward before it disappears when the rest of the Regalia (appraised at 2,647*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*) was broken up during the Commonwealth, and to tremble at the further bad omen of an earthquake.

We must take special notice of the Coronation of Charles the Second on the 23rd of April, 1661, but we will desert Mr. Pepys, who insisted on going at 4 A.M. and only got a place high up on a scaffold where he remained for seven hours. Our magnificent friend, Lord Sandwich, is there with St. Edward's staff in his hand. The chiefs of the great houses of Herbert, Montagu, Russell, Stanley, and Talbot, and General Monk, now Duke of Albemarle, bear the new Regalia, provided at a cost of 31,978*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* by Sir H. Viner, the King's goldsmith; the Lord High Chancellor is, of course, present, the celebrated Edward Hyde, three days before created Earl of Clarendon, to be grandfather of two Queens of England.

Preceded by a long line of Judges, Churchmen, Privy Councillors, Peers, and Courtiers, with the bearers of the Regalia and the great

<sup>3</sup> For ten years (1540-1550) the Abbey was the Cathedral Church of a Diocese of Westminster, to be merged in that of London.

officers of State immediately before him, King Charles advances, beneath the silken canopy supported by the Barons of the Cinque Ports, his train borne by the eldest sons of peers, to a chair covered with cloth of gold, and the ceremony commences. It is the Bishop of London who calls for the Recognition and officiates up to the moment of Anointment. Then, the north door of St. Edward's Chapel opens and forth comes the bent figure of the venerable Archbishop Juxon, 'vested in a rich ancient cope,' too old and weak to perform his whole duty, but just strong enough with his own hands to anoint with the holy oil and crown with St. Edward's Crown the son of his loved master, whom he had attended on the scaffold. For more reasons than one the mystic word 'Remember' must have been ringing in the old prelate's ears.

The day is to end with a fight in Westminster Hall between the King's footmen (whom His Majesty forthwith imprisoned and dismissed for their unseemly conduct) and the Barons of the Cinque Ports for the possession of the canopy with its silvered spears and silver-gilt bells; and with a terrific thunderstorm in the evening, apparently out of a serene and fair sky, which recalls the earthquake on the last occasion.

With few earlier Coronation processions are we so well acquainted as, thanks to Sandford's well-known book, with that of James the Second and Mary of Modena.

We will stand with the crowd in the Broad Sanctuary on an April morning (again the 23rd) in 1685 and watch the great procession as it files by over a railed platform, covered with blue cloth (to become the perquisite of the Hereditary Grand Almoner), stretched from the north door of the Hall to the west door of the Abbey.

On either side the ground is kept by His Majesty's Horse and Foot Guards. At length the procession emerges from the Hall, led by the Royal Herbwoman with her six maidens strewing flowers and herbs, and to the noise of drums and trumpets. Some notable figures at once catch our eye. We instinctively draw back as we meet the scowling gaze of Sir George Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, soon to make his name a by-word for judicial cruelty and servility; we notice that the robes of the Barons for the first time are of velvet instead of cloth, an advance on the privilege of wearing Coronets, which had been granted them by Charles the Second. Of the small company of eight Duchesses the names of no less than three recall the scandals of the Court of Charles—the notorious Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; their daughter-in-law, Isabella, Duchess of Grafton; and Anne, the great Scottish heiress and neglected wife of another of Charles's sons, the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth. But a gentleman of the Bedchamber, who is walking alone, especially rivets our attention. This tall, handsome, graceful man, of some thirty-five years, with a winning smile and

charming manner, is John Churchill, Baron Churchill of Aymouth in the Peerage of Scotland. To-day he wears no robes, not being a peer of England, but ere long he will be entitled to every honour and decoration which a Sovereign can bestow.

We will push through the crowd and get a place in the Abbey, just in time to see the Crown totter on the head of the King, to be saved from falling by Henry Sidney, with the observation that 'this is not the first time that his family' had supported the Crown.' (Sidney will nevertheless in three years' time with the same hand which now supports the Crown sign the letter inviting William of Orange to come over and remove it.) Then, hurrying back to Westminster Hall (hearing on our way of another bad omen—the rending of the flag on the White Tower, hoisted to announce the crowning), we learn that in all one hundred and seventy-five dishes have been provided for their Majesties' table alone, and that the total number of dishes at the banquet is no less than one thousand four hundred and forty-five.

Four years later we are again in the Abbey to see William and Mary—he low in stature, cold in manner, she stately and amiable—walk side by side, joint Sovereigns, with the Sword of State between them. Contrary to the practice since the ceremonies have been held in the Abbey, the day selected is neither a Sunday nor a holy day. Their Majesties are some two hours late in arriving. Whilst preparing to start the disquieting news reached them that James had landed in Ireland, and Mary has just received a nasty letter from him threatening her with a father's curse if she is crowned whilst either he or her brother is alive, which epistle doubtless disturbed Her Majesty's equanimity. We are even near enough to hear the snub which the Queen addresses to the Princess Anne, who pities her sister for her fatigue and is tartly told to mind her own business and that a Crown is not so heavy as it seems. As a recognition, perhaps, of the Parliamentary title of the new Sovereigns, the Commons as a body have for the first time been invited to the ceremony. We notice that for the first time since the Coronation of Edward the Sixth the Bible is presented as part of the ceremonial, that the number of prelates and judges is scanty, only five of the one and four of the other, and many notable personages are conspicuous by their absence. We appreciate the applause with which the eloquent sermon of Bishop Burnet is received. On leaving the Abbey we are reminded of the peculiar circumstances attending the event, when we see the streets lined with Dutch soldiers.

Very different was the position assigned to Prince George of Denmark by Queen Anne, who was crowned on St. George's Day, the anniversary of her father's Coronation, and very different, too, was the appearance of the Queen from that of her sister. Anne's husband was allotted no place save that of an English nobleman, and she, though

only thirty-seven years old, was so crippled by gout that she had to be carried in her chair or supported throughout the greater part of the ceremony. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, is said to have performed some of the offices of the Lord Great Chamberlain with a sprightly girl of thirteen as her train-bearer, to make her mark afterwards as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

The dearest ambition of the Electress Sophia, 'the most accomplished lady in Europe,' had been to ascend the Throne of England, but her son was in no hurry to leave his beloved Hanover. When he did come George the First made his entry into his new capital sitting cold, impassive, sullen in manner, with his eldest son by his side, whom he forbade to acknowledge such greetings as they received.

Bolingbroke and Oxford, anxious to display an outward loyalty to the new dynasty, were prominent figures at the ceremony, which seems otherwise to have presented no special feature except in the absence of the King's wife, the beautiful and witty, but unhappy, Sophia Dorothea, imprisoned in the Castle of Ahlden.

'Dat is von big lie,' remarked George the Second to Sir Robert Walpole as, breeches in hand, having been disturbed in an afternoon siesta, the new Monarch received his father's Minister, who had galloped in hot haste from Chelsea to Richmond (killing, so his son Horace declares, two horses in the fury of the ride) to announce the news that George the First was dead, but, nevertheless, the choleric, pompous little man was duly crowned in great splendour in October 1727 with Queen Caroline of Anspach, covered with jewels, many her own, others borrowed from 'ladies of quality,' others again hired from Jews and jewellers, a capable, sensible woman, whose influence over him her husband well knew, but would never acknowledge. Then, too, was a Duke of Devonshire Lord President of the Council.

Great was the enthusiasm when George the Third succeeded: born and bred in England. English was his mother tongue; his love of sport and country pursuits harmonised with the national character, whilst his domestic virtues stood out in strong contrast with the open infidelities of his father and immediate predecessors on the Throne. Of the young King as he looked about the time when he ascended the Throne, we have a pleasing picture in a letter of Lady Susan O'Brien, set out in the charming *Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*, recently published by Lady Ilchester. Writing in 1820 in her old age for the benefit of a niece, Lady Susan bids her realise that the poor old man just dead was, in his youth, fine, pleasing-looking, of a healthy complexion, with fine teeth; happy and good-humoured-looking. Such did George the Third doubtless appear as he stood with his bride to be crowned in 1761 by Archbishop Secker, who had already baptised, confirmed, and married him. Punctilious



as he was in all religious observances, one suspects that His Majesty (being a young man of some susceptibility) cast a glance from time to time hoping to detect the enchanting visage of his first love, the same Lady Sarah Lennox who missed being a Queen to become the wife of a country gentleman (to whom belonged the first Derby winner), and later to be the mother by a second husband of the celebrated Napier brothers.

The demand for seats on the line of the procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey was enormous; they let from a guinea to five guineas each, as against a few shillings at the Coronations of the first two Georges, and houses for hundreds of pounds. In the Abbey the King showed his devoutness by removing, on his own initiative, his Crown before receiving the sacrament. For the last time appeared representatives of the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy, relics of the days when the King of England could claim sovereignty in France. Though only pages about the Court (at the Coronation of George the First they are described as 'players') these individuals ranked for the occasion before the Archbishop of Canterbury and received, at one time at any rate, a pension of 1,000*l.* a year. The interest of the Coronation ceremonies of George the Third seems to have been centred, however, rather in Westminster Hall than in the Abbey. The Champion was again to the fore in one of 'His Majesty's best suits of white armour, mounted on a fine white horse,' an animal which in itself presented an interesting spectacle, being the same which George the Second had ridden at the Battle of Dettingen. Age, doubtless, had subdued the ardour of this fiery steed, if it was indeed the same which on that occasion bolted with George, and nearly carried him into the arms of the enemy. The dramatic feature of this banquet, however, was the presence of the young Pretender, who was hiding in London under the unromantic name of Mr. Brown, and whom curiosity seems to have led to Westminster Hall to witness the representative of the Royal House, the successful competitor of his own, pass along, Crown on head and Sceptre and Orb in his hands, his Queen beside him, to take his seat at the great banquet. Prince Charlie, with whom were doubtless many a 'Redgauntlet' anxious but not daring to accept the Champion's challenge, may perhaps have augured well for his own cause when he heard that during the ceremony in the Abbey the largest jewel had fallen from his rival's Crown.

George the Fourth's Coronation was remarkable for its prodigious cost (nearly 240,000*l.*), for its consequent magnificence, for the presence of no less than five Dukes of the Blood Royal, all the King's brothers, besides his son-in-law, Prince Leopold, already a widower; for the last procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey; for the last banquet, for the last appearance of the Champion; for the ill-advised and fruitless endeavour of Queen Caroline to assert her right

to be present ; for the heat of the day (the 19th of July, 1821), and the exhaustion of His Majesty.

It is sad to relate after our thrill of excitement over the Dettin-gen war-horse, that the Champion on this—his last opportunity of making his challenge—was mounted on a piebald black and white horse from Astley's Amphitheatre, while the Earl Marshal took care to provide himself with another well-trained animal from the same emporium, rejoicing in the name of 'Billy.' However we have the word of Sir Walter Scott, who was present, for it that 'the young Lord of Scriveslbaye looked and behaved extremely well,' though Sir Walter's antiquarian susceptibilities were hurt because the Champion's shield was a 'rondache' (Highland target) and not a three-cornered 'heater-shield.' We need no assurance from the same great authority to make us believe that one of the Champion's supporters, the Lord High Constable, the Duke of Wellington 'with all his laurels moved and looked deserving "the baton."' The Duke, it may be remarked, rode one of his own chargers, as did the Marquis of Anglesea, who showed, says Sir Walter, the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his leg, left at Waterloo. The King had hardly left the banquet before the wildest confusion occurred, accompanied by disgraceful spoliation. The occupants of the gallery, who had sat fasting from early morning till then—nearly 9 P.M.—rushed down into the body of the hall to satiate their hunger and thirst with the remains of the feast. Every wine-bottle was emptied, every dish clean swept by this mob of ill-behaved well-dressed men and women. Looting, too, was the order of the moment. Silver forks and spoons, gold plates and gilt table ornaments disappeared into the pockets of the men or folds of the ladies' dresses. Nothing but the personal intervention of the Lord Great Chamberlain prevented the tables being cleared of the whole of the Coronation plate, as indeed happened in Queen Anne's time. So great was the crush and so inadequate were the arrangements for the dispersal of the company that it was three o'clock in the morning before the last of them left. Sir Walter Scott apparently missed this edifying orgy, for he sums up his well known description of the Coronation by saying that those who witnessed it 'have seen a scene calculated to raise the country in their opinion, and to throw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the Field of the Cloth of Gold down to the present day.'

By the time William the Fourth succeeded a reaction had set in, and neither His Majesty nor his Ministers had any intention of throwing into the shade the splendour of the last or any other Coronation. The new King disliked ostentation as much as his gorgeous brother loved it; economy prevailed; the Reform cloud was looming big on the political horizon. There seems even, from some correspondence between the King and Lord Grey, to have been

a question whether there should be any Coronation at all. With some inconsistency Lord Brougham, the apostle of reform and economy, raised doubts whether the services claimed to be rendered in Westminster Hall by the holders of certain manors and great offices ought to be dispensed with. However, King William and Queen Adelaide were eventually crowned with becoming dignity, and the ceremony was confined to the Abbey. Three Princes of the Blood Royal attended; a great reception was accorded to Lord Chancellor Brougham, looking, wrote Lord Macaulay, like Mephistopheles, and to the Prime Minister, Earl Grey, as, haughty, and distinguished even in those brilliant surroundings, he strode along carrying the Sword of State; the hero of Waterloo, for the second time exercising the office of Lord High Constable, had to be content with a respectful reception and no more.

We have now travelled through many centuries since we stood with the Conqueror in Westminster Abbey and have reached the last of the Coronation ceremonies hitherto celebrated within its walls; the two scenes present a most striking contrast, but everything connected with Queen Victoria is too near and sacred to us all to be treated in the light and cursory manner in which we have dealt with earlier Coronations.

Neither will we anticipate regarding the Coronation now approaching. Of this much we may be certain, that their Majesties will be received with fervent enthusiasm, and that King Edward and Queen Alexandra will lend all that personal dignity and grace can add to the occasion.

So when my mistress shall be seen  
In form and beauty of her mind,  
By virtue first, then choice, a queen  
Tell me, if she were not designed  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

In these terms did Sir Henry Wotton sing the praises of Elizabeth of Bohemia, daughter of James the First, mother of the gallant Prince Rupert, mother too of the Electress Sophia, and thus the link connecting the old royal families of England and Scotland with the present dynasty.

Could Sir Henry have survived the centuries which have elapsed since his poetical genius was so inspired, he would have found it necessary to ransack his vocabulary for phrases even more expressive and forcible, worthily to sing the praises of another Queen Consort whom the whole wide Empire with one voice proclaims to be 'Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.'

E. S. HOPE.

## THE CORONATION OF GEORGE THE FOURTH

[Skirbeck House, Weymouth,  
• May 8th, 1902.

DEAR MR. KNOWLES,—Among my father's papers I have come across an old and faded letter, written to his mother (Mrs. Fardley Childers) by her cousin, then the Hon. Maria Twisleton (afterwards Twisleton-Fiennes), only daughter of Lord Saye and Sele. Miss Twisleton afterwards married Count Ernest de Gersdorff. Some of the details of George the Fourth's Coronation appear curious and interesting at the present moment.

Believe me,  
Yours sincerely,  
SPENCER CHILDERS.]

July 20th, 1821.

LET the date of this letter my dearest Maria testify at least the *willingness* of my endeavours to fulfil your wishes, at the same time I must prelude all my attempts at description by *really* and *truly* assuring you of my complete inability to give you anything approaching to an adequate idea of the glorious scene of yesterday, which indeed even baffled the exhaustless powers of imagination. I am also I candidly confess to you doubly discouraged, on finding that the British Press of to-day has given so accurate and full a detail, that I cannot hope to rival it, in every minute circumstance, it is so faithful that Mama means to preserve it for you, in case you should not have seen it. As neither papers or historians will relate what happened to *us* during the day, my pen shall endeavour to amuse you by doing so. At half past four, my toilette commenced, a low Court Plume with a bunch of silver vine-leaves and ears of Corn; a figured white Net with blue China-Asters and a blue and silver tissue scarf was my dress. Mama was in white and silver with a beautiful scarf of the same. Soon after six we were in the Carriage, and joined the line at the beginning of Grosvenor Place, only conceive; this lasted for a foot's-pace to the Abbey altho' people had been going from three o'clock (Mrs. Dawkins and her party among the number). At eight we entered the House of Lords where we first heard of the confusion and dismay Her Majesty had just occasioned, and Ferrars Loftus and several others of our acquaintance had

formed the ranks to arrest her progress. She certainly sustained her rôle quite in character on this occasion, but never experienced so humiliating a punishment. The Coup d'Éil on our first entering the Hall was heightened by the magnificent lustres suspended from the arches of the roof, and which announced to us the length of time we must expect to remain. The Musicians stationed on the ramparts of the Tower within the Hall (at the extremity of it) announced the entrance of the King and we had a fine perspective view of the presentation of the Regalia. This was chiefly performed by Lord Gwydyr, the deputy of Lady Cholmondeley and Lady Willoughby. He was indeed one of the principal actors of the day, and from his fine commanding figure and very dignified and graceful manner, the effect was much heightened. Miss Fellowes, the Herbswoman (with whom I am well acquainted) was seated immediately opposite to us during this time, attended by six very pretty girls, the simplicity of whose white crape dresses covered with garlands of flowers formed a striking contrast to the gorgeous robes of Peers, Knights and Prelates who were ranging in procession to follow these fair Floras. Gold Baskets of Grecian shape filled with choicest sweets, were ranged at their feet, and as they passed they presented a Magnolia to us. Miss Bond (Mrs. Graham's niece) was one of the young ladies. Imagination must again assist you my dear Maria to form an idea of the splendour of the Procession as it passed along the Hall to the Abbey. Prince Leopold was the most graceful and interesting figure in it; he wore his usual air of deep melancholy, and doubtless every one present shared with him the remembrance of *her* who is gone to wear a heavenly crown. Lord Londonderry was the next most imposing figure both from his Dress and handsome person. The Duke of Devonshire carrying the Orb looked best in the robes from his height. The King was pale as death when he passed in the morning and looked dreadfully ill, probably the consequence of the annoyance the Queen had just caused him, and partly from natural anxiety for the event of the day. He wore a Chevelure of long brown ringlets like the picture of Charles and a Hat and feathers like Henri quatre which was very unbecoming. During part of the ceremony in the Abbey, the King seemed quite overcome, and I never saw anything like the anxiety with which Lord Gwydyr, Lord Howard of Effingham, the Duke of Wellington and those immediately round him seemed to watch his countenance and apprehend his fainting. He smelt at something they gave him, and it was with great pleasure we saw him afterwards when crowned and during the rest of the evening, looking better than I ever saw him, and in animated spirits. The Crown became him exceedingly and was like all the rest of his habiliments unparalleled in magnificence.

We had the best places in the Abbey, being in Lady Gwydyr's

Box which was immediately over the Altar next the Choir, and opposite the Ambassadors and illustrious foreigners. It was rich in beauty; all the Paget family, Lady Uxbridge and la belle et fière Roxelane included, Lady Jersey, the Duchess of Bedford and her lovely niece Miss Russell and above all Lady Elizabeth Conyngham, and the Star to whom true as the needle to the Pole, the King during the whole day constantly turned his eye. She looked most beautiful, and appeared affected during the fine and awful service; he smiled at her when it was over, as if to assure her he was well. Nothing could be finer than the anthems, 'loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blest voices uttering joy.' The King prostrated himself with very striking signs of devotion, and during all the prayers appeared most attentive and reverent. I saw him sign the Oath, having kissed the Holy Bible; he threw aside the first pen he tried, being like mine at this moment a bad one, and he improved the second by passing it between his lips. The girding on the jewelled sword, and putting on the signet Ring were pleasing sights, but I think the electrifying moment of all was when the royal Crown was placed on his head: the Cannon fired, the Trumpets sounded, and all the Peers put on their Coronets, whilst the Abbey actually rang with peals of acclamations which seemed as tho' they could have waked the mighty dead sleeping beneath its vaults. The Sermon which I heard distinctly, rivals Bishop Burnet's noble letter, and was delivered by the finest voice I almost ever heard. On our return to the Hall, when we again saw the whole procession pass amidst loud cheers, the heat became excessive from the lighting of the thousand candles added to a glorious evening sun. His majesty retired to repose for an hour and a half, whilst the Banquet was prepared, and those in the Galleries had the pleasure of seeing fruit and refreshments in profusion like poor Reynard's Grapes far beyond their reach. I must say the noble Lords did ample justice to them, as they did not even wait for Majesty but eat without intermission for about three hours, occasionally throwing up a Peach or Bunch of Grapes by stealth to the starved *above*. Many persons fainted; Princess Esterhazy was carried out, and Mr. Petre who was Page to his Uncle the Duke of Norfolk, told me he was throwing cold water so plentifully over her, that the Prince Esterhazy exclaimed 'Oh take care, take care you will spoil her Dress.' On the King's return to his throne the Banquet began, and I peeped at some worthy Aldermen beneath me, whose plates were piled with Venison. The entrance of the three Peers on their Chargers preceding the service of Gold Plate for the Royal Table was *most striking* their backing out *wonderful* particularly Lord Anglesey; the prettiest thing was to see the Duke of Wellington's second Son, a lovely Boy acting as Page to his father, and anxiously patting and endeavouring to restrain the impetuosity of his proud steed. The Champion threw down his Gauntlet

admirably three times with well acted defiance, and backed with the Gold Cup in his hand in the finest style. The moment the King rose to drink the health of the Peers and his people standing was impressive and he did it with all his dignified grace. The Acclamations which followed this, and also every verse of 'God save the King' were almost overpowering. At eight o'clock when all was over, we all descended from the Galleries, and having only had a piece of biscuit and some fruit during the whole day, we were most happy to be seated at the Tables where Lord James Murray and some kind persons helped us to every delicacy we could wish for. The Ladies then actually seized the privilege of the nobility and despoiled the Tables of every moveable ornament to carry away as Trophies. A poor little chorister came to petition me for a Cottage to preserve, and the scene was quite amusing. I had a Gold Basket and some Bonbons sent me the next day to keep with the archives of the family. The remainder of the Evening the House of Lords was thronged with impatient multitudes to get their Carriages, ours arrived most fortunately at twelve, but many did not till three in the morning. The Stair-Case was strewn with Lawyers and Aldermen who having partaken too plentifully of Turtle were laying down unable to move, and Groans of the snoring were heard. I found Charlotte Leycester laying on the stairs, and I rested by her. This was an amusing part of the finale. Little Georgina Bentinck, Lady Emily Cowper, Lady Gwydyr's little girls and some other children were in the Box with us; they were obliged to wear wreaths of swansdown feathers. A dreadful catastrophe to this glorious day was averted by the hand of Providence. The Peeresses were all to-gether in a Box in the Hall immediately over the royal table, no Gentlemen were admitted into their seats, conceive their dismay when soon after the King's return to the throne, they perceived a Man amongst them with a Pistol levelled at the royal platform and another in his Belt. Lady Ashbrook told me she was immediately before him, some screamed, the Police officers in an instant came in and seized him; it is said that it is a man who has long declared his intention to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Culling Charles Smith with Miss Fitzroy and Miss Emily were next to us in the Box at the Abbey; they reminded me of the brilliant figure poor Lady Worcester would have made there.

## THE CHINESE DRAMA.

ACCORDING to the *Shu-King* or Book of History edited by Confucius, the Chinese practised music from the earliest times, as far back as 2200 B.C. The Emperor Shun, the founder of the second great dynasty of Hsia in China's Golden Age, is reported to have had a master of music and ceremonies. Their religious worship was always accompanied by music and dancing, which last might more fitly be called posturing, like that which we see to-day in the Shinto temples in Japan. These old dances, we are told, exhibited the occupations of the people of those times, and, after the symmetrical fashion of the Chinese, are described as having represented the four occupations of ploughing, harvesting, war, and peace, and the four corresponding sensations of work, joy, fatigue, and content. The *Shu-King* covers a period of seventeen centuries from 2400 B.C. to 720 B.C. We are there told that the performers carried shields representing war, hoes for agriculture, and flags for victory, while sacrificing to the mountains, rivers, and earth. A later Chinese treatise describes these pantomimes more in detail. The dancers entered from the north and displayed in their positions and gestures an order of battle. Thence the dancers advanced to the south, and formed up in line, while the leaders represented the celebrated Chow-Kung and Chao-Kung, the advisers of Wên-wang, the literary prince and son of Wu-wang the military prince who destroyed the corrupt dynasty of Hsia, and founded that of Chou, under which flourished the three great sages of China, Confucius, Mencius, and Lao-tse. The writer goes on to say that in the sixth action the dancers stood still like mountains, thus, in the sententious language of the native historians, representing the history of the conquest of China by Wên-wang, who, at his first entry into the empire, defeated King Chow, advanced into the country, set out the bounds of his states, and then governed them by the sage counsels of his Ministers. These ballets and pantomimes had been performed from the earliest times by the Chinese, but gradually they developed into such licence that under the Emperors of the Chou dynasty they were prohibited in connection with worship, and the actors were made into a degraded class, which they remain to this day.



The stage in China, as we see it to-day, appears almost exactly identical with the stage in England in Shakespeare's time. The only pictorial representation, that has come down to us of the Globe Theatre, Blackfriars, is by the Dutch traveller De Witte. There, as now in China, we see a stage composed of a square platform projecting into the pit, with a door of entrance and a door of exit on each side of the rear wall. There is a total absence of scenery, so that the whole weight of the performance falls upon the actors, who were doubtless as universally excellent in Shakespeare's time as they are to-day in China. The musicians are seated at the back of the stage in full view of the audience. And the wealthy patrons are seated in galleries round the open courtyard. It is particularly noticeable that the pit, in all theatrical representations in China, whether given in the courtyards of the temples, in the halls of the guilds, or in the houses of the rich, is always open free to the poor, a custom which I should not be sorry to see imitated in England to-day. In connection with this fact it is interesting to mention that when travelling in China through the scenes rendered famous in song and history I have been astonished at the accurate knowledge of the old wars and dynasties displayed by illiterate boatmen on the river and by our porters on land journeys. They are never tired of pointing out historic sites to the foreign traveller, and expatiating upon the great deeds of former generations. It was a long time before I could learn whence these men derived their knowledge, so far surpassing the acquaintance with history displayed by similar classes in our own country. I at last discovered that they had learnt their history in that pleasantest and most impressive of all schools, the Theatre. Elaborate historical dramas form the bulk of the performances given in the public theatre, which almost every village in China possesses, by companies of strolling players who are paid by subscriptions from the more wealthy inhabitants.

These companies are generally hired for a week or a fortnight. The performance commences at noon, and goes on till about nine at night. The extraordinary endurance of the actors, an endurance characteristic of the Chinese in all their avocations, is shown by the long successive hours they spend upon the stage. And as all the important pieces are sung to the accompaniment of the band, how they support the strain upon the voice is almost incomprehensible. They have a large *répertoire* which they carry in their heads. Many of them have no books of the plays. They are apprenticed as children, and so learn the pieces by rote at an age when the memory is especially vigorous. A mark of attention to a distinguished visitor is to hand him the *répertoire*, and ask him to choose a play out of some hundred pieces contained therein. I have often selected an unpopular and seldom-performed play, and never found the test too much for them, the piece being produced immediately ; on the other hand, should a

play on, the programme happen to contain a character of the same name as that of the visitor it is at once suppressed. Although there is no scenery the dresses are extremely handsome, elaborate embroideries being worn by princes and generals, and generally the dressing and get-up are careful and accurate. There is no curtain and no drop scene. And, curiously enough, there is no interval between successive plays, only a peculiar note is sounded on the cymbals, a signal known to the initiated. This has led Europeans to state that a Chinese play went on for ever. It is true that sometimes when a succession of historical plays is given, such as Shakespeare's dramas of the Plantagenets, the same story may go on for three or four successive days. There is, moreover, one celebrated play which has no less than twenty-four acts; as a rule, however, the lighter Chinese pieces are even shorter than ours.

While theatricals are being performed the whole village is *en fête*, all in their best clothes, the ladies in the galleries with little tables on which are tea and cakes and other delicacies, while families in the wide area of the open pit sit all day long with their tea and pipes enjoying themselves in a way that is a pleasure to see. One other detail that recalls Shakespeare is the motto which adorns the rear of almost every stage in China, written in four gorgeous gold characters 'We hold the mirror up to Nature'! This no doubt is a fair argument to show that Shakespeare, among his other travels, visited China! In the cities, performances are given in the very handsome theatres attached to the guildhalls, of which every large trading city in China has several. These, with their elaborate stone and wood carving, gilding, and painting, are exceptionally handsome structures. Performances are given on the feast days of the guilds, when the members are invited to dinners quite as elaborate as those given by our own city companies. The feast, which extends over several hours, is accompanied with much ceremony and ancient ritual observances, while the plays go on uninterruptedly. A common penalty, when disputes are arbitrated by the guilds, is fining the defendant in a theatrical performance, which, if extended over the usual three days, costs about 10*l.*, the average number of a *Pan-tse*, or company, being thirty men, female parts being all taken by men and boys, as in our Middle Ages.

The most numerous and regular dramatic performances are still given in the Buddhist temples, and it is a curious fact that the Chinese word for poetry, *Sze*, is composed of the hieroglyphs 'speech' and 'temple.' In connection with this—though one must not place too much dependence upon Chinese etymology—it is also curious to note that the word for player, *you*, is formed from the hieroglyphs, 'men, a hundred, heart, hand,' which to the imaginative seem to mean a man equal to representing an indefinite number of feelings and actions. During their long hours of song, the actors

are refreshed by means of shabbily dressed coolies, who walk casually on to the stage and hand them tea at intervals, but whom the audience are supposed to regard as invisible. Rough indications of scenery, similar to the sheet of Pyramus and Thisbe, are given in a primitive way. A beleaguered general, sitting on a chair raised on a table, addressing an actor standing on the stage, is supposed to be parleying with the commander of the besieging force. Cavalry are indicated by a whip held in the hand, and when dismounting, or mounting to ride off, they go through the action of bestriding a horse. The actors, who take women's parts, speak in a high falsetto voice, and in their gait and get-up are indistinguishable from real women. A table covered with an embroidered cloth may represent a throne, or with plain red cloth a magistrate's yamên.

The dressing-room is a half-open gallery running along the side of the courtyard behind the stage, where the actors change their dresses and alter their make-up with wonderful celerity. Their wardrobes, carried about from place to place in heavy iron-bound chests, are often of great value, and some of the most beautiful embroideries brought to Europe for sale are discarded actors' dresses. As in most things Chinese, actors, who with barbers are the sole degraded caste in China, their children being inadmissible to the official examinations, have a euphemistic synonym, and in literary language are known as the Children of the Pear-garden, so named from a school of acting founded by the great patron of actors, the Emperor Shüan-tsung of the Tang dynasty (720 A.D.), who invited troupes of actors to study in his pear orchard. This Emperor also supervised the performances of the ladies of the hareem, and is said to have composed many new airs to the operettas then in vogue, which airs are known to this day as the perfumes of the Li-chi, the celebrated luscious fruit of South China. He is said to have established a bureau for theatricals and music, and took much the same interest in the stage as the great Napoleon did in the *Comédie Française*, without neglecting other work. It is noteworthy that this same Emperor founded the renowned Hanlin college, the 'Academy' of China.

Women in China enjoyed great freedom in ancient times, as is shown by the *Book of Odes*, the oldest extant Chinese work. And since women have been forbidden on the stage their social position appears to have much declined. A Chinese theatrical company is rigorously divided into fixed parts as in Europe, each actor having his technical name, such as Père Noble, Jeune premier, Premier comique, Second comique, Jeune Première, and a part not in our repertory, the *Huan* or Ghost, as well as, of course, the *Chou*, which may be literally translated 'Supers.'

'Courtesans, of whom the Chinese say 'the women who smile in public,' are often represented on the stage, their position being that

of the courtesan in ancient Greece. They must be accomplished, and excel in singing and dancing and in knowledge of literature. Moral tendency is strongly insisted upon in Chinese plays. Obscenity is a crime by Chinese law, and the punishment for writers guilty of it is imprisonment as long as their works are extant. In short, except in the Alsacias of our treaty ports, the Chinese theatre is distinctly educative and moral; the *dénouement* is invariably the triumph of virtue. The drama, say Chinese writers, should present pictures of the highest teaching to those too ignorant to be able to read; the penal code, which punishes immoral writers, states the object of theatricals to be to offer true though imaginary pictures of good men and chaste women, of affectionate and obedient children, and of scenes calculated to lead the spectator in the paths of virtue. In a popular piece called *The Maid's Intrigues*, Mrs. Han tells her daughter, 'Don't you know that at this day, the same as in old times, the union of a man with a woman cannot take place until consecrated by the appointed rites and ceremonies?' The only interference with the stage in China is the statute forbidding the representation of Emperors of the reigning dynasty. In other respects everyone is free to set up a theatre and act as he likes, and the result of this system, controlled by the people, is in my opinion far more conducive to good morals than are the results of our own capricious licensing system.

The modern stage, as it exists to-day in China, dates, it is said, from the reign of the Emperor Wên-ti, the founder of the Sui dynasty (580 A.D.), and the bulk of the plays were written during the three flourishing epochs of modern Chinese literature—three distinct periods: that of the Tang dynasty (720 A.D. to 905 A.D.), that of the Sung dynasty (960 to 1119 A.D.), and that of the Tartar and Mongol dynasties Kin and Yuen (1123 to 1341 A.D.). From the last of these, the Mongol dynasty, which existed for eighty-nine years (1270 to 1368 A.D.), 448 plays, whose authorship is known, 105 anonymous plays, and four by celebrated courtesans have survived to the present day. The author of the *Collected Plays of the Yuen Dynasty* enumerates twelve categories of plays, and it is noticeable that in the first category he classes the plays that evidence the transforming influence upon character of gods and spirits. He tries to lay down canons, and tells us that a regular drama should be in four acts, to which may be added a prologue if necessary. The prologue exposes the situation. In the first act the plot is developed; in the second and third the action proceeds and the plot ripens; in the fourth act comes the climax, which changes the course of events, and in which crime is unexpectedly punished and expiated. It is astonishing that out of the enormous *répertoire* of plays existing in China a few specimens only have been translated into European languages! Yet many of them are exceedingly interesting, not only as pictures of the past—*Kuei mén*, the gate of the shades, as the

Chinese call it—but for their intrinsically interesting plot and dialogue. The first Chinese play ever translated into an European language was published by the Jesuit father Prémare, 1735 A.D. Lest European readers should imagine that Chinese plays are wanting in interest, it is well to quote what Voltaire said of this production, *The Orphan of the Chao Family*. ‘Malgré l’incroyable, il y règne de l’intérêt, et, malgré la foule des événements, tout est de la clarté la plus lumineuse.’ Some of the lighter plays are full of poetical fancies, strange to us but very characteristic to one who knows China and the Chinese. Thus in the opening scene of the *Hô Han Shan*, the hero Chang-yi retires to an upper room with his wife and son to look on at the snow-storm. After drinking a few cups of wine his clouded senses lead him to imagine it is spring-time; the snow becomes pear blossom, the ruddy clouds flowering willows; he imagines rich silk draperies are hung before him, and at his feet flowered carpets. The usual seven-syllable metre of the play is dropped in this scene, and the versification is irregular, a relief upon the fixed cæsura and alliteration of the regular declamations. Wine plays a great part in all the old Chinese plays; a very little excites the sedentary and literary Chinaman, and he is always supposed to take a few cups as a stimulus to versification, of which to this day the cultured classes are extremely fond. *Hao chin liang*—‘good wine capacity’—is a necessary qualification for a diner-out in China, where every guest is pressed to drink and empty his cup many times during the course of a feast. And yet noisy drunkenness is scarcely seen, and this although there is no tax on spirits, which are extraordinarily cheap in China.

Theatricals are still a part of the life of the people; scarcely any public function goes on without them, and they are indissolubly connected with religious observances. Thus, when I had occasion to move my house of business from one part of the city of Chungking to another, a semi-religious, semi-theatrical performance was indulged in by my Chinese employés. We formed a kind of procession through the streets, four coolies bearing in a large brasier the fire from the kitchen in the old house with which to start the kitchen fire in the new house, while plays were recited to the accompaniment of a string and brass band.

The characters in Chinese plays are really living men and women; their authors strive to hold the mirror up to Nature. Unlike the old Indian dramatists, who gave full scope to their flights of imagination and peopled their plays with impossible monsters and supernatural beings, the Chinese playwrights display a close observation of human nature, the foibles of which they effectually satirise. As with Shakespeare, their best plays are not of an age but for all time, and he who would understand the Chinese character cannot learn to do so more easily and pleasantly than by a study of their Drama.

ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

## ENGLAND AND LITTLE STATES

AT the commencement of the war in South Africa a Belgian man of letters whose ability I admire—although I deplore the prejudice which led him, in common with so many of his countrymen, astray as to the justice of that war—said to me: ‘The little States of Europe will never trust England again!’ Eighteen months later a high Dutch official used very similar words to the effect that ‘the small Powers had lost faith in England!’ In both cases I asked the question whether the *gamin* who pelted one with mud should not receive castigation, and, if he proved so obstinate and refractory as to deserve it by biting and kicking, whether it were not legitimate to stun and render him helpless of further mischief even although, in comparison of size, the difference might be as marked as between the British Empire and the late South African Republics. At the time it appeared somewhat unappreciative and ungrateful for the past in a Belgian and a Dutchman to summarily depose England from the proud position she had gained as the protector of the weak during generations and even centuries, because, under provocation that they did not take the trouble to consider and understand, she had resorted to measures of legitimate defence against a small but unreasonable opponent. The recent perusal of some secret chapters of diplomatic history has strengthened this feeling, and perhaps a reconsideration by their light of what England has done in the past for the little States may restore the confidence of at least Belgium and Holland in her, and suggest to the most violent pro-Boers of Brussels and Amsterdam that their countries may have further need of her protection and support.

The retrospect may be limited to forty years, but it is impossible to forget that our restitution of Java to the Dutch in 1816 was not merely one of the most disinterested acts in history, but that it bestowed on Holland the chief if not the sole source of her national prosperity and power, for ‘without Java’ more than one popular Dutch writer has declared that ‘Holland would be dead.’

The Danish war opened the flood-gates of ambition on the Continent and commenced the Bismarckian era. The war with Austria brought France and Prussia face to face, and, both States

hesitating to appeal to the sword, a period of the gravest peril set in for the group of little States between Alsace and the North Sea. Who proved their most, it might even be said their only, disinterested champion then but England? This was the more remarkable because it was a period with us of frequent changes of Ministry, and of the dearth of capable foreign Ministers that followed the death of Lord Palmerston. If England had not thrown her ægis over Belgium, Luxemburg and Holland, no one can doubt that Bismarck and Napoleon would have sealed a truce at their expense. The cannon of Sadowa had scarcely ceased to sound when France proposed to indemnify herself for Prussia's triumph by reclaiming the frontier of 1814. What did that mean? It meant taking Charleroi and Philippeville from Belgium, although France was a guarantor of her integrity. It was subsequently explained that this would entail no sacrifice by Belgium, but it was never made clear by the Imperial Ministers whether they meant by this that Belgium was virtually part of France, with common commercial and political interests, or that she should receive compensation for the loss of Charleroi &c. in Luxemburg. There will always be much difficulty, unless the Empress Eugénie throws light on the subject in her memoirs, in getting at the true history of this period, because the Emperor Napoleon gave his instructions verbally and Prince Bismarck cynically observed that it was not for him 'to reveal the secrets of France.' When he did speak years later he probably said rather what he wished to be believed than told all that really happened.

While France aimed at compensating herself in Belgium, Prussia turned her glances in the direction of Holland. The language of Bismarck became menacing, the 'reptile press,' then coming into existence under his auspices, began to demand a rectification of the frontier with the Netherlands. The Dutch papers replied in valiant style, and the Dutch Government, alarmed at the prospect, turned to England for sympathy and support. The Belgian public were also frightened by the possible extension of Prussian power on their north-eastern frontier, and their journals declared that Prussia's acquisition of Limburg would be a serious menace to their independence. When the Dutch Minister at Berlin sounded Prince Bismarck as to Prussia's intention towards his country he received satisfactory assurances; but he found him very wrath with the Belgians, and Bismarck declared, with a threatening gesture, that '*la Belgique pourrait le payer cher.*' There is no doubt at that moment (January-February 1867) Bismarck would have raised no objection to Napoleon's taking Charleroi and Philippeville, provided that would have satisfied the Emperor. But the Emperor wanted more, and in another direction.

Notwithstanding the satisfactory assurances mentioned, Dutch suspicions and fears were not allayed. The Dutch Chambers held a

secret session, and it was probably on this occasion that the idea of a closer union with England was first mooted. The apprehension felt on the side of Prussia naturally turned the minds of the Dutch people and Government also towards conciliating France, and, as it was well known that Napoleon wanted Luxemburg, the King of the Netherlands notified his readiness to sell it. This was in March 1867, but it is necessary to remember that in the previous year, while the Treaty of Prague was being negotiated, Bismarck had dangled the possession of Luxemburg as a bait before Napoleon, who with fatal indecision had neglected to seize it at a moment when Prussia could and would not have opposed the step. The Dutch Government proposed then to secure French support by making the ownership of Luxemburg a business transaction for a certain number of million thalers. The policy of the Emperor at this moment was defined in the following terms: 'After alluding to the feeling of irritation towards Prussia which had been felt by the French people at the results of the late war, the French Minister stated that communications had been addressed both to Prussia and Holland pointing out that Prussia could no longer be permitted to retain possession of the Fortress of Luxemburg, and that France could not look upon the Duchy of Luxemburg as German, inasmuch as the inhabitants had always been Frenchmen in the eyes of France.' It is important to note that the British Government, fully informed as to the Dutch proposal and its motives, expressed its intention to throw no impediment in the way of this arrangement. When three of the Powers were practically agreed as to the transfer of Luxemburg to France, Prussia began to raise difficulties and to affirm that German opinion would not allow her to abandon the Duchy. The reference to German opinion was a sort of preliminary to the publication a few weeks later of the Treaties of Alliance with the Southern States of Germany.

Bismarck, having made his position surer in Germany, prepared to break faith with France. While in the throes of the struggle with Austria he was willing to keep her quiet by allowing her to appropriate Belgian territory and Luxemburg, promising to repay himself at the expense of Holland in Limburg or elsewhere. But Napoleon, with more conscience than his opponent, missed his opportunity, and when he proposed with the general assent to purchase some of the territory that he had been invited to appropriate Prussia threw aside the mask and opposed the transaction. Prussian diplomacy then sought to attain its object through the simpleness of England, and we were invited to dissuade King William the Third of the Netherlands from his plan of selling Luxemburg, which we had already substantially approved. At the same time Prussia gave fresh and more positive assurances at the Hague, where apprehension about Limburg was for the moment



allayed. The consequence of these changes was that France and Prussia were brought face to face and peace hung by a thread. However, the good offices of England were brought into play, a Congress to settle the Luxemburg question was agreed upon, and the Treaty of London of the 11th of May 1867 arranged that the German troops were to be withdrawn from Luxemburg, the fortress dismantled, and the Duchy formed into a neutral State guaranteed by the Powers.

The secret diplomacy of the years 1866 and 1867 is not exhausted by the later proposals of January 1867 to indemnify France in Belgium and Luxemburg. They had been preceded by a far more audacious project, formulated before the Seven Weeks' War, for a French annexation of Belgium. The full history of this scheme exists among the archives of the Brussels Foreign Department, and will some day be given to the world. In it the Belgians were treated as mere chattels, the guarantee of the Powers was dismissed as a figment of the imagination, and France was to add the nine South Netherland provinces to her empire. Bismarck declared that 'a guarantee was in these days of little or no value,' and he considered that England, no more than Russia, would not intervene to save Belgium. Bismarck supported these views by confident assertions about the assumed indisposition of the Queen's Government to take part in what he called the affairs of the day. But Napoleon, more timid and decidedly averse to any quarrel with England, made inquiries and sounded the British Government as to its views about Belgium. The reply he received was not encouraging. The guarantee that Bismarck laughed away in Berlin was regarded in Downing Street as a solemn pledge which it would be our duty to redeem. A suggestion to propitiate us by either making Antwerp a free port or attaching it to Holland failed to produce any modification of our policy and was turned aside with chilling disdain. It was thus made clear to the Emperor that to attempt to take Belgium as a solatium for Prussia's success in Germany was to offend England, and to give Prussia a powerful ally whenever the inevitable struggle between the two military Powers occurred.

Before the Luxemburg question had been definitely settled, apprehension again broke out in Holland at Prussia's designs on her independence. The most alarming reports were in circulation. The Dutch Minister in Vienna told Lord Bloomfield that he was alarmed for the independence and future safety of his country. It was said that Bismarck had prepared an ultimatum calling on Holland at brief delay to enter the North German Confederation. At that moment Bismarck had been making speeches of Prussia's need of ports and colonies if she were to become a great maritime nation, and it was argued by his agents that the simplest way to accomplish this was by appropriating those of a weak neighbour. Holland, having failed

in the project of propitiating France by the sale of Luxemburg, turned more and more towards England as the most likely champion against Prussia. This was the more necessary as by a fresh shuffling of the political cards France seemed willing to leave Holland to Prussia while she turned her attention to Belgium and sought to strengthen her position in that State by a customs union, and the amalgamation of the Belgian Luxemburg line with her own Eastern Railway.

The consequence of Prussian designs on Holland was that informal and secret negotiations were begun between some prominent members of the Government and the King of the Netherlands for a definite union between Holland and Great Britain. These negotiations were known to a very limited number of persons in both countries, and were not conducted through the regular channels. But none the less they were carried on by Ministers who, if the affair had reached consummation, possessed the power to give effect to their decisions, while on his side King William was cognisant of and a party to the discussion. At that time Holland was threatened, not only by a foreign invasion, but by the extinction of the Orange family. King William had no apparent thoughts of marrying again. His sons were dead or dying. There seemed no objection to Holland escaping forcible union with the German Confederation by voluntary union with the British Empire. It might have the opposite result to what occurred in the seventeenth century—viz. that instead of our having a Dutch king the Dutch would have got an English sovereign—but this did not appear very dreadful provided adequate safeguards were found for Dutch liberty, laws and internal independence. I am informed that one of the details discussed was the question of Dutch delegates or representatives in the Imperial Parliament, and that the negotiations or discussion broke down on this very point.

The fact that is interesting about this very secret chapter of history is that at that time the Dutch, or rather their king, the father of Queen Wilhelmina, saw no objection to a union with England. And why had he no objection? Because he knew that, while France and Prussia were engaged together or separately in unscrupulous designs on the small States of Belgic Gaul, England not only had none, but was strenuously endeavouring to preserve them from destruction and disappearance from the map. This contemplated union of Great Britain and the Netherlands was not as surprising as it may appear now in the light of pro-Boer ferment in Holland, for the policy of the Orange family under the three Williams had been strongly philo-British, and it was not the fault of the first king or his son, that the Princess Charlotte, instead of marrying Prince Leopold, did not become heiress to the throne of the Netherlands as well as of England.

It is matter for permanent regret that these informal and personal

negotiations did not reach a more advanced stage, so that they might have been put formally on record. Their precise course, as well as the exact cause of their failure, remains more or less buried in mystery. They may have broken down on some practical detail as to how the arrangement was to work, or, as seems more probable, there may have been a want of courage and confidence in clinching the arrangement. Be the explanation of the failure what it may, the mere contemplation of such a union afforded the strongest possible evidence of community of interest and international trust. From an historical point of view the project of King William the Third of the Netherlands recalls that of the Prince of Orange to seek a new home if the flooding of the country in 1670 had failed to expel the French invaders. As nothing has occurred since to diminish England's claim to be considered a protecting and not an aggressive Power, there is no valid reason to-day for the Dutch public to regard the British alliance with different eyes from those of the Dutch king thirty-five years ago. Perhaps when the passions of the hour are allayed judicious and gratifying sentiments will revive.

They have a sound foundation in the incontestable fact that England has no schemes of territorial aggrandisement at the expense of her neighbours. In a patriotic Dutchman's eyes this must in the long run count for much, and reason will prevail over temporary passion and prejudice. The threats of Germany in 1866-7 have been revived on several occasions since, and they are only dormant now. In 1874 it was the action of German diplomacy, assisted by the Chauvinism of the Dutch military party, that prevented the Dutch Government accepting our mediation in the quarrel with Acheen which has cost Holland immense sacrifices during the last thirty years. It was in connection with that event that Bismarck made the very characteristic confession that 'he wanted Holland to bleed to death.' In 1885 there was a still more critical phase in Germany's treatment of the Holland question, and perhaps the secret history of that episode contains some surprises, but in the Far East it led Governor Loudon, of the Dutch Indies, to declare that when the Black Eagle went up at The Hague the Union Jack should be hoisted at Batavia. For some years past German policy has been modified in its expression if not its aim, and pleasant words have been substituted for threats. The marriage of the young Queen with a German Prince was thought to be a great triumph, and Holland was already classed with Saxony and Bavaria. Twelve months have damped those hopes. The German marriage has not been a success in diminishing the patriotism of the Hollanders. On the contrary, they regard their dear cousins with more dislike, aversion, and fear than before the arrival of Prince Heinrich.

If we turn to Belgium, with regard to which Great Britain has accepted definite responsibilities, the only definite responsibilities she

has yet accepted towards any European State, we find that they have been discharged with unflinching spirit. The Belgian people, if we may trust the speeches in their Chamber and the articles in their press, do not seem to be aware of this fact. In 1866, when Bismarck was tempting Napoleon to occupy Belgium, British diplomacy asserted itself at Paris and made the Emperor realise that he could only carry out his scheme by offending England at once and bringing her into the lists later on.\* In 1867, when the proposal to incorporate Luxemburg with Belgium was mooted as a solution of the difficulty, England was not unfavourable to the step, which might have been carried out but for the hesitation of the Belgian Government itself, arising perhaps from some private threat from Prussia.

The most signal service that England ever rendered Belgium, and the clearest evidence given as to her intentions to fulfil her promises, were, however, afforded during the Franco-German War. On the 17th of July 1870 the two belligerents voluntarily announced their intention to respect the neutrality of Luxemburg. No corresponding declaration was made on the subject of Belgium, and various alarming reports were afloat as to the possibility of its becoming a field of military operations. Under these circumstances it was necessary for the guarantors of Belgium's neutrality and integrity to speak out and not only to speak but to act. Two of those guarantors were at war, Russia and Austria said and did nothing, England, the fifth of them, spoke and acted alone. What did she do?

She notified the Governments of France and Prussia that she expected them to observe the conditions to which they had subscribed when the kingdom of Belgium was created. It soon became clear that this was not enough to remove all prospect of danger. England, accordingly, entered into direct negotiations with each of the belligerent Powers, and the result was the signature of two separate treaties for the protection of Belgium. By the first, signed in London on the 9th of August 1870, England agreed to join Prussia in the event of France violating the neutrality of Belgium. By the second, dated London the 11th of August 1870, England bound herself to join France in the event of Prussia violating the neutrality of Belgium. Both these treaties were to remain binding during the progress of the Franco-Prussian War and for twelve months after the exchange of the ratification of any treaty of peace between the combatants.

That was how England fulfilled her obligations towards Belgium in the hour of peril, and there can be no doubt in anybody's mind that, so long as we do not publicly repudiate the guarantee we accepted seventy years ago for Belgium's neutrality as 'an independent kingdom,' we shall be as ready in the future as in the past to fulfil them. It may do some good in the present mood of the Belgian public to recall the simple fact that of the five Powers which guaranteed the separate existence of Belgium under conditions exceptionally

favourable for her material prosperity, England is the only one which has ever given any tangible proof of her willingness and readiness to protect her. Her two neighbours can be convicted of having formed plans on several occasions to despoil and destroy her in profound indifference to their own word or her interests.

Formerly Belgian statesmen leant so entirely on English protection that they did nothing for the defence of their country and neglected their most obvious duties. A neutral State has its duties to perform while war is being carried on round its borders, and it must have the means of discharging them efficiently. A protected State must be ready to do its utmost to assist and co-operate with those who consent to protect it. The military arrangements of Belgium have lagged behind the requirements of her position, and projects of army reform have given little or no result. The divisions of parties are so acute that patriotism has become obscured, and the responsible rulers may be trusting for security to the execution of insurance treaties, similar to those signed by England in 1870, rather than to national efforts and timely preparation. An insurance treaty with an interested Power is, however, a very different agreement from the corresponding arrangement concluded by an absolutely disinterested Power, such as England was and still is with regard to Belgium. The old fable of the animals who went a-hunting with the lion illustrates the disappointments that await the weak when they associate themselves with the strong and the unscrupulous.

Of late years there has been an increasing tendency in Belgium to represent that, if certain military reforms were executed, the country could dispense with any external guarantee and hold its own in the family of nations. If this argument were only employed as an electioneering device, or with the object of stimulating sluggish opinion on the military situation, there would be no reason to take serious notice of it. But there is unfortunately little doubt that a large number of Belgians hold this view in all sincerity, and the conclusion to which this conviction has led them is that the protection of England in particular may be dispensed with. Sentiment on this subject has been crystallised in the two following sentences. A Belgian philosopher has said that 'there are no little States, only little minds'; and a Belgian General of wide reputation has written not only that she should, but that 'Belgium can rely on her own strength if properly utilised, and dispense with the support of England.' The former was probably lost in the mists of philosophy, the latter was no doubt thinking of one or other of the possible insurance treaties to which reference has been made. It is, of course, a question for the Belgians to decide mainly for themselves, but in making their calculations they should remember that they will have to share the fate of the Power with which they associate themselves as an ally, and that they will have to commit themselves to a

departure from the secure haven of guaranteed neutrality before they have any sure means of knowing to which side victory will incline. There is also no doubt that the war in South Africa and the long resistance offered by the Boers have unduly increased the confidence of nations in citizen armies. The real explanation of that long resistance is ignored. The result is set down to the skill, courage, and determination of the Boers, whereas no one can doubt who has really studied the question that the main causes of the prolongation of the war have been the extraordinary difficulties of the country, its vast extent, and the absence of roads and railways throughout its greater portion. It is no disparagement of Belgian native courage to say that Belgium is traversed by admirable roads and railways, that it has no natural defences, and that its artificial defences are limited to two fortified positions as *têtes de pont* at Namur and Liège and one fortress, in a very imperfect condition, at Antwerp. The most self-confident Belgian would be wise to reconsider the position of his country by the light of all the circumstances, and, instead of disparaging the value of the English alliance, the Belgian people should seek to supplement and augment it by home preparations. When the need arises the production of an insurance treaty, making an ally of the neighbour that committed no act of aggression, might then prove a master stroke of policy.

Something may have been achieved towards accomplishing this result if those in authority in Belgium will impress on their people the fact that England is the only guaranteeing Power that ever did anything tangible in the sense of fulfilling its word towards them. It is proper to recall the fact that this was done by Mr. Gladstone at a moment when, to employ Prince Bismarck's sarcastic language, it was thought that we did not trouble ourselves with such matters. It was indeed a period of self-effacement, but at the moment of our extremest indifference to Imperial responsibilities we were still not willing to depart from our plighted word. If Mr. Gladstone went to the length of signing treaties in 1870 binding this country to go to war with States with which we had no other ground for quarrel than the desire to protect Belgium, none of our Continental critics can doubt that, with a stronger Government and an awakened public interest in foreign questions, we would do as much and more if to-morrow we were called upon to redeem our pledge. This is true so long as we hold ourselves bound by the London Convention of 1831.

It is necessary to make this final reservation because our political horizon has been enlarged of late years, and the further ends of the world have been drawn into the current of our affairs. Some day or other this may produce as a consequence the wish to modify our old standing obligations by withdrawing from guarantees and promises that are only embarrassing and do not provide us with an adequate

return. It will be very regrettable for old association's sake if a commencement in the way of curtailment should be made with Belgium, but the loose talk of Belgian authorities, literary and military, has done more harm to the good feeling formerly prevailing here than is credited in Brussels. The past policy of England towards little States might be described as guided by a genuine desire to protect them. There is no denying that this desire has been somewhat cooled of late by a want of appreciation in the protected and by the eagerness shown to disparage the policy and power of England. We forgive easily, but it is not so easy to forget, and it might be disastrous for some of our clients if we remembered everything that they have said of us during the struggle in South Africa when they are confronted with a crisis of their own.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

## LAST MONTH

THE month of May 1902 has earned for itself a place of sad pre-eminence in the history of the world. The destruction of the town of St. Pierre, in Martinique, owing to the eruption of Mont Pelée, was a catastrophe of such immeasurable gravity that it seemed to transcend the capacity of the ordinary human mind to grasp it. Followed as it was immediately by a similar event in the British island of St. Vincent, it established for itself a record without precedent. We have to go back to the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum for any disaster that in dramatic horror will compare with this. In other words, we have to travel to the very limit of the Christian era to discover a parallel to the tale which has been printed during the past month in the columns of our newspapers. Even the great earthquake at Lisbon, which has hitherto been the highwater-mark of public calamity in modern times, pales before the story of St. Pierre. For here a whole community, consisting of more than thirty thousand souls, was wiped out in the twinkling of an eye by a fiery blast that seemed to descend upon it from Heaven itself. At one moment there was a busy, prosperous town, a harbour filled with shipping, streets and markets thronged by a crowd of men and women whose natural gaiety of race had been but slightly perturbed by the threatening aspect of the mountain at whose foot they and their fathers had dwelt for ages in security: at the next, after one fearful, inconceivable paroxysm of untold anguish, there was a land of death and utter desolation. Everything had disappeared—ships, markets, churches, homesteads—and of all the thirty thousand who were going about their daily business in the bright morning sunshine not a soul remained to tell the tale. One ship alone, which had just entered the harbour, was able to escape the rain of death. Her steam was still up, and under her brave captain she fought her way to safety, though even she had to pay a heavy penalty, only twelve of her crew of forty escaping. It was this vessel which brought the terrible news to the Windward Islands. The telegram which conveyed the first intimation of the catastrophe deserves to be reproduced. It will have an interest for the world at large for centuries to come. ‘St. Thomas. British steamer *Roddam* returned



here, seventeen crew dead. Reports St. Pierre, Martinique, completely destroyed. No news from St. Vincent. Inform 'French Government. Cable still broken.' In this brief message the world heard of a disaster which staggers humanity, and unhappily there has since been no alleviation of the tale of woe. On the contrary, the details of the destruction of St. Pierre have only increased the gruesome horror of the story, whilst from our own possession of St. Vincent the later news proved that the loss there was far greater than was originally reported. Two prosperous islands, one under the flag of France, the other under that of England, have suddenly been converted from the smiling tropical luxuriance which was their usual state into scenes of ruin and desolation, and of a mourning the intensity of which is only relieved by the fact that so few are left to mourn.

Comment upon this terrible story would be not merely superfluous, but impertinent. As I have said, it transcends the powers of the human imagination to form any adequate picture of a catastrophe so sudden, so vast, and so complete. In a few minutes more people died a violent death than have been slain in South Africa during the present war, and all the benefit we can hope to gain from this appalling convulsion is a keener realisation than we usually have of the stupendous natural forces pent up within the world on which we dwell, forces the very existence of which we commonly ignore until, at long intervals, some sudden catastrophe reminds us of our helplessness when confronted by them. It is better to turn from the contemplation of a tragedy so supremely awful to those aspects of the story which speak of human effort and endurance. No sooner did the world awake to a knowledge of what had happened than there was a universal outpouring of sympathy. To France, as the chief sufferer, the main stream of that sympathy naturally flowed. The English Governors in the Western islands, though they had, in the first place, to think of the sufferers on our own island of St. Vincent, lost no time in doing what they could to succour the afflicted people of Martinique, and all the resources at their command were placed at the disposal of the French authorities. The United States Government, acting with characteristic promptitude and thoroughness, not only voted a large sum of money for the relief of the sufferers, but expended a considerable portion of it before Congress had completed the ratification of the vote. Large private donations were forwarded to Paris from all the monarchs of Europe, and on all hands there was ample demonstration of the fact that exceptional tragedies, like that of Martinique, awaken the dormant sense of universal brotherhood and efface all barriers of race or speech. This active demonstration of sympathy with a stricken people is the one bright spot in the dark and terrible story which holds the foremost place in the records of last month.

Everyone has hoped for some weeks past that ere this we should have known the result of the conferences between the Boer leaders and the men still in the field on the question of peace. But at the moment at which I write no positive result has been announced, though everything points to a happy conclusion to the pending negotiations. In all probability the issue will be known before this page is in the hands of the reader, and it is, therefore, idle to indulge in speculation. What is clear is that the Boer delegates have been much divided on the question of peace or war. In the first instance they mistook the situation so gravely as to imagine, or profess to imagine, that they could purchase peace by conceding the terms demanded by Sir Alfred Milner before the war began, before Mr. Kruger issued his ultimatum, and before the Boer forces invaded British territory! Truly the characteristic of the Dutch in the making of treaties is still that which was commemorated in the well-known distich. The British Government were completely justified in refusing to listen to this preposterous proposal. What the terms now under discussion at Vereeniging are, is known in this country only to His Majesty's Ministers, and speculation upon them is, as I have said, useless. Common report asserts that all through the conferences of the Boer delegates the representatives of the old Transvaal Republic have been much more pacific than their colleagues of the Orange Free State. But one thing is, happily, clear. That is that whether the deliberations at Vereeniging result in the rejection of our overtures or in their acceptance by a certain number of the Boers, the end cannot be very far off. During the past month we have had many successes in the field, and no reverse of any consequence. The wearing-down process, indeed, seems to be advancing rapidly, and though a miscarriage at Vereeniging would probably prevent the restoration of peace before the Coronation, it could hardly lead to the prolongation of the war in a serious form for many weeks longer. The worst that is to be feared is that a certain number of desperate men may maintain a hopeless struggle, and keep South Africa in a state of unrest for some months to come. The real issue of the campaign has been finally decided, though the burden which the war has laid upon us may still have to be borne for an indefinite period. It has been officially announced that the cost of the war up to the present has been in money 222,974,000*l*. On the other hand, it has also been announced that during the last month the force in the field has been increased by ten thousand men and two thousand horses. If, therefore, the struggle should have to be renewed it is clear that we are prepared for the prosecution of our task.

The Parliamentary proceedings of the month have been of unusual interest. Important measures have been under discussion, and for once in our recent history the debates upon those measures have, by general consent, been worthy of the subjects discussed. But before

touching upon such controversial subjects as the Budget and the Education Bill it is necessary to refer to the changed conditions under which the House of Commons now does its work. The new Rules of Procedure, after prolonged discussion, have at last become law without any serious modification, although the Government have been compelled to yield to the general temper of the House on the question of the punitive measures which they proposed to adopt for the purpose of preventing wanton obstruction. It is too soon to pronounce a final judgment upon the changes that have thus been effected and the new conditions that have been introduced. It is, however, already clear that these conditions will lead to a great saving of time. The arrangements with regard to questions have effected a distinct reform. No longer are hours occupied in the baiting of Ministers before the House is allowed to enter upon the legitimate business of the sitting. The majority of questions are answered in writing, the replies of Ministers being printed in the Paper of the day along with the questions themselves. This has led to a remarkable diminution in the number of questions that are asked, whilst it has not prevented inquiries being addressed directly to the Treasury Bench on any matter of real importance. Another change—almost revolutionary in its character—which has been brought about by the new rules is the sudden reduction of the number of members dining in the House. For many years past the 'Kitchen' has been a Parliamentary institution of the first importance, and the dinner hour a serious feature of every ordinary sitting. In order to keep a House during the dinner hour and to prevent surprise divisions, it was always necessary for the Government Whips to secure the attendance of a certain number of members between the hours of 7.30 and 9.30, and for these compulsory attendants upon the debates during the dulllest hours of the evening the Kitchen was required to cater liberally. On big nights every table in the dining-rooms was crowded, and this part of the buildings at Westminster justified the comparison which has so often been made of the House of Commons to a flourishing club. In recent years, indeed, the habit of dining at the House has been greatly extended, and every night dinner parties have been given by members at which strangers were entertained. If the House of Commons is a club it differs in one important respect from the great establishments in Pall Mall. Ladies are as freely welcomed to its hospitalities as men, and 'dinners at the House,' followed by evenings on the terrace, have taken their place among the recognised festivities of the London season. Veterans who knew the Houses of Parliament in the 'sixties have been astonished on returning to the scene in recent years to see the change that had come over the habits of members. On the ground floor they were reminded not so much of a club as of a restaurant. Everywhere eating and drinking, laughter

and conversation, the frou-frou of silken skirts, the perfume of cigars or cigarettes, seemed to fill the air. It was difficult for the stranger who looked upon that brilliant scene to realise the fact that he was in the precincts of the British Parliament, and that it was to these accompaniments that the elected rulers of the greatest Empire in the world were doing their duty. There may have been no harm in the conversion of the House of Commons, with its dining-rooms, lobbies, and terrace, into a fashionable resort for the men and women of London. 'Over-worked legislators,' as they delighted to describe themselves, may have been fairly entitled to the relaxations of female society, of gossip, tobacco, and every other feature of ordinary society except music. But on the whole it can hardly be said that the latter-day aspect of the House of Commons, outside the walls of the Chamber itself, has added to its dignity or increased its power of work. The very popularity which it has enjoyed as an evening resort, where a gay and generous hospitality was constantly being dispensed, and the sound of the division bells was regarded as an unpleasant if not impertinent interruption of the pleasures of the night, has had some effect in bringing about that loss of reputation and influence which, it is generally felt, Parliament has suffered in recent years.

But all this is now changed. Members are allowed a fair interval for dinner. They are no longer forced to surrender themselves into the hands of the watchful Whip whose business it is to compile the dinner list. They can leave the House at half-past seven without needing to skulk off by a subterranean exit. There is no compulsion laid upon them to submit to the catering of the Kitchen Committee. They are free to dine where they please. The result of this change has been a curious reaction against the custom of dining at the House. The political clubs in Pall Mall have been crowded nightly since the new rules were introduced. The dining-rooms at the House of Commons have been thinly attended, and one of them has actually been closed. No one can say whether this state of things will last; but for the moment there is a change, almost revolutionary in its character, in the customs of Parliamentary life.

There is one feature of the new rules that is very significant, for it shows how closely Parliament follows the changes in the social life of the nation. The transfer of private business from Wednesday to Friday is nothing less than a concession to the new fashion which has sprung up in recent years of spending the week-end out of town. Everybody knows how this custom has grown, until it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it has become almost universal. There are good reasons for it, no doubt. It is not a bad thing to spend a couple of days in the week at the seaside or in some country house. But the constant travelling which is involved, and the conversion

of the day of rest into one of bustling gaiety and pleasure, are signs of the prevailing restlessness of our age; and upon the whole it is rather to be deplored that the House of Commons should thus have set its seal upon a social habit which our forefathers would have regarded with something like dismay.

What the ultimate effect of the changes may be none can say, but there is a strong disposition in some quarters to view the future with foreboding. Discussing the subject with one of the older and more distinguished of the members of the House, I found that he was strongly of opinion that though the new rules might have made the progress of business more expeditious, they had gone far to kill the old interest of Parliamentary life. Even at question time, he declared, the House was no longer full, and the interest in this part of the proceedings, which was formerly so keen, seemed to have been almost destroyed. But the effect of the change was chiefly felt in the purlieus of the House. Members no longer 'settled down for the day' when they went down to Westminster. They looked in, attended to such matters as concerned them, and then began to think about their dinner at home or at the club. 'It is another step forward in the deterioration of Parliamentary life,' was the conclusion to which he sadly came. This is one view of the consequences of the new rules, and it deserves to be noted. According to it, the House is no longer a member's home, where he spends all the hours of the day from luncheon-time to midnight, and where smoking-room, library, and dining-room fill up the hours that are not spent in the chamber itself. It has become a place of business where no man cares to spend more time than he can help; and thus one of the great features of the old Parliamentary life has disappeared. This may be an exaggerated view, but there is certainly truth in it, and it suggests that even the facilitating of the work of the House of Commons may be bought at too heavy a price.

But even if it be true that some of the distinguishing features of our Parliamentary life must suffer from the change in procedure, it cannot be said that the new rules have had an adverse influence upon what, after all, is the chief work of the House of Commons—the discussion of the measures with which it has to deal. The Second Reading of the Education Bill was carried on the 8th of May after a debate which everybody acknowledged was one of the best the House has listened to for some years past. Out of doors the Bill has been discussed with freedom and at times with not a little heat. Nobody is entirely pleased with it, and by Liberals, at all events, it is condemned almost without reserve. In the debate on the Second Reading the differences of opinion in the country were fully represented. The defects in the Bill were criticised unsparingly, and the replies of Ministers were for the most part apologetic in tone. It was evident that on all sides the re-opening of the sectarian controversy was keenly

regretted. The dislike of the majority of the laity to the clerical control of our public elementary schools was not disguised; the doom of the School Boards, which although only an afterthought in the original scheme of 1870 have justified their existence so fully, was generally deplored; the failure to make any adequate provision for Secondary Education was justly regarded as one of the great blots upon the measure; but above all, the violation of the old constitutional principle that where public money is expended public control must be exercised, excited the deepest feeling of resentment, and not upon the Liberal benches only. The Government, strong in their Parliamentary following, refused to yield to the opposition to the Bill, and after a debate of exceptional interest and value the Second Reading was carried by 402 votes to 165, a majority of 237. This large increase in the normal majority of Ministers was due, of course, to the support given to them by the Irish members, who on this question of education are more Ministerial than the Ministerialists themselves. The carrying of the Second Reading is, however, merely the opening of the lists for the fray. The real battle will be in Committee. Already notice of amendments by the score has been given, and it is evident that before the Bill becomes law a Parliamentary struggle both protracted and severe must take place. Although it is difficult now to believe that the Bill will not in the end be carried, it is highly probable that when it emerges from the Committee stage it will have undergone a great transformation. In the meantime it bids fair, as I hinted last month, to furnish the Liberal party with an excellent rallying-point. All sections of the party took part in the debate on the Second Reading, and though Sir Edward Grey, for example, criticised the Bill from a different standpoint from that of Mr. Lloyd-George, there was no real antagonism in the opinions expressed by the representatives of the Right and Left wings of Liberalism. A meeting to discuss the measure, and organise opposition to it, is shortly to be held in London under the chairmanship of Lord Rosebery, and it will be strange if it is not attended by the leading men of both wings. Weak though they are numerically in the House of Commons, the Opposition are undoubtedly strong and united in their hatred of a measure which they regard as being both unjust and retrograde in its character. Their strength in this particular controversy is certainly not diminished by the fact that there is little of enthusiasm or genuine conviction on the part of the supporters of the Bill in the House of Commons.

If Ministers emerged successfully from the debates on their educational proposals, they met with a different fate in the battle over the Budget. The Chancellor of the Exchequer suffered a reverse that would have been fatal to a weaker man, and both he and his colleagues have come out of the financial debates with damaged

prestige. One cannot but feel sorry for Sir Michael Hicks Beach. It is his misfortune, not his fault, that he should have had to provide the necessary means in the worst financial year known to this generation. No Budget that he could possibly have brought forward would, in existing circumstances, have been popular. Unluckily he seemed to have gone out of his way to introduce new taxes and impositions which were certain to be specially distasteful to the public. His treatment of the income tax left the majority of the people who have to pay it in a state of sullen discontent, though they made no open demonstration of their displeasure. The additional penny duty upon cheques was, however, a proposal which at once aroused the strong hostility of the commercial and banking worlds. It is impossible to acquit Sir Michael of having made this proposal without due thought and inquiry. Apparently he held the old-fashioned superstition about cheques—the superstition which prevailed when, as a young man, he first opened a banking account. Cheques were seldom in the old days drawn for a smaller sum than five pounds. This was, indeed, the minimum fixed by the great London banks. Sir Michael seems to have supposed that it was the rule still. He was not alone in his ignorance. At least two Liberal statesmen of Cabinet rank shared his delusion. ‘Did you ever know a cheque drawn for less than 5*l.*?’ was the question one of these gentlemen put to a colleague on the Front Opposition bench during the course of the debate. It seems incredible to any one acquainted with modern business methods that such ignorance should have prevailed in high quarters. ‘Payment by cheque’ is the system which now prevails in most of the great commercial establishments of the country. It is a system which is not only convenient, but eminently safe, for it prevents any small pilfering, and establishes an efficient check in all directions. Half-a-crown is now the lowest sum for which cheques are drawn in some of the largest business houses in London. The banks, under the stimulus of competition, have relaxed their former rule, and accepted a system which makes them, to some extent, the bookkeepers of their customers. The imposition of an extra penny stamp on cheques would have destroyed this system, and dislocated the modern machinery of business. The Chancellor of the Exchequer seemed to be wholly unaware of this fact, and, in order to gain a trivial addition to the revenue, he proposed a change which was immediately received with a storm of disapprobation from bankers and business men. Then, when he tardily awoke to a consciousness of the truth and realised the importance of the part played by small cheques in business, he attempted to conciliate his opponents by proposing to exempt cheques under two pounds in value from the new impost. The machinery by which he sought to do this was so clumsy that his proposal was received in the City with a shout of ridicule. In the

end he had to yield to the pressure of the bankers and to drop the new duty upon cheques altogether. His failure to carry his scheme was almost as complete and humiliating as Mr. Lowe's failure to carry his match tax. It is not, of course, by defeats of this kind that the existence of a Ministry is imperilled, but no one can doubt that the Government have not been strengthened by this curious misadventure.

Nor has the tax upon corn done anything to improve their position. At the first moment when Sir Michael Hicks Beach announced his intention to propose this small duty, there was a cry of delight from one at least of the militant advocates of a revival of Protection in the House of Commons. But very soon even the Protectionists discovered that although this might be the 'thin end of the wedge' it did not really amount to anything in the nature of Protection, whilst the ordinary politician on the Ministerial benches realised only too clearly that it was a measure which was certain to be unpopular in the country and certain also to be used as a powerful political weapon by his opponents. Small as it was, it was a tax upon one of the great necessities of life, a tax which would, it was true, be felt by one class only, but that class the poorest of the poor. The debate upon it was lively and vigorous, and once again Ministers found themselves compelled to resort to an apologetic attitude in face of such speeches as that in which Sir Henry Fowler, for example, adduced the testimony of a woman of the labouring class who had written to tell him how this new impost would affect her own little household. But the cohesion of the Ministerial party was not broken by either arguments in the House of Commons or agitation out of doors, and the new tax was carried by a majority of 108. The Finance Bill as a whole was subsequently voted by a majority of 90. It is impossible for any fair-minded onlooker to deny that for Ministers this year's Budget has been a piece of very bad luck. They cannot be held to be solely responsible for the enormous additions that have been made to the national expenditure. Both Parliament and the country have ratified those additions, and have even insisted upon them. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was compelled to find the money somewhere. He went as far as any prudent financier dared go in raising money to meet the current expenditure by borrowing. He had no alternative but to find some new source of revenue. The misfortune—so far as the Ministers were concerned—was that he sought to obtain his new revenue by means that were distinctly unpopular, opposed to all the later and better traditions of fiscal legislation, and certain to furnish the Opposition with powerful weapons of attack upon the Government. The month did not close without furnishing conclusive evidence upon the last point.

The great combination among the largest firms of British ship-



owners which has been carried out under the energetic control of Mr. J. P. Morgan, the well-known American financier, occupied not a little of the attention of Parliament during the month. To the man in the streets, this vast enterprise seemed to be the latest and the worst of all the steps that have yet been taken towards the Americanisation of our commerce. Some mystery still attaches to this new movement, and it is not yet certain that it possesses the character popularly assigned to it. But it is easy to understand the ferment of alarm which it caused among the general public. It seemed to be a blow struck at the very heart of our commercial supremacy. What were tobacco trusts, or steel trusts, compared with a trust that was to sweep some of our finest fleets of merchant ships into the capacious net of the American millionaires? In one field at least Great Britain had held her own successfully against all her rivals. The flag of her mercantile marine was still supreme on the great ocean highways which many amongst us had come to regard as an integral part of her dominions. When the newspapers published long lists of the vessels which were about to pass into the hands of this syndicate of millionaires, and it was seen that a million tons of shipping, including many of the finest vessels afloat, were to be transferred from English owners to an anonymous company largely composed of American capitalists, there was a cry of indignation and alarm that speedily reached the ears of Parliament. One point involved in the transaction had special political significance, and upon that the House of Commons at once fastened. Not a few of the ships that were to be transferred to the new syndicate were on the list of Admiralty cruisers available for use by the country in time of war. Natural alarm was felt lest by the transfer of these vessels to another flag we should lose the right to make use of them in a national emergency. Many questions were asked in the House of Commons on the subject. The representatives of the Admiralty gave replies that were intended to be reassuring, but they failed to produce the desired effect. Ministers were at last compelled to state that the question was one that was engaging their serious attention, and that a full inquiry should be made, not only into the case of the subsidised cruisers, but into the whole of the questions raised by the Shipping Trust. For the moment the matter rests there. The public is still watchful and uneasy, though it does not yet appear that the purchase of these ships by Mr. Morgan and his syndicate will lead to their transfer from our own to the American flag. The supporters of the movement insist that it is nothing more than an ordinary business transaction, and that it will be of advantage to the shipping trade generally, without affecting our national interests in any appreciable degree. That, however, is not the view of the matter which commends itself to Parliament or the public, and the disquietude it has caused is deep and general.

One curious incident of the month that deserves mention in connection with the proceedings of Parliament has been the revolt of the mixed committee of the two Houses to which the London Water Bill was referred. The Bill is a Government measure by which the water supply of the metropolis is to be placed under the control of a Trust. In the original scheme the London boroughs, which are in most cases little more than the old vestries under a new name, were to have a large share, whilst the London County Council was allowed only an insignificant representation on the Board. The joint committee revolted against this provision of the Bill, and actually carried an amendment against the Government which practically involved a large concession to the London County Council. The Government subsequently succeeded in reversing this decision by a narrow majority, but it has been made clear that some of the essential features of the measure do not meet with unanimous approval even among the Ministerialists themselves.

Out of doors the most striking political event of the month was the result of the Bury election. Bury was regarded as a safe seat for the Ministerial candidate, a gentleman who had just established a strong claim upon the gratitude of the Government by quitting the Liberal party, in which he had once held an important position, for the ranks of the Unionists. From 1866 onwards it had consistently returned Unionist or Conservative members by large majorities. On this occasion the contest was fought with great keenness on both sides, and the Liberal candidate and his friends made special use of the bread-tax as a battle cry. In the result the constituency rejected the Unionist and returned his opponent, the Liberal, by a majority of 414. The victory of Mr. Toulmin was generally unexpected, and it is not surprising that it caused great elation among the Opposition. By-elections are proverbially deceiving, and it is quite possible that the Bury result can no more be regarded as typical of the general feeling of the country than that of any other recent election. But coming after a prolonged season of depression, when the tide of Liberalism appeared to be ebbing in all parts of England, it has undoubtedly given heart to the Opposition, and strengthened the belief that the term of their exclusion from power is coming to an end. There have been other incidents during the month which show that the reorganisation of the Liberal party is not standing still. The Liberal League, which represents the views of Lord Rosebery and stands upon the principle that Liberals as well as Unionists must take their full share in the advocacy of a sound Imperial policy, has issued a manifesto in which this principle has been fully asserted, whilst the National Liberal Federation, at its meetings at Bristol, adopted a conciliatory attitude towards that Right wing of the party without whose aid it cannot hope for success in an appeal to the country. There seems to be among Liberals an increasing desire to

sink the personal questions which have had so disastrous an effect upon their fortunes in recent years, and to concentrate upon those questions on which there is a practical agreement. The attempt to use the Irish question as a means of driving Lord Rosebery and his followers out of the ranks of the party has failed signally, and Lord Rosebery's brief vindication of his position with regard to that question has met with general approval even among Liberals of the official class. The Unionist party, on the other hand, has been fighting vigorously during the month. Lord Salisbury, addressing the Primrose League, gave emphatic utterance to his conviction that the war was a task which had been imposed upon this country as a matter of duty, and indignantly denied the statement of Mr. Morley that Ministers, if they had known two years ago what they know now, would have conducted their negotiations with Mr. Kruger in a very different fashion. There is no reason to doubt that in their determination to secure all the fruits of a hardly earned victory, Ministers still have the nation as a whole behind them.

Lord Hopetoun's resignation of his office as Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth is an event that has excited general regret and that raises questions of great importance. The resignation was due to the fact that Lord Hopetoun found that the expenses of his office were heavier than he was able to bear, and that the Federal Parliament refused to grant an increased salary in order to lessen the drain upon his private resources. No one is likely to underestimate the gravity of this incident. Nor will any wise man care to discuss at this moment the questions which it raises. Australia has no right to expect that the representative of the Crown, whom it has welcomed as the link between the Commonwealth and the Motherland, should impoverish himself in the discharge of his duties. On the other hand, it is possible that in so democratic a community the state and ceremony which the Governor-General has felt bound to maintain may not meet with universal appreciation or approval. The question is one that should be capable of being settled by the use of tact and good feeling both here and in Australia. The coming meeting of the Colonial Premiers in London furnishes an excellent opportunity for settling the question. It is only to be hoped that the settlement may not be arrived at too late to prevent the loss by the Commonwealth of Lord Hopetoun's services as Governor-General.

In his speech at the meeting of the Primrose League, Lord Salisbury addressed a grave warning to those men, of whom some are to be found in his own party, if not in his own Cabinet, who seem inclined to urge hasty measures for the purpose of drawing the Colonies into still closer bonds of union with the Mother-country. This question of Lord Hopetoun's salary has come to emphasise his warning. But in some quarters it is believed that the Prime Minister

was referring to the proposal, undoubtedly favoured by Mr. Chamberlain, to establish a Zollverein throughout the Empire. The idea is in the air, and bids fair to be one of the topics of the near future.

Abroad no event of first-class importance has happened during the month, unless it be the striking success of the French Ministry in the general election that has just taken place. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has won a rare triumph both for himself personally and for the Republic which he has served so well. The Nationalist ranks, if they have not been broken, have been weakened, and the safety of the Republic against all the attacks of its enemies has been assured. It seems curious that his great triumph in the ballots should have been immediately followed by M. Waldeck-Rousseau's resignation of the premiership; but personal reasons are largely accountable for this step on his part, and though it will be generally regretted by the friends of France, it does not, happily, forbid the hope that the services of this eminent man may still be retained by his country.

In Russia, where President Loubet has just paid his return visit to the Czar, the fires of disaffection are still smouldering, and some ominous incidents have occurred which pessimists regard as strengthening their belief that the huge empire is approaching a catastrophe akin to that of the French Revolution. But the forces at the command of the Government are immense, and neither by the hand of the assassin nor by tumult in the streets do they seem likely to be overcome. Holland has been watching anxiously by the sick-bed of its young Queen, whose premature confinement has been a heavy blow to Dutch hopes. The crisis of Her Majesty's illness is now past, and all Europe rejoices in the prospect of her speedy return to the duties of the monarchy. Spain has seen the enthronement of its King, the young man who has been king from the moment of his birth, and who has been trained with an unremitting care by his illustrious mother for the regal office he has now assumed. The people of this country, who are themselves in the throes of preparation for the great Coronation ceremonial and festivities of a few weeks hence, have shown a lively sympathy with the rejoicings of which Madrid has been the scene, and heartily wish the young King a prolonged and prosperous reign.

Lord Pauncefote's death is a very serious public loss. A man of sincere modesty and of most genial temper, his gifts were solid rather than brilliant; but, such as they were, they made him an invaluable representative of Great Britain at Washington. Trained in the Foreign Office, where he had held the important position of Permanent Secretary, his sole diplomatic post was that which he held at the time of his death. In this position he had rendered invaluable services both to his own country and to the United States. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he was the most popular personage in the best circles of Washington society, and even the

New York newspapers treated him with a leniency they have not always shown towards the representatives of Great Britain. To him as much as to any other man has been due the wonderful improvement in the relations of the two Governments that has taken place since the unpleasant and discreditable episode of President Cleveland's Venezuela message. Nowhere are the pitfalls that beset an ambassador more numerous or more dangerous than in the capital of the United States, where the legitimate diplomacy is in constant peril from the audacious interference of an unscrupulous and ill-informed journalism. Lord Pauncefote did not escape quite scatheless from his ordeal at Washington. Probably, indeed, he suffered more from the fulsome patronage bestowed upon him by certain Anglomaniac newspaper correspondents than from the attacks of the Yellow press. But he retained through all the changes of American political life the esteem of the best public men of both parties, and in the end secured an almost unique position, due not less to his sterling character than to his very real ability. To choose his successor will be no easy task. His equal it will be hardly possible to find.

WEMYSS REID.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
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